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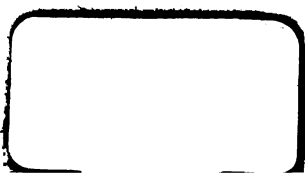
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Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours

Frank Leslie



Frank

1912



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FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS

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Two Cousins in the Bush.

DEAD midnight in the bush, only the sound of the wind sweeping through the trees, and now and then a stealthy tread of some wild thing, startled the silence of the wide, lonely night. Above, the sky was clouded—heavy with a coming storm; one star alone, pale and wan, struggled through the mist, and seemed to shine just over a lonely hut which stood beneath it, whose small

lighted window twinkled in the gloom like another star.

Suddenly, a man's figure seemed to extinguish the light; he stood by the window, staring out into the night; he held a bottle of some sort of medicine in his hand, and his face was gloomier than the storm-clouded heaven, into which he gazed.

"Jack," a feeble voice from the bed called, faintly, "come here."



TWO COUSINS IN THE BUSH.—"LOTTY, LOOKING UP, SAW THE GHOST OF HER NIGHT VISION. SHE FELT THE TIGHT GRASP RELAX, AND SAW JACK ARMITAGE GROW LIVID AND STAGGER BACK."

The young man started with a look of fright, as if he had been detected in some crime; but the next moment he was seated by the bed, and held the sick man's hand. By the flickering light of the candle one could see how much the two men were alike, only the invalid had a face refined by thought, and beaming even yet with intelligence. But the same dark curly hair, the same eyes, and features somewhat alike, gave them a strong resemblance, strong enough for brothers; but they were only cousins.

"If I had only met you before, Jack," said the sick man, feebly, "what a pleasure it would have been, to have such a good, true fellow for a friend! I don't mind confessing now, Jack, that I had a prejudice against you.

The young man moved uneasily, but said:

"Oh, let by-gones be by-gones. I was a graceless cub enough. When your father sent me adrift, I deserved it all."

"No, Jack," said the invalid, faintly, looking at his cousin with such frank, kind eyes, that the other dropped his own glance before them. "I think, now, we judged too harshly, all of us, and I want you to forgive me before—before—I die. We are so near of kin, and with the same name, too."

The other looked up, with a quick flush dyeing his face.

"Diel! Oh, no!" But some sort of feeling choked his voice, and he said no more.

"Yes," answered the other, calmly; "I am going to die. I do not think of myself so much, only of poor Letty. Dear girl! for ten years she has been dreaming over my poor picture and letters. I know how the time has dragged along, and how I strove ever to win the means of shortening it. This Spring I was going home, but now I shall make a longer journey, Jack."

"Not a bit of it," said the other, cheerily. "I shall dance at your wedding yet."

"Only promise to stay with me till the last, Jack," said the other. "Don't leave me in this lonely place. See that I am decently buried when this fever has burned out my life. I have such horrible dreams of struggling with wild beasts, of being torn and mangled. Oh! I have grown childish through this long sickness; but God was good when he sent you to befriend me. It must be so terrible to die alone. Yet, I used to be called a brave fellow, Jack. We do not know what we are when we are in all the pride of youth and strength; but when disease comes upon us like an armed man, then we grow faint and weak as little children. Perhaps that is the meaning of the verse that is forever echoing in my brain—'except ye become as little children'—so helpless, so trusting, so obedient to the Father's voice, Jack."

The other gave no answer, and the sick man put up a thin white hand and brushed back the damp locks from his forehead. Very feebly moved the hand, and it fell powerless at his side again; then he looked at his cousin, and said, more faintly:

"You will stay with me to the last, Jack?"

"I will stay; I swear it—so help me, God! How can you doubt me?" answered the other.

"Your word is enough, my dear fellow," said the sick man. "I need no oath from you. Am I not going to trust all to you? You will find all I am worth in yonder box—all my papers, and—and—my darling's picture; take it all to her; it would have all been hers with me—no great fortune at best. She must take it without me now."

"There, there," cried the other, starting up. "You shall talk no more in this strain. You will carry your own gifts to your Letty. Only take your drops now."

"Yes, they may quiet this nervous pain that vibrates through every limb," said the sick man; and he watched his cousin with languid eyes as he went over to the feeble light to drop the medicine.

The young man stood for a moment staring into the faint light, as if he saw there the winding-sheet, or death's head, which old crones discern in a guttering candle. The struggling light showed a face almost as pale as the sick man's, and a trembling, unsteady hand, that poured out the medicine instead of dropping it.

"It is wonderful," said the invalid, dreamily, "that it is in man's power to call up sleep at will; that a few drops can bring the balmy rest we long for. There"—he drank it—"I hope I shall not dream. Wake me up if I cry out, Jack—such hellish phantoms come out of my dreams."

"No fear of bad dreams now," said the other, with a dark smile, as he went once more to the window, and looked out on the night. The wind still tossed the branches about till they looked like dark phantoms beckoning to him. But the one star above still kept its light, and beamed down upon the earth with its pale ray. The young man felt as if the Eternal eye was upon him in that quiet, serene starlight. He turned impatiently from the window, and looked at the bed.

Sleep had come already—a heavy, deep sleep, in which no limb moved; in which the pulse hardly seemed to beat; in which the breath scarcely heaved the breast. Jack Armitage looked at his cousin a moment, with a fixed, calm face, then went over to the strong box to which the sick man had pointed. He had the key already, and opened it in haste. The packages of papers he soon transferred to his pockets; the gold, he counted over with gleaming eyes; but smiled with a half sneer at the little miniature and rose-colored ribbon which were so carefully wrapped up in silver paper.

The ribbon dropped carelessly on the floor as he opened the miniature and looked at the pictured face—a young girl with brown hair and true, resolute eyes, which met his own with a sort of searching glance. He met it uneasily.

"No great beauty is his Letty, at all events," he muttered; but he put the miniature also in his pocket; it might be useful to him, he thought.

Then, without another glance at the sick man, without another thought of his oath, he wrapped a great dreadnaught about him, and went out into the stormy night. He knew the way well; he had studied it step by step in the few weeks he had spent with his sick cousin. He held his revolver in his hand, and went on, ready to fight his way, if need be, with the powers of darkness.

Still, a strange tremor shook his frame, and cold drops of sweat stood on his forehead, though the night was cool.

The star above seemed looking into his heart, and reading all its dark secrets. If there was a recording angel above, what—what was he writing now?

Jack Armitage put away this thought, which some unseen power had projected into his mind, far away from him with an oath, and strode on, far, far into the dark night. The dark boughs of the trees tossed about, the gloom surged over all, and shut out sight and sound.

Over the mountain wall the stream plunged in foam and sparkled to the tarn below, fringed with pines, and carpeted with gleaming mosses, purple as mountain sunsets or golden green.

In shimmer and shine the waters fell over, and curving lines of creamy spray created the shattered waves. The high rocks shone white in the sunshine, with here and there dark clumps of trees and trailing vines, and deep crimson and yellow flowers. About the mountains wound a narrow path. Upon this path, looking down into the black mountain-tarn, stood a girl, looking into the shadowy glooms below, as if they held some secret she would fain fathom—as if they could solve the problem of life like the Sphinx of old.

Above, a clear Summer sky, with white floats of cloud, golden-edged, sun-fringed, bent down with friendly nearness, leaning over those mountain heights, sending arrows of light through the dark pines, painting rainbows on the plunging stream, kindling opaline glories in the dancing, shimmering foam. A line of an old German hymn came into her mind—"A mountain fastness is our God."

"It is like a mad, eager life," she thought, "rushing headlong down to its object; but how quiet it is at last!"

Some such quiet was in the girl's face—or woman's—for the first fleeting bloom of youth was gone. Instead, a clear light seemed to illumine it from within, like a lamp shining purely through an alabaster vase. A pale, resolute face, ready to struggle and endure; a mouth formed for truthful words; eyes blue as the mountain-tarn, but shadowy and wistful, and troubled in their depths; hair dead-brown, and drawn carelessly back from the pure blue-veined forehead.

Then she looked away from the curdling, foam-tossed waters and frowning rocks at a little miniature she held in her hand.

"Ten years!" she said, with a half-weary sigh. "I cannot think he is like this now, any more than I am like the cherry-lipped dancing girl I was then. I, perhaps, am more changed; for this waiting and watching wears us women out, while men go into fresh scenes, and have always work and new enterprises. We sit at home and pine and fade. Ten years in Australia!—ten years of rough, adventurous life in the bush!—ah! he must be something very different from this."

The picture, a faded, watery-looking daguerreotype, displayed the face of a young man—a smooth, beardless face, with dark curly hair,

good, honest-looking eyes, a mouth somewhat blurred, a bright-blue silk necktie, colored to such an extent that it was the principal object in the picture.

"Hallo!" shouted out a boisterous voice near. "Still sighing for the rover, sis? He is false, believe me; it isn't in the nature of man to be constant for—let me see—is it a quarter of a century?"

The random words found a dreary echo in the girl's heart as she sadly put away the picture.

"It isn't in your nature, Tom," she said, "to be constant to anything except pleasing yourself; but I came out to look for you."

"Oh, yes. All serene; but you didn't find me between the old covers of that daguerreotype, did you, Letty? By Jove! I wish I was where Jack Armitage is this minute. He sees life, while I drag out existence in this slow old hole. Give me a free, wild life in the bush, a tent in the woods."

"Oh, yes, Tom," answered the sister, with a laugh; "you who would be kept awake all night by a crumpled rose-leaf—you whose muffins must be hot every morning—you are just the one for Australia."

"Well," said Tom, with a smile, "if I must be fagged out with the bore of civilisation, I might as well enjoy some of its pleasures. But if you could see me once in a sphere where I could strike out a new path—if I had Jack Armitage's chance now—"

"Suppose we both strike out for the homeward path now," suggested Letty; "that is the present duty, I think, as mother is anxiously looking for you."

"Don't tell me that," answered Tom, with a gay laugh. "You know she is just looking away from her book languidly once in a while, and expressing a faint surprise at my non-appearance as she always does when I'm fishing or shooting. If I was carried home dead on a shutter, I suppose she'd just turn the leaf down, and say, 'Here, Letty, put that away. I shan't want it till after the funeral.'"

"Tom, you are shocking," answered Letty, with a grave face, the slight flavor of truth making her brother's words more painful, "and ungrateful. It's about some letter that was confided to your care that mother is anxious."

Tom stopped leisurely, leaned his fishing-rod against a tree, and began fumbling in his pockets.

"You have not forgotten it? Oh, Tom!"

"Yes, confound it—by—never mind—here it is, all safe and sound. I'll go over with it to-morrow."

The careless, smiling face, on which duty or care had printed no lines, was a study just then, where one could read the self-pleasing, indolent nature of the young man.

Letty looked at the letter with such a grave expression that Tom examined it anew.

"Oh, it's only about that bothering oil stock; it's all right; sure to go up again. No use saying anything about it. I'll make it all right to-morrow."

In every emergency Tom Glean comforted himself with the same thought, and things had

generally been brought right by some sacrifice on the part of others. Letty had found it a bitter disappointment at first that the brother on whom she expected to depend for comfort and support should be such a yielding, weak reed; but she was still ready to apologize for him, and to hope for better things in the future. Yet fortune had frowned on them lately; money had grown scarce, and still Tom loitered about with his fishing-rod or gun, making no effort to contribute to the family support.

They walked silently along the winding mountain road for a time, till the footprints of man began to be written on the solitude. Here and there a patch of wheat grew golden in the sun, or some corn waved its long green leaves in the wind; then a low, rambling-looking house appeared, with many little porches and odd balconies, where roses twined, and honeysuckle wove its wavy bowers, where all sorts of trailers and wild vines ran riot, and seemed to claim the building as their own, as if nature in this wild spot were struggling against the encroachments of art.

Letty looked fondly at this old house, with its grassy, over-grown garden, where some Midsummer flowers glowed with brilliant dyes, where her first attempt at a shell-walk still whitened one of the paths, where she had attempted a wondrous grotto, and achieved only a heap of stones, half covered with ivy; where, on a tall striped pole, her German grandfather had fixed a pretty bird-house, with the name "*Singer's Ruh*" (singer's rest) painted so plainly that any bird might understand if he could read German. Here in his American home the old man had fondly tried to reproduce his childhood's memories of the fatherland. But he was gone now, and the son for whom he had toiled, and time had set its stains on the strong stone walls, and gnawed rathlessly into the fanciful porches, and darkened the bright vines of the "singer's rest."

The youth who now lounged under the green trees had none of the thrift and energy of his German ancestors, or the fire and vitality that characterize the American. A dreamer from some border-land was Tom Glenn—handsome, blue-eyed, and fair of face—"With lengths of yellow ringlets like a girl's." A looker-on in the strife of life, ready to shake hands good-naturedly with the winners, and to sigh for the losers, but not to enter the combat—oh, no!

But when you looked into the face of his mother, who stood at the door, you saw from whence the idle Sybarite had taken his indolent temperament, his unruffled temper, his gentle laziness. Mrs. Glenn had the same fair face, with placid, dreamy blue eyes, that overlooked every household care and duty; yellow hair, a little dim and faded; an undecided mouth, with lips that moved tremulously, and gave the only token of age. She held a book in her thin white hands, and looked at it once in a while till her children entered the garden-gate.

"What a blessing is a circulating library!" said Tom, as the gate swung back on its rusty hinges. "Now, I know mother has forgotten all about the troublesome letter, for she's got a new book."

But Master Tom was mistaken for once, and was questioned immediately. He thought of telling a lie first; but then Letty knew; so he confessed.

"It may be very serious in the end," Mrs. Glenn said, in such a quiet tone that Tom felt no uneasiness. "I told you at the time that it was a most important letter."

"Give him a floggin'," called out a harsh voice from within. "The good book says, 'Spare the rod, and spoil the child.'"

"What a favorite verse that must have been with grandmother, she quotes it so often. Is she more cantankerous than usual to-day, mother?" asked Tom.

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Glenn, fixing herself once more comfortably in her seat. "Go and look at her—do, Letty. I am quite worn out."

As the lady had passed the time in dreaming over "*Vanity Fair*," and wondering at Becky Sharp's success, it is to be supposed she was exhausted by these mental processes; for the poor old lady whose voice resounded from an inner room had received no attentions from her.

Yet she was not an unkind daughter-in-law to the poor paralyzed old woman, whom Letty was now visiting, the poor creature who lay prone and helpless on her bed, from whom the world would soon pass away, and the fashion thereof, to whom it now wore a strange and unwonted look, for all her dearest and best loved had gone.

Grandma Glenn was peaceable enough, most of the time singing old German hymns, and repeating texts of Scripture. Her chief affection was for Letty—her favorite aversion, Tom.

This young gentleman still lingered at the door, occupied with his fishing-rod, when his attention was taken from that useful implement by the sight of a stranger pausing at the gate.

This stranger wore a suit of rough, coarse cloth, cut in rather a jaunty way. His skin was darkened by exposure to the sun, but his eyes were quick and dark as they took a rapid survey of the premises, and then glanced at Tom. He stood a moment, as if in doubt, then took off a broad Panama hat which had covered his dark curly hair, and wiped his heated face. Tom made one spring toward the gate.

"It is—it is Jack Armitage," he cried, in so loud a voice that it penetrated to the inner room, where Letty sat by her grandmother's bed.

Letty's heart gave a bound, the dark room seemed flooded with sunshine, but she sat still, and the quivering voice of her grandmother drowned other sounds, as she moaned out:

"A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood."

The words struck sharp as an arrow into the girl's heart, but the next minute she smiled at herself for finding a bad omen in the wanderings of her grandmother. Old texts, quoted at random, often fell from her lips. Other voices were in the next room. She heard her mother's languid welcome, and then Tom called her. She could wait no longer. She cast a hurried glance at the mirror, to see what charms time had stolen from her, but her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes full of light. Could happiness, then, work

miracles, and bring back her lost youth, her girlhood's bloom, her fresh, trusting heart? The next moment she stood in the room.

Jack Armitage came forward, and took her hand a moment, and looked into her eyes. She met his glance with some commonplace words of welcome which were hard to speak—something strange and cold in the eyes daunted her.

But ten years! Who could measure the changes of heart and mind which time could bring? She blamed herself the next moment for her unkind judgment.

"He is perhaps better than my childish ideal, more self-supporting, stronger for the storms of life he has been forced to meet."

"I have been talking a bit with Tom," said Jack, in a friendly way, "and I tell him Australia is the place for him and all enterprising young fellows."

Letty laughed.

"Tom enterprising! Have you lotus-fields there?"

"What kind of a crop might that be?" asked Jack.

"A crop which lulls one to a charmed sleep," said Letty, "so that one lies and dreams forever, resting on beds of amaranth, etc.; Tom knows; I've often sung it in his ears."

Tom looked vexed, and Jack bewildered.

"I've had no time for poetry," he said. "I've been digging and delving most of the time. You'll be beyond me, Letty, in many ways."

"We must get acquainted first before you can know that," answered Letty, rather coldly. "We are both different from what we were ten years ago."

"You'll find me true, Letty," answered Jack, coming toward her. "I'm of the same mind still, if you are."

There was something about this mode of touching on the old plighted faith that grated on the refined feelings of the girl. The letters she had received from her lover had been unfrequent, but somehow their tone was higher than his talk. Well, some men have the faculty of writing better than they speak. She must not find fault with this; he had a rough life; she must not be too fastidious.

Yet, reasoning thus, she shrank from the pressure of his hand when he went away, and sat alone an hour afterward, looking into the long Summer twilight, and noting how the sunset faded behind the distant mountains, and the glory and pomp of day grew dim—so had the shadow fallen over her. The glass showed her face again, worn, and thin, and old; something had died out of it—the eager, expectant look; something had come into it—a dead despair, a shattering doubt of everything.

"Ah, the hope was better than the fruition," she sighed, as she went out to her mother, who called her to prepare tea.

"I dare say he's rich, Letty," she interrupted her reading to say. "You are provided for, at all events."

"I don't know," answered Letty, quietly.

"I think I shall go to Australia with Tom when you're married," Mrs. Glenn went on in her

slow, dreamy way. "I would enjoy life there; the freedom from conventionality, the wild life, would be charming. With the little I have, and the sale of this house—you will need nothing, you know, Letty—Tom and I could do very well. Tom's genius would find scope."

"You have settled it all finely, mother; but you are building on as uncertain a foundation as Tom's genius when you settle my marriage so quietly."

"Why, Letty, what do you mean? Are you in doubt about it? Has he changed his mind?"

"I may have changed mine."

"Are you mad, child? I believe I am not practical; you have all the common sense of the family. I have always been a dreamer; but after wasting all the best years of your life waiting for a lover, and then to throw him over at last, strikes me as the wildest whim. What fails, then?"

"All that I dreamed," answered Letty. "But, never mind, mother; I will not be hasty; I never am, you know; only it seems to me that I have lost ten years."

Tom came in, jubilant with his plans, and the mother turned to other thoughts. Letty did not eat, but sat there thinking. How long had her thoughts turned to one object? Her fancy colored it; now, slowly, charm by charm unwound that wreathed her idol, and she found it clay. She stole out from the household circle after tea into the neglected garden, where nature made sweet amends for the absence of art; then on through the dewy fragrance, she walked idly, picking the flowers, looking deep into their glowing hearts, as if she hoped to discover some hidden secret, or read there the pages of the future, then throwing them away as she had thrown away ten years. Forever echoed in her ears a melancholy couplet, like a dirge:

"I took a year out of my life and story—

A dead year—and I said I will build thee a tomb."

She sat down on a bit of moss-covered rock under a great tree, through which the wind sighed its own story. She forgot all her own thoughts, and started when she found herself saying, aloud, "Ten years!"

A voice near her broke the stillness with a laugh.

"Yes, ten years! We are no chickens now, Letty; no time to waste. I'm all ready to have the day fixed, if you are."

Letty's face flushed as if she were only sixteen, and Jack Armitage, who stood there looking down with an assured smile, said to himself:

"She is not so plain, after all, and I cannot do better, considering."

Considering what, he did not say, even to himself; but he listened with an encouraging expression to Letty when she began to speak.

"It is early to speak of this," Letty answered, with an embarrassment caused by no pleasurable emotion. "For myself, I must say that I am not prepared to plunge hastily into matrimony."

"Hastily!" answered Jack Armitage, straightening himself with an injured air. "I should say ten years were enough for maiden meditation."

"I have been dreaming over shadows for ten years," answered the girl, sadly. "Now you seem almost a stranger."

Jack attempted a little sentimentality.

"Why, you could never seem like a stranger to me, Letty. You see I am the most faithful of the two. It seems to me but the other day that you sat for the picture, and I have treasured up the blue ribbon you wore."

Letty laughed.

"Only it was a rose-colored ribbon."

"Yes; sure enough; I was never good at colors. I was thinking of your eyes, Letty," answered Jack, unembarrassed and cool, and he took her hand in his own with a lover-like air.

A faint shudder passed through the girl's frame, as if she had felt a snake, and she drew away, saying:

"I think I must go now. Grandmother will be calling me; she cannot sleep unless I make all ready for her."

"And a dreadful nuisance it must be," answered Jack, with sympathy. "You'll escape that when—when—we are married, Letty."

"But you don't ask after old friends, Mr. Armitage," said Letty. "Have you a very short memory for friends such as you have for ribbons?"

"I have thought only of one friend," said Jack, looking at her as she stood in the twilight. "You wrote me sometimes the news, you know," he went on.

"I told you in my last of your old flame's marriage—your school-love, you know."

"Oh—ah—yes—confound it!" thought Jack; "why didn't I bring the love-letters!"

"What did you think of her choice?"

"I thought—well, I can hardly say. Oh, very good—certainly."

Letty looked astonished.

"What! You think it was very good—for such a girl to elope with a circus fellow—a common, uneducated poor. Well, I honor your taste, Mr. Armitage. The whole town mourned over it, and her old father is almost crazy."

"Oh, I beg pardon! I was thinking of some one else—to be sure; it was quite frightful. I beg your pardon. I recollect it all now."

Letty walked along thoughtfully for a few moments. She also had suddenly recollected something—namely, that she had never sent the letter in question. She had written it long ago, but it still lay in the portfolio in her room. She was in the habit of sending long letters, and making them up slowly. Here was a problem that she could not solve. What kind of a man, then, was this lover of hers, who could look in her face and lie, deliberately?

The next day, Letty saw Tom come in with a somewhat disturbed air.

"What a gruff old hunk your agent is, mother," he said, in an irritated way. "I stopped in this afternoon with that letter, and he asked me, 'Why the d—l you had not noticed his warning before; even yesterday might have saved the whole; but this morning the bubble burst.' Think of the fellow speaking to me in that way!—actually saying, 'Why the d—l!'"

Mrs. Glenn looked bewildered, and took the note from Tom's hand; but Letty turned pale, and felt the whole room heaving under her feet. She sat down, trembling.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, "the letter would have saved all yesterday. Oh! what cruel carelessness!"

"As if I knew," answered Tom, quite savagely—"as if I'd lose the money any more willingly than you would. The old fellow was always croaking. What does he say, mother? Is it all gone?"

"It's all gone," answered Mrs. Glenn, bursting into tears. "Tom, you have beggared us!"

"Now, mother, if you turn against me, I vow I'll hang myself. A fellow can't live this way. Better die at once than be badgered to death."

Letty felt no alarm at this threat. Hanging was much too uncomfortable and unbecoming a mode of death for Master Tom. But Mrs. Glenn clasped him in her arms, begged his pardon for having for a moment blamed him, even in thought, wept over him, and began to be comforted.

"Letty must marry Jack Armitage now," she said, at last. "There is nothing else for her, and she can help us off to Australia. The house will bring something, and, Tom, you will make your mark, I know. We must make the best of it. You will provide for grandmother, Letty."

Letty was silent; she could not so soon accept her misfortune. She saw herself left alone—hemmed in by circumstances; she longed to escape from the past and the future.

"There is Mr. Armitage now," cried Mrs. Glenn, "at the right moment. He will advise us."

Jack Armitage listened with a somewhat clouded face. The fortune had been small, but it had been of some importance in his eyes. This portionless, plain girl, had no power to charm him into forgetfulness of what money was worth.

"It is a bad piece of business," he said, gloomily; "and Tom has made a mess of it. You must be wider awake in Australia than that, my man. We had such a confounded long passage, or I would have been here three weeks ago, and might have saved you. I was kept a couple of weeks in the city. I see there's another vessel in yesterday. But, never mind, there's no use crying about it. I'm willing to stand to my bargain. Tisn't what every man would do; that you know, Letty. Many a fellow is off at the first whiff of misfortune; but that ain't my style; I'm true blue—I am."

Letty listened with a feeling of repulsion and disgust, which it was very hard to keep back from finding expression in a torrent of passionate, proud words. But she felt that that was not the time or place to give vent to her feelings.

Night was closing around when Jack Armitage took leave, and they prepared to shut the shutters, and make ready to retire, Mrs. Glenn asserting that she would not sleep a wink that night.

But the front door was suddenly opened again, and Jack Armitage burst in. His eyes were fixed in a kind of stony terror, his hair seemed bristling with fright, and the swarthy pallor of his face was

awful to behold. Tom cried out at once: "What is it, old fellow. Have you seen a ghost?"

"That's just it, Tom. I believe I have. My acquaintance with such gentry is limited; but out there, just at the border of the wood, I'll swear I saw the ghost of a fellow that—that—"

"Go on; who was he?" said Tom, who seemed to be the only one able to command himself enough to ask questions.

"Well, I knew him in Australia," Jack went on.

"But is he dead?" asked Mrs. Glenn, "for that's an important question."

"Dead!" mused Jack, shuddering visibly, "he must be dead. Oh, yes—certainly."

"What kind of a looking fellow is he?—and is he out in a white sheet?" asked Tom, rather mockingly, "and has he laid off his flesh, and is he going about in bones?"

"Oh, Tom!" remonstrated Letty, "don't jest now, but give your friend a glass of wine. Don't you see he is shivering."

Jack Armitage noticed that she said "your" friend to Tom. He was recovering from the fright, but felt no desire to go out again to meet this haunting spirit. Mrs. Glenn was urgent in her invitation to stay, and he accepted a room, much to Letty's annoyance.

She went up to her room, thoroughly awake now. The misfortunes of a day had banished all thought of sleep. It was still warm, and a pallid moon shone over all. She sat by her window looking out into the dewy Summer night. She could remember such an evening ten years ago, just before her lover sailed. How they had stood under that very shadowy chestnut-tree, with the moonlight trembling through the leaves, as she herself trembled with beating heart, while Jack bent down and unstasted the rose-colored knot of ribbon from her breast, kissed it, and then kissed her lips, and how—

She stifled a sudden cry. There, under the same tree, in the same spot, stood Jack Armitage, or his wraith. The full light of the moon fell on his face; it was like, yet strangely unlike, and she had seen the real Jack walk up the stairs with Tom, and heard them both tramping about and talking for some time. This face was paler, more shadowy. As she looked at it, it seemed to melt away into the shadows of the trees. It was gone.

Suddenly old stories of childhood thronged her brain. She had heard that sometimes when a mortal is doomed to die, his double—a phantom in his likeness—appears to his friends. This was it, then. Poor Jack Armitage! he was going to die. She had seen his wraith. She felt more kindly to him with that thought, but a cold, uncanny air, like the atmosphere of a vault, was about her. She shut the window and went to bed, shuddering at the ghostly moonbeams that filled her room with pale light. Poor Jack! he need not dream of wedding-bells; for him the funeral knell alone would sound, for him the fiat had gone forth—he had met the prophet of his coming fate and recognized it not. In her infinite pity she could almost find it in her heart to marry him now, if she could but make the few remain-

ing days of his life more blessed. With which self-abnegating thought she fell at last into a troubled sleep.

The morning, however, dispelled such allusions. The bodily presence of Jack Armitage, his vitality and his appetite for muffins, soon put to flight the childish fancies of the night. He was quite himself again, jested at Letty's pallor, and appeared the embodiment of robust health and vigor.

"Letty has seen the ghost now," said Tom; "I know it from her looks; I only hope it will be my turn next."

Letty looked at Jack with a half smile.

"Yes, I have seen the ghost; and, strange to say, it looked very much like Mr. Armitage, only paler—a thin, pale likeness of him, like a poor daguerreotype."

The young man felt the hot blood pouring into his face, he felt the hand that held his cup shake at these words.

"You were not in the garden again?" asked Letty.

"Oh—of course not. You have dreamed by the window, I think."

"It might have been a dream, indeed," said Letty, almost convinced.

"Or," said Mrs. Glenn, musingly, "I have had a solution suddenly projected into my mind. You remember your cousin, Mr. Armitage; he was just about your age, like you in appearance, too, but a little unmanageable scapegrace. Your father had to send him off long, long ago, he showed so early a predisposition to everything evil. You were only a child, but you must remember your cousin Jack—the same name, too?"

"Oh," stammered the young man, "I remember him, of course. My uncle—I mean my father—was rather hard on him, I expect."

"Not a bit of it. He was a young devil," said Mrs. Glenn, "and he may have come about again to look at the old spots he knew of old. Even the worst people have those longings sometimes. He has worn himself out in dissipation, and so looks pale and thin. My solution is the true one, depend upon it."

"But Jack said he knew this fellow in Australia," put in Tom, skeptically.

Mr. Armitage rose and excused himself under some plea of business. The conversation was embarrassing, yet opened a new avenue of thought. He was anxious to be alone, that he might turn over in his mind the new ideas presented.

Letty did not look up as he passed. The transient pity which his imaginary doom had called up was gone. Only a feeling of unaccountable repulsion remained.

It was a day of constant excitement that so begun. Mrs. Glenn mourned her fallen fortunes. Tom felt himself injured when the subject was mentioned, and Letty went about and ministered to all as best she could with a heavy heart. The old grandmother also seemed to feel the storm in the domestic atmosphere. More restless than ever, she tossed from side to side and talked or moaned incessantly; far back into her girlhood her fancy wandered.

"Letty," she whispered, beckoning mysteriously with her finger, "he is waiting for me—quick, where is my myrtle wreath? don't you see the people are all there, and Rudolph—what will he think? Your mother brought me a shroud this morning instead of my wedding-dress. A shroud!—ha! ha! Liesbeth is so jealous; she'd like to have my handsome lover. Hark! the bells are ringing. But—but—what makes them toll so slowly? It's a wedding—a wedding. Run and tell them—stop them; they'll toll me to death, and I cannot die; Rudolph is waiting for me!"

"It makes me so nervous," said Mrs. Glenn, "listening to your grandmother's ravings. I am sure I shall have much better health when I am away. It's a good thing, Letty, that you are not made of such sensitive stuff. When you are married—"

"Mother," said Letty, with pale face and compressed lips, "do not speak again of my marriage. I am decided. This man, who seems like a stranger to me, who is so totally different from all I fancied, I can never marry."

"Then what becomes of our Australian trip, I should like to know?" she cried. "Tom and I had settled it all so nicely. Grandmother was to stay with you—you were provided for. She cannot go. So you have destroyed all our hopes, Letty. So ungrateful a child, after all my sacrifices!" And Mrs. Glenn burst into tears.

"Hear me to the end, mother. I will stay and do my duty by the sick one; I would not leave her for the world. I destroy no hopes. You can go to Australia; I stay here. Sell the house; I can find a room somewhere, and teach."

Mrs. Glenn wrung her hands.

"What infatuation! when such a man was ready to give her every comfort—such a mad, romantic whim!"

Letty did not argue the point.

The sweet Summer twilight fell over the fields and woods, and Letty turned away from the unrest of home for a swift walk into the green forest glooms. The pines filled the air with a penetrating fragrance, and a soft wind came like a messenger of peace, sighing words of comfort into her ear—words that took the form of a verse from an old hymn.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right at last must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

"And I am doing right, that I know," said Letty, half aloud.

"Yes, just right," called out Jack Armitage, who seemed to haunt these woods. "I was longing to see you, Letty. Now we can have a good talk, and you can put a fellow out of his misery."

Something thick in his voice made Letty look at him attentively. She saw that his face was flushed, and his eye a little wild. He had evidently been drinking hard.

"A drunkard, too," she thought, with a shudder, as she drew herself away from the hand that was stretched toward her.

"Come, Letty," said Jack, with an offended air, "you needn't be so coy; you couldn't put on more airs if you were only fifteen. I want to have a serious word with you now. From something your mother dropped last night, I judged she intended leaving that cantankerous old lady, who is always swearing at me out of the Bible, on our hands. Very obliging of your mother, but she hasn't consulted me. Count me out; I won't have it on no account; I won't have it. Board her out if you like, but in the buzzum of our family, Letty—no, no."

"If you are sober enough to listen, Mr. Armitage, it will save much time and trouble for you

to hear me now. I, too, have a serious word to say: it is, that you leave me now and forever. You can never be anything to me, nor I to you. If I ever felt differently, it was a child's dream. It is over; do you hear? do you understand? I never wish to see you again."

"Grl," he hissed between his closed teeth, "do you cast me off like this? What hinders me from making you repent your words, till you kneel in the very dirt at my feet and beg my pardon for your scornful words?"

"What hinders?" cried a voice near; "God hinders."

Letty, looking up, saw the ghost of her night vision. She felt the tight grasp relax, and saw Jack Armitage grow livid and stagger back.

"It's no ghost, Letty," said the stranger, drawing near. "This rascal's conscience frightens him. He did his best to make a ghost of me—that is a fact. I am your old lover, Letty, dear, with a battered body, but a heart as warm as ever. I've been about a couple of days, with a police officer, watching this villain's manoeuvres. We've obtained this afternoon, while he was off drinking, many important papers which he stole from me, and part of the money. I'll tell you the whole story, Letty, soon. I am the real Jack Armitage—your own Jack."

During these words, Jack Armitage the first had been stealthily moving away; the next moment a pistol shot whizzed through the air and tore the ground at the feet of the new-comer.

"Too drunk for that game," said the true Jack. "You have given the signal for your own apprehension."

A couple of police officers stepped out of their concealment and laid their hands on the half-maddened man, who stood staring at his pistol and muttering oaths, and led him away.

Letty felt like one in a dream. Two Jacks!—of course there were!—that devil-may-care cousin and her own ideal lover, whose picture she had dreamed over so long. Here he was, then, better than her dreams. She looked up into the face from which sickness had wiped away all the stains of time and toil, into the eyes so true and steadfast, and a shy joy arose trembling in her heart. She held out her hand.

"This time there is no mistake," she said.

"Yes, Letty," said the other; "and one cousin in the hand is worth two cousins in the bush; but let me tell you all."

Letty listened to the story with a beating heart. "One thing I cannot understand," she said; "why did that fellow want to marry me?"

"Because I had left you all, and it would have made things more secure, I suppose," answered her lover. "There is the old tree where we parted. I stood there last night."

"There was always something villainous about that fellow," said Mrs. Glenn; "I saw it from the first. Letty, dear, go in and say 'good-night' to your grandmother, she's been quite quiet for an hour."

Letty stole in softly, leaving her lover talking over the future with her mother.

Quiet enough!—in that quiet which earthly sound or sight can never break—lay the grandmother—dead! The wedding-day had arrived, indeed. Crowned with unfading flowers, dowered with eternal youth, she had joined her Rudolph, who had waited long for her in heaven.

"The poor old dear, she's better off; she was such a care to us all," said Mrs. Glenn.

Jack Armitage bent reverently down and kissed the furrowed brow.

"I wish she had lived to welcome me," he said. "She was kind to me when I was a boy."

And Letty loved him more from that moment. The future rose before her sight with the best gift of God. The clouds that had dimmed it for a time only left it more luminous now.



ONLY AUNT MARTHA.—“HASTILY PUSHING A LITTLE SPRING, HE REVEALED TO THE GAZE OF THE ASTONISHED GIRL A LOCK OF HAIR STRANGELY SIMILAR TO HIS OWN.”

Only Aunt Martha.

“Oh, dear! I hate old maids!”

And Julia Worth leaned her haughty head upon her hand with an angry sigh, which, had they been in hearing, would have made the whole spinster army tremble.

“But, Julia” (Mr. Worth evidently stood considerably in awe of his only daughter), “she is my sister, and, now father is dead, is all alone—”

“Well, what of it?” interrupted the young lady, a very unbecoming frown contracting her fine features. “I’m sure she’s old enough to take care of herself. You can send her money, but

there’s no earthly need of her making her home here. I know all about the class she represents—hateful, spying, long-nosed creatures, who are continually prying and peeping, everlastingly finding fault, and—dear me! I guess if mother were alive you wouldn’t think of such a ridiculous proposition!”

True enough! During Mrs. Worth’s reign the poor man had submissively yielded to her views on every subject, but since her demise he had plucked up a trivial amount of courage, which just now stood him in good hand. This allusion to “mother” was rather irritating, so, hastily starting for the door (conscious of his own weak-

ness, he knew that his courage would be short-lived, he replied:

"Say no more about it, Julia. I shall write for Martha to come immediately."

"Stupid old thing!" murmured the dutiful daughter, as the door closed on his retreating figure. If I had my way, every woman who reached thirty-five without a husband should be drowned."

In course of time Miss Martha Worth arrived. Truth to tell, her niece was somewhat surprised at her appearance. Not a wrinkle was discernible on the dark oval face, the glorious eyes were just as bright as though thirty-five years had not passed over the head of their owner, while the nose, in point of proportion, exceeded Julia's own.

But that young lady was not easily abashed. Her imagination had conjured up a picture of an old-maid aunt, and although this reality was utterly and entirely different from the horrid ideal she had originated, she would not confess the fact even to herself, and with a wonderful adhesiveness still clung to her first impression.

Aunt Martha was snubbed most unmercifully. Aunt Martha was put to the most unheard-of uses: were the chambermaid busy, Aunt Martha was requested to make the beds; were the dainty heiress unusually particular about the arrangement of her hair, Aunt Martha was installed as dressing-maid; and many a time did the worthy lady act as cook, during that functionary's "day out."

All these demands upon her time, patience, and strength, Miss Worth bore silently, because, in the first place, she knew complaint to be useless; in the second, because she admired peace; and in the third, because she had determined to make her stay as short as possible. The idea of making her homethere had been dispelled at her first entrance, although Mr. Worth and his daughter had no suspicion of the fact.

This lady had but one handsome article of jewelry—a bracelet, upon whose golden surface was a singular diamond-studded device. This bracelet was the object of Miss Julia's especial admiration, and to gain it, the young lady condescended one evening to become familiar with the despised relative.

"I'll tell you, Aunt Martha," said she, confidentially, "the party of the season will dine here to-night. We are as good as engaged; but I want to secure him beyond all possibility of failure, and to that end, I desire to look as charming as possible."

Aunt Martha wondered what all this was tending to, and her lip curled scornfully at her niece's frank avowal of her matrimonial projects, as she asked, quietly!

"What is his name, child?"

"John Warrington. And, oh, he is so splendid! so handsome, and stylish, and rich—worth a good two millions, they say."

"John Warrington?" and Aunt Martha's voice trembled strangely, while her face grew ashen pale. "Isn't he rather old for you?"

"Old!" repeated Miss Julia, altogether too indignant at this insinuation to notice her companion's agitation. "Well, I guess not! He's only forty; just the right age for a man!"

The elder Miss Worth's face had resumed its wonted color as she asked, quite calmly:

"And do you say you are engaged to him?"

"Oh, no! not exactly; but everybody considers it a match, and there's no doubt but he is desperately smitten. And that reminds me" (of something the young lady had not for a moment forgotten)—"won't you lend me that bracelet of yours, to wear to-night?"

"No!" came emphatically; and then, as if a

new thought had presented itself—"but stay, child! I guess you may take it."

And the dark eyes glittered strangely as the article under discussion was placed in Miss Julia's hand.

With a hearty "Thank you!" that young lady left the room, not caring to waste time on the "stupid old maid," after having accomplished her object.

"Now," murmured Miss Martha, with compressed lips, "we shall see if fifteen years of weary waiting has exhausted the love he once swore to be boundless. I cannot believe that his noble heart has been conquered by that selfish girl, whose soul and mind are of the same limited pattern; but to-night will tell."

Aunt and niece that evening both arrayed themselves with unusual care; the aunt for reasons of her own, not disclosed.

The ladies met in the latter's room, whence Julia had repaired for in spection.

"Why, Aunt Martha," she cried, in undisguised astonishment, "you look like a different woman! What in the world have you been doing to yourself?" Then, with a change of voice which savored of anything but joy, "I suppose you are coming down to-night?"

"I have at present no intention of proceeding further than my usual resort—the library," returned the other, with an expression her companion found it impossible to comprehend, but which she was too much relieved to puzzle over; as, if there was one thing she abominated (to use her own words), it was "having people poking round when one had company."

That evening, just as Miss Martha had settled herself in a cozy corner of the library, Mr. Warrington was ushered into the parlor where Mr. Worth sat alone. By some strange fatality the conversation turned upon books, and a quotation from a work then prominent neither gentlemen could remember.

"Oh, come to the library!" said Mr. Worth; "we'll settle the question in a jiffy."

So to that apartment both gentlemen adjourned. Neither noticed the quiet figure in the further corner, who trembled visibly, and shrank away back into the shadow as they entered. The quotation had just been found as Miss Julia entered, radiant in smiles and blushes.

Mr. Warrington took her outstretched hand cordially, but immediately dropped it with a start which brought the quick color into the face of the looker-on.

"Th—that bracelet!" he faltered, to the amazement of his two companions. "Wh—where did you get it?" Then, recovering composure, and his customary readiness, "But I beg pardon; will you allow me to examine it? The device is singular, and one strangely like that which once belonged to a loved friend."

Rather reluctantly Julia drew the bracelet from her wrist, and passed it over. Not a moment's inspection did he give the outside, but hastily pushing a little spring, revealed to the gaze of the astonished girl a lock of hair strangely similar to his own dark tresses.

"The same—the very same!" he murmured, softly. "Martha Worth, where are you?" Then, turning fiercely to his companion, "Tell me where you obtained this? It belonged to the only woman I ever loved. Tell me, and instantly, where she is to be found."

Julia was astounded! He couldn't mean Aunt Martha, for, strangely enough, she still clung to her first idea of her relative.

"Why," she stammered, "that is my old-maid aunt's; but you can't mean her." And her tone of pitiful contempt was ludicrous in the extreme.

"Where is she?" thundered her companion.

Here!" said a soft voice, as Aunt Martha, radiant in smiles, blushes, and tears, approached from her corner.

He looked a moment, and then, with a fervent "Thank God!" opened his arms, and clasped her to his heart.

Julia very precipitately retired; but, truth to tell, Aunt Martha from that day rose wonderfully in her good graces.

"I, John Parsons."

I, JOHN PARSONS, ferryman, B—— River, Little Barton, Yorkshire, haven't lived fifty-eight years in the world without making up my mind to something. And what I've come to is this: for a merry, easy, careless life, try a ferry. In fine weather, sir, it's unexceptionally jolly; when it's wet, with a thick coat and a little tobacco, so long as the damp doesn't make for your joints, you can easily keep up your spirits. As for seeing the world comfortably from where you stand, why, sir, there's nothing like it. I take them over slowly and not too many at a time, so that I can put my finger on each one when I see them again, and know "that's you." It's astonishing the number of faces I've seen between the two banks of the river. When I think of it, I shut my eyes and say to myself, "Multiply it by ten, by a hundred, by thousands, by millions, and there you've the size of the world as neatly set before you as possible, John Parsons." I tell you, sir, when the thought comes across me after a market day, it's almost too much for my mind.

On an evening I generally have the river to myself. We keep as still as possible, partly because I get drowsy, and partly because I don't like to remind the creatures unpleasantly that I'm the only man there. The birds often hop down on the seat beside me, but I never move or make a remark; and I've no doubt they take it kindly on their part, poor things. On moonlight nights the river, with its white water-lilies, is a perfect show. I make bold to say there isn't a sight to equal it in all England, nor on any of the continents—no, nor at the Exhibition.

The chimney you see through the trees belongs to Mrs. Beresford's room at the Hall. It hasn't smoked since she died. Mr. Beresford forbade it. I don't see much of the Hall, except when it goes once a fortnight to market at Barton Common, three-quarters of a mile straight through the wood, and then turn to your left. The Rectory crosses much oftener. Stand just where you are and put your head to one side, and you'll observe a red-tiled house—that's it.

Little Miss Eleanor used to run down from the Hall with her dolls, and beg me to lift her into the boat and tell her a story. I had only two stories I could tell; one was "Tom the Tavern-keeper and his Daughter Jane," and the other, "Margery the Tramp." She liked the first best, and whenever I came to "So little Jane straightway put the shilling in her pocket and ran away home," she clapped her hands and begged to hear it over again. But one day, just as I was going to begin, "John Parsons," said she, drawing herself up, "nurse says you're a vulgar man, and tell vulgar stories, and I'm

not to listen to them again. They aren't fit for a little lady like me."

On Sundays, Miss Eleanor came down without her dolls. I used to tuck her white frock round her, that she might not dirty it, and give her my coat to sit upon. She was always full of news: what sash she wore at church, and how Master Hugh made faces at her. Then she would grow suddenly serious. "Shall I tell you about the book I've been reading, John Parsons?" she said. "It's a Sunday book."

And she bent forward with her chin on her hand, and looked gravely at me. I remember what she said, word for word.

"There's a river, John Parsons," she began, "like this river, only it's called the River of Death. And there on that bank"—she pointed to it with her little hand—"there's a valley so dark that it's called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But," she added solemnly, shaking her head, "there's no ferry to take you across—no ferryman like John Parsons to row you over to the other side."

By degrees Miss Eleanor came less frequently. I missed her dreadfully, and looked out for her dress through the trees.

"Mrs. Parker," said I one day to the lady's-maid—she was a hard woman to speak to—"is your young lady ill, that she never comes down to the ferry?"

"John Parsons," answered she, sharply, "you're a fool. Do you think it likely that Miss Eleanor will be allowed to talk to the ferryman? What manners and education would she gain by it, do you suppose? You forget the difference of station."

"So, ma'am," said I, "I mustn't hope to see Miss Eleanor again?"

"Why," answered she, "I don't say she won't run down on a holiday to shake hands with you. But it was only yesterday her papa punished her for crying about it, and was very angry with me for allowing her to come so often."

"John Parsons," said I to myself, as soon as Mrs. Parker's long skirt had disappeared, "you are a fool, and there's no doubt of it. It wasn't your place to love little Miss Eleanor. You *did* forget the difference of station."

I tried my best not to watch for her; but for all that I felt I had lost her, and it was a great loss to me. Every now and then I heard of her through the servants. She had a new governess, and was looking rather pale; Master Hugh from the Rectory rode with her; she was going to school. The next news was, she was gone. The difference of station was a hard thing to bear, for she never came down to bid me good-by.

Three months after I was smoking my pipe with Jim Slaughters, when I heard her merry laugh, and there she stood on the bank. She had grown a little, and her frock was longer; but her blue eyes were just the same, and her voice as sweet.

"I couldn't help running to see you, John Parsons," she said; "but I mustn't stay. Hadn't we pleasant days together? Little Jane will always come into my head when I'm doing my sums. I've forgotten the bit after 'a pint of beer for dad, please.' Some day, I'll beg papa

to let me come down to hear it. Good-by, dear John Parsons."

"Good-by, Miss Eleanor," said I, and she was gone. Presently her face peeped out from among the bushes. "When I'm grown up," she said, raising her voice, "and may do just as I please, nobody shall prevent me from coming down to the ferry."

Her words made me happy for days, and weeks, and months. I went over them and over them. After that she and Mr. Beresford left for foreign parts, and the Hall was shut up. It was years before they returned. I was told I would not recognize Miss Eleanor, she had grown into such a beautiful young lady. It set me puzzling what the difference could be that would prevent me knowing her.

On one hot afternoon, when the flies were dreadful, down comes Master Hugh, and signed to me to take him over. He looked paler than usual, and leaned his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly he caught sight of the rose in his buttonhole, and seizing it he tore it to pieces, and threw it into the water. When we reached the other side, he sprang out of the boat without a "Good-morning, John Parsons;" so I saw there was something wrong. As I watched him through the trees I was startled by Miss Eleanor's voice.

"Take me across, quick, John Parsons—quick!"

There she stood, but not the same Miss Eleanor—some one quite different. When I looked into her eyes I could not understand them. She had got beyond my reach. I could scarcely get her to keep still a moment in the boat.

"Do you see him, John Parsons?" she asked, eagerly. "Is it long since he passed?"

"Not ten minutes, miss," said I.

I lifted her out, and she ran as fast as she could along the path, catching her dress in the bushes. I think I heard her call as I sat in my boat.

"God help you, Miss Eleanor," said I, "for I can't," and I thought it would be no impertinence to ask Him to interfere. It was not twenty minutes before she returned, looking pale and sad. When she reached the water's edge she sank down in the long grass, and, in spite of the difference of station, burst out with—

"Oh, John Parsons! I've sent him away, and I shall never, never, never see him again!"

I was all in a tremble.

"And why, Miss Eleanor?" I asked.

"Don't ask me why," said she, quickly. "I daren't ask myself why. It's just that which makes it unendurable."

She was silent, and I was silent also, watching her crouching on the ground. It was dreadful to see her unhappy. Her face was pitifully white when she raised it.

"Please, John Parsons," she said, slowly, "take me back."

So I lifted her carefully, as I used to do, into the boat; folded her white dress round her, as I used to do, not to dirty it, and placed my coat on the seat. All the time I was wishing I could not only take her back to the Hall, but back through the years to the happy days that were

gone. As I helped her out of the boat, "Do you think, miss," said I, "you're able to get home alone?"

"If I can't," answered she, wearily, "I must learn; for I'll always be alone now, John Parsons."

The same evening Mrs. Parker came down all in a hurry.

"It's the last time I'll do it," she said, "for it's as much as my place is worth; but Miss Eleanor begged and prayed so hard, that I really couldn't refuse her. Do you see this, John Parsons?" And she handed me a note.

"If you want Miss Eleanor to have a wink of sleep to-night, go quickly to Barton Common and give it to Master Hugh. He'll be at The Eagle or Golden Heart. He leaves to-morrow morning, so it must be delivered to-night. How soon can you start?"

I whistled before I answered her.

"You see that man behind the palling, ma'am?" said I. "That's Jim. When he comes within earshot I'm off."

"You needn't bring the answer to the Hall," continued Mrs. Parker, with a wink. "I'll tell Miss Eleanor it's all right."

I started, leaving Jim in the boat, and in half an hour reached Barton Common. The Golden Heart was an old place, surrounded by green.

"Mr. Hugh Charters," I was told, "first floor, turn to the left, No. 28."

When I knocked at the door I scarcely recognized his voice. He was leaning against the mantelpiece with his back to me, and he did not turn round. I waited quietly. Presently he seemed to feel there was some one besides himself in the room.

"Why, John Parsons?" exclaimed he, surprised, "what do you want with me?"

I came forward and handed him the note.

"From the Hall, sir," said I.

He stepped to the window with it, for the room was very dark, and held it close up to his eyes. Suddenly his face changed, and turning quickly, he threw the letter at my feet unopened.

"Take it back!" he said, angrily. "I will not receive it."

I was too astonished to do anything but stare. Master Hugh was generally so gentle.

"Do you hear me?" he thundered.

I stooped to pick it up.

"And Miss Eleanor," faltered I, "if she asks—"

He crossed the room and stood erect before me. The lamp in the passage lighted his face, and his eyes flashed.

"Tell her," he said, slowly, "that I receive no such notes."

So saying, he thrust me out of the room, and slammed the door behind me. I went down the stairs, along the common, through the wood, all in a maze. When I reached the ferry, I peered into the dark trees to see if Miss Eleanor was there. For the first time in my life I wished I might not catch a glimpse of her dress; for the first time I heartily hoped she would not come. The letter lay in my pocket like a dead weight.

All the next day I was in fear of her, but she never appeared. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday passed, and I did not see her. At length I

heard she was ill, and had not left her bed since Saturday; that Mr. Beresford was in a great way, and had sent to Hartley for a doctor. The same evening I was startled by a message that I was wanted at the Hall, and must go up immediately. It was the first time in my life I had ever been wanted there.

I went at once, without even changing my coat. At the foot of the stairs Mr. Beresford met me. He looked quite kindly at me.

"Take off your boots, John Parsons," he said, "and go very quietly up to Miss Beresford's room. She wants to speak to you."

I did not at first know who he meant by Miss Beresford. My gray worsted stockings looked very shabby as my feet sank in the soft-carpeted steps. On the first landing there was a room full of flowers. All round I saw pillars, and pictures, and glass, so unlike my ferry. Everything reminded me of the awful difference of station. Mrs. Parker was quite right when she said I was not fit company for Miss Eleanor—Miss Beresford, I mean. But when I went into her room I forgot everything, looking at her face. She put out her hand to me at once.

"Oh, John Parsons," she said, "I'm so glad it's you! I've been longing to see you. Did you give him the letter?"

"Yes, miss," I answered; and I could not help being afraid lest it should straightway start out of my pocket, and show itself.

"Tell me," said Miss Eleanor, bending eagerly forward, and fixing her great eyes upon me, "what did he say? When he took it, what did he say?"

"Good Lord of heaven!" said I to myself, "how's a man to keep from telling a lie, when he won't tell the truth?"

"Tell me," continued Miss Eleanor in the same tone, "when he read it, what did he say? You saw his face. Did he kiss it? Didn't he once whisper, 'Poor Eleanor'?"

"Gracious Lord of heaven!" repeated I to myself, "how's a man to keep from telling a lie, when he can't tell the truth?"

Her eyes seemed to look me through and through. I was afraid of them.

"Why don't you speak, John Parsons?" asked she at last.

"Miss Eleanor," said I, put to it, "the room was very dark, for attendance isn't good at The Golden Heart. It would have needed cat's eyes to have made out the biggest print; but I placed the letter into Master Hugh's hands, I can say that."

Miss Eleanor fell back on the pillow, with a dreadfully disappointed face.

"Then, John Parsons," she whispered, "you mean you've nothing to tell me—no news to give me—no comfort—not a word?"

The big tears that trembled in her eyes rolled over, one by one. As I watched them running slowly down her cheeks, it needed all the courage I possessed in me to say "No." And I don't believe, John Parsons, were you at any time in like circumstances, however much put to it, you could have said "No" again.

She turned her head to the wall, and lay quite still. I heard a little sob. Then she stretched out her hand.

"Thank you, John Parsons," she said; "that'll do. You may go."

So I left the room, and passing down the grand staircase, forgot my shabby coat and gray worsted stockings. The difference of station did not strike me the same as when I went up. The letter in my pocket thumped against my heart like a crime. Some way or other I was determined to get rid of it.

I heard from the butler that Master Hugh had gone, and was not expected home for months. When I asked where, he said, "To the Pyramids." But that did not help me much.

It was a bold thing to do—I resolved to write to him and send him Miss Eleanor's letter. I couldn't have slept with it in the house. I was not sure that the post would take my letter at all, still less sure that Master Hugh would read it. I had not held a pen in my hand since I covered the page of a copybook with "Perseverance" at Barton school, so I found it did not come natural to me to write. The pen wanted to go one way, and I another, and the ink seemed to quarrel with us both. Neither did the spelling come anyway natural. When I had put down the words, they didn't look at all what I meant. After five copies—and it was very hot work—I got one pretty tolerable. It was this:

"Mister Hugh, I John Parsons Ferryman Barton and yours Umby, ope you'll receive this without displeasure. I couldn't Face Miss Eleanor agen with It in my poket, I couldn't say what you saide to me. No, sir not with Them eyes. Please, don't send It back to me. Miss Eleanor asks aalws for you. Exquise the Lib-ertie Agen Umby yours, I John Parsons."

I took it to the post-office myself. The Directory, I knew, was the place to look for addresses; but that, along with the Pyramids, was beyond me. So I just wrote "Mister Hugh Charters," and handed it over to the postmaster, who was a friend, I having ferried him across since he wore buttons.

For months I heard nothing, and could only trust in the two post-offices at Barton and at the Pyramids. Miss Eleanor recovered slowly, and went for a change of air to an aunt in Scotland. Before she left, she sent me a woollen comforter and a note. In it she said she had made it herself, to keep my throat warm in cold weather. Fancy her thinking of my throat—me, a ferryman! I always wore it—mild and chilly, dry and damp days. When I tied it round my neck of a morning, I thought of her; and when I undid it at night, again I thought of her; and very generally through the day I thought of her. The months creep on at a ferry about as fast as they do elsewhere, and at last Master Hugh came home. I saw him several times, but he did not mention the letter, nor did I; for I was rather uneasy about the three-syllabled words. He seemed to have forgotten Miss Eleanor altogether, for he never spoke of her.

One day I found his book in the damp grass, where he had left it all night. It belonged to the Hall, for there was an "E. B." on the first page. Beside it lay a small glove. I picked it up. It was Miss Eleanor's. I showed them both to Master Hugh when he came down later in the day.

"Sir," said I, "Mr. Beresford is to be back on Thursday. Shall I take them up to the Hall to-day, and give them to the butler?"

"No," said he, quickly, and I thought his tone strange. "Leave them with me; I will take charge of them."

About a week afterward, I was dozing in the boat, with my coat over my head, being well-nigh driven crazy with the flies, and Master Hugh stretched under the elm tree reading, when I heard him start suddenly to his feet. I looked up. There stood Miss Eleanor on the opposite bank, with her hat full of flowers. She looked straight across at him, and then grew very red. The river was not so wide that they could not hear each other speak across it.

"It's a long time," said she, "since I have seen you, Mr. Charters."

"A long time, Miss Beresford," said he.

I stared from one to the other. Bless me! Was it possible? They had forgot each other's names.

"So long," said she presently, playing nervously with the flowers—"so long, that I can scarcely believe there is only the river between us."

"If it is so," returned he, "the river has widened strangely since we last met. Certain words, like certain June days, are difficult to be forgotten."

Miss Eleanor's face flushed, and she turned quickly away.

"And," she added, in a low voice, "difficult to be forgiven." Then, after a few moments' silence, she asked, "But are they too difficult to be forgiven?"

Master Hugh had torn the leaf he held in his hand in small pieces, and tossed the last fragment into the stream. His eyes were down. Miss Eleanor half turned.

"Do you say," repeated she, slowly, "they are too difficult to be forgiven?"

"I wish," answered Master Hugh, raising his voice—"I wish it was half as easy to forget as to forgive, Miss Beresford; the word is utterly inappropriate."

I could stand it no longer. "Bless my soul!" said I to myself, "what's got into them? I didn't believe it possible. They've forgotten each other's names!"

"Why," cried I, all of a sudden, interfering in a shockingly bold manner, "why—Master Hugh! and Miss Eleanor!"

She turned at the words, and gave him such a look—like a prayer! Even her hands seemed to pray. Master Hugh stepped forward to the edge of the water.

"Take me across—quick, John Parsons—quick!" said he, all at once.

"No," said Miss Eleanor, in a low voice. "Take me, John Parsons—me first."

"Your pardon, Master Hugh," said I, making for the bank, "but you know, sir, ladies come first, and Miss Eleanor first of all."

When we reached the other side, he took both her hands. I was glad to see I hadn't reminded them for nothing.

"Oh, Eleanor," said he, earnestly, "is it really you? And not even the river between us?"

"No, Hugh," whispered she. "Not even the river between us."

"Bless my soul!" said I again to myself, for I could not see the drift of it. But they seemed to understand each other very well, and did not look at all puzzled, as I was. Judging by eyes—and there's nothing like eyes to judge from—it was all right; more right, indeed, than it had been for months. Miss Eleanor's eyes did sparkle so!

"God bless 'em!" said I, as I sat in my boat and watched them go into the wood together. "And again, God bless 'em!"

Then I took to thinking, with my pipe and the flies; but whenever I got into the middle of a good thought, began dozing and forgot the end. It was a long time before they returned.

"All right," said I to myself, "judging by eyes. Perfectly right—couldn't be righter."

And I gave a low whistle, for by that time I had come to the end of the matter.

"Wish us joy!" said Miss Eleanor, merrily. "John Parsons, you must wish me joy!"

"Always did, Miss Eleanor," I answered. "Can't recollect the time that I didn't."

"But," answered she, laughing, "you must wish me more joy now—much more!"

I stopped to take the pipe out of my mouth, and shook my head.

"Couldn't, Miss Eleanor," said I. "That would be impossible."

"Then," said Master Hugh, "what do you say to me? Can't you spare me any good wishes?"

"Sir," said I, "I don't see what use they would be, seeing that you've got the very best that's to be had by wishing."

"And thanks to you, John Parsons!" said they both—"all thanks to you! Without you, the river would always have been between us."

Just think of that! Bless my soul, sir! that night I don't believe you could have found a happier man in all England than I, John Parsons, ferryman.

The Hytower Family.

Who lives in the old Driver House now, Aunt Lizzy?"

"Hytower, their name is, and they've got mighty high notions, too, some on 'em."

"How long have they lived there?"

"Lemme see. It's a year now, the comin' first uv April, sense they moved in. I run over after they'd hed time to git things settled, just to be naberly, ye know. Well, as I said, I went over, and there wuz old Mr. Hytower-a-scratchin' round, a-clearin' out the dooryard. He wuz a little, thin, scart-looking old man."

"'Good-mornin', sir,' sez I; 'I thought I'd cum over and see yer folks.'

"'Ma'am?' sez he."

"'I jist cum over to say how de do,' sez I, a-hollerin' as loud as I could, for I consaided he was hard o' hearin'."

"'Ye cum over to borrow a broom, eh?' sez he. 'I'll hev to ask the missus; and yer name too?' a-clappin his hand to his ear."

"'I don't want no broom,' sez I; 'but my name is Stubbs, although every one calls me Aunt Lizzy.'

"'Oh, yes!' sez he, makin' a bow. 'Walk in, Miss Lizzy, walk in.'

"'I was almost out o' breath, so I thought 'twan't no use to say nothin', fur he wouldn't a-heerd me;

If I hed. So I follered him into the front room. There was four wimmin a-settin' there, and not one on 'em hed a stitch o' work in her hands; but I seen an old stockin', with a darnin'-needle stickin' in it, tucked away under the sofa.

"The oldest woman was dretful fleshy, and the youngest one was jist like her, only not quite so big; the one older than her was a little thinner, and the oldest one was as thin as the old man himself.

"Misses Hytower," sez he, lookin' scairted than ever, "this is Miss Kizy, and she's cum to know ef you'll lend her a broom."

"Such a look as she gin me I never seen before nor sense, and I don't want to agin.

"I beg yer parding, mem," sez I, "but Mr. Hytower didn't hear straight. I'm Miss Stubbs, and I live in the little white house on the hill yonder; I only cum to make a call."

"Miss Hytower started toward me, a-holdin' out her hand, and a-makin' two or three curchey to every word.

"Egscuse me, egscuse me," sez she. "Mr. Hytower is, unfortunately, very deff. These, madame, are my darters—my rose, my lily and my violet, so to speak; or, to be more precise, Miss Florinda, Miss Annette and Miss Adeline."

"Well, they all got up and spoke pleasant enuff, but I couldn't help thinkin' that they wuz more like sunflowers or hollyhocks than roses and violets. While we a-speakin', Miss Hytower turns round to the old man, and lookin' at him fur a minit, as if he wuz a mouse and she was a cat, she sez:

"Mr. Hytower, you don't understand!"

"Well, he wilted right down like a pumpkin-vine in a hail-storm, and purty soon he got up and went out.

"He hadn't more'n got out o' the house when the oldest one put her handkerchief to her face and began to sniffe, and, sez she:

"Oh, dear, it's such an affliction!"

"Poor, poor par!" sez the second one, a-follerin' her example.

"The youngest one rummidge her pocket fur her handkercher, but she couldn't find it, so she ketched up her apenn, and, sez she:

"Alas! it's a world o' trouble."

"My daughters," says Miss Hytower, sez she, 'control yer emoshuns!'

"Down cum the pocket-handkerchers, and then they all sot as kam as a summer mornin'."

"Ah, Miss Stubbs," sez Miss Hytower, sez she, 'not fur worlds would I hev hed you witness this harrowin' sene. I hope you hev not observed the fact that my babes hev not learned to hide their sadder feelins from the outside world.'

"I looked at the oldest one, and thinks to me, 'You're rather an old infant.'

"Yes, Sarey Jemimy, as true as you set there, she wuz forty ef she wuz a day!"

"Miss Stubbs," sez Miss Hytower, 'you'll hardly believe it, but my darters wuz the greatest belles uv the hul city, but they are so tender, so sensitive on the subject uv their father's misfortune, that they prevailed upon me to leave our elegant hum, and take up our abode, as it were, in this waste, howlin' wilderness.'

"Thinks to me, 'You du howl, to be sure; but, for my part, I don't see no wilderness.'

"I asked her wot city they cum from, and sez she:

"Egscuse me again, mem, but we hev decided to preserve a profound secrecy in regard to the affare, as we cum here fur the purpos uv retirement, especially as my eldest, my flutterin' duv, is also a brite star in the literary world. You've seen her name, no doubt, in the magazines. She is a regular contributor to the *Moonshine Monthly*,

and she writes under the *num de plure* uv Kezzy Kale."

"Du tell I" sez I.

"Oh, mar!" sez the flutterin' duv.

"I wuz jist admirin' one uv her latest productions as you wuz comin' in. Here it is, entitled an "Ode to Poetry." With your permissahun, my luv," sez she, "I'll read it to the lady."

"Oh, don't, mar!" sez Florindy.

"Miss Hytower didn't notis her, but went on readin'; and such a fluriah as she made I never seen before:

"It's very fashionable now
Poetry to learn to rite,
And as I should like to know how,
I'll try with all my mits."

"I hope I shall succeed,
I know I will in time—
Oh, dear, it's no use tryin',
I cannot make a rhyme. KEZZY KALE."

"I know you will observe, my dear Miss Stubbs," sez she, "the touchin' modesty and tender playfulness uv the poem. And to think the dear lam is so shy, she would hev-purvented my readin' it, ef she could."

"Well, I prazed up the poetry, as well as I could, and then I cum hum. All that afternoon I kept a-thinkin' whether or no there wuz sich a magazine as the *Moonshins Monthly*. So that evenin' who should cum over but Sam Barker. Sam's a good boy, or ruther, young man, I spoze I should say; he reads law with Judge Fuller, down in the village, and he bords with his sister, Miss Ketchum, sence her husband died. You know the Ketchum farm? Well, Sam helps his sister kalkilate, and they manage fast-rate. Sam's marster humbly, and he knows it; but he's so full o' his fun, I never think on't. He cums in here uv an evenin', quite frequent, and eats apples and drinka cider with yer uncle Enos. He purtends to like to hear yer uncle talk, but I sez to him one nite, sez I, 'Sam, I guess the apples and nuts and cider hev sumthin' to do with your comin' here,' and sez he, 'Miss Stubbs, you oughter hev studied fur a lawyer.' Well, as I war sayin', he cum in that evenin', and sez I:

"Sam, is there sich a magazine as the *Moonshins Monthly*?"

"Why?" sez he.

"No matter," sez I; 'jist tell me.'

"Well," sez he, 'I never heerd uv it afore.'

"I knowed it," sez I.

"With that, Sam and yer uncle both wanted to know where I heerd about it, so I up and telled 'em the hull story, and they laffed till the tears run down their cheeks. Sez I:

"Sam, you must call there."

"I dunno," sez he, 'but it's rather risky. Mebbe Miss Hytower is so full o' her hifalutin', it's a perlite way she has o' sayin' that Miss Florinda is looney."

"A few nites after, Sam did go there; but he wouldn't tell me anything about it, only he sed that he told 'em Miss Stubbs spoke highly uv the young ladies, and Miss Hytower sed that Miss Stubbs was a lady of eddycation and refinement."

"I dunno about the refinement part, Sam," sez I, 'but as fur my eddycation, it wuz almost as much neglected az the boys' wuz that never had any chance at skoolin' except one nite at nite skool, and they hedn't enny candels, and the marster didn't cum."

"Sam laffed and sed:

"Now don't you say a wurd, Miss Stubbs, and mebbey I'll git to be sun-in-law in that family some time."

"What's that, Sarey Jemimy? Wur he in ur-nest? Law, no, child, they're purty near old enuff

to be his muther, any on 'em; in corse he warn't in urnest."

"Sam's a good boy, if he is so humbly. I sez to all owin' to the fact uv my bein' struck by the shock uv an arthquake when I wuz a baby."

"There's no tellin' whether there's enny truth in the arthquake yarn, though, fur Sam's always a-foolin', and I can't tell whether he's in urnest or not half the time."

"His sister is a real nice little thing, and she's quite good-lookin', too; we'll go down and see her while you are here."

"Did you ever go to see the Hytowers again, Aunt Lizy?"

"Law, yes, child," and would you believe it—I've heerd they never lived in enny city at all. They cum from Skinywarter, jist over the mountain. Tim Carver's wife wuz here a-visitin', and she sed she'd seen 'em menny a time, and the girls used to work out, but an uncle uv theirs died, and left 'em a little property, so they bought the Driver place, and moved in."

"Why, Enos, you've got back from yer wurk arly."

"Yes, Lizy, it is ruther arly, but Sam Barker is a-comin' here to spend the evenin' and I want to hurry and git my chores dun up."

"So Sam's comin', is he? Well, Sarey Jemimy, you'd better run up-stairs, and put on your black apaca, and your red necktie; but don't you-set

yer cap for Sam, or folks will think I'm a match maker, and I won't hev it. Run up and fix your hair, quick, child!"

Man in the Time of the Giant Bear and Mammoth.

WHEN the ice had gradually retired to the poles and lofty mountain summits, a new generation of animals appeared upon the earth, differing greatly from those which had perished. The mammoth, of which entire bodies have been found in Siberian ice, our mastodon, a huge species of rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, a bear to which even our polar bear and grizzly are but puny, lions and tigers of breeds far greater than ours, that immense stag whose antlers have been found so often in Irish bogs—pouring forth in fierce droves, these swept over the land. Man, with few and rude arms or implements, could do nothing but watch the occasions where a single animal, or a few, offered a comparatively easy victory. Man possessed fire then, and oily birds and fish gave a rich fuel with wood. Fire gave not only comfort and means of dressing food, but also protection. Sleeping by the kindled fire secured the night's rest. Arrows and spears, rude knives and swords of flint or obsidian. They were in this respect on the same footing as our Indian tribes when the whites first visited this portion of North America. They lived in caves, and made a rude pottery: they subsisted by hunting, and clothed themselves in the skins of their game. Yet rude as was their life, they were not insensible to the charms of ornament—beads and shells, pierced so as to be strung, have been



MAN IN THE TIME OF THE GIANT BEAR AND MAMMOTHE.



"OUR PONY."—"THE NOBLE ANIMAL, HOLDING MY CLOTHES FAST IN HIS TEETH, CLAMBERED UP THE RIVER'S BANK, AND DREW ME A SUFFICIENT DISTANCE FROM IT TO DISALLOW OF THE PROBABILITY OF MY AGAIN FALLING INTO THE WATER."

found, as well as attempts at rude carving, figures of men or beasts.

But how can we connect man with the time of these monstrous creatures? In caves it has been found that the flooring of earth has been of gradual growth; and excavations have revealed traces of human habitation and life. With human skeletons would be found bones of animals evidently used as food—bones broken to extract marrow, etc., and these bones belonged to the animals we have named. The skull of a giant bear has been found with the flint spear still sticking in it, a trophy of some mighty hunter who doubtless kept it as a proof of the strength of his arm.

"Our Pony."

AN Oriental legend tells us that when Allah was engaged in the work of creation, He tempered the lightning with the west wind, and so produced the horse. Fanciful and absurd as this may at first sight appear, yet when we consider the qualities blended in the equine race—the fire, the indomitable courage, joined to docility, gentleness, and intellectuality—we cannot fail to appreciate the whimsical idea.

When I was quite a youngster, my father became the fortunate possessor of a black pony, about twelve hands high, called "Tempus." He brought

his name with him, and its origin we could not discover, but my brother John—a collegian in his teens, and of course a great authority—advanced the theory that it referred to the similarity between the speed of the pony and the flight of time.

"Tempus" was about six years old at the date of his advent to our stables, and for symmetrical beauty, pluck and sagacity had not his equal in the country—at least so we believed; perhaps we were prejudiced in his favor, but I, who owe much to him and revere his memory, still adhere to the opinion that there never existed a pony like him. Though gentle and kind, especially to us children, who sometimes tormented him sadly, the spirit of mischief seemed to be inherent in him, and scarcely a day passed but some new story of the tricks of "Tempus" would be recorded.

His favorite amusement during the fall of the year was to leap the hedge, or open the gate—he could do either easily—which divided the paddock from the orchard, and regale himself upon the choicest apples. He disdained the fallen fruit, but, taking a flying leap, would curl the rosiest specimens from the branches in his career.

Once he managed to obtain access to the flower-garden in front of the house, and, after regaling himself with a few dozen nasturtiums, boldly pushed open the porch-door, and entered the hall. The door was one that closed with a spring, but having caught the mat, had remained ajar; when, however, Master "Tempus" urged it open, and crossed the threshold, it closed with a loud bang. Unconscious of danger, he advanced a few paces, until suddenly he found himself confronted by a huge black bear—a stuffed trophy of my father's. This was too much even for the plucky pony, his equanimity was completely upset, and he sought to beat an ignominious retreat; but the hall-door had shut to, and exit was cut off. In his terror, he burst open the door of the dining-room, wherein I was seated, capsize a dumb-waiter and a few chairs, and with one mad bound sprang through the casement which overlooked the lawn. By the time I recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to comprehend the state of affairs, he had returned to his own pasture. But what raised "our pony" to the pinnacle of fame will be found in the following anecdote:

A deep river, about forty yards in breadth, wound through the meadow in which "Tempus" was usually put to grass. In its pellucid depths abounded fish of many kinds, and my fondness for piscatorial sport frequently led me to its banks, though my mother used always to feel an instinctive dread of accident happening whenever she saw me issue from the house with my rod and tackle.

One bright and beautiful afternoon I set out for my favorite spot, a shady nook on the river's bank near where fish did mostly congregate, heedless of maternal warnings as to carefulness. I staid a moment in the meadow to pat the sleek, arching neck of the pony, who trotted up to me, and affectionately thrust his nose into my hand, and then commenced my self-imposed task of endeavoring to ensnare members of the finny tribe with the most tempting bait my can could afford. But it was no use, the weather was unpropitious—too bright—and the fish persistently refused to even so much as taste the palatable morsels I had prepared for their delectation. Just beyond where a tree grew as it had fallen, partly across the stream, was a deep hole, famed for fish; but I could not drop my line in this spot without crawling some distance along the prostrate trunk. This had been specially forbidden to do, for much danger attended such a proceeding; but being rather an undutiful child, and hating to go home with an empty basket and incur the derision of my broth-

ers, I determined to essay the perilous feat at all hazards. I had not progressed half a dozen yards when a dry branch, to which I had clung, snapped beneath my weight, and I was precipitated into the water. I uttered a wild shriek of dismay as I fell, a wail for succor that was suddenly silenced as I sank beneath the surface of the rapid-rushing river. Back to my memory came my mother's words as I struggled in the eddying flood, and bitterly I repented not having obeyed her oft-reiterated mandate. When I rose, I cried again aloud, though I knew that none were near to heed or rescue me, and the agonizing conviction that I should yield my life to the smiling stream, and sink a livid corpse among the hideous weeds beneath its depths, struck terror in my heart.

No human aid was near, yet succor came. A mighty splash resounded in my ears as I rose for the third time, and an instant afterward, though half-unconscious, I felt my jacket seized in an iron grasp, and knew that I was being drawn out of the silent stream that would have borne me unto death.

With that tendency peculiar to all drowning persons to grasp anything within reach, I extended my hands and clutched the mane of "our pony"—for it was he who, having seen my peril, had so bravely come to my assistance.

A little while and the noble animal, still fast holding my clothes in his teeth, clambered up the river's bank, drew me a sufficient distance from the brink to disallow of the probability of my again falling into the water, and then scampered off at lightning speed toward the house.

Overleaping every obstacle in his path, he soon gained the stable-yard, and at once attracted a groom's attention by gently seizing his shoulder, and pulling him in the direction of the meadow. The man, noticing the handsome animal's saturated coat and peculiar action, though he knew not to what to attribute it, permitted himself to be led for some distance, and when he detected me lying on the bank, started to run, preceded by "Tempus." When he came up I had in great measure recovered my senses, so, placing me upon the pony's back, he quickly conveyed me to the house, where warm blankets, a strong constitution and gentle treatment, seasoned with well-timed lectures upon the sin of disobedience, soon restored me to convalescence. You may be sure full meed of praise was awarded "our pony" for having so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave, and from henceforth little peccadilloes, for which he had been wont to receive chastisement, were leniently treated, as all remembered with gratitude the good service he had performed in the past. Poor "Tempus!" His end was sad indeed. He merited a better fate, but yet he died for us children.

Two of my brothers were crossing a meadow adjacent to the pony's paddock, in which a savage bull was grazing. The animal no sooner espied them than he gave chase, and would inevitably have killed them had not "Tempus" leaped the hedge and diverted the bull's attention from them to himself; but the gallant action proved fatal to him, for the infuriated beast drove one of his horns into the pony's side, and cruelly slew him. There was much lamentation and many tears when the result became known, for we loved "Tempus," and mourned for him as though a dear, familiar friend had been taken from amongst us.

A Woman's Heart.

How THE wind cried like one in pain, and twisted the branches of the great elms over on the common, and dashed the cold rain against

the windows! It was such a wild, stormy November day! People hurried by with their "comforters" up to their noses, and thought, with a little glow at the heart, of warm fires in cozy rooms at home.

In the parlor of the large white house opposite the common there was as stormy a scene in progress as that in which the elements were engaged outdoors. It was a comfortable room—richly, not extravagantly, furnished. The windows were hung with heavy crimson curtains. The chairs and sofas were covered with the same color. A bright fire burned in the grate, casting a rich warm glow over the room.

Between the two windows stood a man of perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years. His hair was brown, with fiery golden threads gleaming through it, and twisting into waves and curls over a lofty brow. His face was very pale—not from illness; it seemed to be natural. The features were perfect. A straight, aristocratic nose, a beautifully molded chin, and just a curve of a full, red lip, underneath a soft, brown mustache. Eyes, oval-shaped, deep, soft and blue, with straight, low brows, and long lashes. A white, firm hand, a handsome foot, and an elegant form. This was Charles West.

Half-a-dozen paces from him stood a young girl, clad in a simple brown dress. Hers was a striking, not a handsome face—the mouth was too large, and yet it was a strangely fascinating mouth, so flexible and expressive. She was of medium height, a figure slender and graceful. Her brow was low and broad. I have a passion for low foreheads in women—it makes them look so calm and sweet, unless they have wicked eyes—and Jane Venner's eyes were not wicked, they were glorious. I have said that she was not handsome. I repeat it; Jane was only a pure, gentle, womanly-looking girl. But her eyes! You forgot, while looking into their depths, that she was not beautiful. In her quiet moments they were a liquid gray-brown, so large, and clear, and bright, that they would draw a second glance from you in spite of yourself. And away down in them there was a sort of hungry yearning, as though she had missed something from her life.

It was the unsatisfied heart looking out through her eyes.

They were black now with excitement as she listened to her companion's words.

"And yet you loved me once, Jane!" he said, with a low smile creeping over his face, and lighting up his deep eyes.

She dashed her dusky hair back from her face, as though its touch maddened her.

"Loved you? Yes, if it be any satisfaction to you to hear me say it, I loved you. Heaven knows how madly and blindly! I worshipped you! I would have knelt and kissed the very ground where you walked! I would have died for you! My life was one vast field of pure, unbroken bloom, until you came, and with ruthless feet crushed all my flowers until they were dead. I hung on your every word and look, and waited hungrily for your smiles, which you gave me, just as, in a charitable moment, you would toss a handful of pennies to a beggar. And you stand there with your insolent, smiling face, when you know that you have been the means of making all my life unutterably

wretched! Heavens! If I were a man, I would strike you dead at my feet!"

How the mad pain tore and wrenched at her heart, and burned in her eyes! And yet he stood there, as she had said, with his "insolent, smiling face," white, handsome, and unmoved.

It had been very gratifying to his vanity to see her eyelids drop, and the flush come into her pure cheek beneath his gaze. He never troubled his head with the idea that while he was passing a few hours pleasantly, all the sweetness and richness was slowly drifting away from her life. He knew that she loved him, but he did not know—he never could know—how she loved him.

It was the day previous to his departure for London, and he had called to say "Good-by." He thanked her for the pleasure her *friendship* had given him—said it was just likely they might meet *somewhere* again; he hoped they should. She sat and listened to him with a white, still face. She understood him perfectly. He meant that the past was to go for nothing. But when he arose to go, and laid his hand on hers, with the hope that they might always be friends, all her anguish and wounded pride flashed up into her face, and, throwing his hand from her, she cried:

"Friends? Never—never! You and I can never be friends! Oh, may I only learn to hate you as you deserve!"

And then he said, "And yet you loved me once, Jane!"

Her answer I have already given you.

Three months later, Charles West married a slender, delicate girl, with a fortune. He fell in love with her *money*. Six months after his marriage, his bride was laid in her grave, a victim to consumption.

Some three years passed away, and up among the mountains of Cumberland Charles West met Jane Venner.

Jane and her uncle—who had adopted her after the death of her parents, when she was a child—were spending the summer there.

When she met Charles West she recognized his low bow by a slight inclination of her head, and repelled all his attempts to renew their *friendship* by her cool, quiet dignity.

One evening a party of gentlemen met in one of the private rooms of the hotel to play cards. By some chance Miss Venner's name was mentioned, and Charles West, flushed with wine, caught at it.

"Jane Venner? Egad, boys, did you know that she was sweet on me once? Was, 'pon honor! She really told me so, and accused me of breaking her heart, or something of that sort. It was quite romantic, I assure you," and he laughed loudly, and began to shuffle the cards, preparatory to dealing, when across the table there came a clear voice, with a thrill of indignation in it.

"Charles West, any man who would speak of a lady as you have spoken of Miss Venner, deserves to be horsewhipped."

"May I be allowed to inquire if Captain Knowles intends to be personal in his remarks?" said West, with a sneer.

"Sir," returned Captain Knowles, in that

same low, intense voice, "you are a mean, contemptible puppy!"

There was a breathless silence for a few seconds, and then Charles West said, in a low, musical voice, "I will meet Captain Knowles at any place he may appoint to-morrow at sunrise, and we will settle this affair. Major Graham, will you do me the kindness to act as my second? Perhaps Howe will do the same for you, Captain Knowles."

The two gentlemen assented, and stepped aside to arrange matters.

The next morning Jane Venner arose at dawn; and donning a broad-brimmed hat, she left the hotel, and sauntered up the mountain-side. It was her habit to take a long ramble every morning before breakfast. She went slowly on, breathing in the fresh, pure air, stopping now and then to pluck a flower, all sparkling with the morning dew.

As she turned off into a little grove of pines to the left, the sound of voices struck her ear. A few more steps, and she paused in astonishment at the scene which met her eye.

Standing with his profile toward her was Charles West, his hat on the ground beside him, his coat thrown carelessly open, and his face white, handsome, and smiling, with the bright brown curls clinging around the full, high brow. In his right hand, which hung by his side, he held a pistol.

Facing him, several paces distant, stood Richard Knowles. He was terribly excited—Jane could see that. It contrasted strangely with West's reckless indifference. But Captain Knowles was a good shot, and his hand would be steady enough when his finger pressed the trigger.

Yes, it was a duel! Miss Venner realized it with a strange horror; but she did not move or speak.

One of the seconds held a watch in his hand, and suddenly his voice rang out: "Ready, gentlemen!"

There was a flash of steel as the pistols came up into position.

"One—two—three—fire!"

There was a rush of a woman's dress through the air, two sharp reports, and Jane Venner sank down at Charles West's feet, with the red life-blood pouring from her breast.

There was a cry of horror from the gentlemen as they rushed forward. Charles West knelt at her side; she smiled up into his eyes for an instant, then her eyes closed, and she was dead! Jane Venner was dead!

After the cruel wrong he had done her—after all the bitter pain he had caused her, she had given her life to save his.

Richard Knowles threw up his arms with a cry of anguish.

"Jane dead—dead! and I killed her. Oh, my Father in heaven!"

He loved her, you see—this man loved her. He was noble and true, and worthy of her. But she loved Charles West, with his fair, false face and selfish heart; and she died for him. All her pain was over now; she was at rest. Already a calm, sweet peace was settling over the still, dead face as it lay there on the cool green grass.

My story is ended. Jane Venner died for the

man she loved; and he, though shocked at first, went on through the world, as handsome, smiling, and selfish as ever.

Richard Knowles grew to be a moody, bowed man. Once, when he met Charles West, he said, "Do not cross my path, or I shall forget that she loved you, and shall be tempted to commit what the world would call 'murder.'"

Aunt Cecilia's Clock.

"THE thing is a perfect nuisance," said Eugenia.

Aunt Cecilia appeared very grave, but said nothing. Eugenia walked toward the sitting-room window and looked out upon the pale blue air of the dying February day. Her exquisite head and statuesquely beautiful figure gleamed dark against that weird-lighted background. The dimness hid, however, the dissatisfied, supercilious expression which overspread her face; a nearly faultless face, with its regular Greek-shapen features and luminous black eyes.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick," she presently began again, "from morning till night. It's enough to drive a person half crazy. Last evening I know that dear Charley was annoyed by it, though he was too polite to say so. Why can't the old clock be taken out of the sitting-room, Aunt Cecilia? Will you give me a downright answer to that simple question?"

"Because I don't want it to be removed from yonder corner, Geenie. There's my downright answer."

Aunt Cecilia was sitting near the crackling scarlet of a great wood-fire in a great cavernous fireplace. The fantastic light that played fitfully on her old, withered face showed how gaunt and homely it was, but showed, also, an honesty and goodness there which it was not at all difficult to discover.

"Geenie!" was the very indignant answer. "I do wish you wouldn't call me by that hideous nickname. Charley hates it."

"I can't help that. Charles Howland knew you some seventeen years after I did, my dear, and it strikes me that he scarcely has the right to dictate by what name I shall call you."

"Indeed! And if Charley hasn't the right, I should like very much to know who has!" these words being so excitedly spoken as to indicate extreme anger on the part of Miss Eugenia Harrow. "I certainly owe Charley all the happiness I've ever had in my whole lifetime. For my part, I don't know what would ever have become of me if the master of Locust Lodge hadn't met and fallen in love with me. I suppose I'd have lived somehow, here in this sad-looking old shanty of yours; but, oh, mercy, what an existence it would! have been!"

"Perhaps a better one than your irritability and general bad disposition deserve," Aunt Cecilia replied, quite mildly. "However," she added, "there is no reason why that poor old mahogany clock of mine should lead to a quarrel between you and myself. As long as you continue to live in what you are pleased to term my sad-looking shanty, Eugenia, so long shall the clock remain where it now is."

And as Aunt Cecilia finished her firm but

placidly-spoken remarks, a flash of firelight, stronger than usual, lit the corner where, grimly upright, and sombre and ancient, the mahogany clock was standing.

But there was no answer to the lady's words, for just then Miss Eugenia discovered that a carriage had driven up to the gateway of the cottage, and, seizing a cloak and hood from the chair on which they had been placed in readiness, she hurried from the room. Mrs. Howland of Locust Lodge had asked her future daughter-in-law to tea, that evening, and young Charles Howland had promised to drive over and get his *fiancée*. There was the sound of the opening front door audible in the sitting-room, presently, and then Eugenia's voice (the essence of sweetness and amiability, as it seemed) addressed somebody who had evidently come from carriage to door:

"I was really afraid you'd forgotten all about your invitation, Charley, dear. Ready? Oh, yes, I'm quite ready. We can start immediately, unless you'd like to go in and see Aunt Cecilia." After which there was a little laugh of gentle, rippling cadence, followed by, "Well, I didn't think you would," and a moment later the door was sharply closed, leaving silence in the hall and silence in the dim, fire-lit sitting-room.

It was quite a while before that silence was broken. And then a very low, very musical voice broke it, close at Aunt Cecilia's side.

"Never mind, auntie," the voice said; "you know that Eugenia has a good heart enough, and that her head is only turned with the grandeur at Locust Lodge, that's all."

Lily Harrow was seated at her aunt's feet, now, having stolen forth from the darkness since her sister's departure. The firelight showed a pleasant, girlish face, in no manner resembling Eugenia's, and with not a tithe of Eugenia's beauty. Perhaps brown, wavy hair and amiable, soft brown eyes were the only two personal beauties which Lily Harrow possessed.

"You're an excellent consoler, Lily." Aunt Cecilia's withered hand clasped her niece's very proudly as she spoke. "But you can't shut my eyes, dear, to the fact that Eugenia Harrow is an ungrateful, worthless girl."

"Oh, auntie!"

"Yes, Lily, I mean it. Perhaps she is just suited to the society of such proud, hollow-hearted people as those Howlands up at the Lodge. Years ago, Lily, when you two girls—both little black-robed orphans, then—came here to live with me, I discovered the difference between your natures. You were always lovable and tractable; Eugenia was continually self-willed, pretentious, disagreeable. Well, you have neither of you changed a whit. Even in the men you are going to marry there is the same difference that exists between your separate characters. Compare Charles Howland with Roger Brandon."

The firelight gleamed upon a very pleasant smile as Lily answered:

"One is very rich, auntie, and the other is quite poor. One what is called a landed proprietor, and one merely a struggling young farmer."

"Right, Lily; but it can also be said that Charles Howland is a purse-proud, city-bred aristocrat, who, in his heart of hearts, despises himself for having fallen in love with the woman he is going to make his wife. Ask yourself, however, whether Roger Brandon is not good and true and honest——"

"Please don't enumerate his virtues, auntie," was the laughing interruption. "I love him with a positively troublesome amount of attachment already, and have no desire to fall an inch deeper into folly."

"It isn't folly," said Aunt Cecilia, expressively; and then there was quite a long silence, during which the scarlet flames leaped, and the old mahogany clock in the corner sent a very homelike sound through the room's deepening dusk.

"I wonder why Eugenia hates the ticking of that clock," said Lily, thoughtfully. "It is so pleasant to me. It so often brings back those past days, auntie—days that are gone forever—when, just as I am sitting now, I sat and heard you tell stories which Uncle Harvey had, in his turn, told you—stories of voyage and adventure in far-away lands. Those were very agreeable times, and the clock's tick-tick, especially at hours like this, never fails to recall them."

"Uncle Harvey," it may here be stated, had been the husband of Aunt Cecilia, and a sea-captain. He had made his last voyage, and met with his last adventure, two years before Lily Harrow and her sister came to live with their aunt, and neither of the girls remembered him more than faintly as a pale, dying man, who had really died in their early childhood, and left Aunt Cecilia their only guardian and protector.

It was not many days after the circumstances we have just chronicled that Lily Harrow entered the room where her sister Eugenia happened to be seated, engaged in making herself some object of personal adornment out of lilac ribbon and lace, both materials having been given her, doubtless, by her future mother-in-law at Locust Lodge; for it was not in the power of Aunt Cecilia, all the village of L—— well knew, to do more than respectably clothe her nieces, and support herself and them in the modest, plain-looking home where they had all three lived for so many years.

"Eugenia," Lily said, gently, "if I were you I wouldn't go to the Haughtons' to-night."

"Not go to the Haughtons'!" Eugenie echoed the words in tones of extreme amazement. "Are you insane, Lily? What earthly reason should there be for my not going to a party which everybody who is anybody will surely attend, and——"

"I know what you are going to say, Eugenia." Lily's interruption was calm and decisive. "The Haughtons' party will no doubt be a splendid affair, and not to go will cause you great disappointment. But Aunt Cecilia's fever is worse. I think that fact ought to keep you home, Eugenia. The doctor has just left, and is coming again this evening. I am sure that he considers the case a very critical one."

"Nonsense," was the quick reply. "Sick and dying are two very different things, Lily.

I half believe you're jealous at not being asked yourself, and are simply trying to keep me home on an absurd pretext."

Hot color mounted to Lily Harrow's cheek, but her answer was a mild one. "You know better than that, Eugenia. I have told you the truth; aunt has been delirious since early this morning. Now, go or stay, just as you please."

Eugenia went. Lily was watching at her aunt's bedside that evening when the doctor called.

"Aunt Cecilia seems better," she whispered, "though still very weak—perhaps a little weaker, doctor, than when you were here last."

The physician felt his patient's pulse. Lily saw, or fancied that she saw, a gloomy gravity steal over his face as he did so. Then he gazed steadily at Aunt Cecilia's pale countenance, almost deathlike with its closed eyes and blanched lips.

When the doctor left that night, he told Lily that very probably her aunt would not live until morning. It was impossible for him to remain; were it not for one or two over-pressing calls, he would certainly do so. There was very little hope. Lily must obey implicitly his medical directions, and await results. Nothing more than this could be done.

"I won't call Charlotte," Lily thought, as she went back to her aunt's chamber after wishing the doctor good-night. Charlotte was the one servant in Aunt Cecilia's household. "I'll just be brave, and do my duty all alone," the girl's reflections proceeded, "for Charlotte would have hysterics, or something of the sort, if I mentioned the danger to her."

After that, Lily watched her aunt until it was medicine-time. Roused to take her medicine, Aunt Cecilia opened her eyes, and fixed them steadily enough, sanely enough, upon her niece's face. Her breathing was short and labored, but all traces of delirium were gone. Lily saw this before the poor old creature had opened her lips.

"Lily," she murmured. That was all for several minutes. Presently, again: "Lily, my darling."

"Yes, aunt; I am here. You see me, don't you?"

"Perfectly. Lily, you've always been a very good daughter to me," finishing the sentence with a gasp. "I say 'daughter,' dear, because I believe God sent you for one to poor childless me. Where's Eugenia?"

The abruptness of the question made Lily start. She dared not lie, and, most of all, she dared not lie at a time like the present.

"Eugenia has gone out, auntie."

"Where?"

"To—Mrs. Haughton's party. The Howlands came for her."

A dead silence. Were her aunt's tones getting hollower, her words less distinct, or did Lily only fancy this? There surely seemed a change in both, when Aunt Cecilia broke that dead silence by saying:

"Well, well, I suppose it's better to have her away; but it was heartless in her to go, Lily—heartless, heartless!" repeating the word monotonously. "Everything about Eugenia is

heartless and cold and unlovable. Where's Roger Brandon?"

"I told him not to come to-night, auntie, knowing how sick you were."

"Then we're quite alone, you—and—I?"

"Quite alone," said Lily.

Those last words of Aunt Cecilia's had been spoken with an almost painful difficulty; and now it seemed as if she was destined to speak no other word this side of death. Her pallid lips were moving tremulously, but no sound issued from them.

Lily bent over her with wildly beating heart.

"Aunt, aunt," she murmured, "what is it you wish to say?"

"This, Lily." She had found her voice again, but the tones were so awfully husky and labored, that it seemed almost as if death, having stolen her voice, had lent her his own to speak with. "It's about that clock Eugenia hates so. I've left it to you. Squire Williams has the document that makes it yours. Ask him to show what's in his keeping, Lily, when I'm dead and gone. I've always wound it up myself, and kept it locked, for the last twenty years. Get the key from the right side of my top bureau-drawer, and open it. You'll find the pot of gold there—the pot of gold I've been saving for my Lily all these years, in case she married poor, you know, or something of that sort. Come closer, child, and kiss me. The room's getting very dark. Kiss harder, so I can feel your lips, for my face is numbing fast, and it all means death, Lily—death, death—but I'm weary, and willing to go! You mustn't thank me for the gold. Your uncle Harvey brought it from those foreign parts that he told so many wonderful stories about. He hid it there in the clock-case because, as he used to say, the clock seemed to call out, with its *tick-tick, tick-tick*, 'Quite safe, quite safe,' from morning till night. And so it has been quite safe in that spot, and nobody has ever dreamed of stealing it. There's as much gold to make you as rich as Eugenia'll be, Lily—you and Roger. But I should never have saved it for you unless I'd known that you were one whom riches could not spoil. Kiss harder, darling, so—I—can—feel—your—sweet—sweet—lips."

After that, Aunt Cecilia was very peaceful. And Lily, alone with the dead, did not feel afraid. Her arms clasped fearlessly that quiet form; her tears of sorrow and of gratitude dropped noiselessly upon the white, calm face of her benefactress.

Dreams.

THE following are medical signs of dreams, as published in a medical work:

Lively dreams are, in general, a sign of nervous action. Soft dreams a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often, in nervous fever, announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstructions and disorders of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially

suffering, indicate disease in that part. Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare, with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest.

"To these," says Baron von Feuchtersleben, "we may add that dreams about dogs, after the bite of a mad dog, often precede the appearance of hydrophobia, but may be only the consequences of excited imagination."

Dr. Forbes Winslow quotes several cases in which dreams are said to have been prognostics. "Arnaud de Villeneuve dreamt one night that a black cat bit him on the side. The next day an anthrax appeared on the part bitten. A patient of Galen's dreamt that one of his limbs was changed into stone. Some days after this, the limb was paralyzed. Roger d'Orteyn, Knight of the Company of Douglas, went to sleep in good health; toward the middle of the night he saw in his dream a man infected with the plague, quite naked, who attacked him with fury, and threw him on the ground. Three days after, he was seized with the plague, and died. Hippocrates remarks that a dream in which one sees black spectres is a bad omen."

Charmed by a Cobra.

Or all the deadly snakes which abound in the East, there is none more fatal in its bite, or more dreaded, than the cobra di capello, or the hooded snake, so called because, when irritated, the skin on the neck is expanded and drawn forward, and appears behind the head as a kind of hood.

Throughout a continued residence in the East for many years, I have never known a single instance, in my own experience, in which a person, bitten by one of those fearful scourges of the country, survived. There are, to be sure, some remedies which are reputed to have been successful in solitary cases, here and there, in saving the life of the unfortunate victim, but they are of exceedingly doubtful character, and, if genuine, are only known to a few. What adds to the terrible character of this reptile, and the unenviable reputation which it possesses, is the frightful and inevitable rapidity with which the venom of its sting takes effect. A few hours suffice to place the poor wretch who has been bitten beyond all mortal aid, and agonizing, indeed, is the death which he suffers.

In particular localities in Burmah the cobra is more frequently met with than in others, and the number of deaths which are annually attributed to the fatal bite of this reptile is something terrible.

It was my fortune to be located for some three years in a town on the banks of the Irrawaddy, about a hundred miles above Rangoon, called Myadong, which had the reputation of being infested with these cobras, and certainly report did not belie its character. Within my own personal knowledge several fatal cases occurred, and I myself on more than one occasion had several narrow escapes from them.

In one instance, I remember, I had occasion, late one evening, after dark, to go down into one of the lower rooms of a double story brick house in which I was residing. I had not a light with me, as, knowing the exact whereabouts of the article I wanted, I knew I could lay my hands on it without any difficulty. On opening the door of the room, and taking a step or two within, I heard a faint hiss, to which I did not pay any attention at first, the idea of a snake being in the room never occurring to me at the moment. The hiss

was repeated still louder, together with a distinct gliding sound, which at once startled me; and then flashed across my mind that it must be a cobra, as they abounded in the neighborhood. To rush to the door and shut it behind me was but the work of an instant. Calling out to my servants, I soon had two or three by my side, whom I ordered to bring lights and some rattans. These being procured, we opened the door, and cautiously entered and looking around, we soon saw a cobra, one of the largest I ever beheld, coiled up in a corner of the room, with its head erect, prepared for an attack. Of course it was almost instantly dispatched, and on measuring it, we found it was fully six feet long, which is about the maximum size to which it ever attains.

The narrow escape which I had on this occasion made me extremely cautious about ever venturing into the ground-floor of that building again after dark.

It was in the rainy season, and close behind the village, in the outskirts of which the house where I resided was situated, were extensive rice-fields, which abounded with snipe. I had been out one forenoon with my gun, a native carrying my bag and ammunition, and had met with very fair sport. Suddenly I saw, about a hundred yards or so from where I was, a young Burmese woman, standing in a narrow pathway which skirted the rice-field through which I was wading. Something peculiar and strange in her attitude struck me. She seemed to be standing, looking fixedly upon the ground, as if unable to move, and yet terrified and bewildered. I watched her for a few minutes, and was unable to understand what she could be doing. Curiosity, and an undeniable suspicion that something or other had alarmed her, made me hasten toward her, and on nearing her, to my horror, I saw an enormous cobra, with its head erect and hood inflated, in the very act of springing upon her. The poor girl was literally fascinated by the deadly serpent! Full on the path, a few feet in front of the girl, lay the cobra, coiling itself, preparing for the deadly spring. As its bright, fiery eyes were fixed directly on hers, a visible change seemed to come over the reptile. Its form seemed to grow larger, and the color more bright and dazzling. Its body moved with a slow and almost imperceptible motion toward her. I could see the young girl's limbs shaking, and yet not a muscle stirred, as she stood fixed and immovable, not being able to tear herself away from the deadly fascination which had possessed her.

At this terrible moment I uttered a cry. The horrible spell was broken—the enchantment dissolved. I sprang forward, but, alas! too late. Ere I could reach her, or the girl could turn to fly, the cobra had made a spring, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs, and threw itself on her, inflicting a fatal bite upon one of her outstretched hands. Her scream of agony, as she fell back in my arms, too truly told the dreadful truth.

A feeling of madness came over me at this sight, and seeing the reptile, after having accomplished its work of death, stealing away, reckless of danger, I relinquished my hold of the girl, and springing forward, by one blow with the stock of my gun I crushed it to the earth, grinding it to pieces afterward with my feet. The groans of the unfortunate woman now recalled me to her side and to the terrible reality of her situation. There was a dark livid spot upon her hand, which deepened in blackness, and which I felt was her death-wound.

With the assistance of my attendant, we conveyed her as quickly, and yet as tenderly as we could to the nearest native dwelling, which fortunately was not very far distant. Short as the distance was, however, in the short time which

elapsed before we reached it, the pain from the virulent poison had become insupportable, and she had fainted away.

Human aid was unavailing. All we could do we did, but, alas! it was but little. In three short hours from the time she was bitten she died, in the greatest agony, and we felt that death was a happy release from her fearful sufferings. Before she died I had ascertained all about who she

was, from the people into whose dwelling we had taken her, and learning that she had a lover in the village to whom she was engaged, and shortly about to be married, a fine young Burman, whom I well knew, I had started off and brought him to her bedside.

The scene that transpired between these two unfortunate beings, in her last moments, I can never forget.



CHARMED BY A COBRA.—"I SAW AN ENORMOUS COBRA, WITH ITS HEAD ERECT AND ITS HOOD INFLATED, IN THE VERY ACT OF SPRINGING UPON HER. THE POOR GIRL WAS LITERALLY FASCINATED BY THE DEADLY SERPENT."



MRS. PODGERS'S LITTLE PLOT.—"MRS. PODGERS FELL UPON THE FLOOR, AND COMMENCED KICKING IN STRONG HYSTERICS, WHILE LUCRETIA SOBBED UPON THE SOFA, AND THE WRETCHED PODGERS STOOD IN BLANK DESPAIR."

Mrs. Podgers's Little Plot.

"DEAR me! why, what on earth is the matter, Lucretia!" exclaimed Mrs. Joshua Podgers, as her friend entered her room all flushed and excited.

Miss Simpkins sank into a rocking-chair, dropped her parasol, and lifted her eyes deprecatingly to the gas-fixtures on the ceiling.

"I'm in such a flutter, Eliza Jane!"

"So I see. What has happened? You haven't been run over—have you?" inquired the practical Mrs. Podgers.

"Run over! No, indeed," answered Miss Simpkins, indignantly, adjusting her veil and the two bunches of little friz-curls which adorned her hair, and helped to conceal certain doubtful marks at the corners of her eyes. "Run over! If you had said run *after*, it might have been nearer the truth."

"Good gracious! Those dreadful dogs?"

"Dogs! Why, it was a *man* that followed me."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Podgers, apologetically.

"What did he want?"

"How can I tell? He's followed me down this street no less than three times; and passes my window every day—always looking up and staring at me so strangely, as I sit reading behind the curtains. I *never* was so persecuted!" concluded Miss Simpkins, with the smile of a bestified martyr.

"What does he look like?"

"Oh, like a gentleman, certainly. A fine-looking man, I must confess," said the young lady, with a modest simper.

"Well dressed?"

"*As fail*, I assure you. Finest broadcloth, patent-leather boots, gold watch-chain. Evidently a man of wealth and standing—only I can't find out who he is."

"Have you inquired?"

"Why, I *did* ask Bridget, I believe; but she knew nothing about him. Said he must be a stranger, as she'd never before seen him pass this way. And, in fact," said Miss Simpkins, with another simper, "I don't think he ever *did* make a habit of promenading our street until—until his meeting with me about ten days ago."

"What sort of a meeting was it?" inquired Mrs. Podgers, with interest.

"Why, only that we rode up town together, in the same car, in a pouring rain. And there was such a crowd that I was compelled to stand, until a jerk of the car threw me into this gentleman's arms. Only think of such an awful accident! I thought I should have fainted, and indeed did come very near it—so much so that I was compelled to accept the gentleman's support for a moment. And then he arose and insisted upon my occupying his own seat. But imagine my feelings, Eliza Jane, when he alighted at the same time with me, and followed slowly behind, as if for the purpose of discovering my abode."

Mrs. Podgers mused a moment.

"I wish I could find out who this gentleman is," she observed, slowly. "If he is really interested in you—"

"Oh, I didn't say that, I'm sure!" deprecatingly put in Miss Simpkins.

"And is a gentleman, as you say, of wealth and respectability—"

"Of which I am certain," parenthesized Lucretia.

"Things might be managed so as to secure a proper introduction, you know; and then—"

"Good gracious, Eliza Jane, what ever are you thinking of?" exclaimed Miss Simpkins, elevating her pencilled brows and lavender-gloved hands in innocent surprise.

"I am taking a practical, commonsense view of the case, such as you ought to take, Lucretia," responded her plain-dealing friend. "At your age"—Miss Simpkins winced—"at our age, I mean, it is time to let alone romance and sentiment, and all that kind of girlish folly, and look seriously to the substantial things of life. Why," said Mrs. Podgers, decisively, "if I hadn't set myself seriously, as a sensible woman, to getting married to Podgers, the whole thing would have ended in a mere sentimental flirtation, as I verily believe he at first intended it, that time we met at the picnic. But I soon let him see that I had more sense than to be imposed upon; and you've no idea what a good creature he's turned out to be. Why, I can manage him as easily as I would a baby; and in the whole year in which we've been married he's never once crossed or contradicted me—at least, not since the first two months. It took that time to break him in," added the gentle Mrs. Podgers, laughing, and tossing her head triumphantly.

"Dear me! How I wish I could see Mr. Podgers," said Lucretia, admiringly. "It's really aggravating that you should have married away from home, and now that you've come back on a visit, your husband should never be in when I call."

"He's so busy, you see, about the sale of that land that poor Aunt Dorothy left me, and which brought me back here, you know. But come and take tea with us to-morrow—not at the table with the other boarders, but comfortably in our own parlor. Podgers'll be at home then, and delighted to meet you, I'm sure. And, now I think of it," continued Mrs. Podgers, with animation, "we can make him of use in hunting up this admirer of yours, Lucretia. Gentlemen, you know, have a thousand ways of getting acquainted with each other; and when once he's on terms of sufficient intimacy, we can easily manage an introduction—that is, of course, on condition that he turns out a proper person."

"What a schemer you are, Eliza Jane, to be sure!" said Miss Simpkins, in playful admiration of her strong-minded friend.

"Ah, my dear, we poor women must scheme and plot, else we should be no matches for those cunning creatures—men. And, for my own part, I'm

not ashamed to say that I never let a chance slip, and that it was never my fault when one failed."

This was probably true, as all who had known Eliza Jane Perkins would have been willing to testify.

So Miss Simpkins fondly kissed and embraced her friend, and promising to accept the invitation for to-morrow, departed—pausing only once, at a milliner's window, to survey critically a specimen bridal-bonnet adorned with a white veil and orange-flowers.

Punctual to her appointment, she made her appearance at Mrs. Podgers's boarding-house on the following day, and was received with *amusement* by her friend.

"Any news of the strange gentleman, dear?" inquired the latter, whilst awaiting the appearance of Mr. Podgers and tea.

"That is the very thing I have been longing to tell you about," responded Miss Simpkins, excitedly. "Only think, dear, of his coming to the house—yes, actually ringing at the door this morning, and inquiring of Bridget if Miss Simpkins lived there! He had a note in his hand, the girl says, which he had evidently intended leaving, for it was directed to me, as she plainly saw whilst he stood hesitating upon being informed that I was out and would not return for some hours. And then he remarked it was of no consequence, since the note could not be delivered at once, and so left. But Bridget says he looked so disappointed and downhearted."

"Really, that was rather a decided proceeding, I must say. But it displays a straightforward determination of character, which I regard as a good trait. I've been talking to Podgers, and directed him to look up this gentleman, and find out all about him? and, if he's a suitable person, to form a close intimacy at once, when we will arrange about the introduction."

"You always were so clever, Eliza Jane!" said her friend, affectionately.

"I need be, my dear. If I had been a fool, and let Podgers slip through my fingers, as I've no doubt he—But what's the matter, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Podgers, as Miss Simpkins, with a faint cry, started from her seat by the window.

"It is he, there, walking down the street, and looking up at the window! He's seen me! No, no, don't look out, Eliza Jane, for gracious sake! He'll think it so vulgar, you know. How he stares up at the windows. Do, pray, keep out of sight, dear. Now, he's crossing the street, I declare! and—gracious heavens! coming up the steps to our door! Oh, what on earth shall I do?"

Thus quoth Miss Simpkins, as, in wild excitement, she stood, with clasped hands and eager eyes, in the middle of the floor.

"Don't be a fool, Lucretia! I'll go down at once and see who this person is, and judge for myself. It is certainly a bold step, to enter the house in that way," said Mrs. Podgers.

"Hush! he's speaking to the girl at the door! and now, I declare, he's coming right up into the parlor! I shall faint, Eliza Jane—I shall certainly faint!"

"Don't do anything so foolish, I beg of you," rejoined her friend, firmly. "Speak to him, if you will, at the door, and find out what he wants, before you admit him."

So the trembling and blushing Lucretia, with a timid, girlish air and smile, advanced to the door, and there met the strange gentleman face to face—a red-faced red-haired, portly man, who certainly did look at her very intently, as he stood there, hat in hand.

"Excuse me, sir," simpered the lady; "but—that is—whom do you desire to see, sir? and upon what business."

The red-faced gentleman seemed dumbfounded, and stood in great embarrassment.

"Is it really the same man, dear?" whispered Mrs. Podgers, from behind the door; to which her friend replied by an affirmative nod.

"If you please, madame," said the red-faced gentleman, at last, in desperation, making a slight attempt to enter; whereupon Miss Simpkins gasped, and Mrs. Podgers came forward.

"Why," cried the latter, stopping short in the doorway, as if suddenly turned to stone—"why, it's Podgers!"

"Yes, my dear, it's I," responded the red-haired man, meekly.

Miss Simpkins opened her eyes to their fullest extent, and immediately sank helpless into a chair. Mrs. Podgers looked at her with a stony and icy gaze, then turned her eyes with awful meaning upon Mr. Podgers.

"Wretch!" said she, in a sepulchral tone; "I have found you out—have I?"

"Found me out, my dear!"

"Don't 'my dear' me! Don't speak to me! And you, Lucretia—ungrateful viper that I have nourished in my bosom—oh, oh!" and Mrs. Podgers fell upon the floor, and commenced kicking in strong hysterics, while Lucretia sobbed upon the sofa, and the wretched Podgers, the picture of guilt, stood in blank despair, until called upon by his indignant wife.

"Wretch, miserable traitor and deceiver!" she gasped; "that ever I should have trusted you, only to be betrayed and outraged in my best affections. Yes, you do well to stand staring at *her*, when your own wife lies before you helpless and nearly dying. Oh, oh! water—camphor—I shall die! I shall die!"

There was no water, and no camphor; so the miserable Podgers seized upon the only restorative at hand—a bundle of matches—and, lighting one, applied it to the nose of his fainting lady. But having unfortunately forgotten to extinguish it, the effect was more speedy and decided than he had anticipated, and Mrs. Podgers bounced to her feet with an energy which she had never before displayed. But, meanwhile, Miss Simpkins had seized upon her bonnet and shawl, and tottered feebly from the apartment; so that the injured wife found herself alone with her traitor-lord.

"My love," commenced that gentleman, soothingly, "do allow me to inquire the meaning of all this. I am utterly bewildered."

"No doubt of it, sir—at finding yourself discovered!" retorted his lady, severely.

"Discovered! In what, my love?"

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you never before saw that lady?" demanded she, defiantly.

"By no means. I *have* seen her upon several occasions."

"Oh, you have—have you?" sarcastically.

Mr. Podgers put his forefinger to the side of his nose, looked earnestly upon the carpet, and considered.

"Do you recollect my mentioning to you a lady—a thin, elderly lady, who fell against me in the crowded car some time ago, and whose appearance was so utterly absurd, with the paint streaked over her cheeks by the rain, to which she had been exposed?"

Mrs. Podgers stopped gasping, and listened.

"Well, I recognize that person in the lady who has just left the room."

"But you followed her," said Mrs. Podgers. "You followed her up the street on several occasions. So she tells me."

"Not at all, my love. The lady mistook me. I have seen her walking before me on this street, and have also seen her seated at the window of a house which I have to pass in going to Sharp's office. I noticed her on account of the frizzly

wig which she wears. Who is the lady—may I ask?"

"That lady, sir, is, or, rather, *was* my particular friend Lucretia Simpkins, of whom you have heard me speak."

"And to whom I took your note this morning, asking for the loan of her parasol, if she were not going out, you having just broken your own. As she had already gone out, I thought it unnecessary to leave the note. Here it is."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Podgers, slowly, "that explains—if that were all."

"My dear," resumed Podgers, more briskly, "this mention of the broken parasol reminds me that I passed Leach & Lumley's just now, and observed in the window a lot of beautiful parasols of new design—very expensive articles, no doubt, judging from their style."

Mrs. Podgers wiped her eyes and looked up.

"There was one," resumed Mr. Podgers, meditatively, "with an elegant lace cover."

"Llama lace?" questioned Mrs. Podgers, with interest.

"I am not certain. Suppose, now, we just step round and see!" said the artful Podgers, insinuatingly.

"If I weren't such a fright," said Mrs. Podgers, smoothing her hair; "but I can never forgive Lucretia for serving us so."

And she never did; not even when she passed her triumphantly the next Sunday in going to church, flourishing the new parasol, and leaning upon the arm of the "gentlemanly and fine-looking" Joshua Podgers, Esquire. Of Miss Simpkins's feelings on the occasion we have never been informed.

Unto Death.

From the moment I first saw her I hated her, then feared her.

How ever it happened that she got there, how or when the Florences came across her, I never knew, and don't know now. It is sufficient that she *was* there, ostensibly the housekeeper of that magnificent mansion on the heights overlooking the Hudson, while the gentle invalid wife and mother, whose failing health confined her entirely to her suite of rooms, wondered how she ever had lived before without dear, patient Adrienne.

The entire family had assembled at The Villa for the summer sojourn, from the proud, elegant heir to Florence—"handsome Cyril," as he was universally acknowledged—down to blue-eyed Flora, the baby of sixteen years, when I received my customary invitation from the general to come and pass the season with Mary—his wife, and my youngest sister.

Then it was that I, the spectacled old maid, first saw that woman, whom the world called "Adrienne St. Selwyn, the peerless."

The carriage had met me at the station, and when I alighted at the foot of the marble flight of stairs, she was there to meet me. That simple fact threw a chill over my feelings. I had never laid eyes on her before, never heard much of her, and yet when I noticed her there, awaiting me where for thirty long years back either my stately brother-in-law or one of my nieces or nephews had welcomed, I experienced my first distrust of her and dislike for her.

You may say it was a weak prejudice; but, had I known how completely she had brought every member of that family under her control, if I had but known the least of the misery that followed before the June foliage brightened to September goldenness, I would have struck her down at my feet, and stamped on her beautiful face.



noticed a gracefully-draped figure flitting rapidly along the carriage-drive, her white dress floating backward as the wind capricious with it. A vivid scarlet shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and a black lace veil over her hair.

A moment only, and then she was gone; yet, by the light of the stars, I had recognized Miss St. Selwyn.

Of course I made no remark, as there was not the least impropriety in her taking a walk in the grounds; but, to my surprise and horror, General Florence suddenly laid aside his paper, and, after a good-night kiss to his wife and an *au revoir* to us collectively, went down the stairs and directly after Miss St. Selwyn.

I was nervous and agitated. Why had I connected the two together? I could not tell. I only knew I felt my heart sink as I looked at Mary—so gentle, so guileless—and I wondered if—

Well, *what* did I wonder? I felt restless and uneasy, and in a half-hour took my good-night kiss and went to my room. I wasn't sleepy, and I sat down in the dark, and

looked out the window. Watching—was it? Perhaps so.

In a few minutes I heard low, murmuring voices. Then I saw the white-robed woman leaning—not on the general's arm, but on *Cyril's*!

"How can I thank you, my beautiful darling, for coming again, away from the cold formality of the drawing-room, to give me a few moments of your time?"

I saw her smile up in his face, and for a moment I scarcely wondered why everybody worshipped her so.

"I had to steal away, dearest, late as it is, for I hardly think I could sleep unless I saw you at least once a day. I am always fearing you will tire of me, Cyril!"

I saw him gaze into her eyes, that belied her words; then he kissed her, passionately.

"Never, my precious!"

"Then, I am constantly dreading a discontinuance of these delicious walks, on your father's account. It is evident he doesn't approve of our intimacy."

Her sweet, entrancing tone came floating up to me, and I was so thankful to learn *why* my brother-in-law had followed the path she took.

"Kiss me now good-night, my peerless one. You will take a fearful cold. See how damp these beautiful curls are."

He caressed the hair fondly, and she smiled lovingly at him.

"You are spoiling me, Cyril. Remember, I am only your father's *servant*!"

What a bitter accent she piled on that last word!

"Adrienne, did you not promise, when you took me for your accepted husband, to *never* mention that odious name again?"

I suspected it before—I knew it now. Adrienne and Cyril were engaged! No wonder the haughty, aristocratic father disapproved of the intimacy. He, a son of one of America's bravest patriots, whose name should go down to a proud posterity; she, the heiress of naught but her pretty face.

UNTO DEATH.—"I HAD BEEN DRUGGED; MY PROOF WAS GONE—I WAS HELPLESS."

She *was* perfect in her *physique*, and there's no need for me to deny it; and perhaps she never looked fairer than on that cool May day when I first saw her. Let me describe her accurately.

She was of a medium height, with a clear, fair skin, not blonde, and too light for a brunette. Her cheeks were of a delicate, waxen pink, smooth and round. She had a rather large mouth, but very expressive and finely-shaped, where two dimples curled when she laughed—which was often—and then she displayed to the most becoming advantage her tiny, regular, pearl-white teeth—the front one had a wee spot of gleaming gold on it.

Her hands and arms were simply perfect—small, but exquisitely symmetrical—as were her foot and ankle. Her hair was a dark, bright brown, which was becoming in whatever style she chose to wear it.

And now I have told you of all her graces, except one—her eyes. I hardly know what to say of them, and yet, the very first thing you noticed about her was Adrienne St. Selwyn's eyes.

They were not black, nor blue. I have seen them when they flashed like a storm-charged thunder-cloud. I have seen them blazing with an insufferable white brilliancy, till they were almost transparent with whiteness. And yet, either of those expressions was preferable to another that was the surest portent of mischief.

It was when her eyes were liquid and tender, downcast and sympathetic, that I hated her and dreaded her most, for I knew that treachery was at work—an underhanded blow was being struck at the peace and happiness of that lovely household.

I hadn't been there a fortnight before the first drops that preceded the fearful storm fell. I shall never forget it—never. We were sitting in the bedroom of sister Mary—we generally gathered there of an evening, since Mrs. Florence could not join us in the parlors—and I was knitting at a carriage afghan. A sudden impulse compelled me to glance up—what caused it I know not—and I

It was humiliating; and even I, who laid no claim to the honor of my sister's family, felt it so. And yet, after all, it was more the mysterious, indescribable air about her that repelled the idea of her being Cyril Florence's wife—a Florence!

They went in after that, and then I heard Cyril go singing a gay opera air as he paused at my door for his merry "*soir bon ma tante*."

I saw the bright light in Adrienne's window extinguished after a time; I heard General Florence's low, caressing tones to his loving, patient wife, and then the house was still.

It had grown sultry nearer midnight, and a fierce lightning kept continually playing in great blip flames against the wall. I arose from my bed, and drew aside the curtains of the window for a breath of fresh air.

A sudden continuous sheet of light showed me a tableau. God grant I may never see another that will send such a deadly shock to my heart!

There was General Florence, his portly, commanding figure, his noble, intellectual face, his fine head, with its keen blue eyes; there was that woman, in all her glorious beauty, her long dark hair unbound in luxuriant wildness down her shoulders; her eyes fixed on his face in a passionate entreaty, her two fair, tiny hands clasped over his arm. Heavens! I nearly fainted at the sight. My heart beat till I thought I must suffocate.

Away off in the distance the thunder was hoarsely rumbling; the wind was rising and moaning among the tree-tops; even Nature herself asserted against the unnatural scene.

I could not hear them, but I suppose they were conversing, and in a perspiration of agony I awaited another revelation of the lightning.

It came. I saw him kiss her, and embrace her tightly. It was enough. I staggered away, praying for strength and help for the dark days that had come upon us.

* * * * *

The next few days were marked by no particular occurrence, save that my hatred of that woman increased momentarily, and I grew to shivering whenever I heard her soft footfall approaching.

I knew not what to do. Was it not my bounden duty to acquaint my sister with the horrible facts? And again, when I saw how she was falling, I dreaded to embitter the remaining hours of her life with news that I feared might shock her to her death.

During those days of indecision, an event occurred that assisted me more plainly in my path of duty.

It had been a beautiful day, and General Florence—and how I had come to shrink from him as I would from a poisonous reptile!—and sister Mary had been out for a ride. Returning early, my brother-in-law invited Flora, Miss St. Selwyn and myself for a drive to the city before dinner.

I think I accepted the invitation with more avidity than I ever experienced in my life; and it is needless to say I was dressed and waiting before that woman had time to see the general alone on the piazza.

She was looking superbly in her black grenadine dress, her faultless neck and arms gleaming through the thin darkness. She

had not a vestige of color on her person to relieve the blackness, unless I except the exquisite effect of a lace collar and yellow gold watch-chain and brooch.

I watched the general closely, and although Flora was loud in her praises of dear Adrienne's beauty, he never uttered a word, even of most commonplace compliment, while I saw the rapid glance of loving approval from him, and one of conscious pleasure from her.

I could hardly keep my hands off her as she sat beside me, so deceitful, treacherous, unprincipled, and withal so charming.

We all talked together, about the landscape, the delightful atmosphere, the beauties of the river scenery beside us, and when Flora casually remarked it looked a little like a shower, I felt almost inspired to say what I did.

"It was a terrific thunder-storm we experienced last Tuesday night. I never suffered so much in my life from the effects of the lightning."

Instantly Adrienne St. Selwyn's eyes were fastened upon me, quietly, in a most respectful, lady-like manner, and yet I felt them burning me with their magnetism.

The general lifted his eyes commiseratingly. "I am sorry you feel any uncomfortable results. For myself, I can say I never enjoyed a shower more; every feature of Nature seemed so rejoiced at the abundant rainfall."

"While the lightning doubtless made ruthless ravages in hearts and homes."

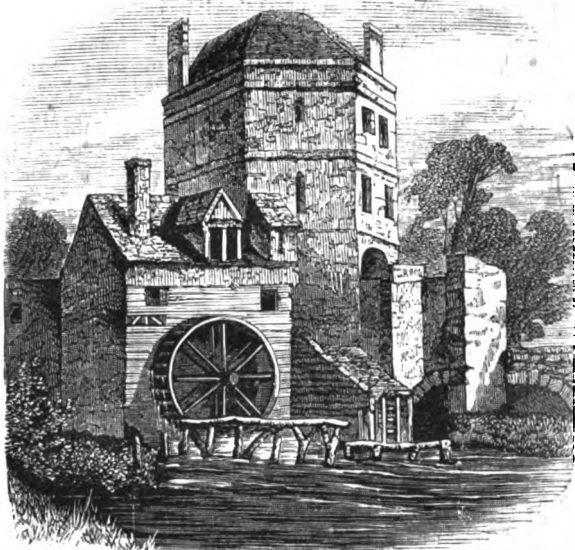
"I spoke very indifferently, and I could see neither of the two understood my covert meaning."

"Was Mary alarmed at that first vivid flash, general? I suppose you were with her; she always had a horror of lightning."

Not a blenching of the eyelids as he returned, courteously:

"She did not seem to care very much; I engaged her in pleasant conversation, so that she forgot the raging elements outside."

I imagined I saw a smile in the depths of those wondrous eyes opposite me, and the sight fairly maddened me.



BRIAR BACON'S HOUSE AT OXFORD.—SEE PAGE 35.

"I sat up until after one o'clock myself: the air was so very oppressive. Miss St. Selwyn, did you return from the promenade with Cyril in time to escape the shower?"

I was looking calmly. I felt the power I had over her, and it lent an assurance to my manner.

I wish you could have seen her after I spoke—only for a second, though, and then she laughed merrily.

"Oh, yes! I had gone to the Lindens' to meet a friend, and young Mr. Florence escorted me to the door. I escaped the rain nicely, thank you."

She never moved her eyes off my face while she spoke, and it seemed to me she was all eyes then; the fearful, insufferable white light that burned in them stunned me, while it said, as plainly as if her lips had spoken, "Be careful!"

The general had said nothing; but I saw a dull red gleam in his eyes, and I enjoyed the sight.

The rest of that ride home we all talked and chatted, and then, just before we drove up to the lodge-gates, the general dropped his handkerchief to the floor of the carriage, and at that moment Miss St. Selwyn spoke eagerly, enthusiastically: "Flora—Miss Graham, look to this side quickly! Do you observe the splendid effect of the sun setting through the trees? It has the look of a forest on fire."

Her very unusual warmth of manner aroused my suspicion, and I determined to solve the reason of it. I had heard of love-letters before transmitted by the dropping of a handkerchief, and I divined her intention in a second. It was to attract our notice to something away from the carriage, and then to secure the note, if note there was.

General Florence sprang to his feet to admire the sunset; I gave one glance backward, and, my eyes on the view behind us, reached down, and touched—a slip of paper.

It was the work of less than a half second; and never shall I forget the look on a mortal's face as I met Adrienne's countenance. It was a puzzle to translate it, while the general was all smiles and merriment. I was too sick at heart to say much, and we drove up and alighted.

I repaired to my room, where my first act was to read the note.

I need not transcribe it; sufficient that it was a love-letter from General Florence to Adrienne St. Selwyn. Oh! how my heart ached for the woman he called his wife—the gentle, patient mother of his children, who, now that the time had come when she most needed his affection and protection, was cast aside for the serpent who had been warmed in the wife's bosom!

I had barely refolded the letter and placed it in my bosom—I knew it was safe there—than my door opened suddenly, quietly, and Miss St. Selwyn entered.

She came straight up to me, and I could feel her breath on my cheeks.

"Miss Graham, you have stolen my property. Return it, or I will expose you to General Florence."

Her voice was low and intense, and her eyes were changing like an enraged chameleon's.

I laid down my brush, and confronted her.

"Miss St. Selwyn, my room communicates with that of Mrs. Florence; the doors are open. You can see my sister awake on her bed. Cyril sits at the window, reading. A word or a motion from me, and he will be at my side. Well, I will tell you I *did* get the letter I suppose intended for you, and, besides that, I have read it. Further, I shall acquaint my sister with the entire affair before I eat my supper, as well as Cyril. Then I shall tell General Florence of your interview with his son, the night of the thunder-storm, which I witnessed; also, I shall mention to the wife and

children your ~~little~~ with the husband and father, an hour or so later."

I had been gradually walking toward the door as I spoke, for I think she would have killed me if she had dared; and on the threshold I paused, shivering and trembling at her face.

She was as ashen as death; her eyes were as white as glass; her lips foaming with rage; her hands were clinched together, till I saw drops of blood fall on her ebony skirts. She never spoke to me, but stood like a statue, and I went across the intervening space, to my sister's bed.

I had not time to inquire after her health before a summons came from the general for me to come to him in the library as soon as convenient.

I mistrusted in a moment that Adrienne had something to do with it; so I called Cyril, and begged him to watch beside his mother, and not leave her till I returned. I uttered no suspicion, for I wanted to strike but once, and that surely, strongly.

General Florence had sent for me, and was pacing to and fro in nervous haste.

"Annie, what was that you said about Cyril walking with Miss Adrienne?"

I had not time to close the door before he asked me the question.

"Just what I know to be the truth, General Florence. I saw Adrienne and Cyril together; I saw him kiss her, and she lay on his shoulder, giving and taking them, just as I saw you and her not an hour later."

I spoke severely, solemnly, for I was thinking of my sister and Cyril, up-stairs.

General Florence stopped short in his walk between me and his private office-door; then he looked at me with a fierce hatred in his black eyes.

"That is false, and no one knows it better than yourself. Look at me, Annie Graham, and dare repeat the foul suspicion. After this I believe no further slander regarding my son and Miss St. Selwyn."

I did not falter, for his own handwriting lay over my heart.

A soft step behind me, and then Adrienne stood by me, all trace of her rage gone, her beautiful face serene as a lake at a windless sunset.

"I heard the aspersions, General Florence, as I passed the door, and took the liberty to enter unbidden. I need not say how wickedly false it is. Suppose you call Cyril and ask him?"

"I would not disrespect your word enough, Miss Adrienne, as to summon proof. After the slander attached to me, she can accuse you of anything."

I answered, calmly:

"If a wicked love, that engenders the fiercest jealousy, does not cause the eager inquiry you made, why should you be so unnaturally willing to think the fact of Cyril and this woman being together so monstrous a wrong? There was but little harm for the two young unmarried people to take their walk; and the 'little' harm I refer to, is the wicked effect this woman's unprincipled conduct might have upon Cyril's chaste character."

General Florence came up to me, and laid his hand heavily on my shoulder.

"You have called this lady foul names in my presence; you have aspersed my character; therefore I, as master of Florence Villa, order you to take your departure by the morning train; till then, your presence is not wanted, nor will be tolerated, outside your own room."

Adrienne's eyes were gleaming with malicious triumph, and in their hideous expression I read the fact that she had seen the general before I had been summoned, and had arranged the result herself.

But she was not yet mistress of the occasion; and as I turned to depart, I flung them a farewell blow.

"I thank you, General Florence, for your courtesy to your guest, your wife's only sister. I am obliged for the social kindness this woman has extended to me during my visit, and I would like to inform her that, whether she marries father or son, I have a proof, in black and white, that will convince any court in the land of your guilty love. In other words, General Florence, I have in my possession—where does not concern you—a love-letter, written by your hand to that woman, that demoness, that serpent who will sting you to death."

I never glanced after me, as I passed through the door, for I was followed by Adrienne, who, with a sardonic smile, was "seeing" me to my room.

I entered it, glancing in the adjoining apartment, where Mary lay sleeping, and Cyril reading beside her.

Adrienne closed the doors, locked them, and put the key in her pocket; then came toward me, smiling and frowning at the same moment.

"Miss Graham, please hand me the letter!"

I turned indignantly away.

"I would be sorry to attempt to coerce you, for you perceive the doors are fastened and the keys in my possession. Consequently it will save both time and trouble for you quietly to restore my property to me."

She spoke evenly, pleasantly.

"Leave the room, or I'll scream for Cyril—O-y-r—"

I felt strangely—I felt giddy—my head seemed bursting as I raised my voice to call my nephew; and then, when I opened my eyes, I found it was dark; that my dress was unfastened; that the letter was gone, and the room smelling faintly of chloroform. I had been drugged; my proof was gone—I was helpless!

That evening I was arranging my clothing for my departure, and hearing voices in my sister's room, I listened.

"Where's Annie?" I heard Mary say.

"She complained of a headache, dear, and Adrienne took her a little chloroform just after the ride. I think she is asleep; it is very quiet in her room."

It was General Florence's voice, smooth, tender, and false.

"Is she quiet still?" said Adrienne, in a surprised voice. "I expected she would rave frightfully after the pain subsided; and, truth to tell, she seemed a little nervous all day. I think she may talk in her sleep yet to-night."

"I have heard of people raving ridiculously when under the influence of chloroform; do you remember Cousin Kal, mother?"

This time Cyril spoke, and they all laughed. It was then I understood their little game. If I remained quiet, so much the better; if I spoke the truth, I would be set down as one not in my proper senses. I fairly groaned as I realized how powerless I was.

"Miss Graham told me she was going home in the morning; a friend has been suddenly taken ill, and she desired to leave on the four o'clock train. She bade me give you her love, and to say she would not disturb you so early, knowing your restless nights. She will return on Monday."

Oh, that infamous lie that rolled so glibly from that woman's mouth! I could have choked her with a will.

After a pause, Adrienne spoke to my sister.

"Are you feeling well to-night, dear Mrs. Florence?"

"Unusually, thank you."

After that, Cyril and his sister went out. Adrienne retired to her room, where I heard her moving about, and then the house was still.

Did you ever awaken suddenly from a sound sleep, with a painfully acute impression that some terrible thing had occurred?

That is the way I awoke that night; and I sprang from my bed in a cold, clammy sweat.

I heard hurrying footsteps, and then the voice of Flora begging piteously for me to open the door.

I called to her it was locked, and I a prisoner. I heard a faint little cry from her lips, and then she took a key from the opposite door, and entered my room.

"Aunt Annie—oh, Aunt Annie, what shall we do? Mother is dead!"

And she sank down by my side, in her trailing, white night-robes, fairly writhing in her agony.

"What—dead—dead?"

I could not seem to comprehend.

"Yes, she must have gone just after we kissed her good-night. She said she felt so well for her, and she was so gay—something unusual for her; and just now father awakened to give her her drops, and found her lying there beside him, so peaceful and smiling—but dead, dead."

I could not offer sympathy, for my heart was jubilant when I knew what she had escaped; and I knelt down and thanked God she had never suspected anything.

Together we went in, and there I met General Florence and Cyril, standing over her, and Adrienne kneeling at the bed-foot. I kissed her, and then I kissed poor Cyril; then I went to General Florence, and I whispered to him: "Thank God! thank God!"

He knew, and he frowned, but he dare not do more, with his wronged, patient, trusting wife dead before him.

Then I laid my hand on Adrienne St. Selwyn's beautiful, wicked head.

"Vengeance is mine; I WILL REPAY, saith the Lord."

She started as if an arrow had smitten her, and I went back to my room.

On a sheet of paper I wrote to Cyril:

"Your father ordered me from the house. Hence I cannot stay to the funeral. They cannot harm *her* now, and the God who mercifully called her at this good time will comfort and strengthen you in worse trials than this. AUNT ANNIE."

It was nearly two months after this that I received a letter from Flora Florence. I will copy a portion of it:

"If you only knew the utter misery of the house since mother died, you would pity us—Cyril and I. Father acts so strangely to me; and sometimes he and Cyril have the most awful quarrels. Cyril will come out of the library with his face as white as death, and we can hear father walking to and fro for hours at a time. And then Adrienne is so changed! Oh, Aunt Annie, I wonder how ever we all loved her so! The other night she stole into the room where mother died, and, in her somnambulist state, she seemed terribly excited about 'a bottle' and 'a dark red liquid.' Oh, Aunt Annie, I dare not lisp to myself the horrible, *hellish* suspicion that flashed across me as I lay there, just where my dear mother died, and heard her, and saw her."

I pondered a long while over this letter, and finally concluded to go to them at any risks, and find out to my entire satisfaction the exact condition of affairs at Florence Villa.

Perhaps you will wonder how I proposed going, after my peremptory dismissal by my brother-in-law. I will tell you what I did.

First I wrote a letter to Flora, telling her how I sympathized with her, and offering some good, wholesome advice; then bade her not write again till she heard from me, as I was going on a visit to friends at a distance, and did not know when I should return. Then, after that was posted, I went to the druggist's and bought a liquid, with which I dyed myself from head to foot. I knew Adrienne St. Selwyn too well to trust to only a partial disguise. Then, my own hair being a light brown, I cut it short and dyed it an inky black. My false teeth I left at home, safely wrapped up, in my bureau-drawer.

Not my own sister Mary, had she been living, would have known me. My disguise startled even myself, as I stared at the ugly mulatto woman in my little looking-glass.

I packed up my coarsest under-wear, took a couple of calico dresses, half a dozen aprons, and then locked up my house, and started, after dark, so the neighbors couldn't see—started to Florence Villa, to protect my sister's family, and bring Adrienne St. Selwyn to her deserts.

Two days afterward I left my bundle at the station-house, and walked to The Villa. Two hours later I walked back and brought my bundle—a regularly installed lady's-maid of Adrienne St. Selwyn!

How my heart ached as I saw Flora, pale and dejected, sitting on the piazza, wearing the same pitiful look in her eyes her mother had worn when she first began to fade! And at that instant a horrid revelation entered my soul. As plainly as the handwriting on the wall, did I read in her sad, wan face the awful truth.

She was being slowly, surely put out of the way, just as her mother had been!

Perhaps I started, or stumbled, or something, for certainly I felt like it as I crossed the piazza, so near yet so far from her. At any rate she looked suddenly around, and smiled faintly.

"Well, Mammy."

Brought up in the South, the word came as a second nature to her.

I courtesied, then went on to the room where Adrienne had bade me come for orders.

There she sat, dazing, beautiful, satanic as ever,

with the same horrible presence in her bewitching eyes, the same fiendish grace lingering about her person.

"Come in and lock the door, Julia."

I obeyed, standing by the threshold.

I desire you to pay especial attention to Miss Flora, yonder. She is very delicate, and requires constant attention at night. Every evening, just before she retires, the doctor's orders are, one drop from this vial." She touched the little bottle on the marble commode. "I keep it here, as it is an anæsthetic of the strongest nature, and a mistake might cause her death."

All this time she had kept her eyes steadily fixed on my face, but I met her gaze as steadily.

"You understand, Julia?"

"I understand; but I make bold to tell you I don't like the job. I don't like the looks of her. She's a sly, deceitful one."

Her eyes fairly snapped with exultation; but her voice never changed from its even, ladylike tones.

"Never mind expressing your opinion, Julia. Now, suppose you arrange my drawers. Can you read?"

She asked me suddenly, as if she had but just thought of it.

"Not a word. More's the shame. Was you going to learn me?"

I never saw a woman's face so perfectly blank as hers. I had asked a favor of her! But I had baffled her; and she was ignorant that I understood her question.

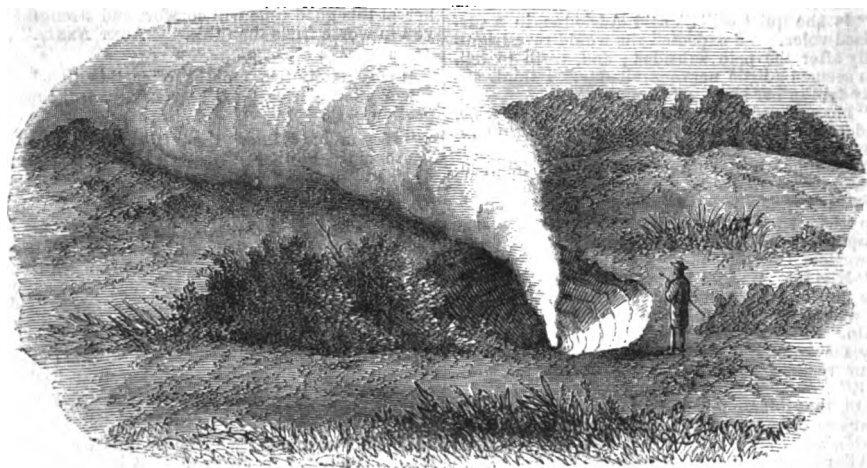
"Perhaps you shall be taught. Since the general's wife died, we have made so many changes that our more educated servants have all gone. However, perhaps Margie will assist you. After my marriage, and I am Mrs. Florence, you shall have instruction. You are a passably intelligent woman."

My ears tingled. She was to be married, then! But to Cyril or the general? Either would make her Mrs. Florence.

She cut my reverie short.

"Here, sort these letters. All with the white envelopes tie together—all with the pink, by themselves. If I ring this bell, come to the dining-room."

She went out, in her grand, stately way, and left me there to pry into her most hidden secrets.



VAPOR SPRINGS AT KOROPETE, NEW ZEALAND.—SEE PAGE 35.



MURDER WILL OUT.—“THE OLD MAN LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND GAVE A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER. WHOSE WERE THOSE STERN EYES, SET IN A FACE BRONZED AND BEARDED?”—SEE PAGE 35.

Had she but known!

Of course I did not read all the letters—I had no opportunity; but, from the several that were lying unfolded, some from Cyril, others from the general, I discovered the fact that she was *devoted to them both!*

I had but classified them when I was summoned to the dining-room.

Two hours later, a little after dark, Flora went up to bed, and I attended her, my hands burning to clasp her, my lips fairly quivering for a kiss. But I did not make a sign or a motion. I resolved to bide my time.

“You’re sick, honey?”

She was undoing her hair as she answered:

“No, Mammy, only so weak. It is hereditary, I think. My mother was so several years before she died. Thank you, Julia. I would rather undress myself.”

She refused my offers of assistance until she was in bed.

“My medicine, Julia. It is in Adrienne’s room—your mistress’s room.”

I went for the bottle, feeling as if I could scream from nervousness. The dear child never suspected that she-demon of hurrying her.

Adrienne gave me the vial, and bade me be careful and give only *one* drop.

I took it, closed her door, and went into the bathroom, where I poured the stuff into another

bottle I had picked up in the kitchen, replacing the colorless liquid with water. This I gave to Flora, and the other I hid in my bosom.

That night I could not sleep—my nerves were all a-tingle, and I felt that something was shortly to happen. Little did I think how soon the tragic end was to occur, or how, but forty-eight hours later—I anticipate.

The next morning I saw Cyril and the general for the first time—Cyril wearing a worried, anxious look. The general as merry and happy as if Mary had never been.

At breakfast Flora came down, animated and apparently in renewed strength.

"Why, Florrie, you surely are better this morning? Your cheeks are actually flushed!"

She looked over at Adrienne, who spoke.

"I think it is the clear air. I *do* feel a little stronger."

I looked at the woman, who was turning the spigot of the massive silver coffee-urn. Her eyes were leveling strange glances at Flora, who was exchanging salutations with her father and brother.

Adrienne was all smiles and fascinating talk. The general laughed. Flora ate quite heartily. Cyril alone seemed nervous and troubled.

"What seems to be the matter, Cyril, my darling?"

Adrienne stopped him in the doorway, after the general and Flora had gone up.

"The same old trouble, Ada. Will you *never* do as I ask? Such a simple request to be left ungranted wounds me, Ada."

He made no attempt to caress her, but she laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Cyril, *when* shall I do as you ask? Shall it be to-day that I will tell your father of our engagement?"

His eyes brightened.

"If you will, Ada, my own!"

He kissed her this time, and then he went lightly up-stairs, leaving her alone. A strange smile parted her lips—a new smile even to me, but I understood its import ere many hours.

That day Cyril and Flora went out for a ride, and when I knew Adrienne was at her toilet, I went to the door and knocked.

Sometimes, when I think of it now—now, when I am an old woman with white hair, and we are all so happy together—that is, as happy as people can expect to be after coming up from such fathomless waters, I wonder how I *dared* do it; how I dared take so bold, so venturesome a step on so short an acquaintance (in the *role* of Julia) as I did.

I had arranged my plans during that wakeful night, and now I stood before her to further them.

"Miss Adrienne, didn't you use to live in Spain once?"

I had casually heard it mentioned, in strictest secrecy, by my dead sister, who had been begged by Adrienne never to mention it; and she, humoring all her whims, had pleased her in this respect.

Adrienne's eyes suddenly grew yellow, then white, but I only twisted the corner of my apron in unconscious stupidity.

"How did you know that?"

Her voice betrayed as yet no surprise, but her question admitted that she had lived there.

"Because, Miss Adrienne, I have seen you in Madrid—at Donna Garcia Atelero's."

I weighed well my words; and much as I expected to see her astounded, I was entirely unprepared for the outburst. Like lightning she sprang upon me, and eyed me with her lurid orbs till I verily thought I should have been scorched.

"You are Marie—my maid!"

"Yes. I wondered you did not recognize me

I trembled at the lie I told, but it seemed to me I would be forgiven for it, and I believe it still.

She kept her hand on my shoulder, gripping it till I almost screamed with the pain, while I wondered what she would say next. Little did she dream that a letter in her drawer, and a picture, had told me that she had won Señor Atelero from his wife, to whom she had administered the "*scented wa'er*." That was the slippery hold I had; and the mention of that name, "Marie, her faithful, crafty colored servant," had induced me to undertake the stupendous game of palming myself off as Marie. Luckily, I spoke as well as read the Spanish tongue (the letter was written in that language); and she herself had voluntarily asked me if I was not Marie. The fates were auspicious, and I grew bold.

"Verily Marie, Miss Adrienne; older, though, and uglier, but *wise* and *secret* and *faithful* as ever."

She sank back in her chair, pale and excited.

"I understand now why you were so bold in speaking of that girl. Marie," she said, lowering her voice, "do you remember Donna Garcia?"

"Can I forget?"

I spoke meaningly.

She laughed lightly.

"I think Flora will go the same way."

"Only quicker. I gave her two drops last night. Did you not notice the effect this morning?"

"I fancied she seemed brighter."

"So she did; but she'll fade the sooner."

I began unbinding her splendid hair, shivering as if a poison-snake lurked among its purple-satin folds.

"Marie, will you help me again? Will you swear to help me?"

"I will swear to help you to the best of my knowledge."

And so I wanted to—to help her to her deserts.

"Then I will tell you my plans. I must put Flora out of the way, as I did her mother. I thought at one time I would marry the general, but I have decided to take Cyril, as I have learned the property was his mother's, not the general's, and is entailed. Flora does not like me, and I hate her. You comprehend?"

"Oh, how I felt! language cannot portray the anguish, the horror, the terror that filled my being."

"Besides, Marie, I am a little tired of the general. We have been on quite intimate terms for a half-year or so."

I was suffering to pull her hair out by the roots.

"You call it being his mistress here in America, don't you?"

She laughed.

"I believe so. At any rate, I'm going to marry Cyril. He made me promise to tell his father to-day. How am I to do it, Marie? I never felt more alarmed before in my life as I do when I imagine the scene."

"Perhaps I can help you. Will you leave it to me?"

She turned around suddenly.

"Will you swear to fix it for me as you did Donna Atelero?"

I nodded and went away, without another word from her.

Straight to the library I went. General Florence raised his eyebrows in consternation.

"Please be so kind as to send for Mr. Cyril, sir?"

The general looked steadily at me.

"What do you want?"

"To see Mr. Cyril and you, sir."

Then he pulled the bell-rope, and in a moment Cyril came down from his room.

"Will you lock the door? Will you promise to admit no one till I say so?"

They both gazed curiously at me.

"I went to the little private toilet-room off the library, and coolly washed off the brown dye from my face and hair; then I turned to them.

"Aunt Annie! God bless me!"

Cyril stood, mouth and eyes wide open, while the general showed his amazement and vexation.

"Don't order me out until I've said my say. General Florence—Cyril, I have come to save you both. I come in the name of my dead sister, to ask you to listen. I will swear on the Holy Evangel of God that what I say is truth. General Florence, Adrienne St. Selwyn has confessed to me that she murdered your wife—your mother, Cyril; that she has begun to poison Flora for the same reason."

A horrified cry burst from their lips; they said not a word, for I verily believe they dared not disbelieve me.

"Again—and you know, General Florence, if this be true; and unless she told me, how could I possibly have known it?—I declare she is and has been bearing the relation of mistress to you for weeks past."

A guilty flush followed my words, and Cyril sprang excitedly to his feet, his eyes almost bursting from his head.

"By heavens! if this be true——"

I checked him.

"Cyril, be thankful you have been saved. And all this while, sir," I added, to General Florence, "she has been betrothed to Cyril."

I cannot describe the silence that followed, nor the agony of it.

General Florence held out his hand to me.

"I thank you! I believe you! Can I ever be forgiven by you—and you, Cyril, my poor, suffering boy? God is my witness that I never dreamed you cared for her, or she for you!"

Cyril walked to and fro, the bitter tears trembling on his lashes.

"Here is the liquid I was to give Flora. How long she has been taking it I know not. Thank heaven, she will never take it again."

I gave a portion to Adrienne's pet spaniel, who lay on the rug. In five seconds it was stretched out dead.

"Now, all I ask is, send for her; let me confront her; watch her face, and then judge between us."

The general rang for a servant, who summoned Adrienne to my presence.

She came tripping down the stairs, warbling a love-ditty that froze on her lips as she opened the door.

How can I describe her as she looked? She instantly divined the meaning of it all, and I hope to die rather than ever see the fearful expression of her countenance, as she glanced from Cyril to the general, and then concentrated it on me.

A horribly baffled light in her red-white eyes—revenge, malicious pleasure at having been successful while she *had* worked, fear at the consequences so soon to overtake her, all blended into one demoniac smile.

She was the first to speak, and it was to me.

"I admire you—I honor you for your acuteness! You do credit to your family. But if you think to strike a parting blow, you are mistaken. Gentlemen, your healths!"

She snatched the vial I had left on the table, and swallowed its contents.

In a second she fell to the floor—not a spasm, not a struggle, not a quiver of the closed eyelids; but we knew Adrienne St. Selwyn was gone to her final account!

It has been years and years since that, and

Flora and I still keep house for the general, crushed, repentant man, who never goes out, never sees company.

Cyril is at home, as quiet as his father, unmarried, and a recluse; he never will marry.

Flora, too, is on the shady side of thirty, a noble woman, who will ever retain her own name, Flora Florence.

And we are all quietly drifting away to the known shores, happily, and all sure of a home heaven, through the atoning merits of the Saviour of Sinners, even though the shadow of the black cloud will haunt us even unto the Dark Valley

Friar Bacon's House at Oxford

THEY still show at Oxford the house where famous Friar Roger Bacon studied and experimented. One of the earliest pioneers of modern science, he rendered incalculable aid by his analytic mind and his close observation. He was indeed, free from some of the fallacies which beset learning—alchemy, for instance, and astrology—and like other learned men, he travelled out of his true path, and endeavored to reduce positive religion by comparative science—must be certain by what must be speculative. A natural result, he got into trouble, and accused of witchcraft and sorcery, was cast into prison and nearly starved to death. This great Franciscan friar was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire in 1214, and studied at Oxford and Paris. Among the inventions ascribed to him are many optical contrivances, such as the telescope, the use of concave and convex lenses, the magic lantern, above all, he is named as the discoverer of gunpowder, a material that has wrought more wonderful changes in the great family of man than the most potent elixir that could have been devised to prolong life.

He died in 1292 or 1294.

Vapor Spring at Koropete, New Zealand.

VAPOR and hot springs are by no means uncommon in New Zealand, especially in the north island, which bears more recent marks of volcanic action. These hot springs, in the Maori war-triots, give rise to hot lakes and rivers—the latter deep and rapid, and retaining heat for some time. In some districts they are ranged in beds on the banks of the river, like a set of caldrons supplied from beneath, or a series of water-canoes emitting vapor and water instead of steam and scoria. They vary, of course, in volume and temperature—the latter sometimes reaching boiling point. One of the most singular is vapor spring of Koropete, where the internal pressure resolves all the water that flows into steam, that only vapor rises from the curious crater, down through stratum after stratum in a regular cone. The volume of vapor varies, from time to time, according to the condition of the atmosphere. It is much more abundant when a storm threatens, and thus serves as a kind of natural barometer. This vapor, as it condenses, falls on all surrounding land, so that it is covered with luxuriant vegetation.

Murder Will Out.

A STRANGE REVELATION.

THEY say murder will out—I wonder if that be true? Let me see; it's thirty years since the Schrapnell case—full thirty years; that was never found out—never will be, probably. Then,

years ago, the Farwell case occupied the public mind—a foul murder that was—never the least clue to the perpetrators has leaked into the public press, though thousands of dollars were spent to find the murderer.

It was a case of jealousy—if my memory serves me right—a girl and her lover both killed—or a young bride and her husband—I have forgotten which. No, no; murder does not always leak out. Suppose I write a story—nobody will believe that I was the chief actor. My gray hairs, my great respectability, are against the supposition. Here sit I in my room—a gentleman of fortune, one who loves luxury and will have it. It is twenty-five years since—bah! why should I tell? And then I was forty-five, a hale, young-looking man. Nobody guessed my age; in fact, I flatter myself that caution and good living have preserved a fine physique moderately well.

I have never married—plenty of chances, oh, yes; without vanity, I may say hundreds—pretty, medium and beautiful girls, thrown at me. It may have been one of my penalties that I am a single man—perhaps, but why should one complain? If I have missed the pleasures of domestic life, there are also its perils escaped. Besides, having a face ever before me, an ear always beside me—I am not sure I could have kept my secret. Not that it has troubled me at all—save when my digestion may have been out of order. I take it that a man's stomach is a sort of thermometer of his conscience. Let the gastric juices get a trifle wrong, and down drops the quicksilver, or *vice versa* up it goes to its extremest limits.

All these years I have lived like a gentleman. It was ever my ambition to exist without care. I was a pretty boy in my youth, and an only son, so that sister and cousins vied in showering attentions upon me. I never had to fatigue myself. To sit, to smile, to recline in carriages—to dress with perfect taste, to eat dainty dinners daintily—that was my forte. I never did anything awkwardly but once, and I blush at the remembrance—I kicked a cat, and I did it so badly that I broke her leg. By-the-by, I've a great tenderness for cats, and I flatter myself Antigone, yonder, is perfect; pure Greek by descent. A beautiful creature is Antigone—mark the breadth of the chest—the arch of the neck—the magnificent fur—the length of the tail. Come here, my beauty. You are hungry, are you? Observe, she takes cream out of a silver saucer, and prefers her chops cooked. I am particular about my pets—I very fond of them, in fact. My heart bleeds when I think of the monstrous cruelty inflicted upon brute creatures—it does indeed.

The fire burns blue to-night—I have observed that phenomenon at times—a curious outer edge of a pale, infernal color, that gives its own unnatural tinge to the surroundings. I fancy it sometimes adds to the splendor of my favorite old picture across the parlor—a satanic thing, to be sure, since the “Everlasting Hokey,” as an old friend of mine humorously calls his bad eminence, is the most prominent object there. I don't know why it is that picture so fascinates me, or why I fancy that I should be uneasy without the glare of his demonic eye. However, that is the only unpleasant thing about—all my furniture is perfectly *au fait*; my couches are of the first quality, lined with velvet and trimmed with gold. My carpet, Persian, worn ten years now, is intact in its coloring—not a line dim from age or ill usage. I have remarked once before, I believe, I was left an orphan at the early age of twenty-one—early age, I say, because, having been coddled, and dosed, and petted as I had, I was not better able to act for myself than a boy of ten. Luckily, a fortune was left me, but not knowing the worth of money, I ran it through in ten years—quite through. I

became a slave. My tradesmen bullied me, my servants insulted me. I had serious thoughts of ending the matter in a gentlemanly way, either with poison or a pistol, when news came that my brother-in-law was killed. He was riding, poor gentleman; his horse leaped a bad ditch, and his neck was broken. I had a great aversion to funerals. Had I been in different circumstances, assuredly I should not have gone; but, to tell the truth, I was glad to get away from my duns; and John Tremain was enormously rich; there might be a plum for me.

It was something of a journey then from New York to Wilmington, but I managed to do the thing comfortably, and arrived at my sister's at twilight of the third day. It was a sad household I found, for my sister, who had been in delicate health, had been so shocked by the terrible accident, that she was not expected to live. She sent for me, poor soul! She was white and pale, and even then dying.

“I've but little strength left, dear Lewis,” she said, “and with that I commend my poor boy to your care and keeping. His father's property and mine both fall to him. You have enough of your own; though, of course, if you take charge of him, so much of his income will be set aside to defray all necessary expenses. But our solicitor will inform you more explicitly upon these matters. He has been with me all the afternoon. Poor John had willed the bulk of his fortune to me. I have left all to my child; in the event of his death before he becomes of age, of course the property will be yours.”

Very curious! as I finished writing the last sentence, I raised my eyes, and between me and the pale blue flame of fire I saw her face. Very white it was, and rigid and threatening. Really, I am shaken—it was an illusion—but no! I rubbed my eyes and looked straight at the fire, but the face still kept its position between me and it. It must have been an illusion—I see it no longer. Very strange, these things; quite a curious illustration of the power of the imagination.

Let me proceed. The next day my sister was dead, and I saw the child. Can any one explain the reason, I wonder, why, at the first glance, I hated that boy? He was small and slender, with a head larger than it should have been, and eyes, not blue and soft, like his mother's, but black, full, and melancholy. He put his little hand, so small that it looked like a baby's, in mine, but did not keep it there any longer than to feel the pressure of my fingers, and then he seemed to avoid me. Poor lad! he was too young to mourn very long, but his grief, at times, was terrible.

“There's a blight on him, sir,” said the old family physician, a portly, red-faced man, with pompous, old-time manners—“there's a blight on him, sir; trouble in store for him, poor boy! Insanity runs in the family—on the father's side. Poor John escaped it—this boy may; but in the next generation there's a possibility, and something more, that the trouble will come.”

At these words, I felt a strange pressure at my heart, and a new throb of dislike against this puny sprig of my family tree. However, I returned home with lighter spirits, accompanied by the boy. No need to tremble at duns, now. I knocked one of them down with a malicious throb of pleasure, and then paid him twice the amount of his bill. I turned all my servants off, after I had settled with them, though some of them came to me with tears, begging to stay.

My boy and I settled down. I was kind to him. He was always rather shy toward me, but in time I think he grew to like me, after his fashion. I tried honestly, I tried hard to feel a similar trust

and liking, but it was not possible. At times, the very sight of the child was odious to me. I was obliged to send him from me, because I could no longer endure the sight of his pale eyes and pointed chin—the feeling grew sometimes unendurable. He kept the stature of a dwarf for years—had his nurse and tutor—the latter I paid for doing nothing, for my boy was too sickly to study; but the thing looked well, for was not the child heir to a large fortune? At twelve he began to grow, and then he shot up like a weed. There was nothing attractive about him, save to some persons his dark, melancholy eyes had a charm of their own, and his mouth was as rosy and sweet in its expression as that of a babe.

At fifteen he was an indefatigable student; at sixteen his health broke down, and he became subject to moods of intense sadness. By this time he had become convinced that there was no sympathy between us. He never avoided me; neither did he any longer seek my society, but preferred remaining much alone by himself. Occasionally I found scraps of paper, on which he had written passionate rhymes, bemoaning the loss of his mother and his kindred; the want of congenial hearts; the oppression of gloomy and weird fancies; the terror of darkness, and the frequency of visions for which he could not account. I began to grow alarmed—not for him, let me say, in all frankness, but for myself. I remembered the old doctor's saying that there was madness in the family. If this misanthrope should lose his mind, I was as liable to become his victim as any one—more, more likely than others, for sometimes I fancied I saw in his eyes a glare of dislike—a sudden, sharp hatred in his fixed, aggressive glance. I consulted physicians; they recommended travel and cessation of all study. My boy liked that; it put color into his cheeks while he talked of it.

"We'll go to Wilmington," he said, one day. "Would you object, sir, to going there? I should like to see the house where I was born, where my poor mother died, and, above all, I wish to visit her grave."

I did not object to Wilmington, and yet I had rather he had chosen some other place. It was natural enough, though; the boy remembered his mother—the poor, lone waif, I felt a sort of pity for him, sometimes, and often caught myself wondering if it had not been vastly better that the poor lad had slept with his mother. But he clung with miserlike tenacity to life, even when he walked its shifting sands with listless eyes and hollow cheeks, and scarcely the motion of vitality. Strangely enough, it almost angered me that he should live, even in the midst of my pity. The doctors advised sea-air, and sea-bathing. There was plenty of places from which we could choose, and we waited till our visit to Wilmington should be over before we decided which should have the honor of our sojourn.

Wilmington was more quaint than then it is now; there are newer houses, newer streets, newer churches there; but the same hills could be seen, the same surroundings. The house in which John Tremain had lived long ago passed into other hands, and was now occupied by a physician and his thriving brood. I think he had fifteen children, two or three sets of twins among them; but when we called he was very polite, and invited us into the long, low parlor, where children in frocks, in pinafores and long clothes, kept going in and out, staring at the strangers with rustic rudeness.

My boy only cared to see his old nursery and the room where his mother died, which he just remembered. The noise distracted him. I am sure it nearly drove me wild, and we were glad to get out on the street again, and take our way to the grassy graveyard, where a pure white monument, of very simple, yet chaste design, told the passer-

by that here mingled the dust of John and Mary Tremain.

I went round at the back of the grave, leaving the boy looking thoughtfully at the slab that held the inscription.

"And I, too, shall lie beside them, perhaps," I heard him exclaim, in a low, muffled voice.

The blood rushed to my brain at this exclamation. I was so overcome that I was obliged to seat myself on an old, moss-grown slab. Would his words, indeed, prove prophetic? I did not disguise to myself that I was in some sort a pensioner on the bounty of this sickly boy. Nobody but myself, of course, knew to what extent; I had not chosen to tell people that I was a beggar. My master had not suspected it, and if he lived and recovered strength in the flush of his manhood, what was to become of me? Ruined, penniless, the very prospect of the boy's attaining his majority drove me nearly wild. *If he died*, his fortune was mine. Affluence, boundless affluence, unlimited luxury, my very being, seemed to depend upon this sickly, diseased, overgrown boy. In four years—only four years—he would be twenty-one.

I glanced at him furtively. The pale, attenuated features gave a ghastliness to his delicate profile which was heightened by its contrast with the red light of the sun, that, sinking in fiery masses that sent long, low flashes of crimson splendor over the quaint walls, along the half-sunken mounds and gray granite tombstones, threw into the atmosphere a rich surfeit of its own crimson glory.

When we met again he looked happier, but still pale, and I thought I saw the shadow of an early doom deepening the faint lines of his brow.

We went to Cape May. It was not then a fashionable watering-place, and I soon tired of its stagnant life. But we were not the only visitors, although the season was somewhat advanced. I found apartments in a tolerable hotel, and by adding here and there, contrived to live somewhat in the style to which we had been accustomed.

Tom Titus, my boy's tutor, an old-young fellow, who looked as if he had been lost in some theologic convulsion, and taken out of its strata a thousand years after, miraculously preserved, like the frog we read about, was never in the way. You might have played a polka under his nose, and he would have gone on serenely solving some abstruse question. I don't think my boy was benefited much by this antiquated bit of humanity—I mean in the way of an education—but the man loved him, and he loved the queer, bent tutor, who was, or would have been, his willing slave.

He, with my valet, and a smart boy, who was under the heir's protection, constituted our retinue. I disliked taking many servants on a tour of this kind—it distracts one's mind, and servants will quarrel. So we settled down, or, rather, I did, for the heir and his tutor took long rambles on the beach. I fancied my easy-chair and a twilight canter best. Sometimes the boy ventured on horseback, but he was not a good rider, and never appeared to advantage in that situation.

One day—I shall never forget it, a sultry July morning—I made up my mind for a stroll on the beach. No sooner had I decided than I donned a fresh linen suit, and took my way to the seashore. It seemed quite deserted. The fine sand glittered in the sun, as a white coating of spray crawled over it: the pebbles might have been diamonds by the sharp glitter of their wet edges. A broad path of gold, cut into lines by the restless motion of the waves, ran from the beach toward the opposite horizon, across which glittered now and then a white sail, or the foaming outline of a far-off ship. For a few minutes I sauntered on, until I came to an old, dismantled hulk, rearing its huge

skeleton from the sand, and standing quite near the water. I fancied I heard voices. A moment more and I saw Tom Titus. He had burrowed out a hole in the sand that had drifted like a solid wave up against the old wreck, and sat there drawn up together, quite lost in the perusal of an old book that was yellow where it was not black, and that looked as if its edges had been subjected to the heat of some fiery furnace years before its possessor was born. He did not see me, so, retracing my steps, I moved round on the other side of the huge ruin, and then stopped, transfixed by what I saw. There stood the heir, his cheeks flushed, his hair blowing back from cheeks and brow, his eyes dilated and shining, talking to, or rather, I should say, listening to, the prettiest creature it was ever my fortune to meet. A celestial beauty seemed to light up that lovely face, as the red lips moved, making music to me, almost, with their dumb motion; for I was too far off to hear, and the wind blew off shore. She held a hat, by the blue strings, in one hand; the other grasped a book. Her white dress the breeze had coaxed from the slenderest ankles and daintiest feet, and her smiles were so bewildering, that, at that moment, for the first time in my life, I lost my heart, and hated the heir yet more for his good fortune in having secured this dainty creature to himself.

Yes, Louise Savern was the only woman I ever loved, and she refused me. But I anticipate.

So, I had found out a secret. I saw, now, why the boy battled so bravely with disease, and put a bold front on the contingencies at which doctors hinted. That was why he smiled so often, was it? That was why his bath refreshed him, when, pale and languid, he left his couch in the morning; that was why he wished to be so much by himself, and to write, no doubt, sonnets to his lady-love. But why should I be enraged that he had not confided in me? He had never made a confidant of any one but Tom Titus. I had never encouraged him to be familiar. Whose fault was it that the boy was uncommunicative, cold, unfeeling? It was all his own, I said; and then, as to a boy of seventeen being in love—bah! The thing was sickening. Had I not passed forty-five years without the sign of such a feeling? From that hour the gulf widened between us; from that hour my hate was fed with fresh fuel. I bantered him about his companion. He blushed like a girl.

Had not I met the Saverns? They were in the house over the way. Perhaps I had noticed a pretty little old lady, who led a King James spaniel by a ribbon; that was Miss Louise's mother. Miss Louise herself was very young—only sixteen (he might have seen the sneer in my face), and she had not quite done going to school.

In time, I cultivated the Saverns. Miss Louise seemed always a little afraid of me. I made myself agreeable to both papa and mamma, who were quiet, dignified, hum-drum sort of people; but for all that, I knew that the heir and Louise met often.

"Getting on famously, sir—famously," said the doctor, whom I had called in on one or two occasions, and who had been my sister's physician; "if he can manage to pull through till he is twenty-one, there'll be no trouble, I'm inclined to think. Of course, candidly, I have doubts, serious doubts."

So had I.

One day I overheard the heir talking to Tom Titus.

"I really feel as if I had a new lease of life, old Tom. It's pleasant here, isn't it? One would like to live and find one's romances realities. A year ago, and I didn't care; but, oh! Tom, death looks cruel to me now. Do you really think I shall pull through, Tom, till I am twenty-one?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom Titus, his face a total abstraction.

"If it wasn't that I am so weak of mornings! What is that medicine I take in water, I wonder?"

"Good for you—doctor ought to know; your uncle knows;" and Tom Titus was off among the stars again.

Every night the thought occurred to me, "What if he should go mad before morning?"

Fearful to feel such a sword suspended—to live in perfect—well, dread of insanity; better he should die young. As for the powders, I missed them myself.

That face again—pitiless, menacing; I tell you I did it for the best. I was never cruel in my life—never. You may threaten me with your ghastly eyes, but you cannot make me think it was a crime. Besides, he never could have lived. Do you hear? That witless son of yours never would have lived.

And then, at the last, I tried to save him—*ay*, I did; at the last, I gave it up—the powder. But his vitality was too far spent. Poor boy! he wanted to live, for her; she loved him, the silly little fool. I sent him to sea—the vessel was a shell—it foundered—and not a soul—

At that moment the old man looked over his shoulder—gave one convulsive shudder—a wild cry escaped him. Whose were those stern eyes, set in a face bronzed and bearded?

"Go on," said the voice; "I have read the last ten pages; go on; say that the sea gives up its dead, sometimes. Say that I was saved as by a miracle; that I spent twenty-four years in a foreign land; that I have been home six months; that Providence saved Louise, who has never married, for me; that we become husband and wife to-morrow; that you and—Ah! the shock has killed him. I didn't dream he would take it that way. Murder *will* out, old man! He did not hear me, deaf that he was, when I entered. God forgive him; he sacrificed all the best years of my life to his lust for gold."

A well-appointed funeral moved from a stately house. There were no mourners—only the semblance of woe!

The Immensity of Space.

It has been determined that Alpha Centauri, probably the nearest fixed star to our solar system, is distant more than two hundred thousand times that of the earth from the sun. We know with tolerable certainty that the latter distance is about ninety-two millions of miles; but to ascertain that of the star it is necessary to multiply these numbers by two hundred thousand. It is quite impossible for ordinary minds to grasp such immense distances in figures; but if we were to compute the time required for light to pass from the star to the earth, or for an express-train with no stoppages to traverse that vast interval of space, some slight idea may be gathered of the enormous distance of this nearest of the stars. From the most recent investigations, it has been found that light travels at the rate of about one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles a second, thus passing through the intermediate space between the earth and sun in eight minutes and eighteen seconds. By a simple computation, any one may be able to find that, even at this tremendous velocity, light will take upward of three years to reach the earth after it has been emitted by this star. An express-train, traveling with a speed of sixty miles an hour, would not arrive at the end of such a journey before thirty-five millions of years had passed away.

The intrinsic light cast upon the earth by the largest of the fixed stars bears no comparison with that of the full moon. Several most inter-

esting photometric experiments were made by Sir John Herschel at Feldhausen, near Cape Town, on the relative light of the principal stars, especially on that of Alpha Centauri, in comparison with the light of the full moon. Sir John Herschel found that the full lunar light exceeded that of Alpha Centauri in the proportion of twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eight to one. Doctor Wollaston had previously found that the proportion of the sun's light to that of the full moon equaled eight hundred and one thousand and seventy-two to one. Hence the light sent to us by the sun is twenty-two thousand million times greater than that reaching the earth from the star. But if we were to assume that our sun and Alpha Centauri were equally distant from us, the intensity of the star's light would be nearly two and a half times more brilliant than that proceeding from our central luminary. The results of these observations of Sir John Herschel and Doctor Wollaston cannot fail to give us some conception of the immense magnitude and intrinsic brilliancy of the thousands of stellar suns visible to us on every cloudless night.

The First Printers and Their Art.

PRINTING is the offspring of an older art, wood-engraving; but it came to perfection before its parent. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the demand for popular books had become too great for the scribes to satisfy. Immense numbers were employed, especially in the Low Countries, in copying, illuminating, and binding, as well as in preparing paper and parchment or vellum. In England these employments were almost exclusively carried on by the monks, but on the Continent all classes and both sexes were engaged in them; and, as a result, most of the books in English libraries came from abroad. The earliest attempts at printing were those made by the manufacturers of playing-cards, which were produced in Germany, either by wood-engraving or by stencil plates, fully a century before the time of the first English printer, William Caxton. The next step seems to have been that by which block-books were printed. These consisted of engravings on wood, often of the coarsest kind, representing Scripture scenes and characters.

From their comparative cheapness these books were called the "Bibles of the Poor," yet they were no doubt beyond the reach of ordinary persons, and commanded a price which, in these days of cheap literature, seems enormous. The prices paid for some "Doctrinals," or spelling-books, printed in a rough way by cast or molded blocks, are still on record, and point to a very high comparative value. In the block-books a few letters or words containing a description of the scenes represented were very rarely inserted, but these letters formed an inseparable part of the block itself. Specimens have now become very rare. Some may be seen in cases in the British Museum. They are printed upon paper, on one side only of the page, and, especially in the earliest examples, present a strange combination of scenes in the same picture, although they have usually some allusive or figurative connection. Thus we have in one, David slaying Goliath and Our Lord descending into hell, whilst below are

representations of two prophets, and mottoes containing explanatory texts in rhyming Latin. Books of this kind are, no doubt, more valuable now than they were when new, but must always have been expensive. A volume printed upon vellum, containing thirty-three pages of manuscript interspersed with curious woodcuts, was lately sold in London for £120. In the same collection were some playing-cards of the kind we mentioned above—they fetched £23 10s.

The first printer known to have used movable types was Laurende Coster, of Haarlem. He died in 1440, and examples of his work are both rare and valuable. No complete book printed by him can now be traced, but single leaves are sometimes discovered concealed in the binding of other books. The production of "Doctrinals" or lesson-books seems to have been his chief employment, and for this purpose he used wooden blocks, printing without a press, and only on one side of the sheet. He produced in this manner at least two editions of the Grammar of Donatus, and possibly several other books; but examples of them have now become so scarce, that a complete copy of any of them is unknown, and that six odd leaves of the first of the Donatuses, which had all been extracted from the binding of other books, were recently sold for nearly \$55. As Coster's volumes were used for schools, we cannot feel any surprise that they have so completely disappeared. He does not seem to have hit upon the idea that his types, such as they were, might be used again and again in different works, but probably cut a block for each page. After his death no further progress was made at Haarlem, and he does not seem to have left any successors. There is an interval of forty years between his Doctrinals and the first book printed at Haarlem by the new process. What became of his workmen, whether his art was a secret and died with him, or whether the next printers learnt their art from him, has not been ascertained. His printing was of the rudest kind, yet in rapidity and ease of production it was an immense stride from the slow labors of the transcribers and illuminators. A great deal had still to be accomplished, and it is not possible to accord the honor of having invented printing, in the modern sense of the word, to any one before movable types were discovered, and the old wooden blocks superseded by metal letters separately cast in molds. This advance has generally been ascribed to Guttenberg, but the full credit of the invention is largely shared by his two associates, Fust and Schæffer.

The story of the invention seems to be this: A young man of good family named John Gensfleisch von Sorgenloch—called Guttenberg from the place of his birth, a village in Bohemia—was forced in 1420, by some political troubles, to fly from Mentz, where he had been living (perhaps at school or college, for he was but twenty years of age, if so much), and to take up his residence at Strasbourg. There he remained till 1434, supporting himself probably by the labor of his hands—according to some accounts, by engraving; or possibly by carving in wood; and according to others, by jeweler's work. He is mentioned in old Strasbourg re-

cords as having been defendant in two actions—one, apparently, for breach of promise of marriage; and he seems to have attained a certain position in the municipal government of the city of his adoption. We next find him in difficulties regarding an association he had entered into with three of his trade, it seems for the purpose of making looking-glasses, which at that time were both expensive and rare. Guttenberg had applied the money subscribed by the associates in some way unknown to any but one of them. This one shortly died, and his brother and heirs endeavored to recover from Guttenberg the money advanced by the deceased; offering, however, to stay the proceedings on being taken into his confidence. He refused to part with his secret, and was able so far to establish his case, that he was only held bound to repay fifteen florins to the heirs of his late partner. A curious question has been raised as to the mirrors which Guttenberg was to make by his new process. It seems doubtful whether he ever seriously engaged in the manufacture of mirrors at all; and an ingenious Frenchman has suggested that the production, not of actual looking-glasses, but of a little devotional volume, very popular in the Middle Ages, and known as the "Speculum Salutis," or Mirror of Salvation, was the object of Guttenberg's enterprise. However, we find that shortly after, having exhausted both his money and his credit in Strasbourg, he took measures for returning to Mentz. It is quite possible that the secret he guarded so carefully and valued so highly was that of the invention of printing; if so, it is not easy to over-estimate the importance of the next event of his checkered life. He became acquainted with a jeweler of large means and singular disposition. His name was Fust or Faust, and he was said to have dealt largely in the occult mysteries of alchemy, and even of sorcery. Be this as it may, the fact that he obtained credit for such pursuits is a curious example of the tendency of the popular mind, in the Middle Ages—when a man's life was safer if he committed a murder, than if he studied old books and was versed in strange languages. Friar Bacon and Bishop Grosseteste are prominent examples of the same thing in England. Fust had already spent large sums on various schemes; but he soon perceived the importance of Guttenberg's project, and assisted him with money, at a time when for want of it all might have failed. Guttenberg had been four years in Mentz, and does not seem to have made much progress until thus associated with Fust. Two years more passed, and the discovery was complete. This was in 1452, when a third partner, Schœffer, joined the firm. He was a workman of Fust's, and a clever, if somewhat unscrupulous, adapter of the inventions of Guttenberg. Schœffer cast the type in molds, and thus improved upon the first method of cutting it in wood. Fust is said to have been so pleased that he gave him his daughter in marriage, and took him into partnership; and we fear there is no doubt that they lightened the now prosperous ship of their fortunes, by throwing overboard the pilot of their trial trips. Fust brought an action and recovered the money he had advanced at the commencement

of the enterprise, and Guttenberg was obliged to quit Mentz a second time penniless and friendless. There must have been an element of restlessness, and perhaps unfriendly character, in him, for he seems to have never been able to attach any one faithfully or for any time. He returned, however, eventually, and was taken into the service of the Prince-Bishop of Mentz, at whose court he remained until his death in 1468.

Meanwhile his great discovery had filled the world with surprise, and was becoming known in every European country. The name of Guttenberg himself was not couped with it. At the end of each book which issued from the Mentz press we read the name of Fust and of Schœffer, but not that of their early associate. Whether this was because he never himself actually printed any volume, or—which is unlikely—because none of his books have survived, it is not possible now to decide. But we are, nevertheless, compelled to assign him the honor of being the first printer, both on account of an almost unanimous tradition to that effect, and also because in the dedication of a volume printed by John Schœffer, the son and successor of Peter Schœffer, the associate of Fust, distinct mention is made of Guttenberg's claim to be considered the father of the art.

The works issued by Schœffer, both during the lifetime of Fust and after his death, were printed in such a manner that the utmost exertions of succeeding generations of typographers have not excelled them. The largest and perhaps the best specimen is that generally, though erroneously, described as Guttenberg's Psalter. It requires a practiced eye to know a page of it from a manuscript. The letters are large and clear, and have still upon them a gloss as of newness, so excellent is the ink with which they are printed. The capitals are in red, the commencement of each Psalm being marked by an illuminated letter of large size and great beauty. A line of music occupies the top of the page, and the whole is printed upon vellum of the finest texture. A single leaf of this precious volume is sometimes sold for not less than from \$50 to \$60, according to the degree of care with which it has been preserved. Complete copies are only to be met with in the largest libraries, and may be described as simply invaluable. Seven or eight copies only are known to exist, all printed on vellum. Forty years ago \$2,500 was given for the copy in the French Imperial Library, and twice or thrice the money would fall to secure one now.

But while this Psalter is the most beautiful of early printed books, the first in importance is undoubtedly the "Mazarine" Bible, by many considered the earliest complete book for which metal types were used. There is no printer's name to it, and the work has often been ascribed entirely to Guttenberg; nor is it unlikely that he had a chief part in its production.

Fust is said to have gone to Paris when printing turned out a success, to negotiate the sale of one of the editions of the Bible, and to have died there of the plague in 1466. His son-in-law, Schœffer, lived until 1502, if not longer, and founded a family of printers, which lasted far into the seventeenth century.



UNDER THE SHADOW.—“THE SERVANT PULLED MR. MORSE TO A REMOTE SPOT IN THE GARDEN. THERE, BEFORE HIS EYES, LAY THE DARLING OF HIS HEART, IN A POOL OF HIS OWN LIFE-BLOOD.”

Under the Shadow.

CHAPTER I.

It was a stately residence, not far from the great heart of the city. Lights blazoned, and gay people flitted hither and thither. Every nook and every corner was a scene of festivity.

Little snatches of the *valse*, to which nimble feet were keeping time, floated ever and anon out upon the air, to attract the attention and charm the ear of the passer-by.

So happy and smiling did everything appear, that it seemed impossible that sorrow could intrude, or one heart be sad!

This night Cornelia Waldron, old Mr. Morse's ward, was to be united to his grandson, Paul Winters. The old man was pleased with the match, and had made every preparation for it.

Paul was his favorite, his pride, the darling of his cold, old heart!

Years before his only daughter died, leaving to his care her three children, Paul, Harry, and Cecilia.

He took them all to his home, but only one he took to his heart of hearts, and that was the eldest, Paul.

He was allowed to tyrannize over his brother and sister as it best pleased himself, and, when he

became older, as he expressed a desire to travel, he was sent abroad, to remain as long as he pleased.

Shortly after Paul had gone away, a business friend of Mr. Morse's died, leaving his daughter and her fortune to his care.

He brought her home, and Cecilia and Cornelia became as sisters. Harry, who had just finished his studies, came back to his grandfather's house from college.

He was struck by the beauty of the new-comer, and she, seeing how deeply he admired her, tried every art to fascinate him.

Almost from the first moment of their meeting he became her *slave*. He forgot the profession for which he was fitting himself—forgot all, everything, save the presence of the beautiful siren that had him so firmly in her toils.

His grandfather looked on, and approved of his course.

"With what I will give him, and Cornelia's fortune," he observed to Cecilia, one day, "he will have no need of following his profession. Let him 'make hay while the sun shines.'"

At last Harry proposed to his grandfather's ward, and was accepted. Then he thought his happiness complete—nothing on earth could ever mar it.

At that time an old schoolmate, George Revere, came to see him. Harry, too much absorbed in his betrothed to have scarcely a thought to devote to another, gave him an introduction to his sister.

"This is the St. Cecilia I have told you so much of," he said, throwing an arm round his sister, and leading her forth. "I hope you will be good friends."

George Revere bowed low. He had heard many praises from the lips of his friend concerning this sister, but none, he thought then, had done her justice.

"And you must excuse me," Harry continued, hurriedly, "for Cornelia is waiting for me."

He nodded, as he spoke, and left the room.

Cecilia then requested the stranger to be seated, and they fell to talking of the days when he and Harry were schoolmates.

"He did not mention to me then the young lady whom he designated as Cornelia," the gentlemen observed. "Is she another sister?"

"Oh, no!" Cecilia returned; "she is his *fiancée*—grandpa's ward."

Shortly after, the two returned, and George Revere was presented to Miss Waldron. He bowed, but his first impression of his friend's future wife was not pleasant.

"Pardon me for speaking my mind so freely," he said, in a low tone to Cecilia, a few moments later. "I am surprised at Harry's taste. I do not like Miss Waldron."

"Is that possible?" Cecilia ejaculated. "Why should you not?"

"I do not know; but she lacks something, which, to my eye, is a part of a woman's charm."

"What is that?"

"Candor—frankness. She is deceitful and cunning. It is almost impossible to tell when she is in earnest or when she is only playing with her victim."

Cecilia smiled. She knew he had read Miss Waldron aright.

George Revere did not seek to prolong his stay, but he came frequently after that, and his attention to "St. Cecilia"—for such he persisted in calling her—was so marked, that it was quite an understood affair.

Things progressed thus for some time, when suddenly Paul Winters returned home.

He was a bold, handsome, dashing man now. His years of travel had given him that distinguished air which so many rave about.

He had never met Cornelia, but he heard of her frequently through his grandfather's epistles, and had sneered over his brother's *pennant*.

"Where is the beauty my brother has gone mad over?" he asked, when he returned home.

Cecilia was near him.

"She is out riding with Harry," she returned.

"Take care of your heart when she does come." Paul sneered.

"My little sister, I have seen too many handsome ladies to be ensnared by any," was his response.

But when Cornelia swept into the room, an hour later, his *well-bred* stare changed to one of intense admiration. He had not been prepared to meet such a vision of feminine loveliness as his brother's affianced.

He greeted her with the air of a courtier, and a grace which poor Harry had never possessed.

From that hour she began to slight her betrothed and give the preference to his brother. But though he was most insanely jealous, he made no comments.

At last they told him that she had transferred her affections to Paul, and that his grandfather had sanctioned her course.

Harry fell into a dreadful passion, and vowed to be revenged. His sister clung to him, and entreated him to do nothing rash, but he tried to shake her off without listening. But when his temper cooled down, he became morose and gloomy.

His first thought had been to leave home, but now he said no. He would remain to the wedding, and show people that his heart was not broken.

The wedding-day was set, and every preparation made.

Paul wished that his brother would go away, for his proud, cold face frightened him. What might not his brother be meditating? He had always heard that those light-hearted, gay people, when transformed by some great sorrow or disappointment, were the most dangerous, and so he felt uneasy.

George Revere came up to the wedding.

"I will be revenged yet," Harry observed to him; and old Mr. Morse heard him also. Then followed some words which he could not distinguish.

"It will not fail," Revere returned. "I am ready to stake my life on that."

The two friends passed away, and the old man thought no more of what he had heard.

Two hours later the time for the nuptials drew nigh. A servant, with a face blanched and rigid with horror, came to the door, and beckoned Mr. Morse out.

"What has happened?" he demanded.

"Mr. Paul has been murdered!"

"Murdered!" the old man repeated, almost vacantly.

"Yes—come."

He pulled him by the arm to a remote spot in the garden. There, before his eyes, lay the darling of his heart, in a pool of his own lifeblood.

Help was summoned. The house was a scene of confusion. The murdered man was carried in, and a physician from the group hastened to him. But his skill was useless—Paul Winters was dead!

Then arose a hue and a cry. Who had committed this murder?

"His brother Harry," the old man returned, sternly, "and George Revere is his accomplice!"

Meanwhile the expectant bride was shrieking like one insane, calling upon Paul to speak to her once again.

Cecilia stood like one paralyzed. She heard nothing, saw nothing, realized nothing save that

her brother was dead, until her grandfather's words fell on her ear.

Then, with a loud cry, she turned, and ran up the broad flight of stairs. A few moments previous she had seen Harry and George come in and go up to the library. She flung the door open, entered, and closed it after her.

"Run!" she cried. "Escape for your lives! You are both accused of murdering Paul!"

"Murdering Paul?" the brother ejaculated. "Yes; he is dead—murdered! Oh, go!" she pleaded. "I hear them coming! They will arrest and hang you for they say you are guilty."

For a moment they looked from one to another, bewildered. Could it be true? Was Paul dead?—dead—dead, on the eve of his bridal?

"Go! for my sake, go, until the storm blows over!" Cecilia pleaded.

They heard the tramp of many feet. They did not think of how guilty it would look. They only remembered that Paul was dead, and they accused of his murder.

The steps came nearer. They hesitated no longer. They opened a window, stepped out, and escaped. As soon as they were gone, Cecilia fell forward to the floor. The fright had been too much.

They tried the door. They shouted for it to be opened, but, as no one obeyed, the officer of the law, led by the old man, whom the loss of his favorite had rendered almost insane, burst it in.

They almost fell over the unconscious girl, but the grandfather heeded it not.

"They have escaped!" he cried. "Go—pursue and arrest them!"

Every nook of the house and the adjoining grounds was searched, but in vain.

Cornelia was quieted at last. Paul Winters was laid out and buried. Large posters were placed in every conspicuous place, offering an almost fabulous amount for the persons of Harry Winters and George Revere.

Cecilia became pale and silent, the old man gloomy and stern, and Miss Cornelia being of age, and finding the old place dull, now that it was robbed of all its charms, went away to more congenial scenes.

Six months later they heard she was married.

CHAPTER II.

"You shall marry Colonel Meredith," Mr. Morse declared.

"And poor Paul dead but six months!" she ejaculated. "And George and Harry—"

"Stop! I've forbade their names ever being mentioned in my house. I utterly repudiate their memory, save as I think of them as of any other two murderers."

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa! they were not guilty," she pleaded. "Be merciful to me. Let me live with you. Do not force me to marry."

He shook her hand off rudely. "I want no more of your nonsense," he thundered. "Colonel Meredith has asked for your hand, and shall have it!"

"But, grandpa, I do not love the man—I hate him!"

"Love!" he sneered. "You to talk of love!—you, who have seen the curse it has already wrought in this household! Go, get ready to receive him to-morrow, for to-morrow settles your doom. I will have no more fooling."

She turned away. What was she to do? Marry that man whom she abhorred? Never!

She went to her room, made a package of her clothes, and stole away from the house. She had no definite idea of where she was going, or what she was to do; all she wished was to get away from her cruel old grandsire.

She wandered along, with as much knowledge

concerning the great world into which she had plunged, alone and friendless, as any infant. On, on, without a thought. People jostled her hither and thither; and it began to snow so thick and fast that she could scarcely see the way before her.

At last she knew she must go somewhere to stay during the night, and she put her hand in her pocket to draw out her little store of money.

It was gone! Her heart seemed to cease its tumultuous beating. Penniless! What was she to do now! She could not beg; she had no friend. She still kept on, praying that death would come to relieve her.

She became cold and faint, but she heeded it not. She was weary, but she had nowhere to rest. She thought she was going crazy. She pressed her hands to her head; she remembered no more.

Some one came along. He stumbled over something half-embedded in the snow. He gave it a push with his foot, but as it moved not, he stooped down to examine it. He partly raised it up.

"A woman!" he exclaimed. He bore her to where the light from the gas, a few feet off, fell on her face. "Young and handsome! She looks like a marble saint!"

He carried her, as if she had been a babe, to a large building not far away. He entered, and laid her on a couch.

When she came to consciousness, she saw she was in a strange room, and a strange face bent over her.

She was about to speak, when the figure withdrew, and a man entered. He advanced to where she was lying.

"How do you feel?" he asked, kindly.

She made no response, but gazed quietly into his face. His large dreamy black eyes seemed to fascinate her.

"How are you, child?" he asked, again.

"Better. Where am I? How came I here?" she pleaded.

"I found you in the snow, outside."

"Who are you?" she questioned, feverishly.

"What kind of a house is this?"

"I am Father Ricardo, child, and this is a convent," he returned.

She lay back on the pillow, and something was brought in for her to eat. Then the priest came to her again.

"Tell me how you came to be alone and destitute in the streets," he said. "Your dress, manners, all, show that that was not your proper place. I am a priest; all you tell me shall be held in sacred confidence. Withhold nothing, and I may be able to advise or aid you."

His voice was kind, and she needed a friend. She hesitated no longer. He listened gravely.

"My dear, you have found life all thorns," he said, gently, when she had ended. "I will show you one where they will prick you no more. Come to us—embrace our faith. Be a Sister of Charity."

She stopped to think. Their religion, as presented by him, looked inviting. Here she would be sequestered from the world, and the trials of the world. Should she follow his counsel?

As she hesitated, he invited her still the more.

Her face already wore the expression of a saint. She must listen to him. She did—she consented.

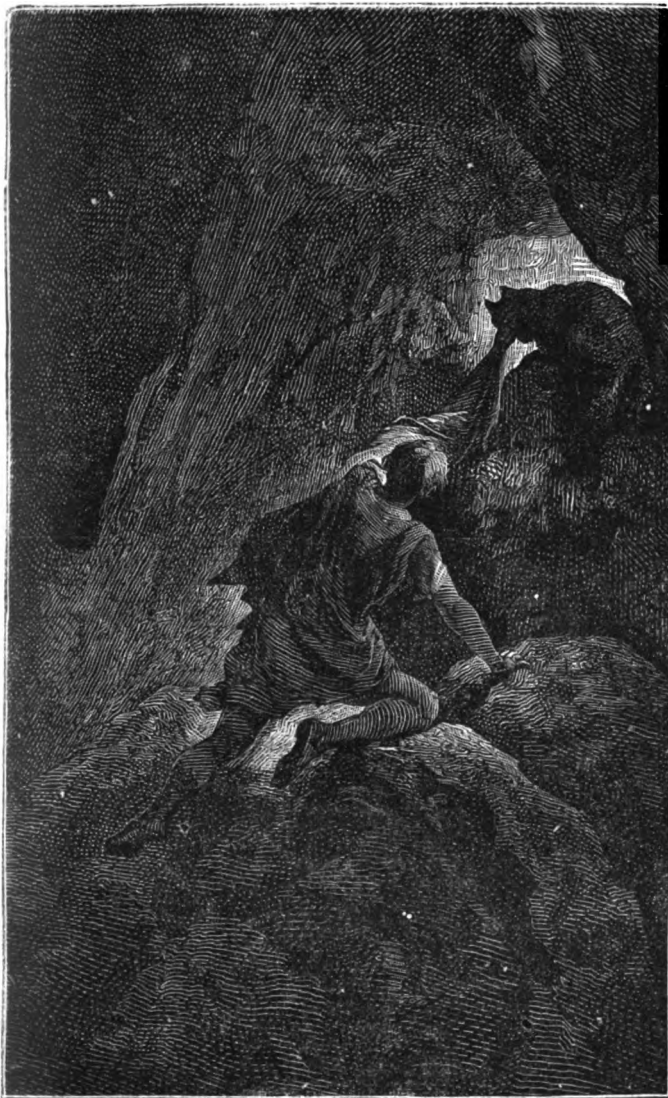
True, the religious creed seemed strange to her, but, with her fervor, it bore many charms also.

She donned the garb of the sisterhood. She became a novice.

Ever among the sick and the suffering Sister Cecilia was welcomed and loved.

Months passed, and she was filled with a strange kind of passive happiness. Her old life seemed to have died entirely out—to be forgotten.

Day by day the priest Ricardo watched her. He



ESCAPE OF ARISTOMENES, THE MESSENIAN GENERAL.—SEE PAGE 46.

saw that she grew in loveliness and purity, and he urged her to cut the last tie that bound her to the outer world.

"Give up this, and become a nun," he said, in an impassioned tone. "God will take you as the brightest jewel in His crown."

For a long while she listened, undecided. Should she? What had she to keep her from seclusion? Nothing. Then she gave in her decision.

"Two months more, holy father, and I will follow your desire."

He blessed her, and she went out on her mission of mercy.

The two months had almost passed, when one bleak day she sat down beside a dying woman's bedside.

"I have a confession to make," she said, in

feeble tones. "and I want a lawyer here to take it down."

Cecilia went out and procured one.

"I am an Italian," the woman said, hurriedly, for she felt the sands of her life fast decreasing. "A strange man came to my home. He wooed me, and we were married. He then deserted me, but I followed him. He came to America, and I came also. He went to his home, and I missed him. When I tracked him again, he was just going to be married. I met him in the garden, and he spurned me—kicked me over. I drew a knife and stabbed him. Then, when I found I had killed him, I ran far away. A while ago I heard that his brother and friend were accused of the murder. They are guiltless. I alone am the one."

She drew her breath in little, short gasps.

Cecilia raised her up. "His name—his name?" she cried. "Tell me his name."

"Paul—Paul Winters!" she muttered. That was all—she was dead.

Cecilia stood against the mantel to support herself. Harry and George were cleared at last—they could return; and she—she would be a nun! Never before had she dreaded it! Never before had she cherished a hope of meeting them! What was she to do? All the old earthly love came back to her heart, her religious fervor died out. She could not endure the sacrifice—her whole being cried out against it!

"Where am I to send this to, I wonder?" the lawyer said. "Of course I can publish it, but I wish I knew what family needs it most, to lift the shadow from them."

That awoke her slumbering faculties.

"To Nathan Morse, 325 ——— street."

He went out. The undertaker came, and Cecilia turned away. How dare she go back to the convent? They would read in her eyes her new hope—and if they should force her to take the vow upon herself! She shuddered. She did not retrace her steps. She took a cloak and hood of the dead woman's, cast off her "sister" robes, and put them on her. Then she went out alone in the world again.

She did not think of going back to her old grandsire; she feared him.

She went to the depot, entered the cars, and got out at a country town that attracted her attention. She had no money, and she wandered from door to door seeking for work.

Nobody wanted her—nobody paid any attention to her. She was growing dispirited. She saw a large country house in the distance. She went there, and was shown into a parlor.

A gentleman came in. She looked into his face. It was very grave, as if some great sorrow had blighted his youth. She felt as if she could trust him—she would.

"Are you Catholic or Protestant, sir?" she asked.

He looked at her. What a strange question for a strange lady to address to him! Was she insane?

"Protestant," he returned.

Then she briefly told him that she was a Sister of Charity, who had run away to avoid becoming a nun, and asked his protection.

He was silent a moment.

"You have placed confidence in me," he said, "and I will do the same by you. My mother is ill, and needs some one to care for her. There is also another sick person in the house, whom we do not wish seen. If you will remain, take care of my mother, and say nothing and see nothing, you will be welcomed and well repaid."

She thanked him. He called a servant, had her shown to a room, and then went to tell his mother.

She objected to the course which he had pursued.

"She may betray and ruin us," she wailed.

"I would trust her with my life, mother," he returned.

"She has the face of an angel."

The mother shook her head feebly.

An hour later Cecilia was shown into the sick woman's room, and introduced to Mrs. Halloway. Her experience as a "sister" had rendered her an expert nurse, and she made the old lady so comfortable that she soon won her friendship.

"But I hope you will be discreet," the old lady observed.

Herman has told you we have a secret."

"You can trust me, madame," she returned. "I have the secrets of many locked in my breast."

But there was one thing that haunted her. Twice she had caught a glimpse of a strange man, a doctor, they said, and his face seemed familiar. But try to remember as best she might, she could not tell where she had ever seen it before.

She was so afraid of the priest finding where she was and coming for her, that she never left the house.

During the days that followed her first entrance into the household of the Halloways, she became very friendly with the young master—Herman.

At last they spoke of their past lives.

"Mine has been an eventful but sad one," she said; and he entreated her to tell him all.

Some impulse, which she

could not then resist, impelled her to relate it to him.

He listened; his face grew white and stern, and then she could not understand the expression which followed.

"And you loved that George Revere?" he questioned.

"I loved him!"

"Perhaps in time you will love another?" he observed.

"Never!"

"If I said I loved you, Cecilia," he pleaded, in a strange voice—"if I offered you a home forever, secure in my love from all the troubles of life—would you not give that man up?"

"Mr. Halloway, I am sorry you have said this!" she exclaimed. "My heart is true to its only love."

He made no response, but taking her two hands, looked down half sadly into her face.

"God will bless and repay you," he said, softly, and then left her.

Ten minutes later he returned.

"I have something to show you," he said, taking her hand. "Come with me."

He led her to the part of the house from which she had always been so carefully excluded. He opened the door, and pushed her in.

She gazed quickly, uttered a low shriek, and fell fainting on the floor.

When she became sensible, there were four ex-



RUSSIAN GIRLS AND THEIR MARRIAGES.—SEE PAGE 46.

cited people near her. The instant she opened her eyes, some one caught her to his bosom.

"My St. Cecilia!" he cried.

"George!" fell from her lips. "And Harry!" as her eyes fell on her brother.

For a time they were all so much affected that no one could speak. When they became calmer, they told their story.

When Harry and George escaped that night, they intended to return as soon as the murderer was found, but, to their horror, they saw that no one was suspected but themselves.

Then they went to a distant city, and Harry, becoming acquainted with a doctor, told him part of his story, and finished his studies with him.

Under another name George commenced to practice law, and they determined to remain there until the guilty party should be found out.

At last George Revere was taken ill. He fretted so for his home and his mother, that Harry disguised himself, and brought him to the old homestead, where his mother, Mrs. Halloway, and his half-brother Herman, were then residing.

Herman told him off of the runaway "sister" that was in the house, but neither believed it to be their St. Cecilia. But when she told Herman who she was, he recognized her, and wondered if she was as true to George as George believed she would be. His love-making was a farce, but it satisfied him.

That evening was one of gladness, and, as soon as George recovered his health sufficiently, they all returned to see Mr. Morse.

He wept bitterly over the injustice he had been guilty of, and welcomed them to his home.

From that day forth they always commemorated the day that Herman Halloway took under his protection the fugitive "Sister of Charity," and banished the "shadow" from their household.

Years after, Harry married one in every way worthy of him—his old passion for the beautiful siren Cornelia having died entirely from his heart.

Escape of Aristomenes, the Messenian General.

In a battle against the Lacedemonians, Aristomenes, the Messenian general, coping with forces far superior to his own and led by the two Spartan kings, was defeated and left for dead on the field, covered with wounds, and struck down at last by a stone from a sling. With fifty of his brave soldiers he was taken into Sparta in triumph, and sentenced to be cast into the *Coada*, a deep fissure in the earth into which those condemned to death were hurled. They were all cast in, and all perished except Aristomenes, who, borne up in some way, reached the bottom of the cavity unharmed. The imaginative ascribed this to the aid of one of the gods, who sent an eagle which bore him up. Probably his clothing caught and broke the force of his fall.

At all events, he found himself alive and unharmed in the dreadful abyss. He lay for a time stretched out, awaiting death or the terrors of the nether world. He lay here till the third day, when, hearing a sound, he unpowered his face, and saw a fox approaching the dead bodies of his comrades. This restored him to life and hope. He was still in the land of the living, and this fox had a way of reaching the light of day. He waited till the animal came within reach, and then grasped it with his right hand, holding his chlamys, or cloak, toward it with his left. The animal snapped at it, and made off. Holding tight to it, the Messenian followed his strange guide in a long, winding passage in the rock. At last he perceived an

opening just large enough to let the fox out, and letting in a faint glimmer of light. The fox now let loose, sprang out and disappeared. Aristomenes, with his hands, widened the aperture sufficiently to enable him to get out, and, waiting till night approached, slipped forth, and reached Messena safely, to the joy and wonder of his countrymen, who regarded his wonderful escape as a manifest proof of the protection of the gods.

Russian Girls, and their Marriages.

In large estates—before the prescriptions of the law to the contrary—the marriages of the serfs were always made with the interference of the master or the overseer, but on such estates the choice of the serf is generally regarded. As the wife follows the husband, a maiden is seldom taken from a neighboring estate, except where the bridegroom is rich enough to buy his bride.

In smaller estates, where the choice is more limited, generally after the field-labors are over, in the fall season, the master calls the families together and inquires about their mutual inclinations, pays attention to them, and endeavors to arrange things by mutual agreement; but when all is of no avail, then he decides arbitrarily—points out the pairs, and then the ceremony is fulfilled by the parish-priest.

Previously to the reign of Peter the Great, it was customary for the Russians, of all ranks, to marry their children very early, even before the age of puberty. Though restrained by Peter and Catherine II., this custom of early marriage still prevails, and is said to be fraught with many pernicious consequences. A ukase, issued in 1801, prohibits priests from solemnizing marriages, unless the man be eighteen and the woman sixteen years old.

Willowdale.

CHAPTER I.

THEY made a merry party at Willowdale—a round dozen of them, including the family—and all determined to contribute their share of effort toward making the hot summer months pass pleasantly.

Willowdale Lodge was a broad, low, modern building, with wings, bay-windows, and porches, the whole overarched by gigantic forest trees of a century's growth, and with a wide-spreading, close-shaven lawn extending from the front, the beauty of which was marred by neither geometrically arranged plots nor flower-beds, nor tortuous windings of serpentine paths. Mr. Wilton, the owner of the place, had reclaimed it from a tangled wilderness, and unwilling to deprive his children of social enjoyments their isolated situation would otherwise forbid, delighted in filling his house with gay young people, and placing all reasonable and available means of enjoyment within their reach.

The long summer afternoon was drawing toward a close, and, as the shadows lengthened, the whole party sought the piazza and shelter of adjacent trees, for it had been excessively warm that day, and the cool breeze which sprang up seemed doubly welcome after the former calm.

A group on the broad steps comprised Therese Montpierre, a petite lady of French extraction, Maude Montrose, whose auburn waved hair glowed warm where the sunshine falling between quivering leaves flecked it with golden spots, and Guy Hayden, tall and straight, with a dark, handsome face, which occasionally lit up with an expression of almost womanly tenderness.

On a *faisan* alone lay Laura Gilbert, indolent

as a West Indian princess, and beyond, Aubrey Vere was saying soft nothings to Madge Wilton, who, knowing that he found it as natural to flirt as most persons do to breathe, indulged him in the amusement sometimes so dear, but in this case perfectly harmless. Laura roused herself from her recumbent position.

"How intolerably warm it is!" said she, languidly waving an ornamental fan, but desisting when she found that the extra exertion more than counteracted its cooling effect.

"Have you just discovered it, *cara mia*?" laughed Madge. "We are congratulating ourselves upon the descent of the mercury a degree and a half within the last twenty minutes."

"How I wish something would occur to break in on our monotony," resumed Laura.

"Monotony! I think these quiet days are delightful," spoke Maude, quickly, while Therese interrupted with:

"I would not doubt if your wish brought its fulfillment. Look! is not that a stranger approaching the house? Perhaps he comes an answer to your desires."

"It is some one I, at least, have not seen before."

And Laura disposed her fleecy dress in graceful folds, and assumed a position in which her profile—which was simply perfect—was clearly cut against the dark velvet of the *fautuil*.

The eyes of Therese emitted a contemptuous spark, as she noted this little bit of diplomacy, and she murmured in a half-audible voice:

"Seemingly calm, but ever alert
To ensnare a new victim,
The arrant flirt!"

"You have no patience with the weaknesses of your sex, Miss Montpierre," remarked Guy Hayden, in the same undertone.

"Oh, yes; with their weakness, but not with deliberate folly!"

Laura, whose bearing was disproportionately sharp when compared with the slowness of her other faculties, overheard the murmured conversation, but gave no outward sign; to herself she whispered:

"Envious thing! I'll not forget that remark, however."

By this time the stranger had neared the house, and paused, as if studying which to address. Seeing him hesitate, Madge came forward.

"Willowdale Lodge, the residence of Mr. Horace Wilton?" he said, inquiringly.

She replied in the affirmative.

"I am Gleason Lester, and bring letters of introduction from New York!"

"Welcome to our home, Mr. Lester," said Madge, frankly extending her hand. "Your name is a familiar one with us, but we did not hope for the pleasure of your presence."

Mr. Wilton greeted the newcomer with similar cordiality, and he was duly installed a guest at the Lodge. It was the old story, of assistance rendered by the elder Lester in a great commercial crisis, by means of which Mr. Wilton had been enabled to weather the storm that felled houses of longer-established reputation, and he had never ceased to be grateful for the important favor. The younger man he had never before seen, but hailed his advent now as an opportunity to illustrate his protestations of good will.

At the tea-table Mr. Lester was formally introduced to the household, and succeeded in making himself so entertaining, that he was unanimously voted a desirable acquisition to their number.

The sun was dipping his broad disk beneath the level of the western horizon, and the entire surrounding sky was glorified by masses of clouds, crimson and gold-tinted, that heaved and tossed

like billows of a celestial ocean, while the whole landscape was tinged with the roseate light. Maude proposed a stroll down to the river-bank, where the view was less impeded than from their present situation.

"Ugh! Across the rough, stony ground, and the hill to climb beyond," said Laura, who, with her customary indolence, had settled down for a quiet nap in a soft-cushioned lounging-chair. "Besides, the grass will be damp against our return, and who knows how many attacks of influenza or neuralgia that might induce? You must excuse me from exposing myself needlessly to such unwarranted dangers."

"To what dangers are you about to be subjected, allow me to ask, Miss Gilbert?" inquired Mr. Lester, who had been conversing at a little distance with his host, and now joined the group. Laura explained the proposition, and her objections.

"Let me prevail upon you to accompany us. I am confident the beauties of the scene will more than repay the trouble of reaching the spot, and I will promise to return you safely before the dew falls."

And Laura, nothing loth when she found that Mr. Lester was to be her attendant cavalier—who, with his colorless patrician face, and tawny golden hair and beard, was decidedly the handsomest gentleman of the party—drew a scarlet shawl about her shoulders, and signified her readiness to accompany them.

"Are you not coming, Therese?" asked Maude, as Miss Montpierre gave no sign of joining them.

"I have a headache, and prefer remaining," returned she, in a tone that permitted no gainsaying, and Madge, who was acquainted with her varying caprices, mentally put down the sudden indisposition to one of Therese's unaccountable "moods," and left her to recover her wonted equanimity at her leisure.

"Where have I seen him before?" pondered Therese, her gaze following Gleason Lester's well-modeled form. "Somewhere—I cannot recall! Could it be in those old terrible days—but why do I refer to them? Therese Montpierre had no existence except as she now is, I must remember that. He haunts me, though, like the ghost of some forgotten past."

The river-bank formed a bluff, precipitous descent to the water's edge, and on the highest portion the party paused in silent contemplation of the scene. The departing sunset rays streamed through an opening in the trees which lined the further shore, and was reflected like a tower of living flame in the quiet water.

"There is a charm in the sunset hour,
That's all unknown in the broader day,"

murmured Laura, sadly mutilating the first couplet of a lyric with which she had once been familiar.

"When twilight shades begin to glow,
And lambs, in sleep, forget to play,"

continued Aubrey Vere in the melodramatic tone assumed by school-boy orators, improvising a rhythmical conclusion to the lines she had repeated. This had the effect of breaking the still gravity that had settled upon them, and their voices broke merrily on the quiet evening air.

"Mr. Wilton has chosen a charming location for his summer residence," remarked Lester to his companion.

"Yes, if it was only a summer residence; but he persists in staying here all the year round. I wonder at his doing so, with the Lodge unprotected as it is, and half his fortune in his closets."

"How is that?" asked Lester, carelessly, but a strange gleam shot from his eyes.

"He has a mania for collecting old-fashioned, solid plate, and I heard him say the other day that he had expended over fifty thousand dollars in the gratification of his queer taste; and strange to say, he keeps it all under his immediate supervision, in preference to depositing it in a place of more absolute safety."

The conversation changed to a subject less practical but infinitely more agreeable to the lady, for her escort, with admirable tact adapting himself to meet her pleasure, plied her with graceful compliments such as are received as rightful tribute by natures like hers.

"Will the fair ladies hear their destinies read from the stars?"

A gipsy girl had neared the party unperceived, and as they turned toward her, extended a little brown hand, saying:

"Cross the gipsy's palm with gold,
And your fates she will unfold!"

Madge laughingly laid a coin in the girl's hand, and held her own, scarcely less brown, to have the lines scanned in the fading light.

"A merry life, and a happy life—
A life in your childhood's home,
With no temptation ever given
To leave it in time to come."

"What, no brave youth awaiting me in the future to lure me away with protestations of life-long devotion to my cause?" exclaimed Madge, with assumed anger. "Come, little sibyl, you must read me a better fate than that."

But the gipsy persisted that such was the decree of the stars; and Laura next extended her white, shapely hand, more perhaps because she never neglected an opportunity to display its symmetrical proportions than from any desire to pry into the mysteries of the future. To her was allotted a path lined with conquests, and a happy consummation of maiden hopes; and turning to Maude, the gipsy lingered over the traceries of her hand, then said, slowly:

"If you will heed a warning tone,
A happy future is your own."

Defy the laws your fate decrees,
And tempt perverser destinies,
You will enjoy throughout your life
Naught but discordant, ceaseless strife.
Heed then the gipsy's words full well,
And choose the fate bright stars foretell!
Two lovers bow to you the knee,
One debonair and fair to see,
The other dark as corsair bold
Who could in splendor you unfold!
Choose not the latter, or in vain
You'll seek to ease your heart's deep pain,
And bitter prove your heavy load—
Choose then the lighter, brighter road."

"I did not know mortals were permitted to mold their own futures, according to the belief of your tribe," said Gleason Lester, leaning forward, and speaking in a tone of easy familiarity. "But come, my good girl, depict faithfully the image graven on my heart, and this shall be your reward," holding a coin up to view.

With a quick, searching glance into his eyes, she drew nearer, and bending her face that her hood should shade it more completely, said, in a voice meant to be inaudible to the remainder of the party:

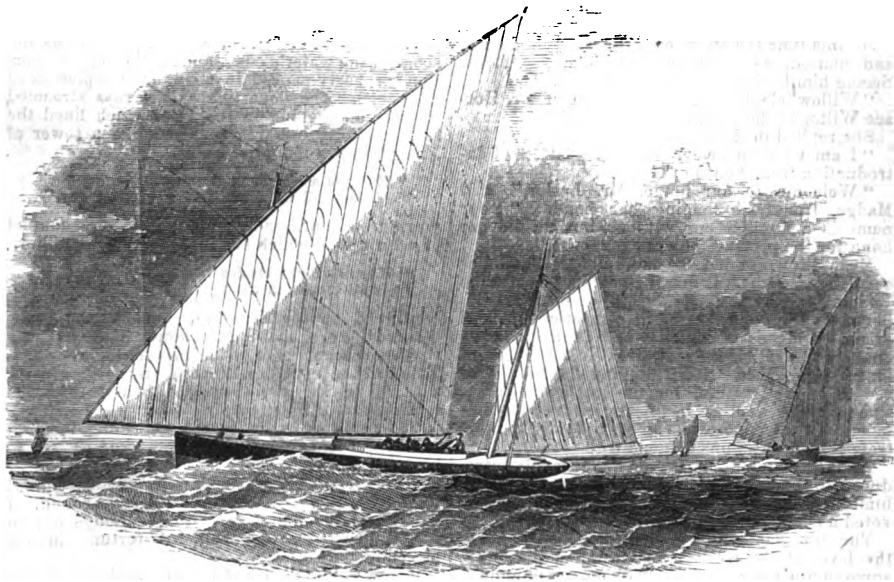
"By power of divining eyes
I penetrate your apt disguise;
Beware, if in your path you meet
One robed in similar deceit—
Betray not if you would not be
Stripped of the guise your comrades see!"

He started and bit his lip involuntarily, but the gipsy, without claiming the coin, turned and disappeared from sight in the shadows of neighboring trees, and as it was now growing dusk, the party retraced their steps toward the Lodge.

"What fortune did she predict for you?" asked Laura, as they turned to go.

"She gave me hope of winning and wearing the fairest of the fair," replied Lester, and a slight pressure of her hand, resting lightly on his arm, gave application to his words.

That night Laura missed a ring from her finger, a valuable cluster diamond which had been an heirloom in her family. The discovery caused her no little annoyance, and she overcame her habitual



MEDITERRANEAN BOAT WITH A LATEEN SAIL.—SEE PAGE 53.



WILLOWDALE.—“ON THEIR RETURN, OUR FRIENDS PAUSED BY THE MYSTIC SPRING, AND FRED, FILLING A GLASS TO THE BRIM, PRESENTED IT TO MAUDE. BLUSHING, SHE TOOK IT FROM HIS HAND, AND HALF EMPTIED THE GLASS. AFTERWARD HE RAISED IT TO HIS LIPS AND DRANK THE LAST DROP.”

listlessness by making vigorous efforts to repossess herself of it.

“The gipsy must have stolen it,” she concluded, when, at Mr. Wilton’s suggestion, the neighborhood had been searched for the vagrant with no trace of her having been discovered.

But despite this, which was apparently received as a general conclusion, Laura went alone to the river-bank in the vain hope that she might have dropped it there, and that it had been overlooked in former searches in that direction. She did not find her ring, but she did find a gold-chased button such as she remembered seeing in Therese’s white cuffs that afternoon upon the porch.

Laura was not quick at forming conclusions, but she remembered the grudge she bore Therese,

and carefully laid away the tell-tale button to await further developments.

CHAPTER II.

A succession of rainy days had left the weather pleasantly cool, and the young people at the Lodge determined to take advantage of this favorable time to indulge in a fishing excursion and picnic party combined. Supplying themselves with a generous quantity of luncheon, and procuring necessary tackle and accoutrements, they set out in the early morning for the scene of their day’s enjoyment. Fred Wilton, Madge’s elder brother, had been the originator of the expedition, and had procured skiffs to transport them to the required

destination, a few miles down the river. They were also accompanied by Percy, the youngest of the family, a roystering, mischievous boy of ten, who was on his best behavior this day in consideration of being permitted to join the party.

Representatives of the finny tribe were scarce that day, and after an hour spent in vainly trying to allure them from their native element, the effort was relinquished in disgust by our friends, who betook themselves to the shelter of the wood, and then paused, consulting the best method of passing their time pleasantly.

"There is a large spring somewhere in this vicinity—you remember the 'Mystic Spring,' Fred?—which is said to possess remarkable curative properties, and has been an object of note in the neighborhood since time immemorial. Suppose we enlist ourselves as a band of explorers, make our way to the famed fountain, and test the qualities of its waters. It will be a splendid place to spread our luncheon," Madge added, with an eye to its practical advantages.

Her suggestion was received with approbation, and, under Fred's guidance, they were not long in finding the spring. Sheltered by overhanging forest trees, with thick, yielding moss underfoot, it was truly a delightful spot, and the ladies expressed their admiration in truly feminine superlatives.

"Do you remember the legend attaching to it, Madge?" asked Fred. "I wish you would repeat it for the benefit of the assembled company."

Madge, who was lavishing her hands in the crystal waters, reflected a moment, then repeated:

"A knight so bold rode slow away
From open downs to forest gray.
No bugle-call hung at his waist,
As through the wood his charger paced.

"No huntsman's pack came swiftly on
To scent the chase as in times gone;
The hare peeped shyly from her cover,
The squirrel leaped the branches over,

"The red deer roamed the forest free—
And all he passed by harmlessly.
What then has changed to sorry wight,
The old-time brave and gallant knight?

"He reached the streamlet in the wood,
Now paused till by its source he stood,
Then cast himself by its cool side,
And waited for his promised bride.

"One day when following the chase,
He halted here in this same place,
And stooping low to quench his thirst,
A picture on his vision burst:

"Deep mirrored there before his sight,
He saw a beauteous water-sprite;
He to the nymph his love confessed,
And endless service then professed.

"And will you leave your brightsome earth?
Submit to water-spirit's birth?"
'Most willingly, for thee,' he cried;
'Then come again,' the nymph replied.

"And he had come as he had said,
And waited by the streamlet's bed.
The sprite arose within the pool,
And tendered him a draught of cool

"And crystal water—in a cup
Of scorn—bubbling gently up;
He took the cup and quickly drank—
Beneath the waves with her he sank,

"And from that day the gallant knight
Was known no more to earthly sight.
But when to-day a youth and maid
Shall chance to drink beneath the shade,

"And share alike their cup and draught
Of the same water which he quaffed,
They twine their chords of future life,
And destined are for man and wife."

"You see now the danger you will incur by any

two drinking together. For my part, I have no faith in the prediction, and challenge any one to finish my draught."

She filled a goblet in the stream, half-drained it, and held the remainder waiting for some one to accept her challenge.

Aubrey Vere stepped forward and extended his hand for the goblet; but in its transit from her hand to his it fell, and the magic draught mingled with the flowing waters.

"An indication that the gipsy's prophecy will not be fulfilled," laughed Madge, turning away.

There were merry jests, and snatchings for the cup, when the ladies drank, but in every case it was completely drained, or the remaining contents dextrously spilled, so the merits of the mystic fountain in the way of uniting lives remained untested.

After their lunch, they wandered away in couples, and Guy Hayden found himself alone with Maude on the verge of the stream where a sheer descent of a few feet made a tiny cascade, with a mimic maelstrom at its foot. They stood watching the chips and leaves that were whirled round and round the narrow circle, then drawn beneath the surface, sometimes disappearing entirely, and again appearing quite a distance below in the stream.

"It is like the restless tide of fate in the lives of mankind—drawing them irresistibly on until swallowed in its vortex, seldom to escape as do some of these trifles."

"A man who succumbs to so-called fate can have but little energy of mind or purpose," replied Maude.

Her words reminded him of the lines:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

Was this so? and was it cowardice that had kept him from hitherto testing his fate? He had known Maude Montrose only a few months, and in that time had given her the homage no other woman had ever gained from him. Should he ask the simple question that had been trembling on his lips for days, or should he defer that which might cause him heart-pain? He decided the question in a very childlike manner. Fixing his eyes upon a leaf that was being drawn within the eddy, he thought:

"If it appears again, I will 'put it to the touch, to win or lose it all.'"

Faster and faster it whirled around the narrow circle, then disappeared and rose again close in to the shore.

This little circumstance decided him, and in words few but ardent he made known his attachment and his hopes, but met with a pitying though decided refusal.

"I regard you as a true friend, but can never think of you in a warmer light," she said, simply, and he felt that appeal from her decision would be useless.

An embarrassed silence fell between them, and they welcomed the appearance of Therese and little Percy with feelings of relief.

"Oh, we have found such a splendid grapevine swing!" exclaimed the latter, with boyish impetuosity. "Come and see it!"

He led the way to a huge tree, from which the vines hung in festoons, and while they stood there, the remainder of the party came severally up.

"It is hollow, too!" shouted Percy, who had found a cavity in the trunk of the great tree. "Just like the one where Hatchetface lived in 'Wild Western Scenes.' Wouldn't it be grand to have one's bed and all one's fixin's and live in a place like that?"

Percy felt inclined to retract this opinion when he drew his head from the hollow with both eyes filled with dust that had fallen from the decayed wood.

As Gray listened to Therese's gay chattering, he wondered that he did not feel immeasurably depressed at the unfavorable termination of his suit; but more than one heart has "been caught in the rebound," and his promised to be a parallel case.

On their return to the skiffs, Percy established himself by the side of Maude, selecting the smoothest path, and conducting himself in the manner of a most devoted cavalier. There was not sitting-room in the same boat for him, so he chose to stand at her back, and straightened himself in stiff indignation when Fred, who sat opposite plying the oars, monopolized both her attention and conversation.

"Better stand in the centre of the skiff, Percy," cautioned Fred.

But the boy deigned no reply, and did not stir. He soon forgot his pique, however, in watching the movements of Mr. Lester, who sat in the further end of the boat, by the side of Laura Gilbert. A troublesome lock of hair had escaped from her elaborate *bouclon*, and Lester claimed the privilege of fastening it back with a spray of some vivid green he had gathered. Glancing up, he saw Percy, bending forward, regarding him with eager, intent gaze. He uttered a quick ejaculation, and the boy, starting back, lost his balance, and was precipitated into the water.

He was quickly rescued, and placed in the other boat, and an immediate effort made to expedite their return.

"You have lost a portion of your jewelry, Miss Gilbert," said Lester, stooping, and then holding up a glittering bauble.

Laura put her hand quickly to her head. She wore long ear-pendants studded thickly with precious stones, and the lower portion of one was missing.

"Thank you! The catch must be defective," she replied, receiving it from his hand.

When they had arrived at home, and Madge was seeing that Percy's wet clothing was properly changed, he gave his version:

"I saw that Mr. Lester a-fixin' up of Laura's hair. While he was puttin' in the green stuff he raised his other hand and touched the spring of her eardrop quick, and then I saw it shining in his hand. When he saw me, he gave such a wicked look I couldn't help starting, which made me fall overboard. I s'pose he wanted it for the pretty shiners."

"You are certainly mistaken, Percy," said Madge, sorely puzzled when he persisted that he was correct in his statement. "At all events, say nothing more about it. Papa would be displeased to have anything said against Mr. Lester."

"I don't like him, anyhow," muttered obdurate Percy.

CHAPTER III.

THE copse of willows from which the Lodge derived its name lay back of the house, a hundred yards distant. One morning, contrary to her usual custom, Therese rose early, and finding the time drag heavily, strolled down to the willows, while waiting for the late breakfast to be served. She was in one of her impatient moods this morning, and stood twisting the litho, pliant twigs about her hands until they were marked with deep red creases.

Early as she was, some one had evidently been before her, and a heavy step came crashing through the bushes. Before she could retire, had she so desired, Gleason Lester pushed himself past her with long, impatient strides; but the drooping

branches screened her from his sight. Something had very evidently transpired to disturb his wonted equanimity, and his face, bowed upon his breast, wore a sullen expression that wonderfully transformed his perfectly chiseled features. A willow branch, hanging low, came in his way, and as he brushed past it, the tawny, golden beard caught, and became slightly displaced, disclosing beneath a smoothly-shaven chin and the jagged edges of a deep, purple scar.

Therese grew pallid as she saw it.

"Oh, I know you now, Antoine Guamme," she breathed, and shrank still closer in the shelter of the friendly bushes.

Unfortunate precaution! A little twig snapped beneath her slight motion, and Gleason Lester, replacing his disguise with a hasty touch, came forward, self-possessed and gentlemanly, and she found herself wondering at his complete control of nerve and action.

"You are out early, Miss Montpierre. But this invigorating air amply repays one for the slight sacrifice of an hour's slumber—do you not think so?"

"Has he not recognized me? or, is it his pleasure to ignore the old associations? What can he be doing here, personating another, at Willowdale Lodge?" thought she.

He read the questions in her eyes as she made some commonplace reply, and, looking steadily at her, said, quietly:

"There is no need that we should be antagonistical now. You have penetrated my disguise, and I knew you almost from the first. What my mission is, or how you attained your present position, are alike mysteries which do not require to be solved. It remains with you whether the past be buried between us."

"You are here for no good, Antoine Guamme—I feel it. Promise me that in no way will you wrong any one at Willowdale, and I remain mute. Otherwise——"

"Well?" He waited for her to finish.

"I cannot see Madge, who has been my friend, made your victim."

"Set your mind easy on that score at least. It does not follow that your plans and mine run in the same groove. The fair Laura is more to my mind; but I shall not lay myself liable to the charge of bigamy even for her. Breathe a word that I am other than I seem, and Marie Moineset's history is made known. Keep silent, and all is well between us."

"So be it, then."

Any one seeing them walk back, side by side, to the house, would never have imagined that their gay badinage was less natural than it seemed, or that any deeper scheme lurked in the mind of either than to render themselves mutually agreeable.

Later in the day, Laura protruded her head in at Therese's open door.

"May I come in?" she asked; and, receiving the desired permission, came forward with a graceful, undulating motion peculiar to herself. "They are all out in the croquet-grounds," said she; "but, for my part, I prefer indoor quiet to the exercise of such laborious sport."

Born a Northerner, with the slow-flowing blood and cool temperament belonging to a cold climate, Miss Gilbert possessed all that love of luxuriant ease attributed to inhabitants of tropical climes; and Therese, knowing her weakness, arranged the cushions of a divan drawn close to the open window for the comfort of her temporary guest.

Laura showed no immediate desire of occupying it, however; but stood by the dainty *chiffonier* finger the array of toilet articles there displayed.

"What a varied assortment you have!" said she,

admiringly. "What is this—bandoline?" and before Therese could prevent, she had raised the crystal-stopped vial, and poured a small portion of a dark-colored liquid into her hand.

"It is a dye for the skin which I used when assuming the character of an Italian peasant in a *tableau*," explained Therese, briefly.

"The children's story of the meddlesome kitten burning its paws," said Laura, ruefully holding up her hand, stained brown where the liquid had touched it. "It will come off, I suppose?"

"Only by using acid," and Therese furnished the article needful for removing the stain.

Laura had made another discovery, which she immediately associated with the finding of the button; but, for the time, she kept her own counsel.

The days passed quietly. Willowdale Lodge lost none of its attractiveness, and the guests walked, rode, sang, talked and disported themselves in the manner most agreeable to each and all. It is amid such rural scenes, untrammelled by prescribed fashionable conventionalities, where restraint is thrown aside and nature asserts herself, that hearts are most often lost and won.

Willowdale promised to prove itself a very paradise for matchmaking. Lester devoted himself especially to Laura, and Guy Hayden speedily discovered a panacea for his lacerated affections in the society of petite Therese. The Wiltons, *père* and *mère*, nodded their heads approvingly over Fred's quiet attentions to Maude Montrose; and the result of all this was, that Madge and Aubrey Vere were thrown much in each other's society, except when the monotony was varied by additions of the youth belonging to the surrounding neighborhood.

About this time, Mr. Wilton was slightly puzzled by the receipt of a note from the elder Lester, one clause of which ran:

"I intend sending my son down to you for a few days. He has been studying too steadily during this hot weather, and needs recreation. Expect him next week."

"I was not aware that you had a brother, Gleason," said he, after imparting the news.

"He alludes to my half-brother. My father married a second time, you know!"

Mr. Wilton did not know, but put down this fact to the remissness of his memory, and gave orders that accommodations should be prepared for the expected addition to their number.

"I have been loitering here too long," muttered Lester, when left alone. "Confound that Bradley! Had he not disappointed me, it would have been all over long ago, the proceeds in our pockets, and we safely away from here. As it is, I must make the strike alone and quickly."

That night Willowdale Lodge was visited by some member of the light-fingered fraternity, and the most valuable pieces of the solid silver plate were abstracted, the loss amounting to the value of several thousand dollars.

"It is evident there was only one," decided the detective for whom Mr. Wilton immediately telegraphed. "Otherwise there would have been a clean sweep where a comparatively small draw has been made."

All efforts to discover the burglar proved fruitless, and two days after the robbery, while yet the search was being briskly followed, Gleason Lester received a message calling him suddenly away. Before he went, Therese sought him alone.

"Was it you?" she asked.

He did not pretend to misunderstand her meaning.

"Was Antoine Guamme a common house-breaker and burglar when you knew him in Paris?"

"I do not know but that it is my duty to ex-

pose what I knew of you there," she said, slowly.

"Fool! As if I did not hold a secret equally potent over your head!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"You have lately grown conscientious; but I doubt if you would like young Hayden to be made acquainted with your former history even yet."

And Therese permitted him to depart in silence.

The early part of the following week brought the *bona fide* Gleason Lester, and the household at Willowdale were made aware of the imposition that had been practiced upon them. Suspicion naturally pointed at the interloper, and vigorous measures were set in action to discover his whereabouts, but without success.

"Perhaps Miss Montpierre can throw some light upon the mysterious subject. I have evidence that she enacted the part of the gipsy girl on the evening of that man's arrival," and Laura displayed the golden button, explaining where and how she had found it.

Therese confessed to having assumed the rôle in a spirit of girlish adventure; but could give no clue to aid the search, and there appeared nothing in her innocent escapade to indicate that she should know more of the suspected criminal than did her companions.

Afterward Guy Hayden drew her aside.

"Therese," said he, "I overheard the gipsy's warning to Lester, but dismissed it from my mind as so many idle words. Now that the missing link is supplied, I can see many things in the past which can point to but one conclusion. Are you, too, deceiving in the character you bear?"

"What right have you to ask?" she demanded.

"The right of your future husband, if you will accept me as such. I ask you to give yourself to me, Therese, believing you to be good and pure, no matter what you may have to conceal."

"I will tell you all—not now, but at some fitting time; and then——"

CHAPTER IV.

"I would have told you my story before promising to be your wife, even if I had entertained no suspicions," began Therese.

"Let me relate it briefly as possible. I have no recollection of my parents, but was bred a *dansesuse*, under the charge of a woman called La Carolina. She was not harsh to me, but I cannot remember that she ever spoke to me a tender word or bestowed a caress; and I used to think I had a hard time of it when I saw other girls of my age acting independently for themselves, and entertaining their lovers, while I, who was a general favorite, and could have been surrounded by a crowd of admirers, was kept under strict surveillance by my guardian. I shudder now when I think of the dangers of which her constant watchfulness kept me in ignorance.

"Until Antoine Guamme came to perform at the theatre where I was engaged, I had never heard protestations of love from any one, and when he found means to elude La Carolina's vigilance, it was an easy task to teach me to regard him as the noblest and best of men.

"It is needless to explain how it all came about. He explained to me that he was not a regular actor, but had first adopted the profession because his tastes inclined that way, and followed it occasionally for amusement. He was rich, and had no need to work for the supply of physical demands. He said that he had seen and become enamored of me upon the stage, and had sought a situation with the view of gaining access to my presence. At last he proposed that I should fly with him from my stern guardian—from the profession for which I had no love, and find happiness with him. In my ignorance of the world and worldly ways, I consented, but was rescued from his hands by a for-

tautous accident. He had obtained a carriage for our flight, and we had reached the more sparsely-built suburbs of the city, when the horses took fright, became unmanageable, and overturned the vehicle upon the verge of an excavation where workmen were busy. He was flung over the side, and striking the lower portion of his face against a sharp-edged stone, a deep cut was inflicted. I was more fortunate, being only stunned by the fall, and receiving no injuries.

"We were conveyed to a house in the vicinity, the residence of an eccentric elderly gentleman, who, though unmarried, and residing only temporarily in Paris, still chose to sustain his own establishment. He recognized Antoine as a professional gambler and *roué*, who had also narrowly escaped transportation for forgery.

"They had some hot words, and I learned that he had been victimized at the card-table by Antoine, but it ended in the latter being sent away, and no harm was done.

"The gentleman, Mr. Montpierre, heard my story, pitied me for my youth and friendlessness, and ended by adopting and educating me.

"I heard afterward that the man Guamme had circulated reports imputing evil motives to my kind benefactor, but I solemnly declare that he treated me always with the consideration he would have bestowed upon a loved daughter. When he came to this country, he brought me with him; and when he died, bequeathed to me his name and fortune.

"That night when Antoine Guamme came here, his disguise deceived me, but I felt positive that I had seen him before. Fearing he was some one who would recognize me as identical with Marie Moinezet, the *danseuse*, I assumed the gipsy's garb, and uttered the warning you heard. I also warned Maude Montrose to wed no dark man, for I thought you would ask her to be your wife, and I loved you. I saw that my random thrust had told, but I did not recognize Antoine until I encountered him one morning down by the willows, and accidentally caught sight of the scar upon his chin, which his false beard ordinarily concealed.

"That is all! Can you still love me when you know that I was once an obscure ballet girl?"

"I love you, Therese!"

EARLY frosts had left their blight upon the summer flowers, and crowned the maple trees with a glory of crimson and gold. The guests were preparing to wing their flight from Willowdale back to their city homes, but before they departed one last excursion was planned to the neighborhood of the mystic spring.

They were on a grape-gathering expedition this time, and the company comprised the same persons, except that the Gleason Lester who now accompanied them was a slight, scholarly-looking youth, very different from the one assuming the name on the previous occasion.

Percy was in his element, climbing up the swaying vines, and pulling those laden with fruit down within reach. The baskets were filled with the luscious purple clusters, when it was suddenly discovered that Percy was missing. No one could remember having seen him for some time, and considerable anxiety was felt regarding him, when his voice was heard at a little distance, calling:

"Oh, Fred! come here quick! What do you suppose I have found?" and there he was, his head protruding from the cavity of the hollow tree he had discovered upon the former occasion, and his face beaming with excitement.

"Aladdin's lamp, I suppose," laughed Fred.

"No, but nearly as good; all our silver things that were stole are here."

And so it proved. Guamme had probably found it too venturesome to attempt their removal while

the search was being so closely pursued, and decided upon this place of concealment as least likely to undergo inspection. The party lost no time in possessing themselves of the articles; and if the pseudo Lester ever returned to repossess himself of them, he received his reward only in the trouble he had taken.

On their return, our friends paused by the mystic spring, and Fred, filling a glass to the brim, presented it to Maude, saying:

"Knowing the hidden virtues the legend attributes to this water, will you drink with me?" Blushing, she took it from his hand, and half-emptied the glass. Afterward he raised it to his lips and drained the last drop.

Laura is Miss Gilbert still, but I think, from the length of time Gleason Lester lingered at Willowdale, that the *soi-disant* gipsy made a mistaken prophecy when she predicted for Madge a life of celibacy.

Mediterranean Boat with a Lateen Sail.

Boats are often fitted only with a single sail, a lug, or a lateen sail, and they can be sailed as well as a ship with a dozen or more set on her. However, a mizzen and jib are generally found convenient for working a boat. We have an example of this in the fine lateen-rigged boat of which we give a picture. What a wide spread of canvas she has, and how beautifully her light yard tapers up toward the sky! The fore part of that lateen-sail acts the part of a jib and foresail—the after-part of a mainsail, but in consequence of the mast being stepped so far forward, it is necessary for her to have a mizzen which is extended by an outrigger or bummkin. She is sailing close hauled on the starboard tack, that is, the tack of the sails is on the starboard side, while the sheets are over on the port side. A vessel of the same rig in the distance is sailing before the wind, with her mainsail over on her port side, and her mizzen rigged out on her starboard side.

These boats are not common with us, but they are the prevailing style throughout the Mediterranean.

A Safe Investment.

JESSICA STORM was decidedly a very pretty girl, a brown beauty with soft hazel eyes, golden brown hair, and a peachy bloom breaking through the velvety dark skin of her oval cheeks; eyebrows and eyelashes were bright warm brown, and such splendors of scarlet and pearl dwelt on her sweet lips, and shone in the double row of little white teeth displayed by said lips, as would have dazzled the eyes and warmed the heart of an anchorite.

Her figure was slight, and peculiarly girlish, willowy in its flexible grace, free as air in its swift movements, and but a trifle above middle height.

Her disposition was sunny, but while archness dwelt in the dimples round her lips, the expression of her eyes was slightly pensive, and lent a charming air of dreaminess to her face.

And with this young girl, Charlie Vance, a promising young lawyer, was very much in love; but while the state of her feelings toward him was a matter of somewhat painful uncertainty to the young gentleman, the condition of her aunt's sentiments toward him was by no means under the same cloud.

Miss Prudentia Storm had two horrors in

life, burglars and Charlie Vance, and at the time this little tale opens, the energies of her mind were devoted to keeping both off her premises—a most exquisite little cottage *ornée*, about two miles out of the city, where everything that could please the eye, or minister to the comfort of the body, seemed to have been collected on a miniature scale, suitable to the abode of a maiden lady.

Despite a few peculiarities, Miss Prudentia was a woman in a thousand, and on my honor as a gentleman, her taste in wines, and the higher branches of cookery, quite equaled my own; and a finer glass of Lafitte or more scientifically delicious *pâte* I never tasted than at the oval dining-table of Rosehurst, though from the day I was the luckless means of introducing Charlie Vance to Miss Storm's abode, and niece, my invitations to the oval altar of cookery became fewer and fewer, until at length I was placed in the painful position of being obliged to choose between unlimited Lafitte and a French cook at Rosehurst, and a mere chop and the society of Charlie Vance in town.

Need I mention which I chose? It was painful, but I did it, or rather *appeared* to do it, which frequently answers the same purpose. In reality, I steered a middle course.

When a man arrives at my time of life, with refined tastes in the matter of diet, and means for gratifying them so very refined that they hardly exist at all, his mission must necessarily be to take the tenderest care of himself at some one else's expense, and such being the state of my case, could I, I ask, surrender the delights of Rosehurst for the sake of a struggling young lawyer? No! The nineteenth century could not expect it, and if it did, it would have been sadly disappointed.

I had three strings to pull at this time. To Miss Prudentia (in private) I shook my head over Charlie's failings, and reinstated myself in her good opinion. To the pretty Jessica (in private) I occupied myself with his virtues—and was rewarded by her brightest smiles. To the banished youth himself, I brought news of his beloved, and represented myself as a friend at court.

He was a fine young man, but did not possess much delicacy of feeling. He insisted on lending me a snug sum, not even requiring my personal security (which in fact would not have been worth much) for its payment.

I was pained, but controlled my feelings. I took the money, and a tiny note for Jessica's white hand, which it is needless to say I forgot to deliver, but which necessitated my inventing for her a tender verbal reply, which I flatter myself was a credit to both my head and my heart.

I have always regarded it as a mistake my not having been born in the days of chivalry, as I am confident that nature intended me for a Troubadour, or why the vein of sentiment which runs like a thread of gold through the granite of my character?

To this day I am not aware of Miss Prudentia's reasons for declining to receive Charlie Vance at Rosehurst, but as she intended, on leaving this sublimary sphere, to bequeath her earthly possessions to Jessica, I imagine

that she did not consider the young gentleman sufficiently eligible in a pecuniary point of view.

However, there was nothing in the statutes of the land to prevent his gratifying his taste for the picturesque in architecture by wandering on moonlight evenings in close proximity to the wire fence which separated the grounds of Rosehurst from the highway, and to this legal Pyramus lightly would trip the white-robed Thisbe, and while Miss Prudentia, stout and majestic, slumbered peacefully in her capacious armchair in the pretty octagon drawing-room, Charlie and Jessica, with but the frail barrier of the wire fence between them, exchanged vows and promises in whispers not calculated to penetrate to Miss Prudentia's bower.

Miss Storm the elder possessed not only eyes, but spectacles, gold-rimmed, real pebble, and which lent a very penetrating expression indeed to her countenance, but even with their aid she failed to discover the existing state of things, and as Jessica never mentioned his name before her, Charlie was almost fading from her memory, when an incident occurred which threw the good lady into a fever of excitement.

One evening in June I found myself seated opposite Miss Prudentia in the octagon drawing-room.

I am the happy possessor of an excellent digestion, and gently reclining in the corresponding armchair to that of my hostess, with my eyes fixed dreamily on the stars, visible through the open French windows, through which also stole the perfume of roses mingling with the aroma of the most exquisite Mocha ever prepared by mortal hands, I gave myself up to the virtuous enjoyment of the passing hour.

No light but that of the glimmering moon illumined the apartment, and that was all concentrated on Jessica, who, seated at the piano, was playing the air of some tender little German *lied* softly, and in a manner which I felt convinced was intended specially to woo Miss Prudentia's after-dinner nap to that worthy woman's eyelids, for had I not surreptitiously conveyed to her the intelligence that Pyramus Vance would be at the corner of the wire fence at eight to a second, and had not that hour already passed and found her aunt's eyes open and abstractedly gazing toward the very corner where their tryst was named?

But gradually the influence of the soothing strain and the reminiscence of her *recherché* dinner conquered, or was about to do so, and more than once her majestic head and Roman nose had gently inclined toward her expansive black satin chest, and the German *lied* was dying away into silence, when Miss Prudentia suddenly bounded from her chair, and with hand outstretched toward a group of laurels in the centre of the lawn, she ejaculated the single word, "Burglars!"

Jessica sprang up from the music-stool with a low shriek, and sheltering myself behind the high back of her aunt's chair (in case the blood-thirsty wretch had a revolver), I looked in the direction of the laurels, and plainly saw a man's head and shoulders defined against the evening sky.

I recovered my mental equilibrium, lost but

for a moment. I came out from behind the chair. I took her agitated hand.

"Compose yourself, let me beg of you!" I exclaimed, placing her in a seat which did not command a view of the laurels; "I will investigate this mystery—be it mine to face the danger! Remain here till I return." And seizing the afghan from the sofa, I flung it over my head (I am very easily upset by the dews of evening), and disregarding the elder lady's adjurations to return, I sprang through the French window, and would no doubt have bounded toward the laurels, had not a shortness of breath, and a form of more solid stateliness than buoyant slenderness, precluded anything beyond a mere processional pace.

The fact was, I had recognized the outline of the supposed burglar as belonging to Charlie. Had it not been so, prudence would have suggested my remaining in safety behind the chair; as it was, that friendly counselor hinted that if Charlie were discovered prowling about the premises, I might be suspected of complicity in the affair, and forever forbidden the delights of Rosehurst.

I never disregard the whispers of prudence, and I determined, by taking the matter into my own hands, not only to prevent the discovery of Charlie's identity, but earn the eternal gratitude of both the ladies by my chivalrous conduct.

I made my way over the damp lawn, and found, as I suspected, Charlie, disconsolate at Jessica's non-appearance, and unaware of his being visible from the house.

I urged upon him to depart, and he took my advice, charging me with a hundred tenderly reproachful messages to the charming Jessica, while with anguish of soul (let me beg the reader not to suspect a pun), I felt the pearly dew insinuating itself through my patent leather shoes, and imparting a curious coolness to my toes.

I watched him out beyond the wire fence, and then returned to the cottage, where I found Miss Prudentia, fearfully agitated, and on my account. Can I be blamed if a certain tenderness, as it were, crept into my manner as I took her hand and assured her of my safety, and that all danger was over for the present?

The air of Rosehurst agreed with me, so did its dinners; why should I not enjoy them in perpetuity?

"A truculent-looking tramp, a ferocious and insolent savage, my dear Miss Prudentia," I murmured, pressing her hand as I sank gasping into a chair; "but you may depend on my shedding my heart's best blood in your service! Ah, yes!"

At this critical moment Williams, the elderly footman, entered with lights, and I felt compelled to release her hand, especially as Jessica's brown eyes were fixed on me with a very odd expression in them, strangely compounded of laughter and wrath, for she also had recognized Charlie's silhouette.

Nothing could induce Miss Storm to remain that night at Rosehurst, with only the protection of servants.

"His fearful designs have so far been frustrated," she said, solemnly; "but who can tell but that he may return at midnight with a gang

of desperadoes; and there is the plate, Jessica's oriental pearls, my diamonds, and my new French—" Her voice faltered with emotion. "No, you must not leave us unprotected this dreadful, dreadful night!"

Knowing the extent of the danger, I gracefully yielded to her solicitations; and after a delicious *petit souper*, I retired to a silken-hung French bedstead, at peace with myself and all the world. How happy is the man whose digestion and conscience are in good order!

The following day I retired to my bachelor apartments in town, and a day or two afterward I received the following note from the hand of Miss Prudentia:

"ROSEHURST, June —

"MY VALUED FRIEND: Since that dreadful night last week, of which I need not remind you, my nerves have been in so fearfully agitated a state, that I have been utterly unable to attend to the ordinary avocations of life, and I feel that, unless I place myself in a position to defy the midnight marauder, I shall never know another peaceful moment. (My hand trembled. Was she about to—in fact, propose?) At length, dear friend, I have discovered what I have so frequently longed for, and you will earn another claim to my everlasting gratitude if you will call at the place mentioned in the inclosed advertisement, and purchase the article mentioned in it, at any price. I inclose a blank check, which you will fill up as you may require. Yours ever gratefully,

"PRUDENTIA STORM."

The advertisement ran as follows:

"A gentleman, about leaving the city, desires to part with a burglar-proof safe, a lock with a hundred thousand changes, and all modern improvements. Call at No. — Blank street."

To No. — Blank street I accordingly went, and found the advertiser to be a mercantile cousin of Charlie Vance's, whose business was taking him across the Atlantic.

I saw the safe. I bought the safe, and personally superintended its removal to Rosehurst, and at the same time conveyed to Miss Prudentia a sealed envelope, containing the word which was to act as an "open sesame" to its intricate machinery.

I did not see the ladies, for Miss Storm was slightly indisposed, and Jessica was out driving; so I returned to town, and, for a couple of days, heard no further tidings of the inhabitants of Rosehurst.

Charlie paid me a visit to bemoan his hard fate. His curls were limp, his mustache drooping, and his meerschaum was but a weariness.

He spoke words of wrath connected with Miss Prudentia. He actually spoke of that estimable woman as an "apoplectic old dragon." He dashed his fist on the table; he stalked up and down my modest apartments.

I did not attempt to calm him. As well might I have striven to emulate the performance of the celebrated lion-tamer.

"I'd marry her to-morrow," he cried, speaking, it is needless to observe, not of Miss Prudentia, but of Jessica, "if she'd only have me; but all I can get her to say is, 'Dear Charlie, I can't make up my mind to vex dear auntie!'"

The blessed little angel! If I could only get some way of frightening or coaxing the old woman into giving her consent! But if it was a thousand years, I'd wait for her!"

He groaned, and pulled Tom's ears (my cat) until the unfortunate animal erected his back, and expectorated freely into my friend's countenance, at the same time insinuating his sharp claws through the thin material of a portion of his sunflower garments.

Charlie sprang to his feet, upsetting his chair, and at the same moment a knock came at my door.

"Come in," I called, and in answer to my summons it turned on its hinges, and disclosed the portly form of Williams, the Storms' footman, standing on the threshold.

"Good-morning, Williams," I remarked, blandly. "Any message from the ladies this morning?"

"Yes, sir—most pertickler. You're wanted up at the cottage in the wust way," and what appeared to be the shadow of a smile passed over the well-drilled features of the admirable domestic.

"What is the matter? I hope nothing amies with the ladies?" I inquired, anxiously, while Charlie turned as white as his collar, and looked with fierce anxiety at the unconscious Williams.

"Oh, no, sir—at least, not quite; leastways it's the safe." Here he paused, and laughed behind his hand. "Beg parding, sir, but Miss Storm 'ave been and put everything into that 'ere burglar-proof safe, and she can't no ways get them out again—'er 'air too, sir, *hand 'er teeth*—she 'ave, indeed!" and Mr. Williams indulged in a second choking fit behind his hand, in which he was joined by Charlie, who roared forth his merriment in a manner I can liken to nothing but a cannonade.

"She's forgotten the word!" he ejaculated, for I had told him the history of the safe, and a sudden gleam illumined his features. "Go on, my man," he said to Williams; "let us hear the remainder."

"Well, sir," continued the man, addressing me, "Miss Storm told me to ask if you'd come out and see to it, hand I brought the pony-carriage for to drive you there. She is in a hawful way, she is!"

I seized my hat, and was about to follow him down to the vehicle, when Charlie seized me, and poured a torrent of words into my ear, and suffice it to say, that as the bay ponies whirled me off toward Rosehurst, a hired cab conveyed him in the same direction.

Williams had not exaggerated the state of affairs at the cottage.

Miss Prudentia, with her exquisite French coiffure replaced by a white towel, was seated before a large Webster's dictionary, endeavoring, by diligent study of its columns, to recall the lost word, for she had lost the paper containing it, and it had completely slipped from her by no means retentive memory.

It *might* be the name of a Welsh mountain—indeed, she rather thought it *was*; but then again there were a great many chances that it was not.

There was not a single article of value in the cottage, from her own teeth and diamonds to Williams's turnip-shaped silver watch, that had

not found its way into the capacious maw of the burglar-proof safe.

A large and brilliant gathering at the house of a Fifth Avenue potentate would await her presence in vain, for how could she appear in society without those triumphs of French art which usually decorated her majestic person?

As my incompetency became manifest, Miss Prudentia's despair became acute, and in a burst of impatience she seized the poker, and commenced a vigorous assault with it on the door of the safe, but without making the least impression on it.

At this crisis my strategic talents came into play. I assumed the meditative attitude common to all truly great men. I folded my arms and knitted my brows, and Miss Prudentia gazed at me with renewed hope in her countenance.

"My dear madame," I said, feelingly, and at the same time taking her hand in mine, "believe me, I sympathize deeply with your painful position. Send for a mere callous locksmith to pick the lock of this treacherous article, and the public prints of this city will teem with paragraphs headed, 'Amusing Incident in Fashionable Circles.' The absence of your admirable—" I closed my eyes and waved my hand to signify that I alluded to the extremely delicate subject of her hair and teeth—"will be heartlessly commented on, and, in fact, your prestige in society will more or less suffer. Now, I happen to know a person who can assist you out of this difficulty, and who, for his own sake, will be strictly reticent on the subject. This person's name is——"

"I really do not care what it is," said Miss Prudentia, "so long as he opens this dreadful lock, and says nothing about it. I will give him anything he asks, I'm sure."

Miss Prudentia Storm had a reputation to keep up, as the most naturally got-up woman of her time of life in New York, and the detention of her—not to put too fine a point on it—wig in durance vile racked her really fine feelings dreadfully.

"Miss Jessica," I said, turning to that most charming of young women, who was standing beside me, a radiant Aurora, in a pink mualth morning-dress, and crimson roses stuck in the ribbon of her garden-hat, "you will find the young man at the corner of the wire fence, shaded by the laurels. May I entreat of you to ask him to step this way?"

She flitted away like a bird, and in a few minutes we heard her light step tripping back, keeping harmonious time to a heavier one.

I fixed an anxious eye on Miss Prudentia as the door swung open and disclosed the form of Charlie Vance standing on the threshold, and over his shoulder peeped the arch, brown eyes of the pretty Jessica.

I am happy to say Miss Prudentia was open to reason. She possessed a logical mind, and as Charlie, from having been in his cousin's confidence in the matter, could open the safe, and no one else could, and he was really doing very well at his profession, she graciously withdrew her interdict, and within a short period I had the happiness of attending the wedding festivities of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Vance.



FLORENCE FANE'S TREACHERY.—“‘YOU WILL FORGIVE ME, RALPH, WHEN YOU HEAR ALL,’ I CRIED, FALLING DOWN ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIM.”

Florence Fane's Treachery.

How can I go back and repeat my sorrows? How can I live the dreadful past over? And yet I feel that it is my duty to do so—that others, by reading my life, may be saved from the pits wherein I have fallen and so nearly been wrecked and ruined forever!

We lived alone—mother, Florence and I—in a large, old-fashioned house that had belonged to the Fanes from almost time immemorial.

Florence was one of those exquisitely beautiful, haughty blondes. Every one that saw her were enraptured by her regal magnificence, and, to judge by the devotees around her shrine, one would have mistaken her for a queen of ancient days.

Often I looked at my mother, my sister, and my dead father's portrait, and then gazed at my own reflection in the mirror. From whence came my olive complexion, my dreamy Italian eyes, my long, black hair? Why was I small, almost elfish in appearance? Why, how could I be so entirely different to all the rest, that not even a single curve of my face betokened my relationship to them at all? Was that the reason that Florence was petted and caressed, while I was treated as a menial?

Often I asked myself these questions, and hated my own dusky self with all the intensity of my quick, passionate nature.

Years passed. Among those who came to the house was one Ralph Stuveysant. From the first I felt attracted toward him as I had never been by

mortal before, but in proportion to my love—for love it *was*—I became colder and more reserved.

At last he met me alone one day.

"Why do you avoid me, Isabel?" he asked, as I tried to pass him.

"Avoid you?" I returned. "I was not aware of it."

"You are aware of it, Isabel," he responded, passionately, "and you do it for a purpose! You know that I love you, my dark-eyed darling, and yet you hate me!"

A thrill passed over me. All the hot blood in my body surged through my veins. Ralph loved me!

"Love me!" I echoed. "Impossible! Are you not betrothed to my sister Florence?"

"Never!" he ejaculated. "I never spoke a word to her which could be misconstrued into that of love. I have never loved any one else but you, Isabel Fane. I shall never love another!"

At last we were engaged. I accepted the happiness Providence had thrust upon me.

Then we went to my mother. I never saw such a look of hatred settle upon any human face as upon hers when she gave her consent.

After Ralph was gone, she called me into a room where there were only herself and Florence present.

"What have you done, you viper?" she demanded. "I knew I was nourishing a serpent in my bosom, that would some day turn and sting me! You have stolen Florence's lover from her; and yet, if Ralph Stuveysant knew *who* or *what* you were, he would turn from you as from a reptile!"

"Who or what I am?" I exclaimed. "I am your child!"

"Thank God, no! No drop of my blood courses in *your* veins! Let me tell you what you are. My husband had a sister who was as frail as she was fair. She eloped from her home with an Italian, and her name was forgotten. At last she returned home, with an infant in her arms. They took her in—she was insane—no coherent word passed her lips—she died! My husband, knowing you to be a child of shame, took you in, and I have brought you up. This is the way you have repaid my kindness! And if Ralph Stuveysant knew this, knew your origin, do you think he would take a nameless nobody to his heart?"

My heart sank within me. Ralph was proud, and I—was what? I do not know how I lived through the few succeeding moments. I thought my life was leaving me then and there.

"I will tell him all," I murmured at last. "I will throw myself on his mercy!"

At that moment Florence arose up and stood before me.

"Dare you reveal that secret to him!" she said, haughtily. "You shall not bring shame on our name. Keep the filthy knowledge to yourself, and may it eat like a canker-worm into your heart! Go!"

I crept out of the room. I cannot describe the anguish which swept over me, and yet beneath it all there was one thrill of joy—I would not lose Ralph—I was not to tell him the secret, and *they* would keep it!

Oh! if I had not yielded to that thought! If I had only dared to tell him all, and braved his scorn then, how many, many days, and weeks, and months of pain I would have saved myself!

Nevertheless I *was* changed. It wore upon me. I was as proud, ah! even prouder than them, and the knowledge of my unknown birth was worse than the bitterness of death!

But I will hasten. We were married, I as *Isabel Fane!*

For the first few weeks I was happy. I tried to

forget what they had told me, and partly succeeded.

One morning a note was handed to me. I tore it open, while a strange, nervous tremor passed over me.

"My darling child," it said, "I am lying sick, perhaps dying. Come to me."

I wondered what it meant, and yet my heart told me only too well. This strange note must be from *my father*—no one else would call me their child.

I did not stop to think. I concealed the letter in my bosom, I put on my hat, and slipped out. I went to the hotel mentioned. I inquired for the stranger. I was shown into a room where a man lay sick.

I went to the bedside.

"I am Mrs. Stuveysant," I said. "What do you want of me?"

"Isabel, does your heart not tell you?" he cried. "I am your father!"

I looked down into his face. It was a dark, swarthy, sunburned face, but I felt no love creep into my heart for him.

"Your child, am I?" I asked. "Was my mother your wife?"

"No," he said, slowly; "but, nevertheless, you are *mine*."

Our interview at first was stormy, but sympathy at last overcame me. He *was* my father, I thought, and I would do my best for him. But how was I to tend him? I did not dare to tell Ralph, and I was bewildered. At last I promised to visit him at least once a day in disguise.

For a week I kept my word. I had a hard time avoiding Ralph. I even began to think that he looked with a suspicious eye upon me. And during the time, I loathed the man that claimed me as his child, more and more.

One day when I returned home I found a letter awaiting me.

"The master has been in and gone away," my maid said. "He asked for you, and after he was gone, Miss Florence brought this letter over."

I opened it.

"I have discovered your perfidy at last. I watched you on your stolen visits to your paramour. I know his character—I know all! I am going away, so as not to meet you, and my advice is for you to leave Fernleigh as soon as possible."
"RALPH."

I did not faint. That which I had most dreaded had come to pass—Ralph had found all out, he had forsaken me. I went down to the man, and told him.

"My child, I am strong enough to go away," he said. "I will go away with you. I will try all in my power to recompense you for the evil I have brought upon you."

I was too much troubled to think for myself. Ralph had left; this man had been beloved by my mother once. I went with him. I left no word behind me. I intended to be as one dead to my old home forever.

A week later, when we were in the city, the man walked over to me.

"Do you know I have been playing a part, Isabel?" he asked.

The strange light in his wicked face frightened me. I shivered.

"I am *not* your father," he continued; "I have been but the instrument in Florence Fane's hands to revenge herself with. She found me in the city—she told me your story—she induced me to go there, and enact the part of your father. She told Ralph that I was an old lover of yours—she told him when to watch you. You know how s!

has succeeded. *He* will never take you back, and you had better throw your lot in with mine!"

I drank in every word that the monster uttered. I now saw how completely they had duped me.

"Your reputation is already gone," he continued. "Your old home rings with the news of your elopement. There is no use for you to attempt to resist fate!"

I listened to no more. I rushed out of the house like one insane. He did not follow me. I think he thought I would return.

It was near dusk. I ran, as if possessed, toward the water. How good it looked—how I longed for death!

I remembered nothing more until I was lying in the cabin of a ship. I looked up. A strange face was bending over me. I looked again. There was something familiar, and yet not familiar, in that face, which attracted me.

"Where am I?" I asked. "Why did you not let me die?" I wailed, as the truth that I had been rescued from death burst in upon my mind.

"Hush, child!" he said, gently; but there was a foreign accent on his tongue. God gave life—He alone must take it!"

I told him all my pitiful story—told him as if I had known him for years.

A strange look swept over him.

"Your mother's name?" he gasped.

"Isabel Fane."

"My wife! Thank God, my child—found at last!" he sobbed, as he drew me to his bosom.

I did not resist his embrace. My heart told me he spoke the truth.

"Oh! tell me all," I said; and as soon as he became calm enough to speak, he did.

"I loved your mother," he said; "but her brother objected to our marrying. We eloped. We were married in this city, and she sailed in the ship of which I was captain, for Italy, with me. We returned here; you were born. I left her here in the city, while I would make one voyage without her. My ship was wrecked, and it was a long while before I returned. When I did, it was to find her *gone—missing*. They told me where she had boarded last—that she heard of my loss, as she supposed, and went insane. She took her child, and wandered away. I went to her old home. They told me she was dead, and her child alone. I have been a miserable man since!"

I knew his story was true—I had no doubts.

"And now, my dear," he continued, "your grievous wrong shall be righted."

He went with me to the hotel where I had left my pretended father. Together we faced the demon.

"You personated *me*," my rightful father said, sternly, "to my dear daughter, and you must come back to Fernleigh, and confess your wrongdoing, or I will blow your brains out."

He drew a pistol as he spoke, and presented it to his head. The villain trembled. He promised to do as he wished him. We all started for Fernleigh. We went direct to my home. It was closed—Ralph had gone away—to Europe, they told us!

I was dumb with despair! Ralph was gone!

"You shall yet be righted," my father said.

He almost carried me to the office of a justice of the peace. He told his story, displayed his old marriage certificate with Isabel Fane, and proved his identity. Then he compelled the demon that had ruined my name to tell his story, and make an affidavit to it.

Before night the details were all over the town, and a thousand tongues talking of naughty Florence Fane's evil scheme to separate Ralph and me.

My father had to leave me. I went back to his home, to wait for his return. No one

knew where he had gone—that was, to write to him—nor when he would return.

Mrs. Fane sold her property, and, with Florence, she left forever.

Months passed. I was lonely—despairing. Ralph would never, never come back, I said to myself. Suddenly he walked into the house. He looked at me, I at him.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, sternly.

"How dare you come back here?"

"You will forgive me, Ralph, when you hear all," I cried, falling down on the floor beside him, and clutching at his feet.

I do not know how I told him the story. It must have been in a sort of a wild, impetuous way; but at last he understood me!

He clasped me to his bosom—he kissed me—our reconciliation was complete!

"If you had only told me," he said, "all this might have been saved! This has been an almost fatal mistake."

I never saw Florence or her mother after.

My father came home to live with us. We were happy—the past was forgotten!

Saved From Death.

CLIVE and I were engaged to be married, and had been so about three months. We had known each other a great many years; and he often came down to the rectory, till one day, in a very unromantic manner, he asked me if I would be his wife; and though there had been none of the sighings and jealousies and heart-burnings we read about, I knew that, in my foolish, little way, I was very fond of Clive; and feeling how good and true-hearted and strong he was, and how glad I ought to be that he would stoop to such a poor, little, insignificant girl as I was, I looked up in his brave, handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and then I said I would; and then for a while I was clasped close to his breast; and it seemed to me that there could be no more care or trouble in this world, and all that I had to do was to nestle there to be safe from all life-storms to come. He kissed me then, gently and lovingly; and somehow I felt very happy—so happy, that when my uncle, who had brought me up from a child, came into the room, I did not flinch hastily away, but went to him quietly, and clung to his arm, while Clive, in his bold open way, said: "Mr. Grace, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my cheek as he drew me closer to him; and after that, matters went on in a very quiet, unexciting way for three months, Clive coming down on Saturday night, and staying till Monday morning, when he returned to his office in the city, and in those days we used quietly to talk about the future; how in years to come we were to be married, and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income, taking a cottage somewhere six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly—because Clive's salary was anything but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day Clive came down in great haste, and I could see by his face that he had important news to communicate; and so it proved. He had been asked by his employers, a large mer-

chant firm, whether he would like to accept another appointment.

"But is it advantageous?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, in a quiet, strange way; "six hundred a year."

"Six hundred a year, Clive?" I exclaimed; "why, we shall be rich."

"Rich, yes," he said, taking my hand; "but there is a drawback."

"A drawback?"

"Yes; I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain."

"Well," I said, "but is that not advantageous?"

"Perhaps," he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke; "but I have not told you where it is."

"Not abroad, Clive?" I exclaimed, as a sudden pang shot through me.

"Yes, love, abroad—in Java—at a Dutch station."

"But you cannot accept it, Clive—six years—you will not leave me?" Then I checked myself, as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a stumbling-block in his path, when fortune was within his grasp.

"Do you wish me to give it up, Mary?" he said.

"Yes—no, no, Clive! I am selfish!" I exclaimed; "you must not throw it up—it would be destroying your future prospects. It seems hard to bear—hard to wait for six years; but we must be patient."

I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me sobbing in his arms as he whispered:

"Is there no other way of getting over the difficulty, darling?"

I looked up in his face, for, for a few moments, I did not see what he meant; but the next minute I was clinging to him, weeping silently; and so it fell out, that at eighteen I was my dear husband's girlish little wife, so girlish, that, as we ascended the side of the great ship *Batavian* at Gravesend, I saw the sailors whispering to one another, and I felt my cheeks burn, because I knew that they were saying I was such a mere child. For it was all like a dream—that hurried wedding, and the hasty preparation for our voyage. My uncle had said that it would be suicidal for Clive to give up so good an appointment; and, though he felt it bitterly, he considered with Clive that six years was too long a separation. "Had it been three," he said, "he would have considered it our duty to wait." But as it was for a longer period, he yielded easily to Clive's solicitations; and, in one short fortnight, all was settled; farewells had been said, and the great ship was slowly sailing down the ever-widening river.

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the reassuring touch of Clive's hand to make me realize the fact that we were bidding farewell to the old country. But so it was; and, though my heart was sore at parting from my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness, that I fear I did not think enough of his pain.

The days glided by, even as the great ship

glided past the shores of the old country, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were far at sea.

Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor always had a smile for me; and as we reached in time the hotter regions, there was always a summons, and the best place reserved for poor little me whenever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark was in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and, as I sat with the soft breezes fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had read seemed so distant and impossible, that I could hardly believe the gentle, rippling waves, and the soft, cloud-flecked sky, could possibly be guilty of the cruelties of which we hear.

At last, though, came a cloud, and that cloud seemed to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was on account of the vessel.

It was upon one soft, tropical evening that I elicited that response from him; and, as he spoke, he drew me closer to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark bosom of the sea.

"Are you keeping anything from me, Clive?" I said, gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life?"

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"But I should not be happy if I felt that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance, you would be inflicting the very trouble from which you would screen me."

"Beaten with my own weapons," he said, lightly; and then, in an undertone: "I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"But why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look along the deck and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the men of the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"What makes you uneasy, then?" I asked after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I cannot bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not noticed any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They have seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.

"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping looks ominous."

"Ominous?"

"Yes, love. Three days ago, one man was employed pumping; the next day, two men were at work at once, and they were relieved again and again; yesterday, four men were pumping all day till evening; to-day, it was commenced at daybreak, and orders have, I

know, been given that it is to be kept up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what the answer would be.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung a leak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may be excused; for I felt a strange catching of my breath, and a sense of dread stealing over me; but I tried hard to master it all, and I don't think my voice shook as I laid my hands on Clive's breast, and said: "Dear husband, we are in the hands of the Almighty; let us hope that in our weakness we are magnifying the peril."

He caught my hands in his, and held me at arms'-length for a few moments, gazing down in my eyes. "And I've been thinking you a timid little girl, Mary!" he exclaimed, at length. "God bless you! Yours is indeed a brave little heart."

We were interrupted by a little display of excitement forward, and in the dim light we could see that the captain and both the mates were there. Orders were hurriedly given, and soon there was the clanking noise of another pump hard at work, with the plashing of the water as it streamed down over the side. Lanterns were busily moving about, now on deck, now disappearing below. Then I heard calls for the carpenter, and the captain giving loud orders; and soon after there was a good deal of bustle close to the ship's bows; and Clive explained to me that they were drawing a sail under the bottom of the ship, so as to try and stop the flood of water, for it was evident that the danger was growing greater.

All through that long, dark night we staid on deck, listening to the clanking noise of the pumps, and the rippling plash of the water as it ran over the side; but when morning broke, it was evident that the danger was not lessened. The captain looked pale and anxious, and there was a sullen, discontented look about the men, who could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to keep to their work of pumping. About midday they broke out into open mutiny, and refused to pump any longer; for the carpenter, having been sent below, came up with so bad a report that the men left their work directly, and, in spite of commands, and even threats, they set their officers at defiance, and began to make preparations for leaving the ship.

"Look here, Cap'n Webster," said an old, bluff-looking sailor, "we're ready enough to obey, only it ain't no good to stop here, with the ship sinking under us. The murder's out now, and what's the good of fighting against it? She's started a plank, that's what she's done, and all the pumps, and twice as many more, could not keep the water under."

"John Jackson," said the captain, "you're the last man I should have thought would turn against your captain."

"So I am, cap'n—hang me if I ain't," said the man. "It's no good, lads; I'm under orders again. Who's coming on my side?"

Three more men came out of the little group, and followed the bluff old sailor to where the captain and the mates were standing in front of us; but the rest of the crew went on stolidly

placing water and provisions in a couple of the boats, and at last launched them, and were about to push off without a word, when Captain Webster threw them in a compass, and gave them directions which course to steer.

Five minutes after they were rowing swiftly away, when, for the first time, Clive spoke: "Is there no chance of saving the vessel, Captain Webster?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "not the slightest. In two hours she will have gone down."

I shivered as I heard these words, but I tried to smile as Clive glanced round at me; and then, for the next hour, busy preparations for leaving the vessel were carried on.

The boat left was large and roomy, and upon its being launched, sails, masts and cordage were placed inside, with quite a heavy store of water and provisions, every man working hard, and though they smiled at my efforts, I ran backward and forward from the cabin, carrying necessities for our use.

But at last all was declared to be in readiness, and I was lowered over the side, Clive quickly taking his place with me in the boat, where there were already the four sailors; then came the two mates, and lastly the captain.

"You bear witness, gentlemen," he said, "that I left nothing undone, and that it was not until every effort had failed that I left my ship."

He would have said more, but something which caught his eye made him shout to the men to seize their oars; and then, all together, they rowed hard away from the ship's side.

At first I did not know why this was done, but I soon saw that it was to avoid the vortex which the sinking vessel would cause; for, before five minutes had elapsed, the great ship began to roll slowly from side to side, and then, in spite of myself, I uttered a cry as it gave a plunge forward, and seemed to dive down out of sight, leaving us alone upon the surface of the great waters.

The night came on, and passed slowly away, affecting us all with a deep feeling of awe as we thought of the frail defense we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night, and I know that no one slept; but we all sat watching and longing for the morning.

At another time I could have remained rapt with wonder and joy at the glorious sunrise, which flooded the whole surface of the sea with orange and gold; but there was the sense of the great solitude oppressing me always, while around me were the pale, haggard faces of men who knew the perilous strait in which we lay.

As the morning broke, though, the captain rose up in the bows, and stood looking around in every direction, to try if he could make out where the other boats were, but, though he tried again and again, he could see nothing; and we felt that we were alone. It was not a time for repining, however, and every man set busily to work, arranging such things as we had in the boat; then a little mast was set up, and a sail hoisted, which the soft breeze gently

filled; and the boat began to go lightly over the swell. After a short consultation, the captain determined to sail for the island of Amsterdam, a tiny speck in mid-ocean, but a place that might prove to us a haven of refuge till a passing vessel could take us off; for, though at the present time the sea and sky were serene and bright, we did not know how soon a storm might arise to engulf our little frail boat.

One—two—three days we sailed on; and then came a change—a fierce wind blowing from the very direction in which our island lay. First, the sky grew black with clouds, while the sea became white and foaming, the waves each moment curling up more and more fiercely, till they beat against the sides and splashed over. The boat's course was altered, the sail lowered all but a tiny portion, and then the little vessel began to ride swiftly over the waves, now leaping up a great hill of water, hanging balanced on the foamy ridge, and then plunging and gliding down into a depth from which it seemed impossible that we could ever rise. Then came a time when every one except the captain, who sat pale and stern, steering the boat, began to bail out the water which constantly dashed over the sides. Even I would have helped, but every one smiled, and tried to make the part of the boat I was in more comfortable, by putting up a portion of the sail, so as to screen me from the spray, which was now icily cold.

It might be thought that in such a time of trouble men would have been moved by selfish thoughts; but it was not so, for again and again it seemed to me that I was made the first consideration. When biscuit and water, or wine, were passed around, I received always the first share; and all through that wild and fearful time, even the roughest sailor there was ready to show me respect, and try to do some little act to prove his willingness to serve me.

For a whole week we were borne along through that great chaos of troubled waters, each moment expecting some huge wave to engulf us; and then slowly the tempest began to abate. First, the wind went down, and then by slow degrees the waves—so slowly, though, that losing care, now that the peril was supposed to be great, one of the sailors, who was steering, allowed a wave to wash right in, deluging the boat from end to end, so that it seemed about to sink, and I clung to Clive, feeling that our last hour had come.

The confusion caused by this sudden danger made matters worse; and two of the men plunged overboard with an oar each, to keep themselves afloat, for they felt that the boat was going down. But a few words from Captain Webster restored confidence; and, in spite of fatigue, the water was attacked, so that each moment the vessel rose higher, and at last was entirely free once more.

It was two days, though, before the sun once again shone out to cheer our disconsolate state—disconsolate, indeed; for, in the time of peril, the little water-casks had been washed or thrown out, while the greater part of our provisions had floated away, at a time when every thought had been devoted toward keeping afloat. The biscuit was saturated, and we were all cold and numbed with being so long

shivering in the water. It almost seemed to chill our very hearts, when, upon examination being made of each bag and case of provision, they were, without exception, found to have been destroyed by exposure.

"Looking will not mend it, my lads," said the captain, bravely. "Let us be hopeful, and fight through it all as well as we can. Never despair; and recollect that we have a charge here to save as well as ourselves."

He pointed to me as he spoke, and the men gave a faint cheer, as, in accordance with his orders, the sail was once more well hoisted, the boat trimmed, and we were once more skimming over the sea.

Night, morning—night, morning, succeeding each other, for I don't know how many strange and misty days of horror, with a gnawing pain of hunger tormenting us, and the pains of thirst becoming hourly more and more unbearable. Captain Webster held up bravely, and encouraged us all; but we could only see that we were sailing on to our death—a death of torment, with the burning sun above us, and the mocking water around, ever tantalizing, and, as it were, asking us to drink, as it lapped musically against the frail sides, foaming, sparkling, and pure. But the captain's advice was not always taken, and though with a faint smile upon his lip, Mr. Green, the first-mate, owned to his weakness, he persisted, during one frantic fit of agony, in drinking desperately the draught that should hasten his end; for soon he grew delirious, starting as if spoken to, then leaping up, and wanting to alter the direction of the boat's head; while, when a couple of the sailors tried to restrain him, their weakness was such that he thrust them aside, and they sank back in their places, helplessly gazing at him as he climbed over the boat's thwart, pushed the rope which held the sail aside, and muttering angrily, trampled on me as he made at the captain who was steering. Clive tried to stay him; and in spite of my effort to restrain him, I uttered a loud scream, for the poor creature seemed to catch his foot in my dress; and before we were aware of it, he made a lurch sideways, and fell heavily into the water.

For a few moments we were all petrified; but the captain altered the boat's course, and ran back to the spot where the mate had disappeared; but though we ran to and fro for some time, and every eye was gazing intently upon the limpid water, we saw no more of the poor mate; and for the rest of that evening I sat with my head bowed down upon my knees, praying that help might come.

The silence that reigned on board that little boat was almost startling; but it was engendered of despair, and when in the pale moonlight I looked up again, it was to have that despair which was in my breast augmented by the fixed stare in poor Clive's eyes.

I did not know it then, but I learned it afterward, that my share of the food and water had been daily augmented by the half of his, and now it seemed that he was dying, and that I was to lose my sole protector. I flung myself frantically at his feet, and tried to speak; but my mouth was parched and dry. I looked round for help, but it was only to gaze upon four impassive, stony figures, whose fixed and heavy

eyes responded not to my appeal. There was a smile, though, upon poor Clive's face as he felt my arms clasp him, and slipping from his seat, lower and lower, he sat at last in the bottom of the boat with his head resting upon my breast, while the sigh of content that he gave sent a shudder through me, for my heart whispered that it was his last.

"Throw some water in his face—moisten his hair," whispered a harsh voice, which I did not recognize as the captain's; but I tried to obey it, and bathed my husband's forehead, though apparently without effect, for he lay motionless, his arms lightly circling me, and his eyes half closed; and then it was that, with my bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast as I thought how hard it was for him so young and brave to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was for my sake he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

That long, long night passed; and with the rising sun I gazed upon Clive's face to find it still and placid as if in sleep. The captain, who was the only man who moved, seemed to me—for all I saw was in a dreamy, misty way—to secure the rudder, and then crawl forward, when he pressed a scrap of biscuit into my hand, and from a bottle would have poured a few drops between my lips, when one of the sailors snatched at it. There was a moment's struggle, and the precious liquid fell over the side, the sailor making a dash at it, and falling half over the boat's edge, to lie with his face in the water, too weak to struggle back till the captain and the stout old sailor dragged him in; but the bottle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingled with and running into the other. Then pleasant visions of green fields and bubbling streams, with delicious melting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then, again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sail; and then once more the black darkness, mingled now with the hissing as of mighty winds; and then it seemed as if my head sank upon my husband's neck, and that I went to sleep.

And it was so, but it was almost the long sleep of death; and so near had been the end, that it was not until after days of unremitting attention that reason returned, and I found that I was lying in a cot in a dimly shaded cabin. For a long time I could not realize the past—could not understand where I was. There was the heaving motion of a vessel, the "wash-wash" of the water hurrying by, and occasionally a heavy footstep upon the deck overhead. But at last came a sign, apparently close at hand, followed by a rustling noise; and turning my curious eyes in the direction, it was for them to encounter my husband's face, but so care-worn, pallid, and anxious, as to be almost

unrecognizable. The next moment my feeble arms were round his neck, and the tears of thankfulness were flowing, for I knew that we were saved.

Saved, indeed; but how near had been our end may be divined when I relate that the merchantman which picked us up passed us in the night; but the white sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sailor, and upon the vessel's course being changed, the impression at first was that the duty to be performed was to afford Christian burial—a rite indeed needed by the three sailors, Captain Webster and the second mate being the only other survivors.

A month later, weak, and the shadows of our former selves, we were landed at Madras, the destination of the vessel which had picked us up; and soon after, but with many a shiver of dread, we re-embarked, to reach Java in safety. It was not for many months that I recovered from a strange nervous depression, whose effect was constantly to bring before me, in all the vividness of reality, those terrible hours when all seemed shrouded in a golden haze, whose scorching heat burned and wasted the life within me. But by degrees came restored health and the calmness of strengthened nerves. We learned afterward that the two boats with the crew were also picked up, after many days of fearful suffering, similar to that which marked with indelible lines the forehead of my husband—a glance at which at any time is sufficient to bring back to memory our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were saved from Death.

Tried to be a Bootblack.

"Run away; don't you see I'm in a hurry? What is it you want—a penny? Here is one. Off with you now."

And the broker turned away, and in a second had forgotten all about the little pleading face lifted to his; but still the urchin lingered, apparently compelled, in spite of the rebuff just received, to remain.

"Well, well; what is it now? Didn't I give you the penny?" said the gentleman, again forced to notice his companion. "Just like me. There it is, now; and don't come after me again in a week."

"It isn't the pennies I want, sir," said the boy, lifting to the astonished broker a pair of magnificent dark eyes, which somehow, strange as it was, there in the whirl and hurry of business, seemed to recall singing birds, green fields, and moonlight rambles.

For a full moment this man of stocks lived over again a delirious past, in which just such a pair of eyes looked down into his heart, and made earth seem like a Paradise. The low, quivering tones called him again to the present.

"It isn't the pennies I want, sir, at least not these pennies; but I do want to ask a favor of you. I am trying to raise a dollar and a half to buy a box of blacking and a brush and bench. I've tried everything else in the world except this and begging. Someway I can't beg. I thought maybe you would ask the gentlemen in your office to help me make it up; and then, when I get started, I'll come down and black your boots until you are all paid."

The large, lustrous eyes were full of tears; but the brave little fellow heroically kept them from

overflowing, and stood perfectly still to receive his answer.

"This is deuced strange," muttered the broker, more to himself than his companion. "Deuced strange! What did you come to me for; eh? Why not to that gentleman? or that? Why did you single me out to ask the favor from?"

"Why, I must single *somebody* out, you know," replied the child. "More than a week I have been trying to do this, but you've always been so busy, I couldn't seem to get a chance."

"But why hadn't you asked some one else who didn't appear so busy?"

"Because you looked pleasant; that's why; and I didn't feel afraid of you as I did of the rest.

I know a dollar and a half is a good deal of money."

A ghastly smile played round the broker's mouth at this last remark. Memory unaccountably haunted him. The boy's presence had brought with it an atmosphere of peace and purity and love. New York Central and Rock Island were entirely forgotten. The roaring of bulls and the growling of bears seemed to have changed into delicious little tremulants, and soft whispers of undying affection. The wind blew through the trees again; the whippowills hooted from their branches; a pair of soft arms were wound around his neck, his head pressed fondly to a shoulder long since dead to him.



TRIED TO BE A BOOTBLACK.—" 'MY OWN DARLING FOUND AT LAST,' HE MURMURED SOFTLY, AND EDWARD MORRISON CAUGHT THE SLIGHT, FAINTING FIGURE IN HIS ARMS."



JACKY'S DAY OUT.—"FRANK CRIED EAGERLY: 'JACKY, DO LOOK AT THAT MAN—NO, NOT HIM—THE HANDSOME ONE.'"—SEE PAGE 66.

What did it mean? he asked himself. And still the eager eyes looked into his.

"What the dickens are you dreaming about?" sang out a brother-broker. "I'm after some Rock Island. What have you got there?"

"Ten shares, if you want," replied our friend. "Wait a minute, my son"—in a soft aside to his young companion; and back again went the dreamer to the exciting traffic of the street. "Now, my boy, I'll attend to your case," continued the speculator, completing his sale, the weird, loving influence partly dissipated by the business interruption. "I haven't the slightest objection to loaning you the money you require; but, child,

you are no more fitted for the occupation of a bootblack than I am to peddle soap-fat. You ought to be in school."

"I know it, sir; but it's no use to talk about that; it can't be done. I have got to earn my own living, and help my mother, too."

"Your father is dead, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; he's dead."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"No, not one."

"What does your mother do?"

"Embroiders, sir, when she is well enough; but she's been half-sick for ever so long, and I must help her."

'Where do you live?'

'In — street, near Avenue A.'

'How old are you?'

'Nine to-day, sir.'

'What's your name?'

'Wilson Travis, sir.'

'Well, Wilson Travis, if you will go down to office, and wait about an hour, I'll go home to you, and talk matters over with your mother.'

'All right, sir. That will be nice.'

and Wilson scampered off to the designated place, highly delighted with his success.

'Oh! if I only had some paints to finish this picture, I'd hang it up and surprise Willie!' murmured a pale-faced, intellectual woman, with dark eyes, so gloriously brilliant as to challenge instant admiration. 'He would ask a great many questions, I have no doubt, and I should be obliged to him the whole story. Still, I think he is old enough to understand it,' and here the woman pressed, buried her face in her hands, and wept silently.

'Ten years ago,' she sobbed, 'on account of miserable lies, manufactured on purpose to deceive me of the love which would have been a strength and shield as long as life lasted, I turned back upon the man whom I had loved more than all on earth. Ah! have I not been bitterly repaid for that act of injustice? Why did I not then sift the terrible business to the bottom, instead of proceeding as I did—marrying out of love? Oh, my Heavenly Father! my punishment greater than I can bear! Help me to be a good mother, and give me strength to forget the fearful past, which, it seems to me, I must have expiated.'

And the heart-broken woman placed her unfinished picture on the window-sill, and seated herself before it.

Memory took her back, too, into the beautiful, flower-strewn path; again a deep, earnest voice reached into her ear its music of love; strong arms encircled her, and the bitter, bitter present for the moment forgotten. Embroidery, wait, darling Willie, were for the blissful moment as good as light. Love crowned her, and love made her happy. Light steps ascended the stairs. She did not know. The knob was turned—Willie and his playmate found friend entered the apartments. Not did she hear.

'Mamma! mamma!' and the boy's face fondly pressed his mother's pale cheek. 'Asleep, mamma, in your chair, too! Why, I never knew you so before.'

No, Willie; not asleep, but dreaming, dream—; but you have awakened me now.'

'Whose picture is that?' inquired the child, already forgetting his visitor in his eager curiosity.

'Never mind, dear. I'll tell you all about it in time. The little boy caught his mother napping; didn't he? Has he had any dinner?'

and before Willie could announce the presence of the stranger, his mother turned and confronted

'Edward Morrison!' she shrieked.

My own, own darling found at last!' he murmured, softly, and caught the slight, fainting figure in his arms.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Willie. 'Who'd ought it? I've done a good day's work any day. And he's the picture, too!'

Explanations followed; and, strange to say, a pile of hours after found Wilson Travis and his mother occupying a suite of rooms at a first-class hotel, and the next week there was a wedding.

Willie has never since had occasion to attempt a profession of a bootblack.

Nightfall.

GIVE me the hour of nightfall,
And you may have all the rest,
For only then to my bosom
Comes quietude and rest.

Memory comes to me always
When drops the nightfall down,
And I forget all the sorrows
That crown me with their crown.

I hear but the voices of loved ones—
The voices of loved ones dead—
And my heartstrings quiver and tremble
With the words that they have said.

They come to me in the shadows—
The dear ones gone away—
And over my weary spirit
The spell of their presence lay.

I feel their kiss on my forehead,
The clasp of their dear, true hands,
And I always long to follow
Them back to the shadow-lands.

They tell me to wait in patience,
And some day they'll come for me,
And bear me away at nightfall—
Oh! when will that nightfall be?

Jacky's Day Out.

JACKY was a girl, and a very pretty girl, too. Her peculiar trait of character was being what her parents called "a little wild," and what her young gentlemen friends called *fast*.

Poor Jacky! I am afraid her gentleman friends were right; and if her unsuspecting parents had known but the half of her tricks and her manners, they might have thought so too. Jacky's parents, although wealthy, did not go into society much, and had trained Jacky up in the way she should go, most strictly and severely. Wicked little Jacky! she half enjoyed being sent to bed at nine o'clock, or being sent out to visit the poor in her mother's district. She *did* enjoy it, she can best tell why, and the satisfaction of her unsuspecting parents at her willing obedience was beautiful to see.

Jacky had a bosom friend—they loved each other excessively. I don't know whether to call her Tom, Dick, or Harry. She had enough of the mischief in her to merit all three of the names; but her real name was Frank. Their love for each other passed the love of women. They were old comrades, companions-in-arms. They had served together in such campaigns as boys call "larks," "sprees," and "times," the various vicissitudes of which united Frank and Jacky in the closest of bonds.

Once upon a time the unsuspecting parents were going away, going to be gone from Thursday night till Saturday morning, and leave Jacky alone. All alone for a whole day and night. Jacky waltzed round the parlor at the very thought. She sent Buttons with a note to Frank, telling her all about it. She said the cook, chambermaid, coachman, and Buttons, were going to have "a day out," and she meant to have one too.

"There won't be a soul to molest us or make us afraid, Frank, and if we don't have just an elegant time, my name isn't Jacky. Let's commence early in the morning, and just make a day of it. Try if you can't think of something splendid to do; we're tired to death of flirting, and all such common things."

Thursday night the carriage stood at the door. Jacky managed to shed one tear as she kissed her unsuspecting parents good-by, but even that speedily vanished, and she danced round and round the fat, sleepy cook, who had come up for

orders, till she grew so dizzy, Jacky had to point her nose to the door before she could start straight to go down-stairs.

Friday morning dawned. Lazy little Jacky slumbered peacefully till the clock on the mantel rang out nine strokes with such a silvery little peal that it woke her up. She snuggled her curly pate down into the pillow with a drowsy resolve to sleep forever; but suddenly remembering that it was her "day out," she sprang up, and actually dressed in half an hour, curled her hair, and all.

She sent over, and made Frank come and take breakfast with her.

"You know, Frank," said she, sweetening her chocolate till it was all sugar—"you know we'll need a strengthening breakfast to prepare for this day of ours. What have you thought of to do?"

But Frank had not thought of anything, and she told Jacky so, adding that she thought they had better take their adventures just as they happened to find them.

Both girls were "arrayed for conquest"—gotten up like fashion-plates; and walking the whole length of Broadway, you would not be likely to find two girls any more pretty or stylish than Jacky and Frank. It was an important moment when Jacky, taking the latchkey, shut the front door behind them.

"Now for it, Frank," said she, all alive with good spirits and fun. "Let's take a walk down Broadway first, and see what's going on in the world."

And away they went, the two happiest, gayest little butterflies Broadway ever saw. Suddenly Frank cried, eagerly:

"Jacky, do look at that man—no, *not* him—the handsome one."

Jacky looked, and rolled her blue eyes heavenward in unspeakable admiration.

"Frank, I've heard of him—he's Doctor Willey; his office is right down that street, and he's going there now," and the girls gazed after him with admiring eyes.

Suddenly Jacky tossed back her curls, and put her hand on Frank's arm.

"Frank, would you dare?"

"Dear me, Jacky, I don't know!" said Frank, alarmed. "Dare what?"

"Frank, I am going to Doctor Willey's office, to consult with him about my health."

"Oh, *Jack*, you wouldn't dare—you know you'd be afraid to do that."

Frank's words roused Jacky's spirit, and, declaring she wasn't afraid of any mortal thing on this earth, led the way down the side street.

Frank followed, saying tauntingly:

"You know when you get as far as the door you'll turn back."

Jacky walked up the steps with firmness, and rang the bell with a decided jerk. The little black boy showed them into a parlor, where the doctor sat reading a paper.

Jacky put on a weary, languid expression, and murmured out her wish to consult with him concerning her health. The doctor politely led the way to the room beyond. A thought struck Jacky, and she whispered, anxiously:

"What shall I tell him is the matter?"

"Heart-disease," promptly replied Frank, with a giggle.

Jacky moved languidly into the room, seating herself in a great armchair, as she did so pressing her hand to her heart with a smothered exclamation of pain. The doctor was full of sympathy for his fair patient.

"My dear madame, tell me your symptoms—have you any difficulty of the heart before now?"

"Oh, yes—often!" said Jacky, thinking of the innumerable times she had been in love.

"Is there a sort of fluttering or palpitation?"

"Yes, doctor," she sighed, leaning her head back, and looking most interestingly invalid like. "Do you experience it often? When did you feel it last?"

"Well," said Jacky, lifting her head, and looking mischievously at herself in the mirror opposite, "it was just about half an hour ago, as I was walking down Broadway. I knew what it was, and thought I could do no better than come immediately to your office."

As Jacky said this, she turned to the doctor with a face demure as a little Quaker, but was dreadfully startled to see him gazing intently at her, with an altogether untranslatable expression.

"Oh, horrors! what if he suspects?" thought she; and with a great increase of animation, told him the opinion of Doctor So-and-so, and what Aunt Jane and Aunt Eliza had said about it.

He cut her short, saying gravely:

"An auscultation will soon decide the matter. Shall we try it?"

"Oh, certainly!" sighed Jacky, looking interesting again, with no more idea of what auscultation meant than the man in the moon.

Doctor Willey took his stethoscope, and began to examine it. As soon as Jacky saw it, the meaning of auscultation flashed across her mind—an examination of the heart. She sprang from her chair, blushing to the very tips of her fingers.

"Doctor Willey, how dare—do you suppose that I—?" Then, with sudden dignity, "In my own opinion, there is nothing whatever the matter with my heart. Good-afternoon."

He put his hand on the knob of the door, not trying to conceal the mischievous expression now:

"My dear young lady, do not deceive yourself; there may be something serious." Then, as he saw Jacky looking at the door, as if she meditated breaking it down, he added, "At least, promise me that whenever you experience a similar feeling, you will come immediately to my office, as you did this morning, and I—"

Jacky desperately burst open the door, and seizing the astonished Frank, dragged her into the street.

"My stars! my goodness gracious!" said Jacky; and went through all her little vocabulary of slang interjections, interspersed with Frank's continual cry of, "*What! what is it?*"

"Well," said Jacky, at last, "let's go in here, and have lunch, and I'll tell you all about it."

And so she did—Frank putting in a little scream here and there, and giggling continually.

"Now, Frank," said Jacky, as they resumed their travels, "it's your turn; you must think of something now."

But just then there was a great stir, and a crowd gathered to stare at one of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who had fallen, and broken her arm.

Suddenly Frank stood still, and gazed into Jacky's eyes, looking wicked as a little Topsy.

"Now, Frank," cried Jacky, reading her glance, "if you're going to do anything really awful, I won't do it."

Frank tipped her hat a little further over her dashing, pretty visage, and laughed a little low laugh.

"Oh! what is it?" cried Jacky, all alive with curiosity. "I will help, after all."

"Why, Jacky," said Frank, "there isn't the least thing wrong about what I want to do; perhaps it's a little uncommon, but I'm *cure* there's nothing wrong in it. You see that Catholic church down there—well, it's confession-day to-day, and—I'm going to confess my sins to the priest."

"Come, now, Frank," said Jack, shaking her curls doubtfully, "don't you remember all that nonsense about confessionals we read in the paper once?"

"Pshaw," said Frank; "you're right to call it nonsense! Of course, it wasn't true. Now, Jacky, dear, *do* let's; only think what fun 't would be."

But Jacky still demurred and hung back, finally declaring she would not do it herself, but would go with Frank, and wait outside for her. They reached the church, and stepped into the vestibule.

"Oh, Frank," whispered Jacky, all in a tremble, "I don't believe they will ever let you out."

Frank tossed her stylish little head, her dark eyes flashing, declaring she was no more afraid than *that*—snapping her fingers.

Leaving Jacky trembling in the vestibule, she stopped inside the great doors; they closed behind her with a muffled clang, and as she wended her way through aisles and round altars, her own heart began to beat quick and fast.

A penitent was just leaving the confessional, and Frank went hesitatingly forward, and took her place. She knelt before the confessional, bowing her head, not daring to look up at the dark figure before her.

"Confess your sins, my daughter, and through me receive absolution from our Holy Virgin," said the father, kindly and gently.

"Oh, father, my sins are many!" murmured Frank, wondering what in the world she should say, and with half a mind to confess in earnest.

They were alone in the stillness; light crept in dimly through the stained glass windows. Frank felt awed by the strange, holy quiet of the place.

"Speak, my child; tell me all," said the sweetly monotonous voice of the priest.

"I will confess truly," thought she. "I feel just like it, and nobody will ever know, anyway." So she commenced penitently: "Father, I commit sins continually—my heart is very wicked."

"Tell to me all, my daughter," said the voice, gently.

A sort of sinking feeling took possession of Frank's unsanctified little heart. She did not know where to commence, or what to say first; but finally she begun, and gave the whole list of the sins and little peccadilloes of her life, two or three that she had never told before—and the rest every one might have known. I venture to say that no New York girl ever confessed more truly and faithfully, or felt more comforted by confessing, than harum-scarum little Frank. The father talked to her softly and kindly—showed her how great were her sins, and that she could atone for them only by reparation and repentance.

Then he dismissed her with a benediction so holy and gentle, it seemed like an angel's message. The tears came into her eyes—she had never felt so religious or so good. She wished she might run away from Jacky, and go home and be good all the days of her life. She wended her way back to the great doors, and stepped into the vestibule. Jacky, patiently waiting on the gallery stairs, gave a little shriek of a laugh as she came out.

"My patience, Frank, you look like the last rose of summer. What a jolly time you must have had."

Frank gave herself a little shake, and said indignantly:

"No, I don't look so, Jacky."

"Yes, you do; you look perfectly *cornorn*. I haven't seen you look so since your mother wouldn't let you have the pink silk. Come on; you shan't stay in this old place another minute. No, you needn't tell me one word about it. I don't want to hear it. Here"—and she dragged

Frank into a restaurant—"if I can't exhilarate you in one way, I will in another."

And the little witch ordered champagne, and they both drank—I don't dare say how much, but enough, so that when they reached the street again their good-for-nothing little heads both seemed like flying straight up into the air. All thoughts of the confessional vanished from Frank's mind, and she felt more like a sinner than ever. They felt so altogether gay, and full of fun, they could hardly keep from dancing along Broadway, instead of walking. Suddenly they met their fates.

For a month past Jacky and Frank had flirted most desperately with two Apollo-like young masculines, who flirted *more* desperately with them. These four seemed destined to meet everywhere—church, theatre, omnibus, or street—in the most unlikely places, at the most unlikely times, these four were fated to encounter each other.

They kept up a flourishing correspondence in the *Herald* "personals," and their flirtation was rapidly coming to a focus. Both parties were prepared for any emergency when this time they met face to face in the twilight on Broadway. The girls had never gone so far before, but to-night the champagne was in their heads, so when the gentlemen (really gentlemen) stopped to speak to them, they stopped too.

There was a little quiet, decorous conversation, and then Jacky's admirer began to plead for a favor, a great favor, and yet not so very great, after all, he said; surely they would be kind enough to grant it. The girls laughingly refused to commit themselves, demanding to know what the favor was. Most deferentially and politely he requested that Jacky and her friend would accompany himself and his friend that evening to see "Frou-Frou." Frank, whose head was not completely upset by champagne, said no; but it was said rather feebly, and Jacky, who was not Jacky any more, but only champagne foam, said, "Yes, with pleasure. We have an engagement now," she continued; "but call for us here in three-quarters of an hour, and we will be ready."

With innumerable bows and thanks the gentlemen left them. Jacky's engagement turned out to be *dinner*. In spite of champagne and adventures, they both felt decidedly hungry. Frank proposed that they should treat themselves to something extraordinary in honor of the day. Jacky assented, and they prodigally ordered a dinner fit for two little princesses. By the time they had finished the last course, and drank some more champagne, their time was up, and they sallied forth to meet the two Apollos.

They found them waiting with carriages, and in a very short time they were seated in a curtained box, enjoying to the utmost "Frou-Frou" and the conversation of the gentlemen.

Frank's escort was of the quiet, "you let me alone and I will you" kind, so she very soon directed her attention exclusively to the stage. Not so with Jacky; her escort was so constantly attentive, so pressingly elevated, that she began to be thankful the curtains hid them from view, especially when, in one moment of enthusiasm, he kissed her hand. The entertainment over, Frank sleepily said:

"Jacky, after all, I don't think I can come to your house to-night. Mamma will be expecting me."

Too tired to speak, Jacky nodded her head, and they drove off.

Once in the carriage alone with "that man," as she mentally called him, even poor, sleepy, befogged little Jacky began to feel that it was not exactly proper. The effect of the champagne was disappearing, and she began to realize what an imprudent thing she had done. She was fright-

ened. Why had he stopped talking, and what in the world made them drive so frightfully fast? She looked out of the window, and cried:

"Why, you must have mistaken the directions I gave you. This isn't the right street."

He came closer to her, and took her hand in his.

"Little darling," said he, softly, "never mind what street it is."

Jacky turned cold all over, and felt as if she were going to faint.

"How dare you speak to me so!" she cried. "Stop the carriage this instant, and take me home."

"How do I dare speak to you so?" he murmured. "My darling little Jacky, I love you so much, I would dare anything."

Jacky felt as if she were turning to stone; but rousing herself, she said, with dignity:

"I ask you as a man of honor, as a gentleman, to take me home instantly."

"I am a man of honor and a gentleman in some things," he said, half-sneeringly; "but I will tell you, once for all, that you are not going home now—that when you leave this carriage, you will leave it with me."

"You villain—you coward!" exclaimed Jacky, hiding her face in the cushions, with a cry of anger and shame. But there was no time for inaction. She felt that, and throwing herself on her knees before him, she begged and implored him to release her, with words that might have moved fate itself. But he only answered, with a voice firm and hard as iron:

"No; I will not."

All Jacky's endurance gave way; she screamed in agony, she abandoned herself to a perfect tempest of tears and sobs. Clasping her hands, Jacky prayed. Her sweet voice broken with sobs, her cheeks wet with tears, she prayed this prayer aloud:

"O my dear, heavenly Father, you have been so good to me all my life long, do not leave me now. O dear Saviour, do not leave me now. O God, if there is no other way, let me die—I would rather die. Dear God, for Christ's sake, make him let me go, or let me die."

A hand was gently laid over her mouth.

"My child, as long as I have one spark of honor and manly feeling left, I shall be ashamed of what I have done to-night. God has heard your prayer, and I thank Him for it. You shall be at home in five minutes."

Poor, poor little Jacky! Seizing his hand, she covered it with kisses; but before she could utter a word, she fainted away. When she revived he was carrying her up the steps of her house. He opened the door for her, and only stopping to say, "Try to forgive me," was gone in an instant. Jacky, dizzy, half-blind, crept up to her room. She sank down by her little bed, and tried to pray, but could only say, "Dear God, I thank you," over and over again.

God, better than any one else, knows how she repents of that day of her life. It has taught her a lesson, and never again can she be the wild little Jacky she once was. Of all the life-lessons experience has in store for her, I don't believe there will be one with more thorough and lasting effects than the memory of her "day out."

The Boy and the Acorn.

THE following is the substance of a story, as told by Mr. Dallas at a public dinner given him in Philadelphia, on his return from Russia in 1888. One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the

genus Yankee, with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pockets. He introduced himself by saying:

"I've just come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to give it to him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered:

"It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"

"Why, jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there we thought we'd jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there, and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor, and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers out. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, maybe it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you, but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days he again appeared, and said:

"Well, I've seen the emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand; and he did do it, for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again, yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I can tell you; and his daughters are nice gals."

"What did the empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. 'But then you don't call 'em servants,' said she, 'you call 'em help.' I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope?" says I; we 'had that 'ere book aboard our ship.' The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. 'You're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right. We

sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!" Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I had sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good-by all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig?"

"No, indeed, I did not, my lad: you may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction."

A few days after, he called again, and said: "I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I have been to the theatre and the museum, and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say. In a short time his strange visitor reappeared.

"Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the emperor, and bid him good-by. I thought I couldn't do less, he'd been so civil. Says he, 'Is there anything else you'd like to see, before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-by, and came off. Now what do you guess he did, next morning? I vow he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again when I've seen all I want to see! And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting, "Good-by! good-by!" Mr. Dallas afterward learned from the emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors. The last tidings of him reported that he was traveling in Circassia, and writing a journal which he intended to publish. Now, who but a Yankee could have done all this?

Crystal Van Alstyn's Repentance.

CHAPTER I.

"CRYSTAL, how can you trifle with the love of such a heart? Does it not shame your womanhood to see so noble a nature humbled before you? Do you suppose that Lional Grange will endure your caprices forever?—that he will meekly bear your taunts and scorn? Are you so uncertain of his love that you must torture him to gratify your vanity?"

Crystal yawned, with a pretty little air of affected weariness; but a bright flush mounted to her brow.

"I am sure, Aunt Mary, it is not my fault that Lional Grange is so foolish. If I am to be scolded incessantly about him, it is no wonder

that I dislike him. I don't treat him any worse than I treat others, only he takes everything so seriously."

"Child, why should you trifle with such a love? Such a devotion comes but once in a lifetime, and surely it should be cherished as one of God's most precious gifts."

"But, Aunt Mary, I don't want any such grand, heroic devotion. I am young, and only want to enjoy my life, and be happy and gay. Why should Lional Grange torment me with his melancholy airs. He turns pale if I speak to any one, and torments me continually with his senseless jealousy. Then his horrid old mother is always spying after me, and making mischief. I only wish to amuse myself, Aunt Mary; why can't they all let me alone?"

"Mark my words, Crystal: you will live to regret your conduct. I would not have believed that, for the gratification of your vanity, you would have crushed all the better feelings of your nature, and wounded another so deeply. You imagine that your whole life will be bright and unclouded as it is now; but the hour of sorrow will come, when you will yearn for the affection you now cast so carelessly from you."

Crystal looked through the open window; looked out over lawn and shrubberies, bright with flowers set like jewels in a margin of green; over fields in which the sleepy cattle stood knee-deep in the waving, golden grain; then in the background lay meadows, woods, and hazy blue hills.

All was hers; and was she not rich as well in youth, beauty, and health? Did not life lie before her a very garden of delights? She was too young to be serious now; she would amuse herself, and labor when she was older and graver. Well, perhaps Lional did love her as well as Aunt Mary said he did.

Lional Grange had loved her from childhood, and his devotion had become so much a matter of course that Crystal could not appreciate its worth. Pretty, coquetish Crystal could boast of half a dozen lovers, just as devoted in appearance as Lional, and this general admiration satisfied her vanity.

The gorgeous colors that half an hour before had thrown a golden radiance over all nature had faded into the dim gray shades of twilight. Crystal sat alone upon the piazza. Then a quiet step sounded upon the gravel-walk, and Lional Grange stood beside her—a tall, stalwart young man, with frank, bronzed face, and bright, brown eyes. A quick-witted, daring fellow, but just now unwontedly subdued, and the sunburnt face is very serious. His answer to Crystal's laughing greeting is very grave.

"I came to wish you farewell, Miss Crystal," he said. "I am going away. I sail for Europe Saturday. I think of accompanying Monsieur B——'s Expedition to Africa. Mother is almost broken-hearted at my leaving her, but I feel that I am only wasting my existence here."

"It is very sudden," faltered Crystal. "I think it is very cruel of you to leave your mother. Men are so heartless," contemptuously.

"You should be the last one to blame me, Crystal," the young man said, sadly. "It seems such a poor thing for a great, strong fellow like me to be wasting life and strength in inactivity. If you could have loved me, all would have been different, but since you can't, I must bear my fate. It just sets me wild to see you smiling on a set of fops and fools; but once away from here, I am man enough to conquer my folly."

Somehow, this assurance did not afford Crystal all the consolation it was intended to do, for she was sobbing bitterly.

"Don't cry, child," he continued, kindly; "it is not your fault that you can't love me. I know

there is nothing in me to merit your affection. You will wish me God-speed, won't you, and when I am far away, think kindly of me, as of a brother."

"I won't!" Crystal cried, passionately, her cheek flushed deeply, like scarlet poppies, her eyes flashing like stars through their tears. "I won't! You are very wicked to leave us, after pretending to care, too;" then burst into a storm of sobs.

The young man listened, astonished at this outbreak; then a glad light flashed into his eyes, as he seized the girl's trembling hands.

"You *know* I love you better than my life! Only tell me that you care for me ever so little, and I shall never leave you," he whispered.

And the impetuous, earnest passion of his tone roused all the depths of the girl's nature, hidden beneath the exterior of frivolity and selfishness.

"If you loved me, you would not wish to leave me," she murmured, tremulously.

The flush had faded now, leaving her very pale and trembling. Then the strong right arm stole round the slender waist; warm, close kisses fell upon fair cheek and brow.

"You are mine now, darling!" he whispered. "Nothing can ever part us now."

CHAPTER II.

TO LOVE, with a man of Lionel Grange's temperament, was to be jealous. Certainly Crystal gave him much cause for jealousy. Young, pretty, and wealthy, she was constantly surrounded by a troop of admirers, whom her girlish vanity delighted to encourage. She believed her influence over Lionel to be so unbounded, that it was impossible for him to resent her conduct.

She was capricious, too; at one moment gentle and yielding, the next treating her lover with the most determined indifference. Such conduct, to a man proud and sensitive as was Lionel, was galling in the extreme. Still he bore it all, with at least a semblance of patience, trusting in her love.

Lionel had been from home for some time, on business of importance. Arriving sooner than he had expected, he started at once for Fairlawn. It was a beautiful summer evening, and the young man's heart beat high with love and hope. Crystal had written that she was very lonely. Would she expect him? How her face would brighten at his approach! As he advanced toward the cottage by a side path, he heard voices on the lawn. Surely one was hers. He could not mistake that ringing laugh, clear and sweet as a silver bell. Then through the trees he saw her—Crystal, in daintiest of summer costumes, her cheeks flushed, her hands full of glowing roses. Her companion, one of Lionel's most dreaded rivals, stood bending down toward her, evidently pleading for a flower. The expression of the girl's face was half-pleased, half-piquant; then, as she yielded to Mr. Gray's importunity, and bestowed on him the coveted blossom, he thanked her in such eager fashion that a flush of gratified vanity mounted to her brow. The blush, the smile, the lovelike attitude all were noted by the watcher; then, with a deep muttered curse, he turned away. This was the woman he had imagined pining for him. Then the memory of all her slights arose before him. He was convinced now how false she was. Surely he had manhood enough to cast off his fetters.

A week passed, and Crystal awaited vainly for her lover's coming. At last one morning a note came. It ran:

"When you receive this I shall be far away, and I trust that I shall never be tempted to look upon your face again. I do not blame you that you are false and fickle—you only obey the im-

pulse of your woman's nature; but I despise myself that I have so long been the dupe of a coquette. May you never regret the affection you have cast from you. LIONEL."

Then, with a white, scared face, Crystal arose from her garden-seat, and passed over the smooth turf of the lawn, by beds of roses, glorious in scent and hue, under the shadow of low-drooping foliage, into the house where Aunt Mary sat placidly reading, and laying the letter before her, cried out:

"Let us go away, Aunt Mary; I cannot bear Fairlawn now."

Then, looking at the agony of love and wounded pride imprinted upon the girl's face, without a word Aunt Mary consented.

Three long years passed, and still they wandered from place to place, Crystal seeking the rest she never found. In society she was the gayest of the gay; she still reigned as a belle, still was followed by a throng of adorers, but the time had come when general admiration had ceased to yield Crystal Van Alstyn pleasure, and alone she fought the demons Love and Despair. She never mentioned Lionel Grange's name, but she owned to herself now that she loved him—loved him with all the strength of her woman's heart. He had forsaken her, despised her, and she loved him all the more. They were at the seaside, when one day a letter came to Crystal. It ran:

"My boy is dead. Your falsehood drove him from his home. You are as guilty of his death as any murderer whose hands are dyed deep red with the blood of his victim. May God forgive you; I never can. MARGARET GRANGE."

A little slip of printed paper fell from it. How the simple words burnt into the girl's brain:

"DIED—In Africa, of fever, Lionel Grange, aged twenty-eight years."

Then Crystal hid her face, and groaned aloud in her anguish.

"God help me!" she murmured, "for my punishment is greater than I can bear."

And the sun shone just as brightly, and the little waves rippled just as musically up the beach, while the sea-gulls circled joyously over the waters. Then a deadly sickness of heart fell upon the girl; the gayety in which she had once delighted palled upon her; and she yearned to return to Fairlawn. A passionate yearning took possession of her for the sweet green fields, the trees, breezy hill-side, the violet banks, the fragrant, murmuring woods of her country home.

"Let us go back to Fairlawn, Aunt Mary," she pleaded. "I can never be happy again, but there I may find content."

And the years rolled on. Once more Fairlawn's hospitable doors were opened wide; once more voices resounded through its halls. Crystal had sighed for home, and now the sight of Fairlawn's beauties only overwhelmed her soul with tender, remorseful memories of the past.

"I crushed the noblest heart in all the world," she moaned, incessantly. "I killed him, and wrecked my own happiness."

Oh, the agony of love and repentance she suffered! the wild passion of remorse! the vain regrets for the love she so carelessly had cast away! the dread of the dreary, hopeless future, that stretched out before her, arid and barren! Then Crystal tried to forget her own grief in alleviating the sufferings of others; then, for the first time for many years, she tasted peace.

One evening Crystal sat alone on her old favorite seat on the piazza. The flowers were in their full beauty; the foliage had not lost its vernal hue. From every spray the birds caroled cheerily.

here was not a trace of grief or care on the face of nature; yet the inner horizon was dark with clouds, and overhung with tempests. It was one of Crystal's dark days; the ghosts of the dead past haunted her persistently. The lines of an old age were running in her head:

"For I was not worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men for your sake are to me like shadows,
For I loved you, Douglas, tender and true."

Then suddenly raising her eyes, she saw Lional Grange standing before her. She understood it all. She had longed so passionately for a sight of

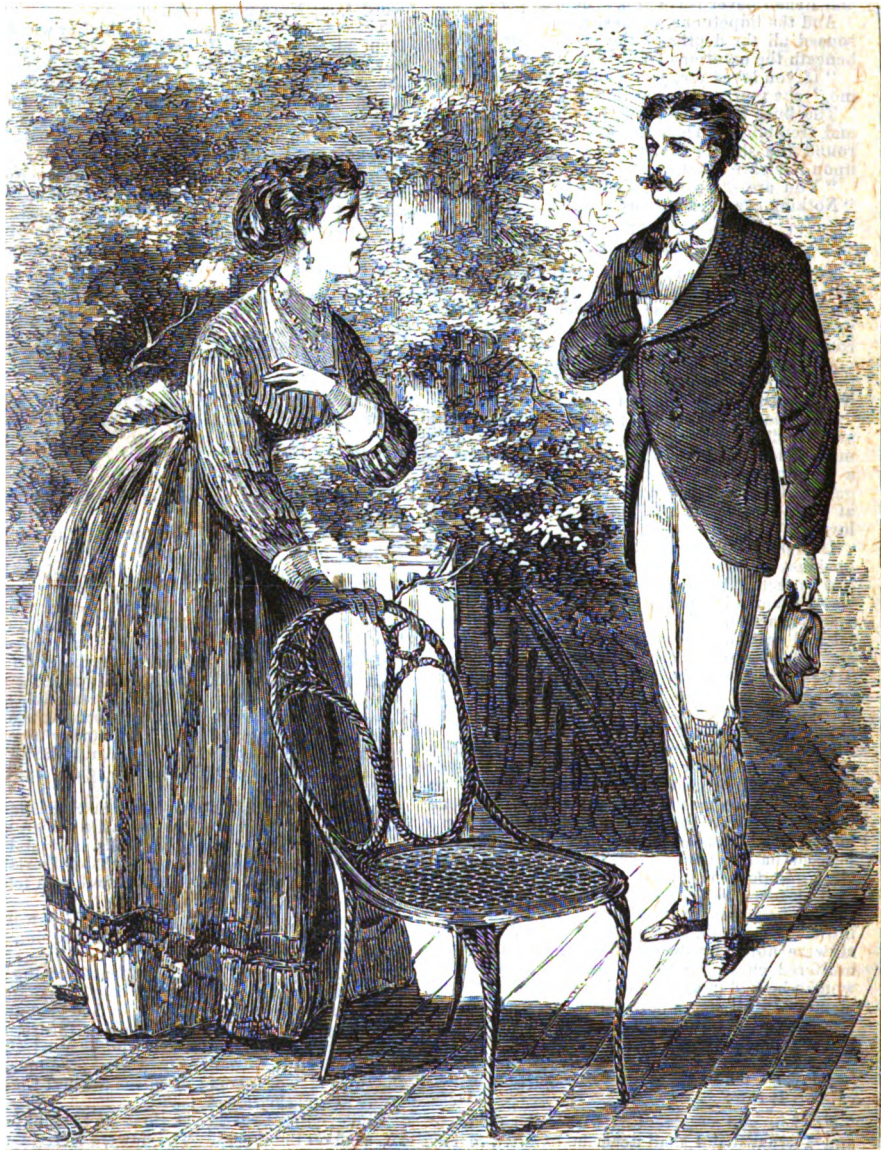
his face, that he had come back from the land of spirits to her! She never spoke, but she arose and gazed at him with a world of mute love and entreaty in the lovely face.

"Oh, Lional, say once you forgive me!" she gasped, at last.

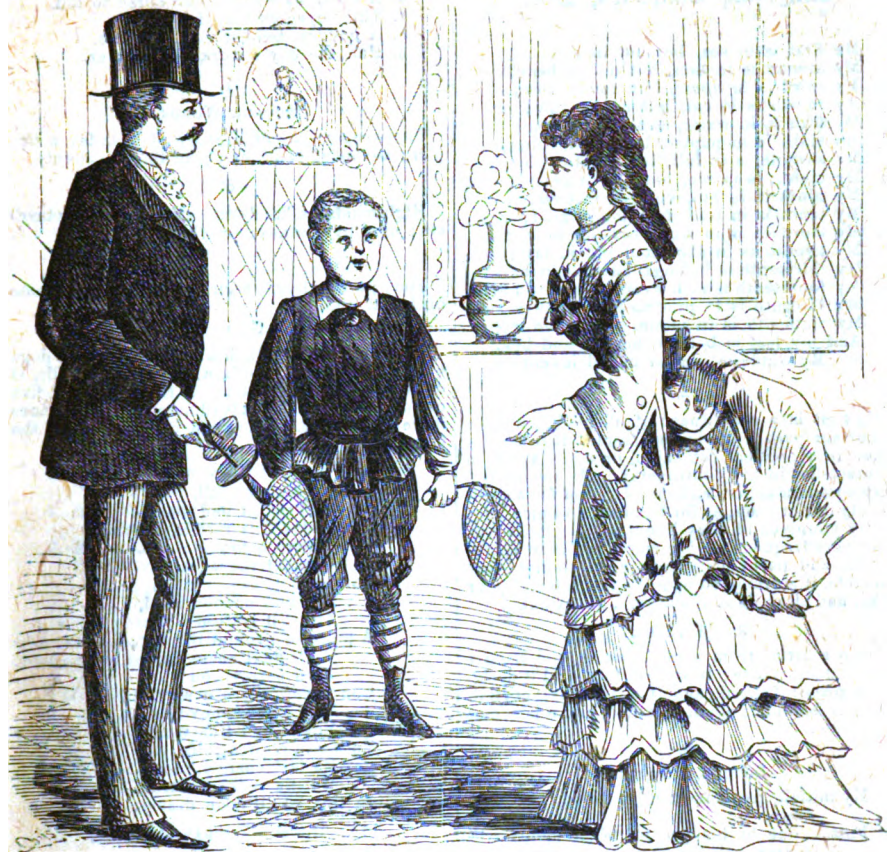
Then Lional's strong hands grasped her; Lional's cheery tones rang out upon the evening air.

"Oh, Crystal, darling!" he cried; "mine at last, after all the nine long years."

A namesake and cousin had died in Africa, and our hero became Crystal Van Alstyn's happy husband.



CRYSTAL VAN ALSTYN'S REPENTANCE.—"CRYSTAL SAW LIONAL GRANGE STANDING BEFORE HER. SHE NEVER SPOKE, BUT GAZED AT HIM WITH A WORLD OF MUTE LOVE AND ENTREATY."



YOUNG HOPEFUL (who is learning to fence): "Oh, mamma, aren't these like what you wear under your dress? Fitz Boodle says they are called masks, but I know these are very like your 'patent palpitations.'"

THE Secret Service—Vote by ballot.

THE Colossus of (roads) Rhodes—A traction engine.

PROPAGATION of Bedding Plants—Encouraging the sluggard.

WHY is the representative of a pen, ink and paper manufactory a great anomaly?—Because he's a stationary traveler.

TREE-CHEEROUS—The Woodman who was so ungenerous as not to spare the tree when he axed his way through the wood.

A GREENHORN was offered, at a public table, a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play any billed pipe-stems on him."

THE rite of baptism being about to be administered to several infants, a confused clergyman requested, with great solemnity, "that all children having parents whom they wish to be baptized, will please present them before the altar."

THIS is the way a Western lecturer explained a phenomenon: "You have seen a cow, no doubt. Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree. Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up the tree tall foremost, to pick the apples, it is a phenomenon."

A PLEDGE of Love—Pawning the engagement-ring.

THE persistence with which Mr. Ashbury came in behind the New York yachts suggests that he had a stern duty to perform.

It is said that a prominent insurance company refuses to insure the life of President Grant, as no one in the office can make out his policy.

A FRENCH artist having been asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of india-rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence. It gives more than any other substance."

"SIR," said an astonished landlady to a traveler, who had sent his cup forward the eleventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee?" "Yes, madame, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."

A NEGRO member of the Texas Legislature was met upon the street with a large roll of greenbacks in his hand, looking at his pile, and cackling so loud that he attracted the attention of a bystander, who said to him, "What are you laughing at, Jim?" Jim replied: "You see that money?" "Yes," "Well boss, I just got that for my vote. I've been bought four or five times in my life, but dis is de fust time I ever got de cash myself."

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

My first is in sea, but not in air;
 My second is in lion, but not in bear;
 My third is in horse, but not in cow;
 My fourth is in cat, but not in sow;
 My fifth is in water, but not in wine;
 My sixth is in poplar, but not in pine;
 My seventh is in hill, but not in vale;
 My eighth is in ice, but not in hail;
 My ninth is in hot, but not in cold;
 My tenth is in lead, but not in gold;
 My eleventh is in slow, but not in fast;
 My twelfth is in shoe, but not in last;
 My thirteenth is in bugs, but not in bees;
 My fourteenth is in lawyers, but not in fees;
 My fifteenth is in purchase, but not in sell;
 My sixteenth is in pump, but not in well;
 And my last is both in heaven and hell.
 My whole is a most useful invention.

2.

My first is a constituent of all bodies, and an important part of the human frame; it is usually taken, in a political campaign, or where a person is interested in any controversy. My second is a very common action, and may be used for a great variety of purposes, as for business and pleasure; a very young child does it not at all; most persons, very frequently. My whole is a most useful article, and particularly in a city; though very valuable, it is trampled upon by the rich and poor alike, and all unite to reduce and destroy it.

3.—MUTATION.

Drop a letter from a girl's name, and have a chemical substance; transpose that, and it designates place; behead, and it is present; curtail, and it is feminine; again curtailed, and it becomes masculine.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

My initials give a poet, if you read them with ease;

Finals, one of his poems, which many will please.

1. A bold, daring person, who goes forth for fame.
2. With meadow or prairie you will find this the same.
3. To ensnare or beguile by this word is said.
4. And Socrates wooed her when she was a maid.
5. A poet of Italy next you must find.
6. Merriment reversed, at least to my mind.
7. A very simple thing, easy to write.
8. One or t'other, not both, this word doth indite.
9. Full of guilt, but conscience-struck.
10. To jerk, to tug, it is my luck.
11. A lake that bathes Canadian shore.
12. Palsied like this, my last I could not reach,
13. As through the wild the ground it hurries o'er.

5.

My first are animals well known to mankind,
 That in my second a good shelter find

1. Here the poor and lowly dwell.
2. This I do when I expel.
3. Next a maiden's name you see.
4. Next a fop of low degree.
5. This is wickedness you know.
6. For I'm certain this is so.

6.

Two celebrated European capitals.

1. Made to hold liquids, see it's tight.
2. Answers truly, like a sprite.

3. A color by which your horse to tell.
4. This voyagers long for well.
5. A goddess-hunted maid of yore.
6. Half the day's work is now o'er.

7.

SQUARE WORDS.

Timekeeper; are of a group of islands; a tftpler; advanced cautiously; an English county.

8.

High winds; a handsome stone; used by turners; used by dentists; prophets.

9.

Fiery; a wanderer; a girl's name; long in some birds; attired.

10.—HIDDEN FISH.

Be calmer, O aching heart! I have seen dogs push a door open. Let's have a good frolic. O do, dear father! Our teacher rings the bell five minutes too soon. Decatur bothered the Algerines more than once. Place the crowbar below the log.

11.—METAGRAM.

Ye punsters all,
 Both great and small,
 Pray solve this riddling rhyme:
 I love to first,
 'Tis not the worst,
 For passing dreary time.
 But now change head,
 And I'll instead
 A piece of ground display;
 With next same do,
 Then surely you
 Can here discern a way.
 Now, change my third,
 You'll find this word,
 To waste doth signify;
 My last change, too,
 What's reckoned true,
 In this you'll soon descry.

12.—DOUBLE VERBAL CHARADE.

Firsts are in lead, but not in tin;
 Nexts are in lose, but not in win;
 Thirds are in evil, but not in sin;
 Fourths are in needle, but not in pin;
 Fifts are in rumpus, but not in din;
 And two English towns you'll find within.

13.

I'm certainly not difficult,
 Nor very hard to say;
 Yet few there are can find me out,
 Try ever as they may.
 Though you, no doubt, have made a first,
 Ere now, and thought it good—
 It follows not that you can say
 The name—I wish you could.
 With letters three, more easily
 I'll own my second named—
 An animal, domestic called;
 A vowel, then, is claimed.
 You in a fourth are living now;
 And though the word remain
 Intact and perfect, as you see,
 You cannot it explain.

14.

Whole you will see,
 If understood
 When in our tea,
 Makes it so good.
 But if you wish
 To change my head,
 A kind of fish

You'll have instead.
A fancy now,
That's idle, too,
If changed, I throw,
Will bring to view.
Of letters five
Complete am I;
Now, to contrive
My meaning, try.

15.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals, read down, give the name
Of a German saxon of undying fame.

1. Step across to Russia,
And there you'll find this sea;
2. A fastener for a door,
This doth pretend to be;
3. Far off in wild Australia
You'll surely find this bird;
4. This is a drying ointment,
With a name that sounds absurd;
5. This of a weaver's warp
Most surely is the yarn;
6. And this an envoy from the Pope,
His name you'll quickly learn;
7. Next comes a girl, young and fair,
To say the very least;
8. And, then, part of a robe, which is
Worn by a Jewish priest;
9. My last, a linen habit worn
By bishop on a Sunday morn.

16.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel; small insects; fruits; sideways;
wild animals; a drinking match; a fruit; a
beverage; a consonant.

17.—ANAGRAMMATIC DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials, read downward, name a disease.
The finals, read downward, name a kind of puzzle.
La pa sort; I hark I ar; pirt; lo o Hal; gincoc;
lar sim; a all it; Ems car.

18.

SQUARE WORDS.

Older; a French river; takes his dinner; I
have erected, in Latin; a rosin.

19.

A vagrant; More's daughter; a fruit; ice does
in Summer; crushed.

20.

An Irish exclamation; a port; open; firmness;
come in.

21.—HIDDEN NAMES.

The last October that I spent in Italy. I cannot
credit her statements. Hear the tide musical
ebbing away. Ire never fails to bring regret.
What man dare do, I dare.

22.—VERBAL PUZZLES.

F's four, S's four, two P's and an M;
A's four, with B, L and M,
Give two rivers that you can find,
As through America they wind.

23.

Whole, I am a man well-known, if not well-famed;
Beheaded, a nuisance will be named;
Behead, reversed, a river will appear,
Which must to all be now quite clear.

24.

My first we're ever taught to be,
By moralist and preacher;
My next we're said to love too much,
My whole's a horrid creature.

25.—LOGOGRIPE—ON PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

I AM everybody, and I am fearfully and wonder-
fully made. I have a large box (1), two lids (2),
two caps (3), and two musical instruments (4);
you will find in me two established measures (5),
as also a number of articles indispensable to a
carpenter (6). I have always about me two good
fish (7), and a very large number of a smaller and
less valuable sort (8). You cannot fail to discover
in me two lofty trees (9), two places of wor-
ship (10), and two scholars (11). If you look
more closely, you will find two frisky animals (12),
and a very large number of a smaller kind (13).
You will see, further, a number of weather-
cocks (14), and the steps of two hotels (15). You
can discover some beautiful flowers (16), part of
a wagon (17), and an implement useful to
artists (18). Two weapons of warfare will also
appear (19), and several articles always found in
seafaring vessels (20). Finally, to wait upon my
services and requirements, I have a number of
Spanish grandees (21).

26.

Discover the names of the following birds: A
child's plaything on toy; a domestic animal, a
vowel and a preposition; an instrument for rais-
ing weights; a tailor's implement; what we do at
all our meals; nothing, twice yourself and fifty;
a person who was a well-known architect;
equality and decay; to cheat or deceive.

27.

SQUARE WORDS.

Devoid of sight; enamored; white and hard
and polished; a delicate fibre in the system; one
who dries.

28.

A town in Hindoostan; so-called; pertaining
to a city; a town in Illinois; celebrated races in
England.

29.

A town in Persia; rarefied air; an allotment; a
shire in England; garments.

30.

A character in Shakespeare; a girl's name; an
insect; grain.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Sail, bail, mail, fail, rail, vail, hail, nail, pall,
sail, wail. 2. Midshipman.

3.

H	a	w	t	h	o	r	n	E	(S	N	e	T
B	u	e	l	H	E				E	a	R	
S	m	i	t	H	E				P	e	t	I
T	M	o	o	r	E	(L			T	r	e	a
O	a	t	S	L		L			U	s	a	e
W	o	o	L	E					N	o	N	
E	a	r	l	Y	(Y				E	a	T	

4.

THOMAS	FRANCE	CHIMES
HONEST	RETAIN	HONEST
ONDATE	ATTIRE	INNATE
MEASURE	NAILER	MEASURE
ASTRAL	CIREAG	ASTRAL
STEELY	ENERGY	STEELS

5.

CAPER	HEAVE	PERCH
AXURE	ELLEN	EXILE
PURSE	CLON	CLON
ERSOL	VENOM	CLEAN
REELS	ENEMY	HERNS

6.

7.

11. Star, tar, rat, ra.

A Newly-married French Couple being visited with a serenade, the bride inquired its meaning:

"My dear," replied her husband, "it is usual in this town of ours when a gentleman is married for all the ladies whom he has jilted or flirted with to bring him each a bridal present of a loaf of bread, accompanied with music."

"Ah!" exclaimed his young wife, "love, why didn't you tell me of that before? How provoking! Why, I could have made all the beaux that I have come over from my town, and bring me each a bottle of wine, and then, dear, we should both have had enough to be merry on, I dare say, for the whole year to come."

"Good-morning, Mr. Henpeck," said a printer in search of female compositors. "Have you any daughters who would make good type-setters?"

"No; but I have a wife that would make a fine devil."

A Joint Affair with but a single party to it—Rheumatism.

"That's Singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her.

"Oh! Well, then, I'll make it plural;" and the villain did, too.



Bogg's first wife—in the street.

"That fellow's got in the wrong grave," said one gentleman to another, in a cemetery.

"How so?"

"Because I knew him to be a forger and a thief, and yet look upon that epitaph."

"Be careful," said the other, "how you speak; for none of us can live up to our epitaphs."

A Country Paper, speaking of the street-organ playing of a soldier without arms, who worked the crank with his foot, happily says:

"His playing was far above the usual average. He threw his whole sole into it."

At a Radical barbecue the other day a black "man and brother" offered the following toast:

"De Gubnor ob Alabama—he cum in wid berry little opposition; he will go out ob offis wid none at all gainst him."

"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl.

"No, John; but you can have me, if you will."

Josh Billings defines a "thurrer-bred bizziness man" as "wun that knows enuff about stealin' so that there kant ennybody steal from him, and enuff about law so that he can do his stealin' legally."



At home.



His joy at her death.

"How many regular boarders have you, madame?" asked a census-taker of a landlady.

"Well, really, I can't say as any of 'em is any too regular. They stay out—"

"I mean, madame, how many steady boarders have you?"

"Well, really, out of nineteen, there's not more'n two I'd call steady!"

If a milkmaid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk from every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's age?

We answer, "Yea."

"Jenny," said a landlady to her help, the other morning, "was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?"

"Only just a spark, ma'am," was the reply.

The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

"My Daughter, I want you to stop talking: you must wait until you are spoken to."

"Ma," answered the bright child, "if every one should wait until they were spoken to, how could any one talk?"

A Clergyman in Connecticut boasts the title of Rev. Hezekiah Fiddle, D.D.



Bogg's second wife—in the street.

A Sensible Resolve.
"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workman to his employer, one day, when he was talking about the evils of intemperance.

"No," replied the latter; "how was it?"

"Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public-house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to dinner."

"What's for dinner?" inquired the man.

"Roast goose," instantly replied the wife.

"Is there apple sauce?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple sauce."

"Edwards was so impressed with the scene he had witnessed, when the woman left the room to prepare this delicacy, that, for the first time in

his life, he began to think what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? Mine, and that of other poor fellows like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's of no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense."

"So he paid up his reckoning and walked out of that public-house, never to enter it again."



At home.



Her joy at his death.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE young lady singer who thought she could make her voice clearer by straining it, made a great mistake.

"Fit you with a tin ear" is the successor of "put a head on you."

REVENGE is sweet. The young ladies' anti-tobacco society in Waterville, Me., is offset by the young men's anti-coarse association.

COLUMBUS, Ga., has a sect called the "Theophilanthropocosmopolitanists," who have a creed as long and as obtuse as their euphonious name.

A FRIEND of ours courted a lady for twenty-eight years, and then married her. She turned out to be a perfect virago, but died in a few days after the wedding. "Now," said our friend, in a self-congratulating tone, "see what I have escaped by a long courtship."

DER moed bobular trink of der day vas peen, "Vell, I guess I hafe a leadle, doo!"

"Knock off oud dot chip py my shoulder, I want to see you." Vell, nefer mind bout dot leadle exberiment; unless, berhabs, der feller vas hafe no arms or legs, id mighd ghen be performed mi safely. In some oder cases, howeferly, dond disturb dat chip!

WHAT does nature avide?—a void.

A YOUNG man generally gives a look of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she sometimes helps herself, and doesn't use scissors.

EVE had some advantages that no other married woman ever enjoyed, chief among which was the fact that her husband could never lacerate her heart by telling "how his mother used to cook."

A SOCIAL glass to which ladies are addicted—The mirror.

THE Milan (Texas) Telegram says: "We have been asked why we stopped publishing the list of marriage licenses issued by the clerk. Because a great big stand-up-in-the-mud, out there in the sand hills, said we published his daughter as married when she weren't, and that he would hit us on the head hard enough to knock our ankles out of joint for it. Is this explanation satisfactory?"

How to make a dull fellow lively—Marry him to a girl named Annie, when, of course, he becomes Annie-mated.

TO CURE TONGUES—Use a strong infusion of good language.

A GIRL in Cincinnati advertises for somebody to love her, and says she will give him \$200 if he will do it in "a virtuous and gentle manner."

THE policeman's song:

I want to be a police,
And at the corners stand;
A star upon my bosom,
A club within my hand.

It reads rather funny, though we suppose it's all right, in the U. S. Court reports at Cincinnati, in some tobacco cases, that the jury returned a verdict that "We, the jury, find thirty-one boxes 'Gay and Happy' brand of cigars guilty, for want of name or initial, and having the date in pencil mark; four boxes 'Little Darling' brand guilty, for want of brand; also two boxes 'Attention,' two do. 'Clipper,' and one do. 'Little Darling' cigars, for having no name on stamp, guilty."

THE Russian-Greek Church does not permit unwedded priests to officiate. In that country no priest is considered competent to preach truthfully or feelingly upon the cares and trials of this weary world until he is married.

THE Height of Impudence—A terrier barking at a railroad train.

BROTHERS in Law—The judges.

A TOAST.—Here's to the Three Ages—Eng-age, Marri-age, and Dot-age.

THE newest word out is itsecuintepolozth, and it means in English a man who can't take a joke, and "gets his back up" at the merest trifle. Its Mexican definition is a hunchback dog.

A COMMITTEE was recently appointed to investigate the excessive chastisement of a pupil in a Michigan public school, and reported that the punishment was not actuated by malice, but occasioned by an "undue appreciation of the thickness of the boy's pantaloons."

QUESTION for Mr. Bergh: Would it be considered brew-tal to malt-treat a brewer's horse?

IN ARMS.—A baby who kisses his mother and fights his father, may be said to be partial to his ma, and martial to his pa.

BORN to BLUSH UNSEEN.—Negro women.

IN speaking of "Intellectual Vagrancy," the *Churchman* deprecates "a deadly mental dyspepsia that has had its foundations laid in many of our American girls, between the ages of seven and fourteen, by the gorging of washy Sunday-school books."

THE young lady at Allemaagoozelum who was up with the lark is now down with the rheumatism.

DANA, in the *Sun*, proposes a Kentucky shoe-maker as a Presidential candidate. "The *Sun* shines for Aw!" at Last.

If all flesh is grass, is hay beef a la mowed?

AN Iowa merchant sent a dunning letter to a man, who replied by return mail: "You say you are holding my note yet. That is all right, perfectly right. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

JAMES MONROE, of Alton, Ill., advertises for his runaway daughter, and says if her lover will pay him \$2.50 he will call it square.

A DOWN-EAST paper alluded to an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State," which neat little compliment came from the compositor's hand reading, "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."

A MUSICAL friend thinks that the first piece of music performed by Adam, must have been "Warblings at Eve."

AN Indianapolis paper thus sums up the divorce market: "Brisk competition among the lawyers has brought down the price of divorces very low in this market. We quote: Common separation, \$15; small alimony, \$25; large alimony, \$50 to \$100. There are but few of the latter in the market. General business good and increasing."

SLEIGHT of Hand—Refusing an "offer."

"You can't do too much for your employers, man," said somebody to a big-fisted, strong-backed man-o'-all-work, on the wharf, the other day. "Arrah," replied Pat, with emphasis, "neither will I."

It is cheerful to be sitting in a railroad car going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and have a man pass through the train and leave a tract in your lap, entitled "Prepare to meet your God."

APOLLO must have detested falsehood, for he is always represented in the act of striking a lyre.

RAILWAY companies sometimes pull down a street. Thieves very often cut up courts and alleys.

"You are beautiful, and I adore you," said a gentleman to the belle of the evening. "For my part, I hate you, and think you frightful," she retorted. "I believe you, you frank girl. You don't tell polite falsehoods, like me."

QUERY—Does a dumb man always keep his word?

A BAD style of arithmetic—Division among families.

A CONTEMPORARY records that a nice young girl at Green Bay, Wis., was being courted by a nice young man. He was generously inclined, and made her presents of hair oil, which he purchased from the store of the father of his adored. After giving her some twenty bottles of the oleaginous fluid he discovered he was working in a circle—as fast as he presented them she returned them to the store, thus dutifully making trade for her father.

A YANKEE paper says that down East they make the tea so weak, that it is unable to come out of the pot.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS—X.—You are wrong, and will lose your Bet if the other fellow gets her.

A KENTUCKIAN conversation: "Hello, dar, you darkey, what you axe for dat old blind mule, hey?" "Well, I dunno; guess I must take \$35." "Thirty-five dollars! I'll give you five!" "Well, you may have 'im; I won't stand on \$30—in a mule trade."

THE rest of the week—Sunday.

JOHNNY was telling his ma how he was going to dress and show off when he was a man. His ma asked:

"Johnny, how do you expect to get your living when you get to be a man?"

"Well," said Johnny, "I'll get married, and live with my wife's pa."

EXAMINE HIS MOUTH FOR HIS AGE.—Rector's daughter (to Sunday scholar): "Oh, you have an elder brother; well, how old is he?"

Schoolboy: "Dunno, Miss; but he's just started o' swearing."

EVERGREENS—Those who don't take the papers.

RAY that always lights up a woman's despair—Rai-ment.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD, contemplating a favorite cow, asked her mother "what Daisy done with her cud, when she was done with it?"

The puzzled parent did not know.

"Oh, I know," said the little one; "she gives it to papa, and he keeps it in his cheek!"

At what time was Adam married? On his wedding Eve.

An Illinois love-letter closed pathetically as follows:

"My best loved one, I chawed the postage-stamp on your last letter all to thunder, because I knew you liked it on."

WHY is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't go a step farther.

OTHELLO was not a lawyer, although he was a tawny-general of Venice.

"HARK to the music of her borrowed tone; Observe the blush that purchase makes her own: See the sweet smile that sheds its beaming rays; False is the bosom where her diamonds blaze."

It is thought that the late trip of the Sheridan hunting party will have a tendency to "bull" the buffalo market.

A SHOPKEEPER, recommending a piece of silk for a gown, told his customer, "Ma'am, it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat afterward."

"WOMEN, wake up!" exclaims the *Revolution*, and an indolent rural editor adds: "Yes, and d— it turn out and make a fire and put the tea-kettle on."

You can't get blood from a stone, but you can get money from a brick.

WHO is over nice loses many a sally.

BEAUTY is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the holder and beholder.

A FEMININE child of this world, no doubt wise in her generation, naively says:

"I never dress much for the play, because everyone is looking at the stage; but no one is more particular about her dress at church."

MANY plain young ladies live to be pretty old ones.

AN Irishman who was recently run over by a whole train of cars got up and asked for his cap; and said he "would not run another such risk as that for ten dollars."

A CORONER's jury in Sing Sing lately held an inquest on the body of a convict, who died in the State Prison, and rendered a verdict that "the way of transgressors is hard, and the deceased came to his death by natural causes."

WHY is an umbrella in wet weather like a worn-out horse? Because it is used up.

THE Tailor's Horror—Clo-reform.

Mrs. STOWE told the history of many households when she said that a woman armed with a sick headache, debility, nervousness, presentiments, and all sorts of imaginary and real ailments, is a walking armory of weapons of subjugation.

A LAZY chap has found out that working between meals is unhealthy for him.

AN Iowa husband, a few months ago, agreed to give his wife three dollars a week to remain in comparative silence, deducting one cent for each superfluous word she uttered. She now owes him nearly enough to pay the national debt.

EVER Judge Barnard will sometimes joke. The other day a spectator in the court-room accidentally overturned a chair, and he was gravely recommended by the judge to be more careful of the court-house furniture, as that chair alone had already cost the city over \$400,000.

JOHN VAN BUREN used to say that it required more tact and judgment to cross Broadway, in New York, than to be a justice of the peace in the country. Only a country justice would venture to dispute the truth of this statement.



CRUEL.

SWEET WILLIAM.—"Oh, Angelina, would that my breast was made of glass, that you might read my heart!"

ANGELINA'S YOUNGEST BROTHER, BOB.—"Say, Billy, wouldn't a pane in your stomach do as well?"

"SAY, Smith, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been anywhere, 'cause I haven't got a weak back."

A WONDER OF THE SEA-SHORE—Is to be sunburnt to be healthy, I wonder? People say of a sunburnt person, "He looks the picture of health." Logically the picture of a thing is not the thing itself. The boy who is the very picture of his mother is, clearly, not his mother. Ergo, a person who appears to be the picture of health, is not health itself, but, at best, very like health.

WHEN does a cow change place with her keeper?—When she bellows—for then she is a *cow heard* (cow-herd).

ANY lady who speaks slightly of ministers of religion is not a lady. We were much displeased with Miss Shallow (the Justice's daughter) the other evening. Referring to the Purchas decision, which pronounces the white dress to be the only legitimate garb of the clergy, the misguided young person said that she should henceforth always call the parsons the *surplice population*.



UNCLE PETER'S WAY OUT.—"CORNELIUS WAVED THE DOCUMENT OVER HIS HEAD LIKE A MANIAC, NORA'S ARMS WERE ROUND UNCLE PETER'S NECK, AND PETER WAS SOBBING LIKE A BABY."

Uncle Peter's Way Out.

"NORA, poor pet, you have a hard life of it. Married to a poor cripple, and obliged to toil from morning till night to support him," and Cornelius Manners drew his young wife's face down to his own, and kissed it ruefully.

"There, now, Cornelius dear, *please* don't pity me. There, then, you foolish fellow," and she kissed away a little tear that would come out of the "corner of his eye" (men *can* cry when they are sick, you know). "This is perfect nonsense, you see—perfect nonsense. I'm not an object of pity at all. I have perfect health and strength,

and the very one I love best in all the world to talk to when my work is done. What more need I ask? Besides, I love my work, and would much rather do it than be idle."

"It is all very nice to talk that way, darling," said Cornelius, kissing his wife's little hand. "Of course I know you are an angel, and always see the sunny side of everything. But it is very hard for me to have to sit here and see you toiling so; you who have been used to all the luxuries of a first-class home—"

"Ha! ha!" tinkled Norah's merry laugh. "You must excuse my interrupting you, Neil, dear, but I could not help it. To think of my liv-

ing in an atmosphere of constant scolding and discontent, having no one to speak a sympathetic word to me from one year's end to another, and calling that the 'comforts of a first-class home!' Why, this dear cozy little place is paradise to the stiff up-town residence I left for your sake. 'Darling,' and here she again stooped to kiss her husband's pale forehead, 'of course I am grieved for you. I know you must suffer, bodily and mentally. But there is no earthly reason why you should increase your suffering by fretting about me. If it were not for your suffering I should be as happy as the day is long!'

"You are a wonder, Nora," said her husband, with a smile full of love, as he scanned her cheerful face. "You startle me, every day, with your cheerful, almost defiant courage. You seem to have utterly forgotten, this morning for instance, that we are in arrears for our rent, that the gas bill is due, and that the heap of coal in our bin is growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less.'"

"Don't bother your poor aching head about those things, Neil; leave them to me. I have a cheerful confidence that all will come right, and that we are not going to suffer. Cheer up now and eat your breakfast—as for me, I've tried and tried to feel anxious, thinking it might be my duty, but I can't do it! I am sure the pattern I am working on will 'take' at Sage & Co.'s, and that will bring me in so much money that I shall be able to take my poor love to Bermuda, where the balmy air will restore his precious health."

"Sanguine girl! you forget how often you have failed!" said Cornelius, a little querulously.

A slight shadow flitted across Nora's face. But it passed away immediately, though not before Cornelius had seen it.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, tenderly. "It seems I am good for nothing but to sit here and croak to you."

"Croak on!" said she, gayly; "I suppose I need somebody to put on the brakes for me occasionally. 'But if it comes to the worst, you know, Cornelius, there's my diamond. Laura Slade has offered me a thousand dollars for it, and will be glad to buy it at any time.'"

"Your wedding-ring!" exclaimed Cornelius, with a gasp.

"Of course," that would be our 'last plank,' Neil." She had both her arms around his neck, now, and her rosy face was pressed close to his pale one. "But, darling, 'the life is more than raiment,' and though my ring is a sweet talisman to me, I should, of course, regard it as nothing compared to your comfort and chance of recovered health."

Nora Verrian was the daughter of a New York merchant, to whom great riches had proved a curse rather than a blessing, inasmuch as they had awakened in his soul a greed of gain that rendered him blind to the best uses of riches. His two daughters, Nora and Caroline, had been early deprived, by death, of a noble mother, whom Nora much resembled in person and disposition; while Caroline, a tall, haughty beauty, with flashing black eyes, more ready to express scorn than love, was universally declared to be the "very image of her father."

When Nora fell in love with young Cornelius Manners, then head-clerk in the house of Verrian & Co., and when Mr. Verrian was informed of the fact by the lovers, he utterly and unqualifiedly "forbade the bans." Neither of his daughters should marry a man who could not bring his half-million, at least, to add to the pecuniary consequence of the family. So the lovers, after a hesitation with regard to such a step which is natural to all refined and delicate-minded young people, finding that their mutual happiness depended upon it,

concluded to take the responsibility entirely upon themselves, and be married clandestinely.

When the news of this defiant step came to Mr. Verrian's ears, he was prompt in his judgment upon the offenders. He immediately discharged Manners from his clerkship in the firm, and added a codicil to his will disinheriting Nora, and giving her portion of his fortune to Caroline. Soon afterward the latter married a man after her father's own heart, and took her place in Upper-tendom—an assured princess in the kingdom of the almighty dollar.

Cornelius Manners, being well-qualified for his position, found no difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment; and the happy young couple went to housekeeping in their modest way, well content to be counted out of the circle of the *littles*, so that they might live together like two doves in one nest, for theirs was a case, to speak commercially, of the A 1 article of true love, which now, in spite of some slight drawbacks, promised to run uncommonly smooth with them. One of the drawbacks was, that the young husband was obliged, in his new quality of commercial traveler, to be away from home the greater portion of the time.

But this state of things was not to last long. What some would call an accident, and others a providence, arranged that he should remain permanently at home, though under circumstances that he would himself have been far from choosing.

It was the old story of a rail loosened by the severe frost, and a car thrown from the track, and scores of valuable lives sacrificed, and other scores of happy, healthy, sanguine human beings maimed and crippled for life, their constitutions ruined by internal injuries, and their hopes of successful endeavor in this world destroyed.

Cornelius was brought home to his young wife with an injured spine, which not only rendered him helpless, but seriously impaired his constitution. But Nora, grieved as she was at the blow which deprived her husband of his health, was not one to wring her hands in despair at the situation. She was of that cheery, elastic nature, that nothing could appal—especially nothing that did not deprive her affections of their nourishment. She went to work like a heroine; sold their superfluous furniture, rented a part of her house, and strove to reduce their expenses to the level of her ability to meet them. Then, having an artistic eye and hand, which had been tolerably well cultivated, she undertook that branch of design which consists in furnishing patterns to manufacturers of wall-paper.

But though she met with better success than generally falls to the lot of beginners, she soon found that her incomes were inadequate to her outgoes. Her husband was an invalid, and required much of her time; then, his medicines were very expensive, and his doctor's bill must be paid; he needed delicate food and strengthening wines, and had she not been the most healthy and most hopeful of little women, her heart must sometimes have quailed before the difficulties that confronted her.

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation of the married lovers. Nora rose to open it, and confronted an old man, seedy-looking and somewhat infirm, and yet with a pleasant gleam in his blue eyes that neither age nor poverty had been able to quench.

"Don't you know me, my dear?" he asked, smiling, of the puzzled Nora.

"No, I do not, sir," she replied, civilly; "but won't you come in? You have quite the advantage of me in memory," she added.

"Well, I should think likely; for you were a baby in your nurse's arms when I saw you last."

You are the perfect image of your mother. Just the same bright gray eyes, that look as though they never quail before anything; just the same wavy, auburn hair, and firm, smiling mouth——"

"Will you tell me who you are, sir? You have roused my curiosity to a point beyond endurance!"

"Of course, my dear, I'll tell you that. It's just what I want you to know. I am your mother's Uncle Peter!"

"Uncle Peter? Not Uncle Peter Marsden? For we heard that he died of yellow fever in Tampico."

"Heard wrong, my dear, heard wrong! Death found a pretty tough old customer when he grappled with me, though he *did* grapple very hard. He almost got me. And seeing he couldn't get me, he left me something to remember him by—a broken constitution. I'm only seventy years old, my child, but I'm not what I used to be—not what I used to be."

Nora smiled at the remark. She thought it extremely natural that he should *not* be quite what he used to be.

"And this is your husband, eh? Met with an accident, I heard. Happy to shake hands with you, sir! Like your face extremely well—look as if you and Nora could hit it off together nicely."

"I assure you we do, sir," answered Cornelius, quite cheered by the old man's breezy manner.

"Have you breakfasted?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, uncle!" said Nora;

"I quite forgot. Sit down, and let me make you a cup of coffee."

"Thank you, my dear, I will! 'Tis a long time since such pretty white hands have made my coffee for me. And while you're making it, I want to state a case to you. You see, I'm an old man—quite old; and I've had my days of health and strength; but they're gone; and now I've come home to lay my bones in my native earth. I'm not just destitute, you see; have enough to keep me while I live, and bury me when I die; but I want a *home*—a quiet, comfortable home to spend my last days in. When I arrived in the city yesterday, I inquired all about both you and your sister; and I applied to her first, because I knew that she was richer than you, and much better able to shoulder such a burden. But Caroline says she's 'delicate, and nervous, and really not able to bear the excitement of a constant guest in the house.' I shrewdly suspect that my seedy hat and coat had a good deal to do with the matter. Now, what I want to know is, will you take me in? I know it is asking a good deal of you, situated as you are, but I really wouldn't be any additional expense to you, and I might be some help——"

"Uncle, don't say any more, please. Of course, you can come to us, and welcome. Cornelius needs somebody to cheer him up when I am away, and you are just the one to do it. The obligation will be wholly on our side; so, if you can put up with our narrow quarters, pray come at once."

So it was arranged, and Uncle Peter took up his permanent abode with his nephew and niece. He made himself both agreeable and useful as sick-nurse, waiting on Cornelius in Nora's absence, cheering him with lively stories out of his own experience, playing chess with him, and so forth.

Nora, meanwhile, found a great advantage in Uncle Peter's presence in the house, in the greater leisure and freedom from petty cares that it afforded her. She was able now to devote her attention much more to her art, and in consequence, brought out some patterns that were so original and beautiful as to establish her reputation as a designer.

Orders now came in faster than she could sup-

ply them, and it was not long before the courageous little wife found herself rich enough to discuss her old plan of taking her husband to Bermuda. The only difficulty in her mind was that she could scarcely afford to go herself. She feared that in leaving New York at the present juncture, she should be running the risk of entirely losing the business she had begun to be so prosperous in.

"I've been thinking how you'll manage it, my dear," said Uncle Peter, one morning at the breakfast-table. "It will do you both good to go, for your own cheeks are beginning to look less rosy than formerly."

"Well, Uncle Peter, what is the result of your cogitations?" asked Nora. "You know we rely very much on your advice."

"I think I see your way out," said the old man, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, that was somewhat modified by a certain humidness of those organs. "I have written out, here, a plan that I wish to submit to you. You know I'm a prosy old fellow, and like to put things in black and white. When you have read that," handing Cornelius a substantial-looking document, "please tell me your opinion of my plan."

Cornelius took the paper with a smile. Uncle Peter was certainly getting very fond of "protocols." But when he opened the paper, and proceeded to read it, his expression changed from amusement to astonishment.

"Why, Cornelius, what is it so wonderful? You look as though you thought Uncle Peter had found the philosopher's stone!"

"He has, so far as we are concerned!" exclaimed Cornelius. "Uncle Peter, what an impostor you are! Nora, he has made millionaires of us. Hurrah!"

And he waved the document over his head like a crazy man.

Nora's arms were round Uncle Peter's neck. And Uncle Peter was sobbing on her shoulder like a baby.

"I didn't tell you I was rich at first, because I was thirsting to taste real love, for love's own sake. You have given me that, freely, and it is only fair that I should give you all I own. So there is my money, and my love with it, and may it bless you as you have blessed me!"

And Uncle Peter's pleasant blue eyes sparkled with tears and smiles.

The Mesmerizer of St. Vivien's.

CHAPTER I.—TEN DISSECTING-ROOM.

In the shade of the veranda of the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, on a sultry summer's day, there sat two young men, intimate friends, and both rising members of the medical profession. While they smoked their cigars they talked about the premonitory signs in the air, the sun and the weather, of the coming plague—the dreaded yellow fever.

The eldest of these gentlemen was Doctor Alfred Dartmoor, an Englishman by birth, who came with his father to the Southern metropolis when quite a youth. The Dartmoors belonged to an old and aristocratic family in Yorkshire, rich in hereditary acres and honorable fame. But the father had been born a younger son, and the slender means which had accompanied his position in the family, had led him to turn to the New World for the improvement of his fortunes. He settled in New Orleans, educated his son in the best possible manner, and had died but a year before our story opens, leaving a fair competence behind.

Alfred Dartmoor was a brilliant youth at college, and he brought his talents to a profession he loved, and in which he felt certain he could shine. A few years of practice placed him in an honored rank among the older heads. A vacancy in the faculty of the medical college of the city opened a still wider sphere to him, and he was chosen a professor, with the general approbation of the community; and as if Fortune was still unsatisfied in bestowing upon him the gifts of genius, robust health, good spirits, and professional distinction, she added to the fullness of his life by making him the accepted lover of the handsomest girl in New Orleans—Miss Florence Amyot.

The friend with whom Dartmoor was chatting was Doctor Henry St. Leger, also a young physician, with a growing practice. He and Dartmoor had been college chums together; they had studied medicine in the same office, and, by reason of their constant intercourse, had become bosom friends. Dartmoor was the elder and better physician of the two, but St. Leger was his superior in those graceful ways which make the pleasant man of society.

On this summer's afternoon, sheltered by the arch of the broad veranda from the blazing heat of the sun, the friends talked in their professional manner of the epidemic which was about to make its annual visit, and sweep away its wonted holocaust of victims.

"There will be an unusual mortality this year in the French quarter," observed Dartmoor. "The drains have been badly kept, and I noticed at the markets to-day an accumulation of garbage that would take a week to cart off. It will give the fever a foothold, and then the Health Board might as well adjourn its sittings. Do you know, Henry," continued Dartmoor, turning suddenly to his friend, "that I feel uneasy sometimes about Florence? I think the Amyots should get away from town at once."

"Dartmoor, you are always worrying about that blue-eyed girl of yours," said St. Leger, with a laugh. "She is in no more danger than thousands of other pretty girls in New Orleans. Besides, the Amyots are thoroughly acclimated, and believe me, we shall not have a case of fever before three weeks at the most."

"Well, perhaps you are right," mused Dartmoor. "My thoughts are too much on Florence, when I am absent from her, for my own quiet of mind; then—then—I dream about her too."

"Well, upon my word, there is nothing remarkable in that," remarked St. Leger. "I dare say all infatuated lovers dream of their mistresses until matrimony cures them."

"But such dreams," said Dartmoor, clutching his friend's arm convulsively. "Every night I have had a vision of my darling in her shroud. I know it is foolish to repeat this, but I cannot shake off the impression of some coming misfortune. Do you believe in clairvoyance, St. Leger?"

"Now, really this is too ridiculous, Professor Dartmoor," said St. Leger; and then, with affected gravity, the young man continued: "I am afraid, my dear Alfred, you are getting too partial to late suppers at Anjou's. Soft-shell crabs are in season, and who can tell how many dreadful nights the monsters have to answer for?"

Doctor Dartmoor started from his seat impetuously, and strode up and down the veranda for some minutes. His face was heavy with an inward gathering gloom.

"Confound this Texas trip!" he muttered. "I wish it could be put off; but then (with a sigh) I suppose it must be. Henry," said he, stopping short and addressing his friend, "I believe I will not wait for Saturday's boat for Galveston. The quicker I am off, the sooner I can get back. I will

go this very afternoon, if you will see to my cases I don't like to be away when the fever sets in."

"Of course I will take care of your patients," replied Doctor St. Leger; "and since you think you must go to Texas, why, perhaps, you had better not stand upon the order of your going, but go at once."

With this conclusion reached, the young physicians settled the details of their business for the next three weeks, St. Leger agreeing to see Dartmoor's patients, explain to them the cause of his sudden absence, and administer to their wants until his return. Dartmoor's call to Texas was to perform a long-postponed surgical operation upon an old friend of his father. The necessity of attending to the case at once had lately become apparent from urgent letters, and the young man had determined to serve his father's friend at whatever sacrifice of time and other engagements.

Parting from St. Leger, he proceeded to his lodgings, and got ready a small valise with clothing, and arranged his office accounts. Then, as a last duty before his departure, he went to the residence of his affianced to acquaint her with the necessity of his absence from town, and to bid her a temporary farewell.

"You will be sure to run away from New Orleans the instant the fever appears," said he, as he held Miss Amyot in his arms at the door, at the close of the interview.

"I will mind everything you say, Alfred," replied Florence, "though I wish you would not be so anxious about me. Mamma is making preparations now to go, and up at the plantation they are getting ready for us."

"Well, then, good-by, and God bless you, my darling," said Dartmoor, pressing the girl to his heart. "I shall return in three weeks, and then—we must part no more."

Florence's eyes fell, and her heart fluttered at the anticipations these last words had conjured up, and she lingered on the doorstep, and watched the form of her lover until it was lost in the winding of the street.

Dartmoor reached Galveston the day after his departure. The country stage took him across the swamps and lowlands of Eastern Texas to an inland town, from whence he proceeded by private conveyance to the remote plantation of his patient. He found the sick man in great pain, and proceeded at once to the performance of his professional duties. He made several surgical operations, all of them successful in their results, but it was necessary that he should watch with caution the slow process of healing before it would be safe to leave his patient to the further care of nature.

The case took rather longer than he had anticipated, and he began to be anxious and annoyed. His unpleasant visions had returned. He was so far away from even the frontiers of civilization that no news reached him from home, and if he had expected letters they could only have reached him by private messengers.

More than his three weeks of the allotted absence had elapsed before he felt that he could say farewell to the planter. With that word finally, and with his grateful patient's draft upon a Galveston factor for an unexpectedly large fee, Dartmoor took a conveyance back to the world. At the village stage depot he heard vague talk that worried him, and when he reached Galveston, he learned that the fever had broken out two weeks before, and was raging terribly at New Orleans.

Dartmoor read in the New Orleans papers the names of many of the victims of the epidemic, but there were none of intimate friends. With an impatience he could not repress, however, he took passage in the earliest boat, and spent a sleepless night and day following.

The steamer was moored alongside the wharf in New Orleans just as the street-lamps were being lighted. Grasping his valise, Dartmoor was the first to leap ashore, and with rapid pace he made his way to his lodgings. He let himself in with his passkey, and mounted to his room. Everything was in order there, and on his dressing-table lay a solitary note. He tore it open, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR ALFRED: Have been expecting you for a week, but suppose you will come in by to-night's boat sure, and I send this down to your lodgings, as I cannot go myself. We have a 'post-mortem' to-night at the hospital, and Felther expects you to preside. Don't fail to come—I have a great deal to tell you.

"In haste, ST. LEGER.

"P. S. I hear the Amyots left for their plantation last week. Miss Florence was well—I could not get time to see them off."

Tears of relief and joy sprang to Dartmoor's eyes as he read this postscript, though he felt rather hurt that his friend should make the news of his betrothed's health secondary to any business engagement. However, his heart felt very much lighter, and he dressed himself almost gayly for the evening lecture.

At the hospital Dartmoor found a crowd of students waiting. Doctor Felther, the President of the College, was there, but St. Leger had not yet come. The "post-mortem" was to take place, for convenience sake, in the dissecting-room, and thither the gentlemen at length proceeded.

Dartmoor chatted a few moments with his friends about his trip to Texas, and the progress of the fever in the city, and finally made the proposition to begin the evening's duties.

"By-the-way, Dartmoor," said Doctor Felther, "we have received a curious *subject* from Sainte Lazarre's this evening. It is a case of hepatitis. The body presents the most extraordinary appearance."

And he pointed to the dissecting-table, upon which was laid a *something* in shape of a human body, covered with a white cloth.

Dartmoor stood near the table when the president spoke, and he had but to turn half-way round to view the corpse. With the impassibility to such sights, acquired by long familiarity with them, the young professor lightly stripped the sheet from the face of the dead.

For a moment he stood transfixed with horror, and then with a shriek fell heavily to the floor. His eyes had rested upon the marble countenance—still beautiful in death—and the long fair locks of—Florence Amyot.

CHAPTER II.—REBIRTH.

DARTMOOR was borne from the dreadful chamber, and among those who helped to convey him to his home was St. Leger, who had reached his side just as he received the fatal blow.

St. Leger himself was terribly shocked, but summoned all his nerve and resolution to serve his friend in this hour of trial. He had him taken to his bed, and watched by him until the first signs of returning consciousness appeared. Fourteen hours Dartmoor lay as one in a trance. At the end of that time he opened his eyes, and murmured feebly:

"St. Leger, is that you?"

"Alfred, I am with you, my poor friend," was the reply.

"I am going to have brain-fever. If I die—and I think I shall—bury me with Florence. You have taken her body away from that awful room?"

"Compose yourself! Felther has seen to all—I am with you, and will not leave you."

From that hour Dartmoor began to sink. As his medical prescience had indicated, a brain-fever set in. For several days, in his delirium he raved like a madman. On the eighth day St. Leger abandoned hope, and reported the patient to his friends at the college as in *articulo mortis*. His splendid constitution, however, broke the spell.

On the morning of the ninth day a change for the better took place; but he convalesced slowly. As he grew stronger he held conversations with St. Leger.

His friend found him dejected. The ambition and energy of life had gone out of him. He was a broken man, sunk in the gloom of blasted hopes. He refused himself to all but St. Leger.

As listlessly he lay upon his bed one day, he said to St. Leger:

"When I am strong enough to move, I shall crawl on shipboard, and sail away from here forever."

His mind seemed to be made up to put space between himself and the land of his terrible disappointment. St. Leger did little to dissuade him. Perhaps he thought a sea-voyage and a change of scene might rest his mind.

A few days after the morning when he had first put on his clothes and walked across the floor, St. Leger dropped in, and found him nervously arranging his baggage.

"I go to-morrow," he said. "The first ship that sails from New Orleans for Europe shall take me a passenger."

The next day a Bremen-bound bark was towed down the river, and on its deck, wrapped in a shawl, and slightly shivering from contact with the fresh air, sat Alfred Dartmoor, gazing on the melting spires of the city that should know him no more.

THE fickle goddess had another turn in her wheel for Dartmoor. She deprived him of his mistress, but she showered upon him a golden fortune. He reached England to hear of the death of his father's elder brother, and of the descent to himself by right of inheritance of the large estates which had been held in the family for three centuries.

In the mood of mind into which his love-blight had cast him, the accession of this great wealth afforded but little gratification. The world, its passing events, its pleasures, even its sorrows, were dead to him, for there was a sorrow at his own heart which absorbed all his faculties.

In the ancestral home, in the north of England, a quaint old mansion of a bygone age, vast and gloomy inside, and almost shut from the sun by the foliage of ancient oaks, Dartmoor buried himself and brooded. The neighbors who called on visits of courtesy were refused at the door. The newspapers which chronicled the current events of the outside world were rigidly excluded. His correspondence was confined to a brief occasional note to his business agent or banker in London.

Once, and only once, a letter reached the recluse from America. It was written by St. Leger, shortly after his friend's departure from New Orleans, and had found its way to him through a London acquaintance. St. Leger wrote briefly, alluded to the general regret in the profession at Dartmoor's sudden and unceremonious departure, and closed with the mention that in remembrance of him he had, a few days before, "visited and laid some flowers on poor Florie's grave."

When time had healed a little the wound at Dartmoor's heart, he roused himself from his deathlike lethargy, and took to his books for consolation. His uncle had left an extensive library,

and in it were many rare and curious old volumes. It was rich in the mystic lore of the Orient, in works on alchemy and astrology, on sorcery and the black art. Curiosity induced the recluse to peruse these singular relics of the superstition of the Middle Ages, and from them he was led to the investigation of a kindred subject—the phenomena of mesmerism or clairvoyance.

Years before, when he was young and light-hearted, Dartmoor had experimented in this department of psychical science, and now that he had abundant leisure, he felt impelled to make it the subject of a more careful study. In these examinations he exhausted all the older as well as more recent works upon mesmerism, biology, second-sight and electro-magnetism, from the day the Frenchman, Mesmer, promulgated his crude theories of the power of mind over mind, to the time the science became perfected in the remarkable and convincing experiments of Von Reichenbach.

The very interest this study had excited in the mind of Dartmoor had the good effect of drawing him from his seclusion. He made several visits to a well-known votary of mesmerism in the vicinity of the county-town, and even journeyed at one time as far as London, to exchange thoughts with Braid, who had recently published his startling work entitled "Hypnotism."

Contact with the world gradually dispelled the misanthropy which had gathered around the soul of Dartmoor, and he became accessible to people of kindred tastes and studies. After a while a strange spirit of restlessness came over him. It seemed as if he was called upon to plunge once more into the strife of life, and win honors, if he could not win happiness. He yearned toward America, and something, magnetic he thought, drew him to that little spot of earth where his Florence lay buried.

To resolve was to go. A few preparations placed him, for the second time in his life, on an ocean-bound steamer, with his eyes turned toward the great West.

Dartmoor landed in New York. Five years had passed since he had exiled himself from the land of his adoption and affection, and now, after having severed the communication with his old friends so long, he felt like a stranger.

He drove to a hotel. He had fixed no plans for the future, save that he would travel by easy stages wherever inclination led, and eventually reach the Mecca of his pilgrimage—the grave by the side of the swift-rolling Mississippi.

In the hotel parlor Dartmoor found the daily papers. Looking through one of them, his eyes met a paragraph which gave him surprise and pleasure. It was a brief report of a lecture upon some scientific subject, given, the evening before, by Doctor Henry St. Leger, of the New York College of Surgeons.

"St. Leger living in New York!" exclaimed Dartmoor. "That is fortunate! And yet, why should he leave the South? Pahaw! what right have I to speculate on the motives of my friends, when I have not communicated with them for years!"

At the hotel office Dartmoor consulted a Directory. "Doctor Henry St. Leger, surgeon," was recorded as residing at No. — Fifth avenue.

Dartmoor determined to give his old friend a call that very evening. He dressed himself carefully, and about nine o'clock took a conveyance, and ordered the driver to carry him to the desired spot in the aristocratic quarter where his friend lived.

Dartmoor's carriage drew up before the door in Fifth avenue, and as he alighted he was surprised to see that the house was brilliantly illuminated, and that there were other carriages near the sidewalk, out of which stepped elegantly-dressed

ladies and gentlemen, who ascended the broad steps, and were received by the servants in waiting.

It was evident that there was a great party in progress at St. Leger's. So much the better. Then Dartmoor would be a guest, too—an unexpected one, but none the less welcome.

Trusting that the peculiarity of his visit under such circumstances would excuse any slight deviation in the customary etiquette, Dartmoor entered the handsome parlors, hat in hand, to present himself to St. Leger.

He had barely crossed the threshold, though, when there burst upon his vision a scene that stopped the pulsations of his heart! There stood St. Leger at the upper end of the *salon*, soft and smiling, greeting the guests, as they came up, in that old graceful way of his, and by his side, radiant in her beauty, stood the hostess of the evening—Florence Amyot!

A great groan burst from Dartmoor's lips, and he reeled from the room like a drunken man.

CHAPTER III.—THE LION RENDS.

Down the avenue, past the brilliantly-lighted hotels, and through the gay throngs which at this early hour in the evening crowded the sidewalks, the stupefied man moved with unsteady steps. Those who noticed him supposed he was some reveler just from his cups. His brain was in a whirl. The streets, the houses, the people made, no impression upon his senses—he could fix his mind upon nothing save the vague horror that had possession of him. In this stunned mental condition he wandered into a drinking-saloon. He threw himself into a vacant chair, and burying his face in his hands, strove to gather his scattered ideas.

Slowly the awful consciousness of what he had seen came back to him. His mind went over the course of events in detail. He saw his early love in her Southern home, budding into womanhood, with candor and devotion beaming from her eyes. He beheld her again—a pallid form on the hospital bench, marred with the ravages of disease, and surrounded with the dreadful paraphernalia of the dissecting-room. His mind wandered through his sickness and delirium, his recluse life in the gloomy old house in Yorkshire, his sea-passage to America again, and the events of this very evening—to the dead risen—to his bride the wife of another—to a second funeral of the heart more terrible than the first.

When his reasoning faculties resumed their functions he pondered upon the strange sight he had witnessed. Now, it was apparent Florence was alive—indeed she had never been dead, as the corpse lying on the students' table had told him. What jugglery was this? Speculate as he would, he could build up no plausible theory to account for his undoing. But the living truth shone out with the blaze of the noonday sun—Florence was the wife of that man, and he had been bereft of her by some dreadful treachery.

Then a thirst for vengeance surged over him, and his brain was consumed with fire. He started from his seat by an impulse he could not control, and madly plunged into the street again. How long he had loitered in the barroom he knew not; it seemed as if he had been there several hours. Now the streets were deserted, and only here and there stood a solitary policeman on his beat.

Dartmoor wandered he knew not where. He traversed many avenues and public squares, walking rapidly, but with a brain returning to torpor. He was aroused by the clock of a neighboring church chiming the hour of two. He looked around, and found himself on the great avenue again, as fate would have it, directly opposite St.

Leger's house. A carriage stood in front, and the great hall door was open, and out of it came the last of the evening's guests, a gentleman and lady.

On the doorstep, bidding them farewell, Dartmoor saw St. Leger and Florence, and with them a beautiful child, seemingly not more than three years old. Pleasant words of adieu fell from the lips of the group, the departing guests descended the steps, and as they were entering the carriage, the little girl broke from her mother's side, and ran down to them merrily.

Then a thought shot through Dartmoor's brain like a bolt of lightning. It was not reason, it was intuition that told him here was his revenge. He rushed from his lair like a hungry wolf. He seized the child as she stood in the middle of the sidewalk, and before the affrighted mother could shriek for succor, he had disappeared in the gloom of the night.

The sun went down the next day on a ship plowing its way into the ocean beyond Sandy Hook. On the deck stood a man holding by the hand a little girl. The man's face was dark and impenetrable; that of the child had written upon it but one emotion—terror.

By the side of a window in a splendid mansion, and gazing helplessly out upon the busy street, stood another man—a graceful, elegantly-dressed man—and on his face was the mark of unutterable woe. From his nerveless grasp there had dropped to his feet a crumpled note, upon which were scrawled these words, every one of which burned into his brain as if they were of fire:

“ST. LEGER: A blow for a blow. By treachery you robbed me of my Eden. I repay. When you shall see your child again, she shall be grown into that gilded shame that shall make you, sin-steeped as you are, loathe her with horror, and this will be the vengeance of
DARTMOOR.”

CHAPTER IV.—CLAIRVOYANCE.

On the southern coast of France, near the rocky crags jutting out into the sea, and known to the inhabitants as St. Vivien, Alfred Dartmoor bought a chateau which had belonged to the lords of the manor before the Revolution of 1789, and here he again turned hermit. This time he severed his connection with the world even to the selling of all his possessions in England. He disappeared from among his friends there, leaving not a trace behind. In the remote part of Southern France to which he had now exiled himself he was known as Mr. Werner, a German gentleman of fortune. He assumed that character because he spoke the language fluently, and the better to disguise his identity in case of intrusion or search.

The child who was with Dartmoor passed for his daughter. Lillian St. Leger was but an infant in years and mind when she had been carried away from her parents' home. Dartmoor took her just at the time when the mind begins to throw off the helplessness of infancy, and unfolds to the influences which will strengthen or weaken its character in after life. Lillian was a strange child. Her fragile form and almost colorless face indicated a constitution not very strong, nor giving hope of long vitality.

She was a timid and dependent little thing, ardent in her attachments, and amiable in her disposition, but given to odd ways and fits of dreaminess, out of which even the tender solicitude of her adopted father could not always allure her; for, after the first few days of acquaintance, Dartmoor had won the confidence of the girl, and with it all her childish affection. She grew up to know no protector but Dartmoor, and the remembrance of a mother and a home in the land of her

birth faded away gradually, until it seemed like a vision of the past.

In his sea-girt home Dartmoor devoted himself to the education of his little Lillian. He watched with pleasure the developing of her acute intellect and the natural graces of her manner, and in the contemplation of the love which she returned for his care he ceased almost to brood over the wrong that had blasted his life.

Aside from the education of Lillian, however, Dartmoor had another favorite pursuit. He returned with ardor to his old study of the phenomena of mesmerism, and in all the workings of the science he made new and startling discoveries. He found the *spirituelle* Lillian wonderfully affected by his mesmeric powers.

The first time Dartmoor experimented upon the child, she fell into the usual clairvoyant sleep in a few seconds. As his influence over her increased, the few passes which accompany the mesmeric process were unnecessary. By the mere action of his will she became completely in his power. A glance from his eye was sufficient to throw her into the somnambule state, and though she might move about in her usual pursuits and with open eyes, yet she saw only through his eyes, felt only through his senses, and thought only through the mental action of his brain. During these sleeps she revealed every mental and physical characteristic to him, and became as completely his as if but one soul had animated their two bodies.

Among Dartmoor's discoveries in the mesmeric science was one that proved to be a step beyond anything that had yet been accomplished by its votaries. The power has since become familiar to the world through the books and experiments of the professors of electro-biology, but Dartmoor was the first to put it in active use. It was not merely the revelation of passing events at a distance by means of the mystic power of the clairvoyant sleeper, but the attachment of a brain power, as it were, between the minds of the magnetizer and individuals at any distance, through a clairvoyant who was in magnetic sympathy with both.

Thus Dartmoor discovered that through Lillian he could put himself in communication with her mother, and learn from Lillian's lips the very thoughts passing through her mother's mind, though an ocean rolled between their corporeal forms.

While Dartmoor was perfecting this system of mental telegraphy, the thought often occurred to him to use it in solving the mystery that had enshrouded the last days of his life in New Orleans. From the lips of the chief conspirator against his happiness he could never expect, while consciousness ruled, a truthful explanation, nor could he hope that the woman he had loved so fondly, now that she was a wife, and apparently a loving one, would ever forget her wifehood so as to make him her confidant, even if she were aware of the wrong that had been inflicted upon him.

Dartmoor knew it was useless to expect a confession from either St. Leger or his wife. Now, however, fate had given him, through his discovery, the power to read their inmost thoughts, unconscious though they might be of their mental unmasking.

One evening Dartmoor sat in the deepening twilight by the window of the great oak-paneled room in which the barons of the *ancien regime*, in days of yore, banqueted their guests. Lillian had been walking with a servant in the lane near by, and had paused at the carriage-gate to gather a few flowers. Gradually she felt the power of her master stealing over her, and, in obedience to a will she could not resist, she ceased her pastime, and walked directly into the chateau. Dartmoor willed her to a seat before him. Her eyes were

but partially closed, but her being had become lost in his.

"Lilian," spoke the mesmerizer, "do you see your father and mother?"

"I do," responded the child. "It is the hour of midnight in the far-off land. My father and mother are sleeping."

"I command that, by the innate tie that binds you to your mother, you put her mental faculties in communication with mine."

"Master, I have obeyed."

"Florence," exclaimed the mesmerist, "do you know me?"

After a pause and a shudder, the child answered:

"Yes, Alfred."

"Are you happy, Florence?"

"No, I am very wretched."

"Why?"

"Because I have lost my child, my darling Lilian."

"Do you know where she is?"

"I do not."

"Has your husband never told you."

"He does not know. He has searched the world for her."

"Florence, why did you deceive me and marry that man?"

"I did not deceive you. I thought you were false."

"Who told you so?"

"My husband."

"Were you not in a plot with him to cheat my eyes with some semblance of yourself, in a spot where none but the dead should lie."

"I know of no plot. You left me, and promised to return. You fled with another, and I heard of you no more."

Dartmoor groaned.

"Do you love your husband?" he asked.

"He is kind to me—I love him."

"Lilian," said the mesmerist, to the child, "sever the current, and put me in communication with your father."

The child shuddered again. At length she said:

"It is done, master."

"St. Leger!" exclaimed the mesmerist, "who am I?"

"My God!" responded the soul of St. Leger, through the lips of the child, "it is Dartmoor who speaks!"

"Wretch!" thundered the mesmerist, "why have you betrayed me?"

"Oh, Dartmoor, if you know how I have suffered for my crime, you would pity me!"

"Pity for pity. You had no pity for me. I command you to confess! What glamour was it you threw round me, that clouded my senses and dulled my eyes, when you did that devil's work?"

"Let God judge me, Dartmoor, I meant you no wrong when you came back to us from the prairies on that fatal day. It is true, I had loved Florence—loved her before you ever had met—but I saw she preferred you, and so I stilled the passion in my breast, and tried to be faithful to my friend. I avoided the sight of Florence, so as to keep my honor with you."

"On the night you returned, I had not reached the hospital. I knew nothing of the corpse which



THE MESMERIZER OF ST. VIVIENS.—"WITH MUCH ASSUMED RELUCTANCE, I AT LENGTH BROKE THE NEWS TO HER THAT YOU HAD PROVEN FALSE."



A LITTLE MISTAKE.—“ ‘MISS MINERVA, THIS YOUNG MAN IS MY NEPHEW.’ ‘GOOD GRACIOUS!’ GASPED MISS BLAIR, SINKING INTO A CHAIR.”—SEE PAGE 98.

lay upon the dissecting-table. I came late, and entered to find you stricken with paralysis. I saw that the corpse was of a woman who bore a striking resemblance to Florence—and yet, if your mind had not been morbidly excited by apprehensions about your betrothed, you would not have been deceived.

“I bore you with all a friend’s tenderness from the scene, and it was not until I had laid you upon your own couch, that the first guilty thought stole like a thief into my mind, to rob me of my honor. I found myself wishing that you might never recover. Then the rapturous thought

swept over me, ‘I might hope to possess Florence myself!’

“My passion flamed forth anew, and, during the watch I kept by your bedside for days, the thought of a bliss that might be mine grew and strengthened within me. I could not bring my lips to tell you that Florence was alive and well. I studied how to keep all other friends away from you, so that you might linger on in your delusion. And, one day, while you were convalescing, you expressed the determination to separate yourself for ever from the spot of your misery. Your words made my heart leap with joy. I encouraged you

project. I made feverish preparations to get you away at once, lest some babbling fool might ruin all with the truth.

"You will recall now how I humored your aversion to seeing your old friends, and how carefully I guarded you from contact with any human being, until I saw you safely on board the ship that was to bear you away to the antipodes. And only when her keel was lost to my lingering gaze did I feel that the time of my triumph had surely come."

"And Florence, did she not hear of my illness, and seek tidings?"

"Away on her mother's plantation, she waited and wondered at your not coming. Then she wrote to you. I intercepted the letter. I stopped a second and a third, and it was only when you had fairly sailed that I addressed to her a respectful note, informing her that you were still absent, and that your friends were annoyed because you had not communicated with them.

"A week after, I clothed my visage with hypocritical sorrow, and went up the river to the plantation. With much assumed reluctance, I at length broke the news to her that you had proven false, that you had abandoned your profession, your friends—even her, and fled with another woman. I knew you would not be near to contradict my treacherous tale, and I spared you not.

"For days she lay crushed beneath the blow. At her mother's desire, I remained to assist her with my professional services. Then she summoned pride to her aid. She cast you off from her very thoughts, and in this mood I wooed and won her. A quiet marriage at the village church, and instant removal to New York, was the sequence. We never returned to New Orleans."

"Has Florence never suspected your treachery? Did she never ask if you had heard of me?"

"To this moment she has had the most implicit confidence in my story, and so utterly has she blotted you from her mind, that she has never mentioned your name."

"Have you kept from her the contents of that letter, in which I told you of the fate I have reserved, in my just vengeance, for your child?"

"I dared not tell her. I have kept the dreadful secret burning in my breast."

"And have you sought for Lillian?"

"Day and night. My whole wealth has been devoted to the pursuit. I know that to find her is to expose my own wickedness to Florence, for the tale must be told some day. But Lillian was our only child—we idolized her, and I would freely encounter my wife's scorn and hatred to save my little one from the doom you have threatened. I live a life of torture."

"Then writhe and rack in your misery," muttered the mesmerist, to himself, "for you *shall* not find her. Awake, Lillian!"

The child started from her half-recumbent posture, and rubbed her eyes.

"Why, father, I have been asleep!" she said. "How came I from the roadside-flowers?"

CHAPTER V.—SEARCHING THE WORLD OVER.

A WRETCHED father and mother lay in sleep—the wan-faced woman, with a sigh upon her lips—the man groaning and tossing uneasily. The latter suddenly awoke and seized the arm of his companion with a convulsive grip.

"Florence! Oh, what a dreadful dream!"

The woman struggled to speak, but the words died away in a moan.

"I have seen my mortal foe," continued St. Leger. "He was here in this room. He put me on the rack, and tore my heart open!" and the miserable man buried his face in his pillow.

"I, too, have dreamed of a man we have not

seen for years. It was Alfred Dartmoor. He came to me in some strange way, and, though I could not see his face, I was conscious of his presence, and heard every word he uttered."

"Then you know all?" said St. Leger, with a shudder.

"I know that he asked me many questions about you and my Lillian. But he told me nothing."

"Florence!" exclaimed St. Leger, impulsively, and he sat up straight in bed and clinched his hands. "Dartmoor has our child, and we must seek for *his* hiding-place!"

True it was that St. Leger, the guilty plotter, and Florence, his unsuspecting victim, had been for years the prey of wretchedness. Their unhappiness had dated from the hour that Alfred Dartmoor fell under the spell of his delusion at the dissecting-table.

Florence had married St. Leger in a pique; his devotion had afterward won her affection; and yet she lived in the shadow of the love she had lost. Dartmoor's desertion struck deeply, and, though time cauterized the wound, the scar remained. But when the deeper sorrow came, the loss of her only child, then indeed did peace depart from out her bosom, and the worm begin to gnaw at her sad heart.

To St. Leger's unhappiness were added remorse and fear. He lived in constant apprehension that Dartmoor might return to America and discover his villainy. He was tempted at times to fly to some distant locality with his family, and hide himself from the avenger under an assumed name. But such a course would have necessitated a confession, and he had not the courage to face the indignation of his betrayed wife. So he drifted on, always hoping, often fearing, haunted with the consciousness of his crime, and dreading the fall of the sword suspended over him.

When the child was stolen, he recognized the hand of the robber, even before he received the letter. The agony of his wife forced him to take active measures to find the missing one. He felt that his life had reached a crisis, and now, if he could restore the child, he must be willing to sacrifice himself. He employed detectives of tried sagacity, who carried their scrutiny into every section of the country, and even to England. He himself visited New Orleans, and, at a later period, several of the European countries.

In England St. Leger followed up Dartmoor's old trail to his Yorkshire home, but after that the scent utterly failed. He ascertained that his enemy sold off everything he possessed in England, and had departed ostensibly for America. On the Continent he could not discover a trace. The grave German gentleman in the secluded seaside hamlet was as much hidden from St. Leger's search as if he had buried himself in the wilds of Siberia.

Heartack, the broken man returned to his desolate home and stricken wife, to tell only of his futile exertions. When, though after a lapse of four years, the mysterious clairvoyant vision occurred to both husband and wife, the unfortunate beings were galvanized into new efforts to find their lost one. But another fevered ransacking of the two continents brought only the same bitter fruits. Then they lapsed into moody despair.

Thus passed away ten weary years. St. Leger rose to the most distinguished rank in his profession. His name held an honored place in the annals of scientific research. He headed some of the most important social and reformatory movements of the day. But though his talents were acknowledged and revered, he held no popular place in the public heart. He grew into a cold, silent man, respected but not loved. No one out-

side of his home knew of the canker gnawing at his heart.

Under her sorrow, however, his wife became placid and resigned. She had a gentle word and sweet smile for every one, and her eyes filled with tears when she looked upon children. But she never murmured at her lot. Quite early the silver hairs began to streak the locks that once were golden. At thirty, she was a prematurely old woman, still beautiful, but of the beauty we look for in our mothers when we have passed to manhood.

Ten years of suffering, and one day St. Leger lay stricken down with sickness. His wife watched by his bedside when it was supposed that his life was ebbing away. He himself feared that but a few hours separated him from the grave, and while Florence kept the midnight vigil, he told her all—his crime and his punishment, and the fate of their daughter. He told her where she could find, in a secret drawer in his cabinet, Dartmoor's terrible letter.

When Florence read by the dim light of the invalid's lamp those dreadful words, "When you shall see your child again, she shall be grown into that gilded shame, that shall make you, sin-steeped as you are, loathe her with horror," her nature changed within her. In the fury of her agony she grasped her husband's arm, and the words seemed to hiss from her lips:

"Henry St. Leger, you must live to find my daughter! There may yet be time to save her, and we must search the world all over again."

CHAPTER VI.—EXILED TO THE PAMPAS.

DARTMOOR's old restlessness came over him amid the solitudes of St. Vivien's—Lilian was developing finely into a tall, intelligent girl. She was now ten years old, and Dartmoor felt that the meagre resources of his home would not furnish her with the education that befitted her. To place her at a seminary where she might have the opportunity of acquiring music, painting, and the other accomplishments belonging to a young lady, was clearly his duty. With the rudiments he had carefully instilled into her mind, he felt that he could trust her to grow up unspoiled by contact with the world.

He took her to a school attached to the convent of Sainte Lucie, near the city of Bordeaux. There he left her to the care of the good Mother Superior. She was known only as his child—she knew herself only as his. The remembrance of another father had faded out, and only the dim vision of a gentle being, whom she associated in her mind with her mother in heaven, came across her at times.

Dartmoor resolved to travel. He placed with the Mother Superior the means to make his daughter comfortable and happy. He arranged facilities for corresponding with her wherever he might roam, and then closing his chateau, and putting it under the charge of a servant, he turned to the antipodes. He sailed for South America.

At first he plunged into the tropical luxuriances of the Amazon. He found at Bahia a scientific party about to explore the mighty river. The enterprise was one that suited his tastes, and he easily found an opportunity to join it.

There he passed two years, camping on the bluff at times to draw charts, navigating the myriad creeks and inlets that indent the course of the great waters, trading with the Indians at their little villages, hunting the strange beasts and reptiles that cover the banks, and occasionally making adventurous excursions inland to the mountain country.

When the *savans* had returned to Bahia, laden

with maps and rare specimens, Dartmoor left them and went still further south.

On the Pampas of Buenos Ayres he found a kind of life that suited another of his wayward moods. He threw off the restraints of civilization, lived half of the time on the back of his horse, and emulated his new companions in the dextrous use of the lasso.

It was several years before he tired of this exile. When the longing for the busy hum of men and cities came back, as it would at times, he remembered that Lilian, the only being in the world whom he loved, must be budding into maidenhood, and his heart yearned toward her. Her letters had reached him regularly during his nomadic life, and he watched with pleasure the development of her mind and tastes with growing years. After an absence of seven years, he returned to France.

Upon reaching Havre, his first business was to take the train for Bordeaux. He made his way to the convent with emotions he could not repress.

Entering the little parlor devoted to the reception of visitors, he asked eagerly for his daughter. The few moments he waited for her coming seemed an age. At length the door opened, and a young girl bounded into his arms.

"Father! dear, dear father!"

He pressed her to his heart, then held her at arm's length to look at her.

In face and form, in eyes of blue and hair of gold, she was the very counterpart of the Florence of other days.

CHAPTER VII.—THE LIGHTNING STRIKES.

DARTMOOR went back to the old chateau by the sea, and took his daughter with him. The doors and windows were thrown open, the dust was brushed from the furniture, and life pervaded the house again. The fair and joyous young mistress that had come home brought back a flood of cheerfulness to the place. Dartmoor felt the gloom rising from his soul at last, and began to realize that there might be happiness yet in life for him. His Lilian returned to him entirely unspoiled. His old mesmeric and sympathetic influence over her remained, and she was as unresisting to his will as in her childish days.

They had dwelt at the chateau a couple of weeks only, when a morning, dark with swift-scudding clouds, gave token of the coming of one of those terrible storms that periodically visit the southwestern coast of France.

Dartmoor and his daughter spent the day in the library; he absorbed most of the time in some ponderous tome, and she engaged with her embroidery at a cushion by his feet. She had been unusually cheerful in the forenoon, but as the darkness deepened toward evening, she became sad and thoughtful. Dartmoor at last noticed the change in her spirits, and asked her if she was ill.

She told him of a depression of mind that had settled upon her most unaccountably—a presentiment, she thought, of some coming trouble.

Dartmoor arose to order the lights to be brought in, but Lilian entreated him to wait a while longer. The darkness, she fancied, was more consonant with the tone of her feelings.

They sat, he knew not how long, she still at his feet, with a hand in his, while the room grew black, the wind howling without, banging the loose shutters, and the rain beating furiously against the window-panes.

At last, subservient to the will of the master, the mesmeric slumber drooped the maiden's eyelids. She arose and moved silently across the floor, but just as she reached the middle, a terrible crash of thunder shook the house, and the

flash of lightning which accompanied it illumined the room.

The sleeping girl threw up her arms wildly. She shrieked, "They come! they come!" and fell senseless to the floor.

Dartmoor bore Lilian to a sofa, and rang violently. A frightened servant answered with lights, and for some time both master and maid were engaged in restoring the fainting girl to life. Finally she revived, and when her eyelids opened, she closed them again, as if to shut out some dreadful vision.

Dartmoor lavished his caresses upon her until she smiled again, and wound her arms around his neck, in token of restored consciousness.

Thus they rested for some minutes, though speaking not a word. Suddenly there was a noise of hurried feet in the hall-way, and the door of the library was burst open. A man-servant, pale with excitement, came in.

"Master," he exclaimed, "the guns are firing at sea! Did you hear them?"

"No," replied Dartmoor, uneasily. "The noise of the storm has drowned all other sounds. Where are they?"

"There is a ship on fire a mile from the shore. She was stricken by lightning when she was going to pieces. We can see her from the rocks, and some of the people are trying to get a boat out to save the poor fellows in the water."

Dartmoor was never deaf to the cry of distress. He kissed his child, and leaving her in charge of her maid, hastily wrapped around his person a greatcoat, and made his way, accompanied by his servant, to the little wharf at the foot of the rocks, where the country people were getting ready a stout boat. They gladly gave way to his direction, for among them he was the virtual lord of the seignior.

Selecting four of the strongest rowers from among their number, Dartmoor took the helm, and the boat plunged into the furious waves, heading for the wreck.

The oarsmen struggled bravely against the angry elements, but it was only after half an hour of steady pulling that they came near to the lost ship. The hulk had burned nearly to the water's edge, though the glimmering flames still lighted up the sea. They passed fragments of the wreck, but nothing living met their eyes.

All at once a rower on the weather-side of the boat shouted, and Dartmoor leaped to his feet to see the cause. Over the bounding waves came, floating and sea-tossed, a ship's spar, upon which were lashed the forms of two human beings. Dartmoor steered the boat toward it, and when it had been

reached, the oarsmen, with strong arms, seized one end, and Dartmoor, with almost superhuman strength, unbound the body of a woman, and dragged it into the boat.

Just then a great wave came and tore the spar away. It whirled off in the maddened surge, mounting the crest of a mighty billow, and sinking into the abyss that followed. Then, from the lips of the lost man lashed to it arose a shriek of rage and despair, for in the lurid light that covered the sea he beheld, with his dying eyes, the inanimate form of Florence, his wife, in the arms of—Alfred Dartmoor.



A WALLACHIAN PEASANT GIRL.—SEE PAGE 95.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HAVEN AT LAST.

BACK again through the water darted the boat, the master still at the helm, the body of the unknown woman lying at his feet.

At the wharf Dartmoor procured a dry coat to wrap around his charge. He found that her heart beat faintly, and carrying her in his arms, he hurried with her over the rocks, and up the road to his home.

Lilian was at the threshold awaiting his arrival with ill-concealed anxiety. She looked curiously at his burden, and helped him lay it gently on the library sofa.

The sufferer was apparently a woman past the prime of life. Her hair was gray, and yet there were traces of a beauty about her that touched some chord of memory, and made Dartmoor's heart throb with a strange emotion. Lilian was bending over her, watching the signs of returning life.

The eyes of the woman opened—feebly at first, and but half way—then wide open, with a singular light. First they rested upon the upright form of Dartmoor.

"Alfred," moaned the voice, "where is my child?"

Then the fast-falling eyes followed the movement of Dartmoor's hand until it rested upon the head of the wonder-stricken girl.

Florence gazed into the clear, honest eyes of her daughter for a moment. Then she clasped the child in her worn arms, and straining her to her heart, murmured:

"Now I can die in peace, for I know my Lilian is spotless."

THE storm had passed away; the rising sun gilded the turrets of the old chateau; the birds were singing gleefully in the great trees; the odor of fresh flowers wafted into the open windows the next morning, and Florence—with the rest at her heart—was dying, slowly but peacefully.

The man she loved and lost in girlhood, and the child she lost and found again, in her untimely age, were at her side, a hand of each resting in hers.

It was a complete reunion; and yet how strangely brought about!

Life was flickering gently away. Just before the vital spark went out, the dying woman took the two hands that were in hers, and joined them together.

"Alfred," she said, "let Lilian be to you what Florence might have been, and God keep you one forever and forever." Dartmoor and his betrothed sat with clasped hands over the dead.

Superior Paste.

WHEN domestic paste is made, the material is frequently injured by scorching, or by the addition of too much water. Good paste, when spread on paper, will not strike through it like water, but will remain on the surface, like butter on a piece of bread. To make paste of a superior quality that will not spoil when kept in a cool place for several months, it is necessary to add dissolved alum as a preservative. When a few quarts are required, dissolve a dessert-spoonful of alum in two quarts of tepid water. Put the water in a tin pail that will hold six or eight quarts, as the flour of which the paste is made will expand greatly while it is boiling. As soon as the tepid water has cooled, stir in good rye or wheat flour, until the liquid has the consistency of cream. See that every lump of flour is crushed, before placing the vessel over the fire. To prevent scorching the

paste, place over the fire a dish-kettle or wash-boiler, partly filled with water, and set the tin pail containing the material for paste in the water, permitting the bottom to rest on a few large nails or pebbles, to prevent excessive heat. Now add a tea-spoonful of powdered resin, a few cloves to flavor the paste, and let it cook until the paste has become as thick as "Graham mush," when it will be ready for use. Keep it in a tight jar, and it will last for a long time. If too thick, add cold water, and stir it thoroughly. Such paste will hold almost as well as glue.

A Winter's Night.

Cold!—bitterly cold!
The moon is bright
And the snow is white
Beautiful to behold.
But the wind is howling
Like hungry prowling
Wolves on the wintry wold.
Cold!—bitterly cold!

My shawl is ragged and old—
The hearth deserted and dark,
Gladdened by never a spark;
And my only light
Is the pitiless white,
That the moonbeams spill
Silvery chill
Cruelly—splendidly bright,
This frosty winter's night—
Cold!—bitterly cold!

Babe, more precious than gold,
Rest, little one, rest!
Sleep, my own one,
Slumber, thou lone one,
Clasped to thy mother's breast.
Though thin and wasted her form,
Her arms shall enfold
And shield thee from cold,
For the love in her breast is warm,
Though the chill night-breeze
May the life-blood freeze—
Cold!—bitterly cold!

Cold!—bitterly cold!
My eyes are dim,
And my senses swim,
And aching pains are in every limb—
I am prematurely old!
Foodless and fearless,
Almost attireless,
Wrapt in rags so scanty and thin
With bones that stare through the colorless
skin
Weary and worn,
Tattered and torn,
If I should wish I had n'er been born—
Tell me, is it a sin?
Cold world!—bitterly cold!

A Little Mistake.

MISS MINNIE BLAIR, spinster, on the shady side of forty, and her niece, Miss Hope Alexander, also single, but on the sunny side of twenty, sat in the pleasant sitting-room of a pleasant country mansion, listening to the rumble of the afternoon railway train, which was just arriving at the depot.

"Mr. Harvey will be here in a few minutes, Hope," said the aunt; "and you must be cordial with him, unless it is your desire to offend me."

"I wish the train had had a collision!" was the rather vindictive reply, though a sly half-smile showed that the words were hardly meant.

"Hope!" cried the other, somewhat sternly. "You are positively sinful to be so malicious. Why should you hate a gentleman you have never seen?"

"I might in turn ask you why should I love this gentleman I have never seen?"

"Nobody asks you to love him."

"No. But you wish me to marry him."

"Well," apologized the aunt, "I would like to see you as well settled as you certainly would be with Walter Harvey. The love can come afterward. I know you will like him."

"Why, Aunt Minerva, you have never met him yet yourself!"

"Not since he was a little boy. But I have always known his parents, and they are worthy people."

"So were Hope Alexander's, I think," poutingly said the younger lady. "And yet you see what a perverse scapegrace you have for a niece."

Even Miss Minerva's grim features had to relax a little. But any further conversation was cut off by a ring at the outer door.

"He has come," said Miss Blair. "You must at least treat him civilly, Hope."

"Indeed I will, auntie, for your sake," said the girl, with a touch of good feeling.

Miss Minerva went herself to admit the visitor.

"Mr. Harvey," she said to the dark-bearded, handsome young man whom she admitted, "it gives me a genuine pleasure to welcome you to this house. I have known your family so many years, that you almost seem a friend."

"Indeed, I hope to be one," was the frank reply.

"You must let me send my niece to you," said Miss Minerva, as soon as the newcomer was fairly seated. "I am housekeeper, you know, and cannot neglect my duties, but you will have a substitute whom you must learn to like."

"You would hardly say that if you knew all," the gentleman remarked *sotto voce*.

"I am afraid I have humored her into being a little willful, but she is kind-hearted and good."

And with these pleasant words, the kind old maiden lady left the room.

She was gone scarcely long enough to allow the young man to collect his thoughts ere she again stood in the doorway, saying:

"Mr. Harvey, I present my niece, Miss Hope Alexander."

And a slender, rustling figure was half-pushed into the room, where it stood bowing with a semi-haughty air.

Something like a smile was upon the young gentleman's countenance, and he kept his eyes fastened upon the girl's face; but she did not look up, waiting in silence for him to speak. But he too seemed wordless, and only gave vent to an embarrassed "Ahem!"

Miss Blair wondered a little, and frowned a little, at her niece's perverse behavior. But she wisely concluded to leave them together.

"I must attend to getting supper," she then said. "I will leave you together for a time."

As soon as she was fairly gone, "Hope!" cried the young man. The girl raised her eyes at once.

"Arthur, is it you? I—I did not expect you. I thought it was your cousin Walter was coming."

"It will require quite a talk to explain all, my Hope," he answered. "And I almost fear your aunt may overhear us."

His arm went about her waist. Sly Miss Hope, not to have told her aunt the secret this action implied! Wicked Miss Hope, to deceive so good a relative!

At present she was only charming Miss Hope to the only eyes that looked upon her, and in sooth she was flushed and very pretty.

"We will stroll into the garden, Arthur. There we can talk without danger of being overheard."

So they walked out into the pleasant paths of the home grounds, and over the greensward, to the

roots of a great buckeye-tree, where they found cozy seats.

"Have you ever told your aunt about me, Hope?"

"I could not, Arthur. She has been so wedded to the idea of uniting myself to the son of her early friend, John Harvey, that any opposition would have made her unhappy. So I have left the matter to time. But you have not yet told me how you come to be here."

"It is not so wondrous strange. My cousin Walter and myself are excellent good friends, and as he happens to have an attachment of his own, he is just as adverse to being forced into a marriage with a stranger as yourself. I discovered all this in the course of a conversation with him, and then I told him the story of our meeting, and our present relations. The revelations came just in time. His father was even then urging a visit here upon him. Nothing was easier than for me to take his place, and let Walter undertake a more welcome jaunt."

"And now that you are here, sir, what can you do?"

"Upon my soul," cried the young man, somewhat ruefully, "I hardly know! I must try and ingratiate myself with your aunt, and leave the rest to luck."

A long talk was followed by a long stroll, and thus nearly two hours elapsed before they returned to the house. Aunt Minerva beamed upon them a most approving glance at what she deemed the success of her plans, but she startled them the next moment by saying:

"I have just had a note from your father, Mr. Harvey. He will be with us himself to-morrow morning."

Poor Arthur tried hard to conceal the consternation which this intelligence threw him into. Fortunately Miss Minerva was in too complacent a humor to be very observant.

"Come, Hope, you shall read the note. It might make Mr. Harvey too vain, or I would give him a peep also."

"Miss Hope, in another room, read John Harvey's billet, which ran as follows:

"If my son Walter, usually so dutiful, should disappoint me in our plan, I shall feel like adopting my nephew, Arthur Harvey, who is a splendid young fellow, and would probably do more to oblige me, as he has not been spoiled by indulgence. I suppose my gentleman will have arrived before you get this. I have taken a sudden notion that he may require overseeing, and as I have long owed you a visit, I will pay my debt by following this note to-morrow morning.

"Sincerely your friend, JOHN HARVEY."

"I suppose," said Hope, slyly, though she felt in no humorous mood, "if you couldn't get the son, auntie, you would not object to the nephew, as it would all be in the family!"

"Well," replied her aunt, after a moment's thought, "I don't know how that might have been if I hadn't met Walter Harvey. But I feel now that no other young man could replace him. Besides, Hope," and here she gave her niece a mischievous pinch, "I guess he won't be so unwilling."

Poor Hope could only hang her head and blush like a guilty thing.

"What shall I do, Hope?" cried Arthur, when she tripped back into the parlor. "I feel like running away *instantly*."

"That would be so brave!" was the rather sarcastic rejoinder.

"Please, then, advise—or, rather, command me."

"Well, then, sir, hear your orders. This deceit

makes me feel mean and guilty, in spite of myself, and we must have an explanation at all hazards."

"Now?"

Hope reflected a moment.

"No, not now—to-morrow. You must face your uncle, and then let the truth come out."

"And then won't there be a storm!" the young man said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, we have raised it, and must meet it,"

Miss Hope replied, bravely. "And now let us dismiss the subject for to-day."

But although they did their best to be happy, a nervousness about the coming exposure overhung them, and they were much too restless for comfort that evening and the next morning.

It was ten o'clock before the train from the city arrived, and two weary hours passed after breakfast before the expected visitor reached the house.

He was received at the door by Miss Minerva, while Hope and her lover remained in the sitting-room. Arthur made a virtue of necessity, and advanced to greet his uncle with as much heartiness and innocence as he could possibly throw into his manner.

"Why, Arthur!" cried the old gentleman, "this is rather a surprise. What could have brought you here?"

But he gave his nephew a warm shake of the hand.

"Arthur!" cried the aunt. "Arthur! I thought your son's name was Walter, John Harvey?"

"So it is, Miss Minerva—so it is; but this young man happens to be my nephew."

"Good gracious!" gasped Miss Blair, sinking back into a chair.

John Harvey began to comprehend that something was wrong.

"See here, Arthur!" he cried, sternly. "Have you been playing a trick? Why are you here, instead of my son, whom I sent?"

"Dear uncle, Walter would not come, for he is not heart-free; and he and I both knew that you wanted Miss Hope in the family, and as Walter was not eligible, we thought—that is, I—"

Here he broke down ignominiously.

There was a blank, ominous silence.

Hope stole to Miss Minerva's side.

"Dear auntie," she said, "you must forgive Arthur and me. We are such old friends. Besides," she added, demurely, "you said if you couldn't get John Harvey's son, you would prefer his nephew."

Mr. Harvey and Miss Blair's glance met, and something like a smile passed over their faces.

"I see how it is," said he. "We have been fighting nature, which is a bit of a mistake. I guess we had better rectify it."

And they did so.

Everybody knows how; if not, learn of Mr. or Mrs. Arthur Harvey.

It may be set down as a general rule that the prettiest girls are those who dress plainest; pretty girls do not require the extra adornments of dress. Whenever, therefore, we see one of the gaudily-arrayed creatures of fashion, our mind is at once made up, she is not naturally beautiful. Every rule has its exceptions to this one; but in its application, it will be found to be pretty correct.

An exchange, discussing kerosene lamps, says that if the wicks are soaked in strong vinegar for twenty-four hours, and thoroughly dried before used, all smoke will be avoided, the wicks will last twice as long, and increased brilliancy will be obtained. Try it.

A Day of idleness tires more than a week of work.

A Wallachian Peasant Girl.

THE dress of the Wallachian peasant women recalls the classic days of Greece and Italy, and sculpture, affords fine studies for painting and sex. On Sundays they may be seen in groups dancing under the trees, their attire brilliant and neat.

"The Gray Mare the Better Horse."

THIS well-known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstance. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable: you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next he met with something of the same kind, and at every house in short until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in his lady was in the parlor. The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said, if his business were urgent, she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madame," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your

husband, if you will be ingenuous with me; you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madame, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things: but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that time entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentle-

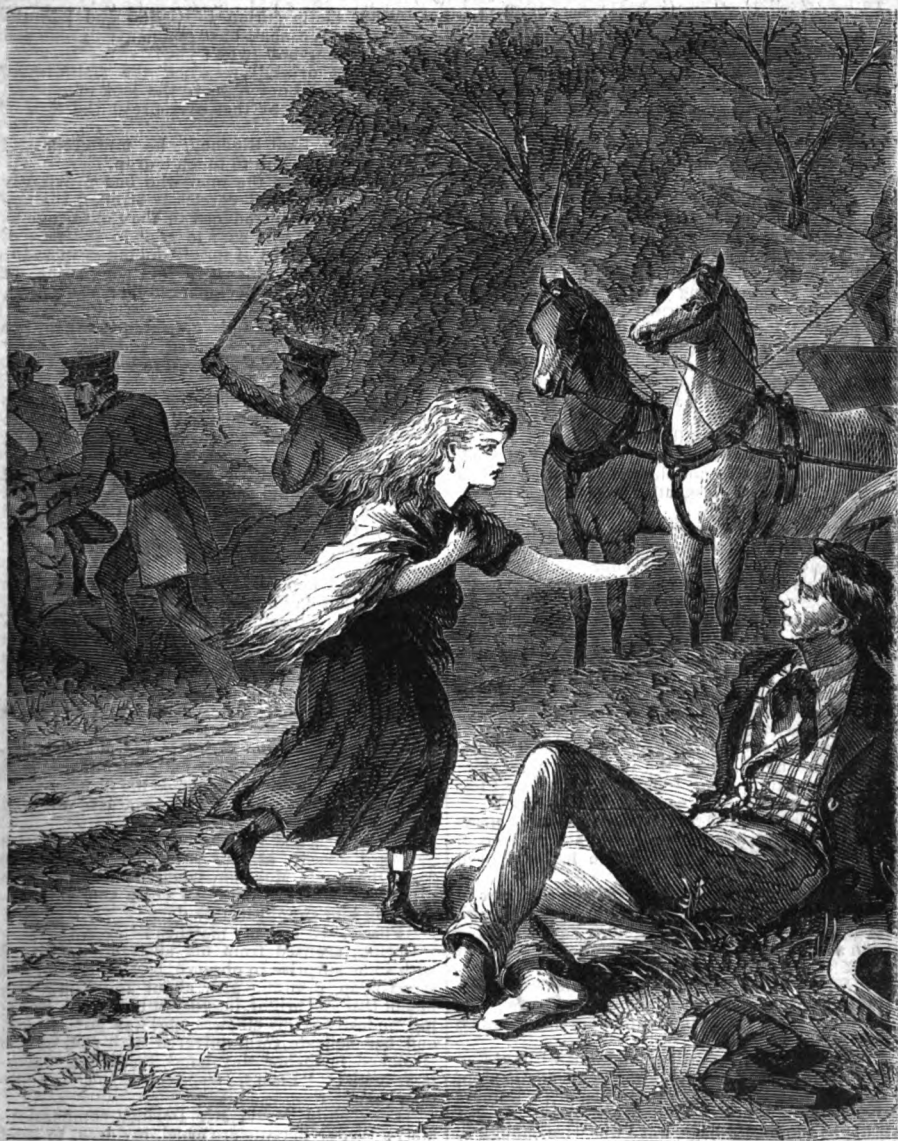
man most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle: her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madame still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so—," "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

Refinement.—Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions us to talk the less.

The most benevolent intentions, and the most beneficent actions, often lose a great part of their merit, if they are void of delicacy.



THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.—"YOU MUST TAKE AN EGG," SAID THE GENTLEMAN CARTER, "AND I MUST TAKE ALL MY HORSES BACK AGAIN, AND ENDEAVOR TO LIVE HAPPY WITH MY WIFE."



THE MATCH GIRL.—“THE RUFFIANS WERE ALL CHASED DOWN AND CAPTURED. GUSTAVE LOOKED UP WONDERINGLY AS MAGGIE RUSHED TOWARD HIM, EXCLAIMING: ‘THANK HEAVEN, YOU ARE SAVED!’”

The Match Girl.

It was just twilight in the early part of October, 1850, as a carriage wheeled up before The Merchants' Hotel, in Cortlandt street, and a traveler dressed in the peculiar and coarse garb of a miner alighted, and, with the assistance of the hackman, conveyed into the hotel a small leather trunk. The luggage, from the unusual care bestowed upon it, evidently contained property of more than ordinary value.

The owner observed a jealous watch over it until it was safely deposited in the office vault, then he generously paid two gold eagles to the surprised

and delighted hackman, and registered his name as “Gustavus Doring.”

He was evidently a returned Californian, and from his appearance, belonged to the better class of miners. He was about thirty-five years old, with a thin, careworn face, indicative of much simplicity and frankness of character.

Almost as soon as he arrived he inquired the time of departure of the Western train on the following morning, and plainly showed a restless and feverish desire to proceed on his journey.

Before an hour more had passed, two other persons strolled in the hotel and looked eagerly round. Observing Doring in the reading-room, one of the party, a dark-featured man of sinister aspect,

turned to his companion and whispered something in a low voice. The other nodded intelligently, and disappeared; whereupon the dark-featured man walked carelessly up to the Californian, and, uttering an exclamation of recognition, said:

"If my eyes do not deceive me, this is Mr. Doring?"

"That is my name," quietly replied Mr. Doring, looking up from his newspaper.

"You do not recognize me," remarked the stranger, after a short interval of silence. "My name is Christopher Dart. I am a miner from California, and met you at the diggings."

"You certainly have the advantage of me," returned Doring, in unfeigned surprise. "I do not remember of ever seeing your face before."

"I am sorry," returned the man, nowise abashed. "It is pleasant to meet old comrades, however, if they do forget you."

"You are mistaken in the person," replied Doring, somewhat amused at the pertinacity of his quondam friend. "I have a distinct recollection of every miner I met at the diggings of El Paso. Your face I cannot recall."

The frank and straightforward manner of Gustavus Doring quite nonplussed the other for a moment. Nevertheless, after an awkward pause, he resumed:

"You speak so positive, Mr. Doring, that I hardly know what to make of it. It is a curious coincidence that I remember your name."

"I won't dispute but what you have seen me," rejoined Doring, good-humoredly. "And if you were a miner it is all the same. When did you arrive?"

"I came on the last steamer but one," replied Mr. Dart. "I had a stateroom with a clever fellow, a companion of mine at the mines—his name is Rigdon. Perhaps you know him?"

"Can't say that I do."

"He is a tip-top lawyer," proceeded Dart. "The way he piled in the dust was a caution. By-the-by, Mr. Doring, I understood before I left El Paso that you, also, was very successful!"

"Who told you that?" inquired Doring, nervously glancing round the room to assure himself that his companion's observation had not been heard.

"You perceive I know more of you than you at first supposed," said Dart, laughing. "It's capital good luck to fall upon a golden ranch and get such a splendid pile as you can show inside that trunk!"

"Hush!" ejaculated Doring, turning pale. "Don't speak quite so loud. I do not wish it generally known that my trunk contains so much money."

"You are cautious, then, and not without reason," said Dart, drawing closer to his companion, and speaking in a confidential whisper. "Miners should have no secrets between them. I also brought some gold-bags, but I was wise enough to deposit them in the bank."

"I should do the same," replied Doring, "though, as I leave the city to-morrow, it would be an unnecessary precaution. I am very anxious to get away," he added, earnestly. "The city, I am told, is infested with organized gangs of cutthroats and robbers."

"I agree with you. Gotham is a dangerous place for us returned Californians. I am pretty careful about my acquaintances. I wouldn't advise you to pick up too many while you are here."

"Never fear, I can take care of myself," returned Doring, smiling, with self-satisfied complacency.

"I see that you are pretty well posted up," said Dart, with a knowing wink. "In what train do you start to-morrow?"

"Early morning express, by the Erie Railway."

"Why, that's curious! Rigdon and I go the same way. We shall have company. Come and take something hot—won't you?"

"I never drink," returned the Californian, quietly. He did not observe the look of chagrin and disappointment that overspread the face of his companion.

"You are like Rigdon," he muttered. "I cannot persuade him to touch a drop."

At this moment the man who had previously been seen with Dart carelessly strolled in, and was immediately introduced to the Californian as Mr. Rigdon. It was easy to read in the face of the new-comer signs of the villain and desperado; he was somewhat older than his companion, of short stature, with a pockmarked face, and a keen, restless black eye.

Doring did not like his appearance much, but his prejudices were soothed and his vanity tickled by the Machiavelian address of Mr. Christopher Dart.

Rigdon was not very talkative, but in the course of the evening he confidentially communicated to Doring that he had two carpet-bags full of gold, which he hardly dare trust out of his sight.

"I tell you what we had better do!" cried Dart, after a long and animated conversation. "As we are all going the same way, it would be wise to keep together; we can hire a hack for us three, and ride to the depot at half the expense."

"That's a capital idea," said Rigdon. "Mr. Doring, what do you say to it?"

"I have no objection," replied the Californian.

And it was then mutually agreed upon that Rigdon should procure a coach, to be ready at an early hour, to convey them to the depot.

After some further unimportant conversation, the parties cordially shook hands, and separated for the evening.

Mr. Doring did not retire to his chamber immediately, being oppressed with an unusual melancholy that effectually banished the drowsy god.

To throw this feeling off, he sauntered out, and strolled toward Broadway.

He had reached the City Hall Park, and was gazing listlessly at the revolving illumination from Barnum's Museum, when his attention was attracted by a soft, childlike voice near him, addressing him supplicatingly:

"Please, sir, buy my matches?"

Doring, aroused from his abstraction, turned with some surprise to observe, by the light of the street-lamp, a young girl, about fourteen, with flaxen hair and bright, intelligent blue eyes, standing modestly at his elbow. She was poorly clad, and her delicate form quivered with cold as she stretched forth her tiny hand, holding a match-box, with: "Please, sir, won't you buy my matches?"

"Poor child!" said Mr. Doring, compassionately; "your parents are cruel, my dear, to send you out at this late hour."

"Don't call her cruel—don't!" murmured the child, with a big tear rolling down her cheek. "She loves me—my mother, sir! She is sick!"

"You have a sick mother then, and selling matches on her account—eh?" rejoined the kind-hearted Californian, involuntarily placing his hand inside his capacious pocket. "Come nearer to the light, child. Nay, you need not blush and draw back, for I mean you no harm. Ah!" he added, gazing upon her mild features with increased interest. "A pretty face, upon my word! and too good to be seen around here! Here, take this, and give it to your sick mother."

He placed two bright coins in her extended palm, and, heeding not her thanks, walked on, musingly.

In a brief moment she hurried after him, and,

plucking him timidly by the coat-sleeve, exclaimed, in an agitated voice:

"Indeed, sir, you have made a mistake, and given me two gold ten dollar pieces!"

"It is no mistake," replied the generous Californian, with a smile. "I meant it for your poor mother; but, since you have shown such rare honesty, I must make *you* also a present. Here is another gold eagle for you."

The match-girl stared at him vacantly, for she could hardly credit the evidence of her senses, at this unheeded generosity of the stranger; then, in a voice choked with emotion, she exclaimed:

"Tell me your name, that I may learn to love you!"

"My name, child, is Gustavus Doring," said the Californian, touched by the gratitude of the little creature.

"Gustavus Doring! Gustavus Doring!" repeated the match-girl, earnestly. "I shall never forget it! You have the prayers and blessings of Maggie, the match-girl, sir!"

"Good-by, Maggie—good-by, little match-girl," said the Californian. "Perhaps we may meet again."

He waved his hand pleasantly, and walked away.

Maggie stood straining her eyes after him, and watching his tall form until he disappeared from view, when, carefully hiding her treasure in her bosom, she hurried with fleet steps homeward.

Homeward! Alas! it was a mockery of a home to the little match-girl. Through a dirty, dark alley, up a flight of crazy steps to the topmost story of an old tenement-house that took in lodgers at twelve cents a night, and remorselessly turned them out when that pittance failed.

Maggie, light as a fawn, leaped up the rickety stairs, caroling a glad ditty, which penetrated the lodging-rooms, and caused their miserable occupants to start with wonder at such strange, unnatural sounds in this gloomy abode.

A tallow candle, stuck in a bottle, threw its dim and uncertain light over an apartment almost destitute of furniture.

Stretched on a mattress on the floor lay a wan, emaciated woman, with traces of early beauty still lingering on her wasted features.

She raised herself up with a feeble smile as she heard the door open, and recognized the slight form of her little daughter.

Maggie sprang forward, and clasped her round the neck.

"See, mother—see what I have brought you!" cried the match-girl, enthusiastically holding up the glittering pieces of gold before the wondering eyes of the sick woman.

"Maggie, dear, where did you get these? How came you by them?" exclaimed her mother, trembling with excitement.

"Honestly gained, dear mother. A good gentleman gave them to me—Mr. Gustavus Doring!" she exclaimed, with sparkling eyes.

"He must be an angel," said the poor woman, after listening to the narrative of the match-girl. "I scarcely can realize that we are so rich. Maggie, dear, bolt the door carefully. I fear some of the dreadful creatures here may rob us."

Maggie complied with her mother's injunction, and then, kneeling down by her side, laughingly tossed the gold in her lap.

"As soon as my rheumatism is better," said Mrs. Bell, a smile illuminating her pinched features. "I shall change our quarters at once, and you shall sell matches no longer. Since you have been away," she added, "some men have hired the room next to ours, and the noise they made, and the horrid oaths they uttered, nearly frightened me to death."

"I don't hear anybody," said Maggie, listening.

"They are not there now," replied Mrs. Bell. "I overheard one of the men say they would meet again at ten o'clock to-night. I fear they are plotting to murder somebody."

"Oh, mother! if you think so," exclaimed, Maggie, shuddering, "we had better inform the police directly. I can run over to the station and see the big captain. I sold him matches this morning, and he asked me to let him know if any bad characters came to this house; he did, indeed."

"Maggie, how bold you've got lately!" said Mrs. Bell, with a sigh. "I suppose it's habit, though I am sure I should be frightened into fits to venture out myself on such a dangerous errand. No. It does not concern us, and the more quiet we keep, the better for our own safety. Heaven be praised!" she added, clasping her thin hands together, as her eyes once more rested on the gold pieces. "We can now start any business we like. I can take in sewing, and you can open a small newspaper stand. You shall be dressed like a lady, Maggie, and go to Sunday-school, and hold up your head as high as any of them."

Poor Mrs. Bell! Her mind had become so enfeebled with sickness and destitution, that she evidently regarded their lucky windfall of thirty dollars as an inexhaustible fortune.

She continued to talk and mutter about it, while Maggie, with light step and cheerful heart, moved noiselessly round to prepare their frugal supper.

Mrs. Ligon Bell was the widow of a once prosperous crockery merchant in the Bowery, who, having waded into some ruinous gold speculations in the grand Wall street lottery, staked and lost his last dollar, and then considerably blew his brains out, leaving his widow and child, as their only legacy, a number of unpaid debts, and the usual addition of a bad name.

Untrained in the school of practical life, and by nature shiftless and improvident, Mrs. Bell grew every day poorer, and would have inevitably starved to death but for the active, unwearied exertions of her little daughter, who managed, by dint of selling matches and odd trifles, to eke out a scanty support for herself and invalid mother.

Maggie could be generally seen at all hours of the day at her post, near the corner of Vesey street and Broadway, accosting pedestrians with, "Buy my matches. Please buy my matches, sir;" and her cheerful voice and pretty face beguiled many a dime into her money-box, as well as kindly smiles from benevolent old gentlemen in blue coats and bright buttons, who were her constant and reliable patrons. Yet, notwithstanding this encouragement, it was a hard life for the match-girl, often exposed to the pelting rain, snow and ice, but her brave little heart never faltered as she stoutly buffeted the storms of adversity.

It was a cheerful supper that evening in Maggie's desolate attic, for hope had entered the squalid apartment of poverty, and illuminated its darkest corner.

Mrs. Bell, in high spirits, seemed like one rejuvenated and restored; a brilliant hectic mounted her cheek as she amused herself and daughter with forming magnificent plans for the future. Maggie, delighted at her unusual cheerfulness, listened with enthusiasm, and agreed with her in everything.

Mrs. Bell, with a confused medley of plans in her head, rambled from one to another in breathless uncertainty. At first she was sure they might keep a periodical stand, and, after settling in her mind that Maggie should be clerk, and she the director, suddenly wound off by remembering that the "candy trade" was even more profitable than periodicals, and dwelt at some length on the advantage of investing their money in that light and pleasant business. From this she descended to "peddling," and drew exhilarating pictures of

the immense sums a neighbor of hers had realized from a certain infallible tooth-powder, which was sold at the extraordinary low price of ten cents per package. The good lady then branched off in a more elaborate scale, and lamented her want of genius in pie-baking, inasmuch as a certain Mrs. Brown had made an independent fortune from the manufacture of "her celebrated home-made" pies, which wasn't made by Mrs. Brown at all, but by a vulgar Dutchman, with very short legs, who drove a small cart and a donkey in the Bowery, and afterward moved up town in a handsome "brown-stone front."

Wearied at last with her chaotic ideas, which grew more confused and undecided as she proceeded, Mrs. Bell fell asleep, while Maggie, with tender filial devotion, bent above her, smoothed her hair, and passed her little brown hand caressingly over the wan cheeks of the sleeper, whispering softly to herself, as contented and happy as though she had the most earnest of listeners.

The evening stole on. Gradually the candle shimmered down in the bottle, and with evanescent flashes finally expired.

The match-girl, overcome with her day's labor, sank also into quiet slumber, her arms still clasped round her mother's neck, and her lips parted in a pleasant smile. She was dreaming of golden eagles, and was picking them from the street with hurried solicitude, when a noise, as though of a heavy body falling near, caused her to start from her sleep.

A bright light streamed from a chink in the wall of the chamber adjoining, and rough voices of men engaged in earnest conversation could be heard by the little match-girl.

Maggie remembered her mother's allusion to what she had overheard the day previous, and lay trembling, scarce daring to move, as she caught, now and then, an ejaculatory observation which plainly proved that they were hatching some diabolical plot.

As they continued to talk, Maggie's ears pricked open wider and wider, and unable longer to resist the curiosity that got the better even of her fears, she softly arose and crept in her stocking-feet quite close to the wall. The ruffians, for ruffians they undoubtedly were, appeared to be three in number. They talked rather low at first, but growing excited, their language became more unguarded and boisterous. The youthful listener, with horror, soon understood their purposes. A man was to be decoyed from a hotel the following morning, and a robbery, and perhaps murder, effected.

"It's my decided opinion that the man should be silenced at once. Dead men tell no tales," observed a coarse, brutal voice.

There was some muttered dissent to this proposition from the other two ruffians, and a short and angry discussion followed.

Maggie gradually gleaned, from their remarks, all the important circumstances connected with the proposed robbery and murder. The place and spot was coolly mapped out, and then the clinking of glasses was heard, as they ratified their diabolical arrangements by a drink all around.

As yet the match-girl had been unable to find out the name of the doomed; but, heated with liquor, their tongues loosened, and "Gustavus Doring," was repeated with vehemence. They laughed at his simplicity, his generosity, his unsuspecting nature, and talked over the splendid prize they would obtain by the morning. Then they took another social glass; the light was extinguished, and in a few minutes they departed, and the stillness of death reigned throughout the house.

Long after they had gone, the match-girl stood, coiled up against the wall, trembling like a leaf

with horror and indignation. The startling disclosure seemed like a hideous dream, and when at last she had persuaded herself of its dread reality, she crept back into bed with dilated eyes and a beating heart.

"Gustavus Doring, her benefactor, doomed to a cruel death by the hand of these ruffians!" Nay, she would die herself before she would allow the miscreants to carry out the fell purpose. She must warn the Californian of his great danger at once.

No time was to be lost. Maggie reflected but an instant, then she leaped up, with the resolution of finding her way to the police-station and giving the alarm.

Animated with this determination, the heroic girl stole softly on tiptoe to the door, and removing the bolt as noiselessly as possible, groped her way down-stairs, and so out into the cold starlight.

Drawing her shawl convulsively over her head, Maggie ran with hurried steps through the silent and deserted streets, and, guided more by her intuitive knowledge of localities, threaded skillfully the dark lanes and alleys of classic "Five Points," and reached the station in safety.

It required but a short time to arouse the sleepy jailer, who stared in mute astonishment at the apparition of a little bare-headed girl, who stood on the step wildly inquiring for Captain Janks.

"You can't see the captain now, you little fool," muttered the jailer, crossly.

"I must see him. I will see him!" exclaimed Maggie, with energy. "They are going to murder Mr. Doring, and they shan't do it if I can prevent it."

"Bless my soul, if it isn't the little match-girl!" cried the man, bringing his lantern close to Maggie's face. "You are a game one, to be sure. Come in, Maggie, and tell us what is in the wind now."

Thus saying, the jailer led the match-girl inside, and as she warmed herself by the fire, related her story to a startled group of officials that had now gathered around her.

The morning dawned at last, and as the first faint streaks of gray dappled the east, Gustavus Doring had risen, and muffled in a thick overcoat, was ready to depart.

A carriage stood before the hotel, and the hackman, a broad-shouldered fellow, with his features concealed from view by his huge coat-collar and slouched hat, bustled in and officiously hoisted the leather trunk on his shoulder, closely followed by Gustavus Doring, who directed him to place it inside the coach.

At the door he met Rigdon and Dart. They both cordially shook hands with him.

"It is rather early to start," observed Doring, interrogatively, as he placed his foot on the step.

"The cursed fool blundered in coming so soon," said Dart, peevishly. "I suppose, though, we might as well go now as any time."

"Of course," replied Doring, in an easy tone. "We can drive slowly down, and take our own time."

"Suit your convenience," returned Dart. "Coachee, do you hear? Drive as slow as you please; we've got a good hour yet."

The driver muttered something unintelligible to Doring, and the party having entered the coach, the door was slammed to, and the hackman sprang to his seat.

He had just seized the reins and given his horses the word to start, when a little girl, quite breathless with excitement, came running toward the carriage.

"Mr. Doring! Mr. Doring, stop! please stop, just one moment!" she exclaimed, imploringly.

The Californian recognized her voice, and leaned his head inquiringly out of the coach window.

"It is the little match-girl!" he ejaculated, in surprise.

The coach had commenced to move, and the figure of Maggie, which he could barely distinguish in the uncertain light of morning, was soon lost to view.

The girl, fleet as a roe, still pursued the fast receding coach, shouting at the extent of her child-voice:

"Stop! Mr. Doring, for Heaven's sake, stop!" And a cry of agony burst from her lips as it finally rounded the corner and disappeared.

"I wonder what the little match-girl wanted of me?" said Mr. Doring, musingly, as the coach drove rapidly on.

"The beggar wanted money," replied Dart, glancing uneasily at his companion.

"Money! No, she couldn't wish that. I have given it to her already."

"Beggars are never satisfied," rejoined Dart, emphatically. "The more you give, the more they demand."

"That's so," was the eloquent rejoinder of the reticent Mr. Rigdon.

"I'm half sorry I didn't stop the coach, and ascertain the cause of her strange behavior," observed Gustavus Doring, thoughtfully, stroking his beard. "It's too late now."

"Quite sentimental, I declare," laughed Dart. "Ain't he, Rigdon?"

"Awful!" rejoined the confederate, with the slightest perceptible sneer.

"Confound the coachee! What makes him drive so fast?" exclaimed Dart, in a tone of feigned irritation.

They were rattling on over the pavement at a fearful rate. The coach swayed to and fro dangerously, as the lashed animals dashed recklessly along.

"Hullo, coachee! Just slacken your pace, will ye?" called Rigdon, putting his head out of the window. The hackman answered him with a volley of oaths, and only urged the animals at a more headlong speed.

"An insolent fellow, upon my word!" said Doring, smiling good-naturedly. "Let him alone; we will reach our journey's end the sooner."

"I should like the privilege of slitting his throat!" rejoined Dart, with an oath. "By-the-by, Mr. Doring, the morning air is rather chilly. Suppose we close the windows?"

"As you please," replied Doring, indifferently.

A glance of intelligence passed between the two confederates in iniquity; the windows were shut, and the curtains drawn closely down. Onward they rolled, first over the stony pavement of Broadway, then along the smoother macadamized avenue, and then again on what appeared to be a plank road. It was growing lighter, and Mr. Doring, who had become extremely nervous, glanced at his watch.

"It is time we reached the depot," he exclaimed, raising the blind, with an anxious survey out.

"Plenty of time yet," was the curt rejoinder of Dart.

In spite of the confidence Doring reposed in his two companions, he began to feel some misgivings when he looked again and perceived that the vehicle had gradually left the city limits, and was now jolting over a rough, uneven part of the road.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, excitedly, "the scoundrel is not taking us to the depot. This is the wrong direction. Stop!" he added, pulling the check-string.

The motion of the vehicle slackened, and finally it paused.

"Drive on!" cried the two ruffians, with cool nonchalance.

"Don't you stop, driver, at your peril!" repeated Doring, sternly.

"Go on, I say!" yelled Rigdon, with a frightful imprecation.

The hackman, who seemed in full understanding with the miscreants, obeyed them at once.

"Good God, gentlemen! what does this mean? Where are you taking me?" cried Doring, frantically.

"You'll soon know," rejoined Rigdon, with a coarse laugh.

Doring felt for his revolver, and to his consternation found it was gone.

And now the terrible truth flashed upon him, that he had been entrapped, and that the ruffians had driven him on this lonely road to accomplish more securely their fell design of robbery and murder. He thought of the little match-girl's warning, "Stop, Mr. Doring!" and cursed his own heedlessness in thus unwittingly throwing himself in the power of these men, whose wolfish eyes glared upon him with the ferocity of tigers, as he silently sat, or, rather, crouched, in one corner of the coach.

For several moments not a word was spoken; the vehicle jolted on—then, with a jerk, it suddenly paused.

"All right, boys!" cried the *ad-avant* hackman, jumping from his seat.

At the same instant the two miscreants sprang upon Gustavus Doring, and caught him by the throat.

"Help!" shouted the Californian, struggling with desperation.

But his resistance was unavailing; his arms were securely pinioned behind with a stout cord, and he was dragged from the coach.

"Now, then," said Rigdon, drawing a revolver, "you've got but a short time to live."

"You don't intend to murder me, villains!" ejaculated Doring, in despair.

"Dead men tell no tales," muttered Rigdon, sullenly. "You might peach on us. Clincher, just get the trunk-key out of his pocket, will you?"

Mr. Clincher, who had officiated as coachman, fumbled for some time unavailingly in Doring's coat; finally the Californian's boots were hauled off, and the key found therein.

The trunk was unlocked in a twinkling. It contained twenty bags, closed with sealing-wax, and each marked "\$5,000."

Dart and Clincher breathlessly opened one, and gave a shout of exultation.

"Here are the yellow boys!" cried Dart, turning over the golden coin with trembling eagerness. "The game is worth the candle."

"Now, then, Mr. Doring," muttered Rigdon, cocking his pistol, "I'll give you five minutes to say your prayers."

"Spare me," cried Doring, hoarsely, as he beheld the barrel of Rigdon's pistol leveled at his head.

"One minute is up," said Dart, looking at his watch.

There was a dead silence. Doring closed his eyes, awaiting, with the sternness of a gladiator, his fate, which he now knew was inevitable.

"Four minutes are up!" cried Dart.

A solemn stillness pervaded the entire group. You might have heard the beating of their hearts.

"Time's up!"

Rigdon brings his weapon nearer; his finger touches the trigger, when a sudden tremor seizes him, and he involuntarily lowers the weapon.

"Why don't you fire, man?" ejaculated Clincher, with an oath.

At this moment a vehicle was heard approaching. It wheeled rapidly in sight, and from it poured a squad of policemen. The ruffians, amazed and panic-stricken, turned to fly; but they were all chased down and captured, though not until they had made a most desperate resistance.

Gustavus Doring heard a glad shout; it was a child's voice. He looked up wonderingly and with gratitude, as Maggie, with a cry of joy, rushed toward him, and hid her blushing face on his breast.

"Saved!" she murmured. "Thank Heaven, you are saved!"

Years have passed away, and Maggie is now the loved and honored wife of Gustavus Doring. He never forgot her signal service to him on that memorable morning, and from that hour became her protector and friend.

Mrs. Bell did not survive long to enjoy her sudden transition from poverty to affluence; her mind had become so shattered by her former sufferings that she gradually sunk into imbecility, constantly imagining herself in the old tenement-house, and talking childishly over the scenes of the past.

And Gustavus Doring, as he looks on the sweet face of his youthful wife, and reads her gentle soul in the tranquil depth of her mild blue eye, tenderly recalls, though not without a shudder, the perilous hour that first made him learn to love and value the "little match-girl."

One of the Strong Men—The Chevalier Ernaulton d'Espagne.

From the earliest ages come down stories of the feats of strength of men whom nature endowed with muscles of iron—Hercules typifies, perhaps, several in ancient Greece—of Samson and David and Ishbi-benob and Jaare-oregim. Since then every country can boast of some man whose strength has been the wonder of his time. Froisart tells us of one who displayed his vigor in a manner comical enough. In Bearn, amid the Pyrenees, lived, in his day, in all the half-savage style of the barons of that time, the Count de Foix, a rich, powerful and magnificent lord, with a court of knights, esquires and pages around him. It was at Christmas, 1388, and the day was chilly. Dinner was just over, and it was an affair of two hours and a half in the banquet-hall, lighted by twelve flambeaux, where good cheer and wine and music made even the grim, fierce old count relax somewhat. He left the table in state, and ascending by a grand staircase of twenty-four steps, entered a favorite gallery where he spent much of his time. The fire had gone down, and as he glanced at the decaying embers, he cried, in tones that boded ill to some unlucky wight: "What a wretched fire for such weather!"

Ernaulton heard it, and, like a good-natured giant, resolved to save the servitor whose love of Christmas cheer had made him forget his duties. He glanced out of the window into the court, and there, to his satisfaction, saw a number of asses loaded with wood. Tripping gayly down the steps, he seized one of the beasts, and whirling it, load and all, on his brawny shoulders, carried it up to the gallery, and, to the amusement of all, laid the wood on the fire, with the poor ass on top, his legs kicking heavenward, and doubtless braying to his heart's content. Whether the rope burned through and released the ass, the chronicler does not tell

us, but no doubt the poor beast was released, and in the laughter and gay talk, the poor servitor was forgotten, and his fault overlooked.

Rachel Brand's Punishment.

It was a wet, autumn night, and the damp sea-blast swept through the crinks and crevices of Mrs. Brand's seaside cottage. The low, deep monotone of the breakers, as they broke, foamed, crested, upon the rocky shore, mingled with the wind as it raved and moaned like a soul in mortal pain.

The rain poured down steadily, soaking the dead leaves, which, sodden with damp, lay thick upon the garden-paths, making the road a succession of gleaming muddy puddles. It was a decidedly unpleasant night for the seaside.

Mrs. Brand regretted she had not removed to her city home a few weeks earlier. But Pearl loved the sea. These few days were the last the young girl was to pass with her mother, and she begged that they might be left alone together.

So pretty Pearl had gone from one place to another, bidding a last farewell to all her old girlish haunts, for she knows that when she revisits them again, it will be as George Deane's wife; and she will have left the old, girlish, careless life far behind, Pearl has been thinking, half-sadly; for, though she loves George Deane dearly, she had been very happy in her home—she has been the petted darling of the flock—the youngest. So the fair face was slightly clouded, and the soft eyes misty with tears, as she bade her mother good-night and retired.

Though outside the storm thundered, inside all was warmth and comfort as Mrs. Brand sat dreaming before the fire. The ruddy firelight makes a glow like summer in the sitting-room as it flickered over pictures and statues, and played upon Mrs. Brand's grave, stern face, softening the harsh outlines, and lending it a tenderness which rendered it almost beautiful: A quiet, resolute face, with keen gray eyes and a firm, fixed mouth, the care-worn brow shaded by thick, iron-gray hair. The compressed lips and wrinkled brow bear lines of anxiety and pain; for toil, grief, and bitter anguish have left their traces on this woman's countenance; but it is the face of one who "has battled and subdued."

"Much must be borne which it is hard to bear; Much given away which it is sweet to keep."

was the lesson Rachel Brand's life had taught her; but just now her reverie was a very pleasant one. Sitting there, in the glow of the gladsome firelight, she thought of her children, all happy and comfortable.

Willie, her eldest-born, the busy, energetic business man—her best helper and adviser; her queenly Edith, a happy wife and mother, with rosy, gleeful children clustering around her hearthstone; her earnest, student Herbert, already gaining honors at college; and lastly, Pearl, her pet lamb, in a few days would become George Deane's wife.

The mother's heart was content. How work for those children had been a delight! how she had prayed and toiled and striven for them! how she had guarded and watched over them! Now success had crowned her efforts, and her children blessed her. She had suffered, but that was all past now—almost forgotten. The sin and shame were unknown save to herself; the past was buried deep in her heart, and could never come up to blast the lives of her loved ones. Thank God! the blight had come when they were too young to understand its import; and she, struggling alone against want and disgrace, had given

them only sunshine. *He* had disappeared from the face of the earth, his very name was forgotten, his sin and shame should never be known to his children.

A very contented woman was Rachel Brand that night. Not happy—the memory of the terrible pest had been burnt in letters of fire into heart and brain too deeply to allow her ever to be light-hearted and happy, but she certainly was content and satisfied. Then suddenly she started.

Surely she heard a footstep stealing along outside—or was it the wind? Was her imagination deceiving her? No; there it was again, crunching up the damp gravel walk. For a second a dark face was pressed against the window, and then as suddenly disappeared. She was a strong, brave woman, who boasted that her nerves were of iron, so she advanced at once to the door, and, without opening it, demanded, in a loud tone:

"Who is there?"

"Rachel! Rachel!" cried a hoarse voice.

Every drop of blood in Mrs. Brand's body seemed turned to ice. She could have cried aloud in her horror; but the cry froze on her lips. She had not heard that voice for twenty years, and now its sound pierced her heart with a sharp pang like a sword.

She was not the woman to cry or faint. Her nerves were far too steady for that. She just paused a moment to calculate probabilities, then promptly decided what her course of action should be. Their one servant had gone to the city that day. Pearl slept soundly—she knew she would not likely overhear. Better face the danger, and learn its full extent, than deal with it accordingly.

She opened the hall-door softly. A dark, dripping form crept in. Then, pale as ashes, Rachel Brand confronted the man who had ruined her life—the lover of her youth, the father of her children.

He was wretchedly thin. On the pale, pinched face were impressed deep traces of want and misery. His garments, of the meanest description, hung about him almost in rags. His eyes glanced furtively about, as though he dreaded observation. The nervously agitated manner, the slouching gait, the almost painful humility of expression, all told of one who was conscious of his own degradation.

Surely in this miserable wreck there were no traces of the handsome, bright-faced John Medlicot, whose ready smile and soft words had won her girlish heart. Surely this was not the man for whose sake she had forsaken home and kindred!

There was no softening of Mrs. Brand's stern features as she looked at him, only her face was set and rigid, like the face of a marble statue, and in the gray eyes was an intensity of loathing.

"What is it you want of me?" she demanded, at last, in a hard, dry voice, as she saw that he did not attempt to speak.

Want! The poor, guilty wanderer wanted love, pity and pardon—he wanted sympathy and tenderness. Low as he had sunk, remembrance of his wife and children had prevented his falling into still greater degradation; but, for his life, he dared not have begged pity from that rigid face.

"Want! Want!" he repeated. "I wanted to see you all, Rachel; but I did not know where to find you. I was passing, almost dead of cold and hunger, when I saw the light, and thought that perhaps I might find shelter. When I looked in at the window, and saw you sitting there, I knew I had found you at last. Rachel, it is twenty-five years since I saw you last, and you had been a good wife to me. And the children, Rachel?"

"Don't speak of them," the mother said, quickly; then she arose and placed food before him, watching him steadfastly as he ate ravenously,

thinking of means to extricate herself from her difficulty.

Were her struggles all to go for nothing? Had she toiled unavailingly for so many long years, now to lose the fruit of her labors? Could she relinquish the position she had secured for her children? Should they be branded as the children of a convict? They had believed their father dead—how could they endure such a revelation? Could her high-spirited Will endure the shame? Would proud George Dean marry the daughter of the forger John Medlicot? Must her pure, innocent darling be sacrificed? No. She must get rid of this man in some way.

Rachel Brand was an intensely proud woman. Her pride had been humbled to the very dust, yet it survived, vigorous, defiant as ever. Long ago she had loved this man with all the ardor of her passionate temperament; but when respect died, love died too, and now her strong nature felt only contempt for the weaker one before her. She had left all that was dearest to her to follow him; poverty and trial had never forced a murmur from her lips; she had been blind to his faults, true to him through all, until sin and disgrace had come between them. Now, surely her first duty she owed to her children.

Ah me! how well she remembered the day she had vowed that no longer was she wife of his—never would she look upon John Medlicot's face again. How clearly she remembered it all, as though it were but yesterday. The stifling atmosphere of the court, the judge in his robes, the heavy, stolid-faced jury; the opposing counsel, as they wrangled over some unimportant point of law; the eager, excited faces of the audience; the prisoner, who never once raised his head. She imagined she could hear the judge's voice, as calmly and deliberately he pronounced the sentence; then the felon raised his haggard face, looked around wildly, and fell heavily forward in a dead swoon.

She had felt no pity for him then—she felt no pity now for the poor, guilty wretch who shivered before her. She thought of nothing except her overpowering anxiety to get rid of him. If Pearl should awaken, if he should be observed, discovery must follow, and discovery was ruin.

He had finished his meal, and had drawn his chair near to the fire, stretching out his thin hands toward the cheerful blaze, and drawing a long breath of relief and satisfaction.

"I used to wonder whether I should ever see you again, Rachel," he said. "I have been hunting for you these five years. I went to Loring first, and there they told me that you and the children had disappeared at—at that time; and as no one ever heard of you since, they supposed you were dead."

Why should he open the old wound afresh? Had she not suffered, too? But this was no time for sentiment; she must be resolute.

"Have you rested?" she asked, at last. "You must go."

"Go!" he repeated. "Go where, Rachel?"

"You must leave here—you must go away from this house. It would be ruin to me if you were discovered here—it would ruin me."

"But, Rachel, you won't drive me out into the storm? Can't I stay with you and the children? I have sinned; but surely I have repented very bitterly. I am dying of cold and misery—let me spend my last days with you?"

"Do you want to ruin your children—do you wish them to curse you? They think you dead. God help me! I told them that you had died years ago. They reverence your memory; is not that better than that they should blush for you living? They don't know their shame, and if I can help it they never shall. My life has been

sacrificed to your sin. Spare them; it is hard to go through life bowed down by such a burden. Would you expose them to scorn and contempt? You know I told you when you were condemned as a forger that all connection between us had ceased; from that moment you have been to me as one dead, laid away out of sight. I only lived for them. Then I took my own name, and came here; how I toiled, what want and privation I endured, no one ever knew; but in time I made my way. As the boys grew up they aided me, and now they are all comfortable and prosperous. Would you ruin them?" All her stern tranquillity of manner had disappeared; she was speaking excitedly, almost wildly. "If you will go now," she continued, "and let me know in a few days where you are to be found, I will write and send you money."

He had arisen now, a new strength in the stooping figure, a new energy in the shuffling gait, a strange, wild light in his dark eyes.

"Very well, Rachel," he said, humbly. "I am sorry I troubled you. I won't stay to be a burden to you or the children. You know I wouldn't willingly be a burden to you. If I have sinned, I have suffered. Of me it might be said, 'Verily my punishment is greater than I can bear.'" Then the door closed, and Mrs. Brand was once more alone. She drew a great breath of relief. Never for a moment did she doubt the wisdom of the course she had pursued, neither did she then waste a thought upon the outcast who had just passed out into the black night, with its blinding rain. Still, unwelcome thoughts of the past would intrude. She thought of herself as a young girl, listening to handsome John Medlicot's whispered vows; she thought of herself as his happy wife, her first-born cradled upon her breast; she remembered the agony of rage and shame with which she heard of his guilt. Why do ghosts of the long-buried Past come back to torment her? Surely she had done her duty; any weakness on her part would have been treachery toward her children. As to her husband, she would send him money

enough to enable him to live comfortably; but it would be intolerable for her to see him, to live with him.

"It was all some wretched dream," concluded Mrs. Brand, as she awoke in the full blaze of the morning sun; for the storm had cleared off, and not a vestige of threatening cloud remained to tell of the mimic deluge of the night before. She heard Pearl singing below; her old servant, Esther, too, had returned, and she heard her crooning softly to herself as she prepared the breakfast. The room, with its fresh flowers blooming in the tall, slender vases; the dressing-case, glittering with its crystal and silver; the quantities of pretty nicknackries scattered about; the dark face of her handsome Will, smiling down upon her from its gilt frame, all appeared so familiar, so natural, so far remote from anything connected with her former life!

"Why, mamma," Pearl's laughing voice broke in, "I thought you did not intend to awaken at all to-day. It is after ten o'clock. Esther is afraid the breakfast will be spoilt. You must have sat up very late last night, mamma. I heard you coming up-stairs just at daybreak. Did you fall asleep in your chair?"

"Yes," the mother said, slowly, "I fell asleep in my chair. I suppose that is the reason I slept so late this morning."

"Did Esther come home last night, mamma?"

"No; there is no train after ten P. M. I suppose she came by the first train this morning. Why do you ask?"

"I thought I heard you talking to some one below last night. I fancied I heard the hall-door open, and a strange voice speaking. At first I thought I should rise and go down to see who it was; then, while I was hesitating whether I should or not, I fell asleep, and forgot all about it until this morning. I suppose I must have dreamed it."

"Yes, you must have dreamed it," Mrs. Brand answered, calmly; but Pearl noticed that her mother was very pale, and had a strange, excited manner, very different from her ordinary, quiet



ONE OF THE STRONG MEN.—"THE CHEVALIER BENAULTON D'ESPAGNE BRINGING THE LOADED ASS ON HIS BACK INTO THE PRESENCE OF COUNT DE FOIX."—SEE PAGE 102.



RACHEL BRAND'S PUNISHMENT.—“WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF ME?” SHE DEMANDED, AT LAST IN A HARD, DRY VOICE, AS SHE SAW THAT HE DID NOT ATTEMPT TO SPEAK.”—SEE PAGE 102.

demeanor; however, she attributed it to grief at the parting which was so soon to take place between them.

Mrs. Brand realized it all now. The ghost of the past would haunt her forever now. At any moment he might come forward and claim her as his wife, the children as his children. What could she do to avert the threatened disgrace? she asked herself. She had managed to rid herself of him, but might he not return! Would he not be a terror to her for the remainder of her life! If she could only manage to get him to go far away, somewhere where he would not be known! A heavy black cloud settled upon her spirit; a cloud

which constantly grew darker, for she could not shake off the deep depression which weighed her to the earth. Pearl had received a box of wedding finery from the city the day before. This she now brought out for inspection; even old Esther was called in to admire it, which she did loudly; but Pearl's delighted exclamations over rainbow-hued silks, softly glistening satins, delicate cambrics, and foamlike lace, excited no interest in the mother, who sat by indifferent, with pale, apathetic face and dreamy, far-off eyes.

“I have wounded mamma by showing that I care so much for those foolish things when she is

feeling sad at my leaving her," thought tender-hearted Pearl with quick self-reproach; so she packed her treasures away carefully, and strove by sweet words and loving caresses to dissipate the gloom which shadowed her mother's countenance.

"It is such a splendid day, let us go for a stroll on the beach, mamma," she pleaded. "Let us make the most of the fine weather while it lasts." The close atmosphere stifled Mrs. Brand, so she readily consented. It was a delightful October day, the sky blue and cloudless as in June, the sea sparkling in the glowing sunshine. All nature appeared to luxuriate in the gracious influences of the morning, and with keen delight Pearl noticed it. The soft breeze wafted faint, autumnal odors from the distant woods; the greenish amber grasses waving languidly with the restless motion of the sea; the golden lights flickering over the waters; the towering, gray crags with their warm, purple shadows; the sea-birds circling joyously overhead; the ships sailing slowly away, their white sails gleaming snowy in the distance; the little waves trooping joyously up the beach, breaking with a cooing, musical murmur, as though they too rejoiced in the beauty of the morning. But for Mrs. Brand just then nature possessed neither beauty nor harmony.

A group of fishermen had left their work, and collected together around some object which, from their excited gestures, appeared to be one of great interest. When Mrs. Brand and Pearl drew nearer, they saw that the crowd surrounded something dark, which lay extended upon the beach.

What has happened—what is the matter?" asked Pearl, of an old Irish woman who stood near her.

"Sure, miss, it's a poor crayther the min found drowned dead, God rest his soul! It's myself feels bad for him, for I had a boy drowned in the say this year twelve months; and they says, in-dade, as he drowned himself. Howly Virgin and all the saints protect us!"

"Let us go home, mamma," said Pearl, very white and trembling. "Oh, mamma, don't go!" as her mother pushed hastily through the crowd.

Could Rachel Brand ever forget that picture! Did it not haunt her until the day of her death!

The rough fishermen stood around, with quiet, awed faces, and on the glittering beach, with purple lips, and thin gray hair dripping with the salt sea, with clinched hands, and stiff, rigid limbs, lay her husband, the man she had driven out to die in his despair. She had wished to be relieved of his presence, and her wish had been gratified. The fixed, white face bore no look of reproach; but she had loved him once, and now she felt herself a murderess. Some lines Pearl often quoted flashed through her mind mockingly—

"Lay him down—his work is done;
Vain for him are friend or toeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman;"

and he would never know how bitterly she had repented. The sight of the calm, quiet face revived all the old wifely love; that face would haunt her forever. Surely she was bitterly punished. She never spoke, while strangers bore him away; then she turned, and walked quietly homeward, and Pearl, frightened at her mother's ghastly face, forbore to question. Mrs. Brand's children noticed after this how quickly age had crept upon their mother; how silent and abstracted she had grown; how suddenly, when her cup of pleasure appeared full to the brim, a look of painful abstraction would steal over her face. She bore her remorse alone, and found her only relief in living for others; in succoring the needy, and comforting the mourning, until people blessed her

as an angel of mercy. But Rachel Brand, until the day of her death, was haunted by that dead face—by the memory of the man her pride had driven out into the darkness, to perish in his despair.

The Haunted Voice.

CHAPTER I.—"IN THE HIGH-HALL GARDEN."

A WHITE figure cautiously emerges from the oaken doors and moves across the piazza, goes silently down the massive marble steps, and then, upon the polished sea-gravel, pauses and looks toward the windows of the house. Light, perfumed and golden, and the music of the Dunsted Gallop, "*Zur Attacke*," pour through them and make way into the outer darkness.

This figure is a woman. As she stands, her eyes glistening under the silver stars, her finger, like Psychoe's uplifted, and her robe trailing behind her, white as the milky turban of night stretched across the velvet sky above, she is a statue, and forms the last point of a triangle begun by the sculptured Hemeresios and Aristophon in front.

With a start, like one who wakes suddenly out of disturbed sleep, she sets on again, and presently fades into the shrubbery. The path she takes uncoils toward a lake, and coming after a moment upon the dark waters, a man springs abruptly out of the shore-shadow and stands at her side.

"Beatrice!" he whispers, seizing her marble fingers and pressing them to his lips.

"Rupert, I have not failed," she answers, in a low, rich voice, the voice to troll voluptuous Tuscan, the weird voice to madden the souls of those who listen.

"No, no, dearest! You love me, and you could not fail. Ah, Beatrice," he cries, in ecstasy, "a moment like this is Paradise. To have you alone with me one little hour is better than all I dream of Heaven!"

"Is it true? Make the most of this chance, then, Rupert, since to-night you see me for the last time."

He raises his eyes, and looks half-smiling into hers. His face, however, grows deadly white, and the corners of his mouth quiver strangely. Gradually the smile deepens into a silly, vacant laugh, and, as he strives to speak, his body sways drunkenly from side to side.

"Merry Beatrice!" he exclaims; "your name permits you to make smarting jests, sweet one."

"Alas! I do not jest, Rupert," she returns, carelessly. "I have spoken true. We part to-night forever. The coming month will make me the wife of the English Lord Arthur Fitzalan."

"It—it is a lie!" he hisses, between his teeth, springing back from her. "Nobody can make you marry any one but me, Beatrice. Only I love you—love you, darling; only I would barter life and soul for you, my queen! Mercy, mercy, Beatrice!" he falters, dropping upon his knee, and holding up his beseeching hands. "Think what it is to love as I love! Pity me—give me only one little drop of pity! I have seen the torture that comes from rejected love. My brother suffered it all before my eyes. I have shown you his picture—his dark, stern, fiendlike face—and have told you how it was once joyous and bright as mine. Yet, though a woman's perfidy so changed him, he went away and lived the sorrow down. But, my queen, my love, I could not; I should perish. Therefore relent, Beatrice, as you hope Heaven will in the hereafter relent toward you!"

His appeal has all the pathos of the cry that is said to come up from the souls lost forever in perdition. But she does not appear to heed.

"It is useless to spend the little time we have together in this way, Rupert. Lord Arthur Fitzalan has my promise; my family are eager for the match, and, in short, the matter is unalterably arranged. So, if you are wise, you will make the best of it."

He rises very slowly to his feet, and looks at her steadily. A strange light is in his eyes, such as at some time in your life you may have seen upon the face of a person who, about to die, is taking his last lingering look at the cheerful day, the merry sunlight, and the friends about him, ere he passes into the weird region of eternal night.

"Beatrice," he says, very gently, "with my last breath I curse you! I am not angered now, or mad; my pulse is as temperate as yours, and makes as healthful music. But let the very circumstance add new horror to my words. May you suffer what I suffer—no more! I go from you for a time, but we shall meet again. And, Beatrice, though you see me not in the intermediate while, I shall yet be always by you. Farewell!"

He leaves her slowly, and makes his way to the brink of the lake. She stands rooted to the spot, observing him. Her hands are clasped together, and her eyes nearly bursting from their sockets.

Another instant, and a dark form leaps from the shore and falls, with a hollow thud, into the placid water.

"Rupert!" she cries.

But he is gone.

God have mercy on the poor suicide! This is a harsh world for some people to live in, masters.

CHAPTER II.—THE ECHO.

LORD ARTHUR FITZALAN had come back, one year after his marriage, to America. There was nothing more certain than that he was tired of his own country, and could find no excitement so agreeable as that to be had in ours. The Lady Beatrice, his wife, was not at all averse to this taste on his part, and readily came with him. Everybody has heard of lives spent in a round of ceaseless dissipation; such was the existence of this noble pair. They created, out of the old residence, Menteth Park, upon the model of one left behind in Scotland, naming both after Lord Arthur's younger brother, and had the satisfaction of knowing it was the only place of the kind in America. Here flocked all sorts of people, for who, though we be democratic by nature, could resist the invitation of a title? And the days went madly by.

Two men were sitting in the billiard-room, lounging over some absinthe—Lord Arthur's own.

"What an odd fish that Emelraet is!" said one of them, relighting a thin, delicate-looking cigar. "I watched him, out of a curiosity, some moments ago, and was more struck with the man than ever. He is so cold and silent, I should be rather afraid to make approach, I think."

"Ah!" drawled the other, sipping a spoonful of the green liquor before him, "like Napoleon: grand, gloomy and peculiar—quite a Priuli on the whole, eh?"

"Ye-as! Precisely, Skelton. And I have fancied the Lady Beatrice is this Priuli's Clarisse. What do you think? She shudders every time he draws near, and sinks to the very ground under his strange gray eye. And, by-the-way, it is so odd to find black hair and an olive complexion in company with a gray eye; isn't it?"

"Deucedly queer! Let us drink the rest of this stuff and go down again. I know we're misused already."

When they had swallowed the absinthe and descended, the first person they encountered at the door of the *salon* was Emelraet. He was leaning in a Titianesque attitude directly under one of my lord's brown Italian paintings—I think an Esau.

His face was perfectly abstracted, and in dead repose; but there rested upon it an expression of quaint melancholy—almost regret—yet there too lurked about the corners of the full lips implacable resolution. No soul stood by. Several people had incommoded themselves greatly, it was evident, to get apart from this man of secrecy and, perchance, evil.

Some interminable argument was going on, generally, throughout the room. Conversation progressed in sharp, brisk sentences, which fell from the lips like the dropping shots of sharpshooters. Suddenly Lord Arthur turned around from the mirror, looking rather bored, and cried out, above the din:

"My Beatrice, we must now have that song, love! You know it was promised me three days ago."

His wife rose from the ottoman very gayly, and said:

"True, Arthur; I had forgotten."

She sped quickly to the piano, and sat down unattended. Scarcely had her slender fingers flashed across the keys when Emelraet, rousing himself from his dream, walked slowly toward her, and took up position by her side. She bent her head, and endeavored to repeat the first few notes of the careless symphony; but her hands involuntarily paused.

"I must at least make myself useful now and then, Lady Beatrice," Emelraet whispered.

She offered no reply, but once more essayed to begin the accompaniment. Never once did she raise her eyes. At the first sharp treble note, the buzz in the room was hushed to stillness. Emelraet moved a step aside, and, resting his arm upon the piano, fastened his icy gaze upon the singer's quivering lips.

Slowly, tremulously pealed forth those beautiful verses, by H. King, the Bishop of Chichester, upon the death of his wife, then just set to music, but now sung wherever music is known:

"Stay for me there. I shall not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale;
For hark! my heart, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach—tells thee I come;
But hower'er long my marches be,
I shall at last lie down by thee."

Scarcely was the second stanza commenced ere every person in the room started suddenly and listened with more eager interest than ever. As the air proceeded, some grew visibly pale, and, not daring to breathe a syllable, looked horrified into each other's faces. The ladies trembled and grasped one another's hands.

"Great Heaven!" whispered Lord Arthur, white as marble, "do you not hear another voice beside my wife's?"

It was true, indeed. A weird baritone, veiled as it were, rising and falling upon every wave of the soprano of Lady Beatrice, and reaching the ear apparently from some strange distance, as the chanting in the Sistine chapel reaches the ears of the worshipping crowd without, could be distinctly heard.

Of all in the room, Emelraet alone was calm. His unearthly eyes were still fixed upon the lips of the haunted singer. She seemed fascinated by his mercilessly steady glance, and yet continued her strange music.

"I shall at last lie down by thee,"

she sang, her voice dropping sweet and low, the haunting echo following it, and, at the closing word, she fell back in a dead faint. Emelraet caught her in his arms.

"Lord Arthur," he said, quietly, "your wife has the soul of an *artiste*. She would make a perfect prima donna for the Grand Opera.

"She shall never sing that song again," said Fitzalan, laying Beatrice's forehead with some water from an adjacent bowl.

Presently she opened her eyes and glanced at the amazed crowd gathered about her.

"I have quite upset the good meeting," she laughed, nervously; "have I not? It was so foolish in me to allow myself to be carried away by my own music. Come! Monsieur Emelraet, you must take me into the air."

"Nay, permit me, Beatrice," said Lord Arthur, coming forward.

"Thanks, dear Arthur; but I am convinced I shall sooner recover by placing myself in the care of Monsieur Emelraet."

And bowing to the still astonished guests, she took the arm of the man of mystery, and they went out of the tall conservatory window, and into the night, together.

"How long shall this last?" said Beatrice, when she had got some distance from the house.

"Till death!" returned Emelraet, his tone sharp as the thrust of a stiletto.

"You will haunt me to my doom?"

"As sure as heaven, Beatrice! I have told you the story long ago, and you know it full well. I am here to avenge my brother's murder. You took his life, and shall requite me with your own. He left me the mission before that night when you cast him off, and he perished. He now watches us both from the land of shadows. It was he, unseen, who sang with you at the piano a moment ago."

She hid her face in her hands.

"Who ever suffered such torture as mine!" she cried, bitterly.

"You knew too well, Beatrice, who suffered all of it, and more."

"And there is no rest out of the grave!" she continued.

Emelraet suddenly drew closer to her.

"Yes, Beatrice, there is rest! I can save you."

"Save me!"

"And will! Listen to me: I came here to hunt you down. I hated you as only souls like mine can hate. It was my purpose to drive you to madness—to destruction. But, Beatrice, I have learned to love you!"

She sprang back as if stung.

"I love you better than all in the world. To possess you, I am prepared to prove false to my dead brother—I am prepared to save you from the fate which must be yours."

"You would have me fly with you?"

"Ay, from your husband—from the world! We will go to Italy, where none will ever find us. If you refuse me—and this is the last time I make the offer—beware!"

"Pity me, Emelraet!"

She sank upon her knees at his feet.

"I can love, but cannot pity. Once he—that dead one—asked for pity, and you gave it not. Speak quickly, Beatrice. We are already waited for in the *salon*. Presently, some one will come to look for us. The time is going swiftly. Will you be mine?"

"Anything—anything!" she cried, wildly, weeping hot tears, "rather than these days of torture—these nights of pain. Save me, Emelraet, and I am yours!"

She threw herself into his arms. He drew her to his bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

Scarcely had he done so when a man stepped out of the adjacent foliage, and stood, with folded arms, observing them. It was Lord Arthur Fitzalan.

"I have heard all," he said, calmly.

The wife stood rooted to the spot with terror. Emelraet bowed courteously.

"My lord, the fault is mine. If I must answer for it, consider me at your service."

"There is but the one code to govern these things, Monsieur Emelraet," returned the nobleman. "I presume I shall have the honor of meeting you to-night, at the lake below, within an hour."

"Most certainly; but the honor is mine, my lord."

"Madame, I will accompany you to the *salon*," continued the husband of Beatrice, giving her his arm. And all three went into the drawing-room together.

"The Lady Beatrice has quite recovered," said Emelraet, to the company.

"Thanks to the ministrations of Monsieur Emelraet," added Lord Arthur, bowing.

Not one present suspected.

CHAPTER III.—THE DUEL.

THE turret-clock was just pealing eleven as two men, one carrying something held together by a white handkerchief, silently met on the shore of the lake. The moon was bright and full, and in the heavens shone unnumbered stars. A light breeze swept from the bosom of the waters, cooling the perspiration which stood on the brows of both the duellists. Monsieur Emelraet was as usual, calm and collected; Lord Fitzalan only slightly moved, if at all.

"I trust, my lord, you have taken the necessary precautions to prevent intrusion here until this affair is over," said the former.

"Be under no alarm," returned Lord Arthur.

"It is only necessary for us to be expeditious as possible."

"Then, permit me to offer you the choice of these weapons."

Emelraet held forth two swords. His foe selected at hazard.

"They are so nearly alike that it is of little consequence, I suppose, which I take," he said.

Emelraet trifled with his steel an instant, and then threw himself into position. Lord Fitzalan followed. The two stood but a few yards from the lake, and exactly in the spot where, not two years before, Rupert Dunscombe had been cast off and sent to his death by the Lady Beatrice.

Scarcely had the blades met, cautiously yet sharply, when a movement was heard in the shrubbery. Both the fencers paused.

"It was nothing," said Lord Arthur.

Once more the weapons crossed. Then the fray began. Both fought carefully, and in all earnestness. The only difference was, that while Fitzalan's eyes danced with excitement, and his limbs quivered palpably, his opponent was cool throughout, and almost businesslike.

"You trifle with me," whispered the nobleman, quite out of breath, and growing tired.

Emelraet—or, to give his true name, Talbot Dunscombe—shook his head, bearing too wary an eye to trust himself to further explanation; but, perhaps moved by the reproach, struck out suddenly, and then as suddenly drew back. The success of the manoeuvre was evident: Lord Arthur's forehead had been cut open, and the blood rained down in torrents.

"Shall we rest, my lord?"

"No, no! Come on!"

His tone was one of anger. Quickly they went at it again; but now the sounds of the encounter were no longer low. Sharply the clash of the steel rang out upon the night, heavily echoed the earth to the swift-beating tread of the combatants, hot and angry came forth their heaving breaths.

Lord Fitzalan gained ground. Wrought up to fury, he drove his foe backward toward the lake.

Emelraet, however, was still quite self-possessed, and contented himself simply with parrying.

"This is to the death, my lord?" he asked, nearly breathless.

"To the death!" was the reply.

While the weapons yet clanged, while the iron boot-heels yet clattered upon the turf, a white form emerged from the shrubbery, and looked on with starting eyes.

It was the Lady Beatrice. With every step in retreat made by Emelraet she made a step in advance. All three consequently drew closer and closer to the waters.

Fitzalan's passionate onset seemed about to gain the fight. The only danger was that his strength might fail. He seemed, however, not to consider this, for he rained down his blows more furiously than ever.

They stood on the brink. Here, certainly, Emelraet must make a stand, or lose his life. He planted his foot firmly in the grass, and for the first time offered to attack. Then his policy in reserving his strength until the last moment stood him in good stead. He was enabled not only to ward off every cut of his adversary, but by a skillful trick to slit open the nobleman's left cheek. Lord Arthur could not forbear a cry of pain.

His guard dropped for a second. It was an irreparable misfortune. Emelraet saw the advantage, and raised his lithe weapon to thrust it forth, when—merciful heaven! the figure of the dead Rupert Dunscombe suddenly appeared between the two combatants! Emelraet's hand dropped nerveless to his side, and he grew white with horror.

Fitzalan, not yet perceiving the spectre, with a last effort, lunged forth his arm, and pierced his opponent's heart through and through.

Emelraet dropped backward into the lake.

"I was false to my trust," he murmured, choking with the blood that poured from his mouth. "I deserve my punishment, brother Rupert."

And so saying, he sank, and the waves closed over his ghastly face.

Lord Fitzalan, who had by this time discerned the spectre, fell against a willow. Standing in this position, haggard and terrified, he beheld the dead Rupert.

Dunscombe beckoned thrice to the Lady Beatrice; he beheld her advance toward him; he beheld both go out into the moonlit waters; and as they went down together, he heard his wife's rich soprano and the echoing baritone—vailed, weird, mystic, unearthly—singing the words:

"Stay for me there. I shall not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale.
For, hark! my heart, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
But how'er long my marches be,
I shall at last lie down by thee."

The Old Vassar House.

"A BRAVE greeting!"

Basil Evesham, eyes glowing, cloak flapping, blood quickening, turned his snorting horse up the ascent of the high Cape road. The wind sounded like a clarion. The surf thundered against the ledges. Away to the cold, violet sky the gray waves danced and sang. At the highest point of the Cape he drew rein, and sat looking out to sea, while his horse curvetted sharply beneath him. The sunshine glanced across the water, a bed of brilliants for its path.

The air he breathed seemed to fill him with new life. He stretched forth a welcoming hand.

"Welcome, O winds of the north! You have purity and strength in your breath. I have seen

my last day of weakness, of repining, and self-indulgence!"

He fell into deep thought. His horse proceeded along the road with stately steps. Evesham was close to the old Vassar House before he saw it.

It seemed retreating behind its oaks and yews. Whichever way he looked, he obtained only faint glimpses of it.

All the branches of the trees leaned one way. A nest of crows cawed among them. A dog bounded over a fence and ran howling away.

With curiosity aroused as to this desolate abode, Evesham pushed his horse into an opening of scrub-oaks. A wild bird flew piping before him. As he proceeded, the bushes seemed cut into some semblance to a hedge. A sudden sharp turn brought him upon a space of tree-darkened lawn, and before a high stone house resolutely closed upon all intruders.

A woodbine darkened half the windows; there was a wilderness of eglantine about the door. But door and windows were closely shut, and no sign of habitation appeared. The path by which he had come wound past the house, and into the road again. He heard the dog howling as he rode away.

He advanced slowly to the terminus of the Cape. The sunken rocks were swamped in froth. The spume flew in his face. The white sea-gulls cried in the tumult. Never before had he watched the sun set under such circumstances.

Shadows began to gather among the rocks; still he lingered, watching a sail which carried its light across the dun west. None came nearer. All craft kept at a respectful distance from Black Cape.

At length he turned his horse's head inland.

He never knew just how it happened, but the way was rough—the good gray must have stepped on a rolling stone and slipped. Evesham was suddenly thrown headlong, and with violence, among the rocks.

For a moment he lay almost senseless; then, struggling to his feet, he staggered after his horse, and caught him by the bridle.

Blind, dizzy, and aching in every limb, he stood leaning against the animal, unable to mount.

"Rather rough treatment, Count. Wait a bit."

The horse stood, obedient—but one side of Evesham's body seemed almost paralyzed. He could not lift a foot to the stirrup. He took the Count by the bit, at last, and slowly led him on. He could not have proceeded another rod when he reached the old Vassar House.

Tying his horse to a tree, he lifted the heavy, rusted knocker.

He had repeated the act with impatient blows, when a bolt was withdrawn, and a beaver-eyed old man stood shading the flame of a candle from the wind, and peering into the darkness.

"I have been thrown from my horse, and am somewhat hurt. I would like to rest here and examine my injuries," said Evesham.

"No, no, no!" repeated the old man, shaking his head and staring. "We never admit strangers to this house!"

"Fool!" exclaimed Evesham, forgetting all his good resolutions, and giving way to his customary irritation of temper. "Come out, then, and help me get upon my horse!"

The old man set the candle down in the hall, and tottered out upon the lawn. The rising moon showed the horse's glancing eye and silver bits.

"No, no, no!" muttered the old man, shaking his head.

Resting one hand upon his shoulder, Evesham slowly and painfully lifted himself into the saddle.

"Thanks! And now take my advice, and keep your old bones safe within doors, or you may

some time have need to ask a favor, and be refused."

"Ay, ay," mumbled the old fellow, tottering back into the house, and carefully shutting the door.

Evesham rode slowly down the hill.

As he proceeded, the sound of the sea was succeeded by the murmur of the woods which closed around him. At length he emerged upon the highroad where rose the porticoed mansion of his sojourning. The hotel landlord was more sympathizing than the inmates of the old Vassar House had appeared to be, and Evesham was attended with care for several days.

As he was nursing his bruised arm in a sling, upon the upper portico, one morning, his host, Major Manning, came out.

"Major, who occupies that old stone house, among trees, out on the Cape?"

"You refer to the old Vassar House; a noble old place it used to be," said the major, thoughtfully. "There's a story connected with it. Would you like to hear it, Mr. Evesham?"

Evesham nodded.

"Ten years ago," continued the major, "the old Vassar House was the home of a prosperous family. Ralph Vassar was a retired sea-captain. He had a wife and two children—a son and a daughter. The son, Vere Vassar, went into the army; the daughter came home from school, a great beauty. Many parties and much merry-making was the result of Honore Vassar's return. All the young men were wild about her. I remember her. I don't wonder," murmured the major, reflectively. "Well, Miss Honore showed her preference, by-and-by. It was for a young captain who came home visiting with her brother Vere. It was often you'd see Captain Balfour's great gray horse, with his silver bits, pawing up the sods under the trees of the Vassar lawn; for there was a military post about two miles from here, and the young men were stationed there. In about three months Miss Honore's engagement to the captain was announced.

"They were to be married in a year, but just before that the war broke out, and young Vassar and Balfour were ordered down South. Many tears and prayers followed them.

"Vere Vassar was killed, right off; but every week letters came to Honore from the captain. Then something happened that created a great panic.

"The Vassar House was closed against visitors. No one but the physician went there. Mrs. Vassar and beautiful Honore had been seized by smallpox.

"They got nurses, and I expect they had every care, but Mrs. Vassar died in great agony on the tenth day. The daughter recovered.

"But from the day of her rising from that sick bed no human being has ever seen her face. We supposed it was horribly disfigured, for she covered it with a veil which is never removed. All mirrors were banished from the house, at her request. And when Captain Balfour came, she refused to see him, or hold any communication with him. He was easily repulsed, I fancy, for he went away and married soon after.

"A curse seemed to have fallen upon the place; everything went to ruin. The old captain half lost his wits, and aged very fast. He feels the change keenly, and has a great horror of strangers. How Honore Vassar passes her time, year after year, no one knows. She is never seen. It would seem better to die than to lead such a life," concluded the major.

In spite of the bright morning, Evesham fell into a gloomy reverie.

His new home, built in a fair garden of roses,

up the beach, was finished that day. When he had dined, he drove down to inspect it. The building was of soft, cream-colored limestone, with French windows. It had been erected upon the site of an old mansion, and the grounds were under elaborate cultivation. Along the paths were fountain-basins, and arbors of wistaria. Rank, dark ivies shaded the beds of japonicas and heliotropes. The birds bred in the aspen trees, and the September sky bent soft above much beauty, as Evesham stood upon the lawn, idly breaking roses, and looking thoughtfully about him.

He had a home now. Years before he had planned a home similar to this, fully expecting to share it with one of the most beautiful creatures God ever made. In plain words, Mary Maples jilted him. Then he banished all thoughts of a home and happiness. He became a wanderer upon the face of the earth—a self-indulgent pleasure-seeker. Disgusted with such follies, he had at length come to a better mind. Satisfied that there was no Lethe in dissipation, he had dropped the unworthy rôle, and returned to the high purposes and pure aims of his youth. He had turned to his profession, the bar, and already famed, was gathering laurels for his brow. Yet an inexpressible weariness gathered in Basil Evesham's eyes as he stood upon his lawn, breaking the yellow lamarque-roses, that afternoon. There was a sad echo in the dainty rooms—a mournfulness in the sunny study. To whom should he give the roses when they were gathered?

"It is a house, but not a home," he said, throwing down the blossoms, with his usual impetuosity, and striding away.

As he re-entered his carriage he remembered that he had business in town. He should have barely time to attend to it before dark. He turned his horses, and urged them into a swift trot.

It was quite dark before he left the city. The roads were not familiar, and he took the wrong one.

He had just discovered his mistake when he heard a voice singing. So fine, so sweet, so clear was the voice, that it seemed to Evesham like a Lurley's cry, and he whipped his horses away from the spot as if he feared some enchantment. After a full half-hour's driving about, he discovered his hotel.

A fearful storm of wind and rain came up at midnight. Evesham was awakened by a knocking at his door.

"Mr. Evesham, will you please get up?" called the major. "There is a man here in great trouble, and I want your advice."

Evesham hastily dressed, and descended. He groped his way through the dark house to the great dining-hall, where lights glittered, and where several persons surrounded a shaking old man.

"When did she go, sir?" asked one of the hotel servants, respectfully.

"She must have gone last evening. She often roves about the house after it is dark, but she never goes beyond my sight. But I thought she was in her room last evening, nor did I miss the boat until the rain woke me in my bed, and I went to her door to see if she heard it—for she suffers much in thunder-storms—when I found she wasn't there. I searched and called, all in vain. At last I found the wherry gone, and then, sir, I knew I must come for help. My servant is old. I never disturbed him in his bed, but came down here where I knew there were strong and ready men."

"You see, sir," said the major to Evesham, "Miss Vassar is lost. She is probably drowned," he added, in an undertone. "Stay here, sir," laying a kind hand on the pitiful, shaking figure of the old father. "My men will give you dry

clothes, and make you comfortable, while we do all that can be done."

Evesham, the major, and three of the men, went out upon the sands. The sky was dark as pitch, the rain driving.

"Gad! a woman out such a night as this! But she must be dead!" said the major. They set three boats afloat. The major and one of his men went out to the various landing-places along the Cape, two of the men rowed towards the old Vassar House, while Evesham searched along the shore. They parted in ominous stillness, but soon the water resounded with their calls.

The sounds separated, and grew fainter. The sea sullenly washed the sands. All else was still. Twice Evesham put ashore to some dark object, and found only the brown rocks. He was soaked by the rain, and chilled by the blast. Of course the woman must be dead. She could not be living after so long an exposure.

He rowed his boat against a snag, and set her leaping at last. Then he was obliged to put ashore.

As he stepped upon the sands, his foot touched some yielding object. Startled, he stooped down, and placed his hand upon a cold face and soft human hair. With an involuntary cry he dropped upon his knees, and found the inanimate body of a woman, sunk in a bed of seaweed, stretched beneath the pitiless night sky.

He was a mile from the hotel, but close at hand a light burned in the shanty of one of the boatmen. Lifting the senseless form, he bore it into the light of the blazing fire upon old Levi's hearth. The men flung down their cards, and sprang up, awe-stricken. Evesham himself paused in astonishment as his eyes fell upon the face and figure he bore. No marble was fairer than that lovely, senseless countenance, no lips sweeter, no hair a more lustrous gold than that which swept in glittering waves to the very floor.

"It is Miss Vassar!" murmured old Levi, bewildered. "I haven't seen her these nine years."

They laid her before the fire, covered her with hot blankets, and forced brandy between those exquisite, pale lips.

She opened her eyes at last, raised her head, and looked around her, bewildered; then, with a cry, covered her face with her hands.

"Who has saved so frightful a creature from death?" she cried.

Evesham was bewildered, but one of the old boatmen roughly snatched a small mirror from the wall, and held it before Miss Vassar's face.

"Sure," he cried, "there's no signs of small-pox about ye now. Your akin is as clean as the leaf of a lily. If you'd but ha' kept a glass before you in the old house, ye needn't have shut yourself up away from the world this many a year past."

Miss Vassar looked within the mirror, and burst into tumultuous sobs. The torn lace of her veil was yet tangled in her hair. She plucked it out, and threw it from her.

"You think me silly, you rough, honest men, to care so much about my looks," she sobbed. "But, oh, it would be dreadful to see eyes that had shone with pleasure upon you turn away in fright and disgust!—horrible to be loathed by those who loved you. Oh, I thank God for giving me back my old face!" And the old boatmen turned aside with tears in their eyes.

In the morning Miss Vassar was able to be removed to her own home. Evesham accompanied her.

He came often to the old Vassar House. He could not forget that he had once held all that loveliness close to his heart.

Miss Vassar was grateful, and the sun shone for her again. Life was no longer a horrible night-

mare, but a sweet reality. And by-and-by she put the orange-flowers of a bride over that glory of hair, and promised, in calm content, to love for aye the man who had saved her life, and who worshipped her.

And in the new house, in the old garden, Evesham has discovered who sings as sweetly as a Lurley.

The Two Scholars of Salamanca.

THE French painter Hillemacher has made a most attractive picture of Le Sage's clever apologue of the Two Spanish Students. The one who merely looks at the surface, laughs at what seems odd and goes his way, and the wiser one who stops to investigate, are well presented, and the spot, with its shade and its little running mountain spring, just one to lure the weary pedestrians.

Le Sage is so out of date that, to the present generation, at least in part, the story will be new.

Two scholars were trudging along from Peña-fio to Salamanca. Feeling weary and thirsty, they stopped by a wayside spring of cool, bubbling water. While resting there, after slaking their thirst, they happened to notice near them, even with the ground, a flat stone, with an inscription which the hand of time and the feet of the cattle that frequented the stream had somewhat effaced. Dipping up water to wash it away, in order to read it, the young archaeologists at last made out these words, in Spanish:

"AQUI ESTA ENCERRADA EL ALMA DEL LICENCIADO PEDRO GARCIAS."

"Here is inclosed the soul of the Licentiate Pedro Garcias." The younger of the scholars, full of life, and rattle-brained at that, no sooner read the inscription than he burst out into a hearty laugh, exclaiming: "Nothing can beat that: 'Here is inclosed a soul'—a soul shut up! I would like to know what queer genius invented such a ridiculous epitaph." With these words, he rose to go, still laughing ready to split his sides. His comrade, a more thoughtful fellow, remained half-kneeling, conning over the strange lines. "There is some mystery under this," said he, to himself. "I am bound to stay here till I see what it means."

The younger student started on his way, and when he was gone, the other took out his stout pocket-knife, and loosening the earth around the slab of stone, he at last succeeded in raising it. His pains were not unrewarded. He found beneath a stout purse, which he opened. It contained a hundred ducats, with a slip of parchment bearing inscribed upon it these words, in Latin: "Be thou my heir, thou who hast had wit enough to detect the meaning of the inscription; and make a better use of my money than I have done." Enchanted with this discovery, the scholar restored the stone to its original bed, and started on his way to Salamanca, with the soul of Pedro Garcias in his pocket.

Independence is a jewel prized above all this world has to bestow; and there are but two ways of reaching independence, that of super-eminent power, which attains eminence by triumphing over all opposition—or that of super-eminent moderation, which does not seek it. The man who is contented with what he has, is independent everywhere.

Death.—When Socrates was told by a friend that his judges had sentenced him to death: "And has not nature," said he, "passed the same sentence upon them?"



THE TWO SCHOLARS OF SALAMANCA.—SEE PAGE 111.



[THE TAILOR BIRD (SYLVIA SUTORIA).]

The Tailor Bird (*Sylvia Sutoria*).

THE curious bird, which some scientific men call *Sylvia Sutoria*, which means Tailor Warbler, and others, not deeming the name long or terrible enough, introduce as *Ethotomus Longicaudis*, is a native of India, and, in building its home, shows how nature, by the instincts it infused into the animal world, has been, from the creation of man, silently teaching him art and science. This bird is evidently the first tailor, proving clearly that tailors preceded man.

The mode of building its nest is very curious and singular. Glittering with blue, purple, green and gold, it is a tiny creature, not much larger than

a humming-bird, three inches being its greatest length, and its weight not exceeding three ounces. Hence its nest is not a very heavy concern. To build this, it selects the *Letsonia-nervosa*, or some similar tree with large leaves hanging close to each other, and drawing two together, pierces a row of holes along the edges with its awl-like beak. Then he flies away to secure some cotton fibre, which it works into thread, and passing this through two opposite holes, draws the leaves together, and secures the ends of the threads by ingeniously-formed knots.

Sometimes one large leaf is taken and folded, but, generally, nests are found formed of two. In the pocket thus formed it deposits a quantity of

soft white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm nest, which is scarcely discernible amid the leaves.

It is a familiar little bird, frequenting houses and gardens, seldom disturbed, and apparently conscious of its being in favor.

An Early Fiasco.

It was the long vacation.

Aged seventeen, with superabundant health, the finest opinion of myself, and three delicious summer months to throw away in *dolce far niente*, I stepped aboard the schooner Dart.

She was to convey me down the river to the charming little village of Glen Cove, where my great chum, Will Norris, had insisted upon my passing its major part. A listless, sleep-provoking day, the wind coming in fitful puffs—now a capful, now a dead calm—that hardly moved the vessel; so, throwing myself on top of the cabin in the shade of the mainsail, I began ransacking the small storerooms of my memory.

What padded and well-preserved bachelor, verging on his allotted three-score; what prim, domestic married man of—hem! about forty; what grim, if patient and long-suffering, spinster; and, let me whisper close in your ear, what wife even—true and tender though she be—but has these reminiscent field-days, when the sham battles of former times are fought o'er again in all their pristine pomp, and the dusty, battered trophies are made to pass in grand review?

The snows of seventeen winters—no, the winters had been passed in close schoolrooms—but the breezes of seventeen summers had not played around my head to leave it more unripe than many a less carefully tended pumpkin; so my life had not been wholly uneventful in the way of small *affaires* that, if they left no scars, left trophies, as carefully guarded as those of the Tower.

I had loved—not wisely, perhaps, surely not too well; I had not, “let concealment,” etc., but had told my love so often, my cheek should have grown damask to tell it again. I had sighed, and written sonnets, borrowed largely from Byron and Moore; I considered myself a thorough man of the world, that I knew it *au fond*, and as for women—pshaw! I could read them as I ran. In short, I was a most intense young puppy, while I believed myself, like Fred’s doggy, “no insignificant charmer.”

Upon what particular meat should this, our juvenile Cæsar, feed, in quiet little Glen Cove, soon became theme of my musings. Even in the country the keen blade must not be allowed to rust, the bright harness to grow dim with disuse.

Will Norris had a sister—a splendid sister! Tall, dark, brilliant, and withal a noted flirt, who had long held the lists against all comers, and had lost no stirrup even in many a fearful tilt—she was the one it was my mission to punish. Yes, the stars had said it! I should avenge my sex on that dark head; should dazzle her, draw her on, make her adore me, and then—cast her off! Teach her to feel the scars she long had jested at; turn her heart inside out, and then throw it aside like a squeezed orange!

“Eureka!” I cried. “This shall be my mission these pleasant summer days!” And so much did the thought please me as it became perfected in my mind, that I chuckled audibly, lying there in the shadow of the mainsail.

Pshaw! I had forgotten that Eva Norris had at last surrendered at discretion, and was engaged to a broad-shouldered major of dragoons, who, if he did not monopolize her whole heart, did so much for her whole time. And, besides—how stupid of me not to remember!—Eva must

be getting *passé*—twenty-one, at least! And then, you know, girls rust so in the country. So I stopped chuckling, and began an inventory of the other availables for conquest in the neighborhood.

Norris’s cousin, Mildred? No; she was too insipid—a fair-haired, delicate little blonde thing, who had so wasted her opportunities that at fifteen she knew nothing of the world.

Jeannie Thurlow, up the river, was too fat, her cheeks too red, for strict refinement; and, besides, she got short-breathed when she waltzed.

Laura Reade? A cultivated, clever girl; but, then, she knew all the poets by heart, and had read everything else—which I hadn’t—so her quotations bored me. But there was a fair, jolly widow, not quite thirty, with a good establishment—and then—and then I fell asleep.

It rained for two days after my arrival, as if the promise of the rainbow were not to be fulfilled. Norris Lodge did not seem to me what it had been; either the times or myself were horribly out of joint, and I was decidedly *ennuyé*. Will Norris, solid, burly, two years my senior, and cramming hard for “smalls,” showed evident signs of drag, and continued stuffing himself, as if bent on becoming a mental *pâté de foies gras*. His mother was a charming old person, barring a practical turn that made her look upon life as a fine *motif* to set to an eternal arrangement, pudding-making and darning—darning and pudding-making; but being *au fait* at neither, I seemed unable to amuse her.

Then a few fine speeches, prettily turned, to Miss Eva—simply to kill time, you know, for I really meant nothing at all—convinced me that engagements ruin young women in general, and that she in particular had grown horribly prosy. And when he of the broad back came, I was made to feel so *de trop*, so shouldered out of the way, as it were, that I took refuge in the library, where dusty old books, fusty old maps, and rusty old manuscripts, added to Will’s incessant grunts of satisfaction as he cracked the hard nuts of Euclid or Homer, absolutely made my life a burden to me.

But the third morning rose gloriously clear. A splendid breeze from the southwest warned us to lay aside books and “all meaner things,” and take to the boat for a sail over the fine sheet of water near us. So we lit our pipes, and strolled down the village street on the way to the river.

“By Jove! What a perfect beauty! A rustic Venus!”

“A rustic fiddlestick! It’s Clara Belt, the village milliner—a goodish girl in her way, but a Venus—fiddle!”

It is needless for me to remark that Norris was a materialist—a fellow of no sentiment, who preferred conic sections to blue eyes, the dusty beauties of Horace’s time to the fresh cheeks and *res resrouses* that actually illumined the window of the little shop. For my part, a pretty face is irresistible as a charge of cavalry even now; and this was twenty years ago, you know.

I suddenly felt the pressing want of a ribbon to keep my hat from blowing off; smiled killingly at the pretty little shop-girl, paid for it carelessly, and turned just the prettiest compliment to the taper fingers that tied it on.

She did not seem stunned by my high-bred air, and appeared puzzled at the elegance of my language, but rather pleased on general principles. So, vowing to be a steady customer, to the purchase of her very last pin if need be, I followed Norris, entered the boat, and held the sheet-rope with my mind more on the bewitching milliner than on the sail I was tending.

What! was I smitten with the first glance at a little village girl? I, the terror of calculating

dowagers! I, who panted to meet the female Goliaths of the ballroom, and lay them low! I, who was destined to meet my thousands, and slay them—well, not with the Scriptural weapon! Had I come to Glencove to teach the tender female idea to shoot, only to let the first tondril that touched me twine thus about my imagination?

Ah, me! *Facilis decembris*; and the saucy pug nose, the merry blue eyes, and the strawberry-and-cream complexion would not be banished, and I popped out question after question at Norris.

"But what will become of her here?" I asked, at last.

"Marry Ned Joyce! Tant that sail. There—now she feels it! Don't 'she walk the waters,' though?"

"Marry! Engaged!" And the finger that was caressing what would one day be a mustache changed the caress into a decided jerk before I hauled on the sail.

"Yes, for certain, all the village says. Ned's devoted—her shadow—and she does care for him, though she pretends not to."

Ah! that was better—in fact, it was delicious. If anything could excuse a flirtation with country millinery—even *fauts de mieux* in the summer—it was making some impertinent rival, some inopportune Joyce or other feel wretched.

That speech of Norris fixed the business. In future those little fingers might clip illusion, but her thoughts should be far away; those azure orbs should look far above bobinet, to the image I should plant before. Yes, she should know me—should be smitten—perhaps love me. Flowers, bonbons, sonnets—phew! I'd be her shadow—her ideal! Joyce—the miserable Joyce—should writhe with envy. The village should jeer him—he should become as dust under my patent leathers! I squirmed with internal laughter; could scarce resist shouting "*lo triumphe*;" but I did manage to content myself with—"Perhaps!"

"Perhaps? Nonsense—it's dead sure; and he'll never let her do a stroke of work more."

And Norris brought the boat close up in the wind, till she lay almost on her side, and the water washed in bucketfuls over the gunwale.

"Who is this secure Joyce?"

"Ned is the stanchest-hearted fellow, the jolliest singer, and the strongest-handed smith in the four counties," answered Norris, cheerily.

Oh, ye gods! how the mighty have fallen! Was I to rival a smith—a vulgar hammerer of iron—an obscure shoer of horses? It was too much! But I would punish him. This ambitious cub should pay for standing in the way of my amusement; pay dearly for loving the little rosebud; ten times dearly for being a smith!

"By George, Will! you mean to say those cherry cheeks are patted by the grimy fingers of a tinker! those tender fingers squeezed between his sooty ones! those luscious lips are pressed by—"

"The deuce!" ejaculated my steersman. "Let her go—quick! Ah! there, now, we were nearly over!"

So we were; and the wind freshening to a blow, we put back to shore.

I have in my composition a large leaven of what in inferior natures would be obstinacy. Elevated and tempered by my higher attributes, it is firmness, decision.

I saw much of Clara Belt. We became fast friends. She smiled at my compliments even when she could not appreciate them, and for my sake tried to like poetry that conveyed to her mind not one tangible idea.

My surroundings aided me in the case. My hands were wholly idle, and Satan must find work for them if my entertainers did not. Treating me

like one of the family, Norris kept close to his books; the engaged people talked, read, and rode together, to the very ignoring of my existence; I was principled against study in vacation days, so should have been *enough* to the verge of suicide had I not hit on the millinery flirtation.

Meanwhile, I got on swimmingly, half ruined myself in ribbons, gloves, and handkerchiefs; and by the time I had transferred half Clara's stock to my bureau drawers, began to see my position working on my brawny victim, Ned Joyce, the smith. He looked askant at me in the street; more than once, when I was there, he passed the store, and glowered in with the sullen glare of his own forge fire; and once when he shod my horse, and I dropped a careless "my good fellow" to him, he growled something inaudible, and looked up with the expression of a hungry bull-dog.

He was a double-fisted ruffian, six feet one, and muscular as an Arab, with a head like a bull, and a hand as horny as the hoofs it so often held. He aspired to my gentle little rosebud—my millinery lily of the valley! He, indeed!

One sultry afternoon, toward the close of my visit, the engaged ones had ridden away, Mrs. Norris was deep in the mysteries of a baked custard, and Will was deeper in some Chinese puzzle of conic sections. I, the conquering hero, tossed aside the review I couldn't read, lounged up from the library-chair, and put on my hat. Before I had reached the door, Norris looked quickly up from his problem.

"You go there too much, Fred."

"Go where too much, Will?"

I am afraid my voice was slightly conscious, as I turned to the glass and arranged my cravat.

"She's a good, honest girl, and it can result in no good," Norris answered, quietly. "You seem to me to pay her more attention than the difference of—"

Si on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a. "I answered, with a laugh, but I felt my cheek growing rather warm, nevertheless.

"I'm not afraid of her good name, but it may be dangerous for her peace—all this nonsense."

Will looked very grave; but I loafed out, flinging back the Parthian dart:

"Never fear that, old fellow. But it is jolly to see you turn moralist!"

I loafed to the bazaar of village fashions, bought gloves, and chose some handkerchiefs that required much explanation and a constant contact of hands before their embroidery was decided on. I made up a bundle of trash at double prices, talked a little sentiment, and proposed a sail on the river. The fair Clara blushed, refused, laughed at my arguments, declared it would never do,

"And vowing she would ne'er consent—consented."

What were my intentions, moral reader? To kill time as pleasantly as I could—nothing worse. Selfish little intentions, probably—honest intentions, possibly. Did ever a youth of seventeen, madly in love with himself, and partially in love with a pretty girl, have any intentions but to go on—blindly on?

We had a delightful sail and a tender talk. She was never so impressed before. Flushed with victory, I grew eloquent—fervid—passionate. She listened silently, her head upon her hand, her face concealed, her gentle bosom heaving with emotion. I took her hand. She gently withdrew it, with a little—laugh. Knowing woman so perfectly, I understood at once. The laugh was hysterical. Poor thing! her feelings were overwrought. Yes, she was conquered—little flatterer!—one victim more!

The moon was already up and battling with the fading daylight for the mastery. She must go home now. Ah! I felt it only needed that quiet

walk through the still country lane, and all was finished.

As we landed from the boat, I saw the jealous smith pass us. In the gloaming his form loomed up more gigantic than ever; his head was even more spiky than usual, and his face—though, of course, that was the effect of the moon upon it—wore a leer of cunning malice, as his eyes met Clara's.

Between her cottage and the shore stretched a belt of rare old elms, tall, majestic, and crowned with an ever-whispering coronal of green. Even at noonday the narrow path, with "this forest primeval," arching nearly across it, had so hushed and lonely an air that the rabbit or quail, starting up here and there, might seem the only rightful possessors. Even at noonday there was a delicious, dreamy half-light.

How much more delicious, with a soft hand resting—oh, how lightly!—on my arm, the masses of glowing hair rippling around the face half-turned from me, and the pale specks of moonlight sprinkling the path, as if sifted through the tree-tops overhead.

Yielding to the influence of the hour, I mused—on—forgot conquest, almost forgot self. I felt inspired; I rhapsodized—raved! I spoke words that, wedded to becoming verse, would have made a poet's immortality. Clara listened so silently! Poor floweret! she was utterly overcome. She wilted before the fervor of my eloquence like the violet beneath the sun. A gentle tremor ran through her frame; even and anon the hand on my arm shook like an aspen in the wind; and once—only once—a tremulous sob burst from her overcharged breast.

So akin are the sublime and the ridiculous—so narrow the boundaries between the false and the real, that an ignorant observer—a thing unskilled to read the mystic leaves of the female heart—might have supposed the sweet girl was laughing.

We reached the vine-clad porch. Five words of passionate farewell, and I seized her hand to press it to my lips. Fluttering like an imprisoned humming-bird, she snatched it away, and with a giggle painfully hysterical—how weak and fragile a thing is woman when the resistless spell of passion is upon her!—rushed in and closed the door. *Veni—vivi—vivi!*

I turned down the dim path a very conqueror! The old elms whispered congratulation; the flecked moonbeams fell caressingly upon me; my feet seemed to spurn the dull earth, and my thoughts framing themselves into the burning words of Shelley, I muttered (to a plump rabbit peering at me):

"What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?"

"I'll kiss yer, my fine mister!"

A dark shadow fell across the moonlight. The huge form of that reptile blacksmith was planted straight before me.

With the graceful magnanimity of a victor—not even raising my eyes to his to show the triumph in them—I walked right on.

"Stop a bit!" the creature said; and there was a hard ring in his voice, not unlike the hammer on his own anvil.

I answered not; but with a wave of the hand that must have been imperial—I had seen Wallace as Sir Harcourt Courteley—I passed slowly forward. The brawny arm stretched like a toll-bar before me.

"Just wait a bit; will yer?"

And the insolent smith actually approached me. "You are mistaken, fellow. You can want nothing of me."

I flatter myself that position and that manner would have done credit to the elder Kean. The

boor did not seem struck. He only said, cheerily: "I'm a goin' to lick yer like thunder."

I was not inclined to "accept the situation" that flashed across me in a second; and I felt morally sure that if "to fight it out on that line" were the alternative, "all summer" did not begin to be long enough. If for nothing else, I am too vain to be a coward, but the hammer of horse-hoofs was twice my size, and could have made a meal of me, if inclined.

Prudence elbowed Pride aside, advanced to the ramparts of Discretion, and sounded a parley.

"There is surely an error somewhere," I said, with dignity, and retrograded one step.

"There is a error, but yer won't make no more when I'm done with yer."

The voice was not half so cheery now, and the vulgar Vulcan actually advanced toward me.

What a position! Alone, unarmed, far from that excellent institution the city police, what should I do? If I glanced behind me, it was not with any intention of running away. I had no idea of that; and then the—path was so narrow!

Happy thought! I had acted in private theatricals. My pose had brought down the house; the tremor of my voice had moved three spinisters to tears; and the great effectiveness of my eye had been dwelt upon in two columns of the *Weekly Upper Crust Butcher*, on my last appearance at Mrs. Midas's soirée. Yes; I would quell this beast as Van Amburg or Batty might!

Throwing myself in an attitude to ravish "the gods," concentrating all my tragic power in my eye—oh, *Butcher!* now to test thy truth!—and thrusting my right hand into my left vest for an imaginary pistol, in a voice of fearful meaning I exclaimed:

"Scoundrel, beware! Lay but a finger on me, and I blow your soul into eternity!"

Never did Macready watch his house for the result of a great point as I watched that implacable smith for the effect of mine.

The effect came.

The face relaxed, but only into a vicious leer. There was a dull thud, that fearfully meant business, in the voice that said:

"*That humbug's played out! Yer ain't got no pistol; an' I'm goin' to lick yer.*"

And he did it then and there.

* * * * *

Three days after, I rose from my bed, replaced the tattered clothes of my adventure with a fresh suit, and drawing my straw hat over my discolored eye, sallied forth for the domain of my charmer.

It has been well said, that woman's tears make death sweet; her smiles make victory worth achieving. Then why not defeat endurable? Clara loved me; I had battled in her behalf; had worn her colors. For her sweet sake I had set lance in rest against the giant. She would comfort me! Those tender tones should balsam every bruise; her gentle touch should thrill me, even to the aching bones. I should be her knight, her paladin; and basking in her sunny smile—made only dearer by my wounds—I should forget the past; nay, should look upon it as a very victory!

I was myself again. My head became erect—though not enough to expose my black eye; my step grew elastic—as it could for my aching; and I drew near her door.

Was Clara leaning pensively over the counter, the blue eyes watching yearningly for one who came not, and every saddened line of her dear face speaking plainly as words—

"He cometh not;

I only know I am weary;

I would that I were dead!"

Was she? Listen!

A peal of boisterous laughter, echoed and multi-

plied by other voices, rang out through the street. Broad female backs were turned to the door of the little shop. Coarse female faces peered into it. I recognized the butcher's wife, two daughters of the shoemaker, and the red-haired girl from the corner grocery.

The laughing ebullience subsided as I crossed the street, and a voice—panting for breath, so broken with laughter, I hardly knew it as Clara's—exclaimed:

"No! no! not again. I done it a hundred times already!"

There was renewed hubbub and more laughter. Then the voice added:

"Only once more, then."

I hastened my steps, reached the window just in time, and was—spellbound! Facing the group of vulgar females, the hair pushed back from the gleaming face, and the eyes absolutely dancing with merriment, stood Clara. As I gazed, my heart stood still. She threw herself into an attitude irresistibly comic, advanced one tiny foot, and thrusting her hand in her bosom, cried, in a voice half-choked with laughter:

"Scoundrel, beware! Lay but a finger on me, and I blow your soul into eternity!"

One Thousand Dollars Reward.

THE afternoon of the first day of July, 18—, in the pleasant summer parlor of Judge Atchison's fine new house, there were assembled five young people, engaged in a very animated, and, to them, interesting conversation. These individuals were the son and two daughters of Judge Atchison, and their cousins, Percy and Margaret Foster, of the city of New York, at present upon a visit to the pretty village of Maltham, where they purposed spending the national holiday.

Upon the present occasion, Margaret Foster, a handsome but haughty-looking girl of two or three-and-twenty, arrayed in the flimsiest of India maslins, was swaying back and forth in the luxurious depths of a low, cushioned rocking-chair, her languid-looking black eyes sending forth a very sleepy recognition of the subject under discussion. Her brother, upon the sofa by his cousin Laura's side, was amusing himself by putting into most frightful disarray her pretty work-basket.

Emily Atchison, stout, energetic, and five-and-twenty, had wheeled around on the music-stool to face the company, her late musical efforts having been interrupted by her interest in the conversation going on around her. Robert Atchison, the remaining member of the party, stood by the mantel-piece, his elbow resting upon it, surveying from his six feet odd inches of altitude the scene before him, and listening with becoming gravity to the remarks his sister Emily was volubly pouring forth.

"Nothing to be got up for the Fourth but that nonsense? Scandalous! Why hadn't they the grace to pass it utterly unnoticed, rather than disgrace it in that style? Imagine, Mag—you have come all the way from New York to witness a sham fight in Maltham Park, and to listen to a temperance speech from Brother Buncombe!"

"I cannot imagine anything so impossible," responded the fair New Yorker, languidly; "I came to avoid Fourth of July celebrations, not to witness them."

"That is nonsense; we are not heathens, and all good Christians this side of the Canada line keep Fourth of July. Of course, the festivities—Heaven save the mark!—concocted by our village fathers, we are not equal to, but we must find a

substitute for them of some kind. If you are very sleepy, Mag, keep your chamber until the morning of the Fourth, but *propos* that day you must and shall prove yourself wide awake and lively."

"I really can't promise," said Margaret; and her brother quickly cried:

"I'll promise for her, then. I brought her here to enjoy herself, and she shall do so—in our way, too; only tell me what that way is to be."

"That is the question," chimed in Laura, a bonny-faced maiden of eighteen. "What shall we do? It is too warm for a dance, and the cars will be so crowded that an excursion would not be pleasant. Shall we have a picnic?"

"Have you good woods?" asked Percy.

"Lovely!" replied Laura, with enthusiasm. "We could go to Crystal Lake, five miles from here. There are the nicest picnicking grounds in the world there. I suppose we would have to go in wagons, though. Would you mind that, Maggie?"

"I dare say I could endure it, if the rest could," said the fair one, indifferently.

"Perhaps Doctor Lewis would take Mag in his buggy," suggested Robert Atchison, mischievously; the observation, however, in no wise affecting the lady's composure.

"Say we have a picnic, then," resumed Emily; "get pencil and paper, Bob, and let us see how many people will have to be asked. You see," she added, in an aside to her cousins, "the great trouble, in a place like Maltham, is, that one cannot pick and choose one's associates, as one can in a city; all of a certain set must be invited, or offense will be given. Are you ready to write? Now, help me to think, Laura; he can put down the names as we give them out. The Masons, of course—Frank, Cecelia, and Mary—with a sly glance at Laura, who, having a special claim upon the gentleman mentioned, strove to look unconscious, and failed most signally.

"The two Munson boys, and Doctor Lewis—must we ask the doctor's sister?"

"Mercy, no! she's forty if she is a day! What in the world would she do at a picnic?" cried Laura, aghast.

"Drop her, then," resumed Emily, "Now, Bob, your friends, Hugh and Harry Paterson."

"Harry's engaged for the vacant seat in my buggy; remember that, young ladies, and don't appropriate it to any one else," remarked Bob, writing the names as he spoke.

"Who is Harry Paterson, that he should be preferred to any of the village belles?" asked Percy Foster; at which, with a laugh, Laura replied:

"Harry Paterson is one of our village belles, spite of her masculine name, and is a special favorite of Bob's."

"She's a number one girl—no nonsense about her," said Bob, composedly. "I wish you all as jolly a companion on the Fourth as I shall have—if she will go with me. Who else, Em?"

"Helen Vance, of course, if you care for the happiness of the Patersons; brother and sister are alike devoted to her. I want you to see Miss Vance, Percy—she is our village belle, *par excellence*; as pretty a creature as ever you saw, and just your style, too."

"And what style may that be, pray?"

"Fair, petite, innocent-looking, golden hair, blue eyes, peachblossom cheeks—"

"Spare your adjectives!" cried Bob, whose glance had just fallen upon the window; "the wings of the angel are in sight—Helen Vance is coming up the avenue."

At which intelligence Laura dropped thimble and scissors, and ran to meet her friend. Presently, arm-in-arm the two girls entered the room, and

Percy Foster acknowledged to himself that for once his cousin Emily's judgment confirmed his own; in the modest-looking though self-possessed maiden to whom he had just made his most graceful bow, he beheld as perfect a specimen of blonde beauty as it had ever been his lot to gaze upon.

The subject lately under discussion was made known to the visitor, and was entered into by her with eager interest; soon the list was completed, after which a lively conversation followed, concerning the arrangements necessary to be made for the coming festivity.

Under circumstances so favorable, the formality which naturally followed the introduction of a stranger soon vanished, and, in ten minutes' time, Percy Foster found himself by the fair visitor's side, chatting with her as unrestrainedly as if he had known her for years.

She held in her hand when she entered a bunch of white lilies, whose beauty and perfume attracted an admiring remark from Margaret; with characteristic grace the young girl responded to it, by severing from her bunch one of the largest and fairest flowers, which she handed to the New Yorker.

"I admire them, too; spare me one also, Helen," cried Laura, stretching forth a pleading hand, to which, good-humoredly, Helen replied:

"I will not be partial—you shall each have one." And as she spoke, she disengaged three more lilies from her bunch.

"A typical gift," murmured Mr. Foster, bowing low, as he took the flower from the hand which offered it; "henceforth, white lilies and Miss Helen Vance are in my mind inseparable."

The pretty speech, and the expressive glance that accompanied it, were received with a blush which rendered still lovelier the girl's fair face, and it was very evident that the stranger's admiration was neither unnoticed nor disdained by her.

Two days later, Helen Vance, up to her elbows in flour, was busily employed in her mother's kitchen, when her labors were unceremoniously broken in upon by the abrupt entrance of her friend, Harry Paterson.

A dashing, talkative, black-eyed young woman was Harry, during whose energetic outbursts one instinctively held one's breath, as if to keep up a reserve for her when her own should be expended. Plenty of good traits, too, had she, which made her a universal favorite in spite of her noisiness.

Helen Vance was warmly attached to her, though, for that preference, perhaps, other reasons might have existed than those created by Miss Harry's own attractions.

"You are going to the picnic, of course. What are you going to take?" was her first ejaculation. Cherry pies? My goodness, I have them too! I expect every basket that goes will have cherry pie in it."

"I am not going to take pies at all—they are so hard to carry. I have been baking those for ourselves. I shall take canned strawberries—we put up oceans of them last month. I have a tongue in boiling, and will bake my cake this afternoon—I hardly know yet what kind of a one. What do you think?"

And until every special article which their two baskets were to contain had been fully agreed upon, the young ladies had neither words nor thoughts for any other subject. At last, that matter satisfactorily adjusted, Harry resumed:

"You'll go with Hugh, I suppose, won't you?"

"He hasn't asked me yet," replied Helen, coquettishly.

"He means to, anyway. Father has not been well for several days past, and Hugh has been kept too busy to say his life was his own; but he

intends to go to the picnic, and everybody knows who he will want to go with him. There will be two wagon-loads of folks, and about half a dozen buggies. Doctor Lewis in his new rock-away, is to have the felicity of escorting Miss Foster; Laura Atchison, of course, goes with Frank Mason, and Em Atchison herself drives the Mason girls over. Bob and your humble servant are also paired off, and I don't know who else. I may consider you promised to Hugh, mayn't I?"

"Not unless he asks me himself," said Helen, with a saucy toss of the head. "I don't believe in being asked by proxy."

"I will send him over, then, to fight his own battles; only, if he should be rather late in making his appearance, you must remember the excuse I have presented for him."

Then Miss Harry took her leave, and Helen was left to finish undisturbed her culinary operations.

In the afternoon of the same day, while Helen stood at the counter of the village store, making some trifling purchase, the sound of voices outside attracted her attention. She turned to look, and saw Robert Atchison and his cousin, who had just met in front of the store-door.

"I have engaged a team for you, Percy," was Bob's salutation—"a very decent-looking rock-away, and a pair of good nags. All that is lacking now is an occupant for the vacant seat; shall I secure that for you, too?"

"Not if your rigid village etiquette will permit me to make my own selection," was the reply. "Is it permissible for me to ask a lady with whom I can boast but a ten minutes' acquaintance?"

"Certainly; provided her name be not Harry."

"Rest easy," replied his cousin, disdainfully; "give me my White Lily, and take you all the rest of her sex, if it so please you."

"Smitten, eh? By George, I thought it!"

Then, with a laugh, the young men passed on, and, with burning cheeks and beating heart, Helen shortly afterward made her way home.

A few hours later a small boy, recognized by her as one of Judge Atchison's household, brought to her a stylish-looking missive, upon whose heavy cream-tinted envelope she read, in flourishing characters, her own name. The contents proved to be a solicitation for the honor of her company to the picnic at Crystal Lake, from "hers, most respectfully, Percy Foster."

Such a romantic name! and he wrote such an elegant hand! and the heavy damask paper, with its unintelligible monogram, was so stylish! and the gentleman himself was so agreeable, so appreciative, so superior in every way! The result of the matter being that Helen could not find it in her heart to decline so flattering an invitation, a daintily-phrased acceptance was returned, and in a very complacent frame of mind, Helen resumed the occupation the letter-carrier had interrupted.

It was not long, however, before conscience began to raise its voice over that of gratified vanity, and that evening, for the first time in her life, the sight of Hugh Paterson's bright face was unwelcome to Helen.

He opened the gate which admitted him to their small domains, and walked with smiling face and outstretched hand toward her, as she sat upon the low porch steps. She greeted him with as near an approach to her usual manner as her guilty conscience would permit, and he took his seat by her side without a foreboding of the blow that was in store for him.

After some preliminary conversation, with which this narrative has nothing to do, Hugh said:

"Harry told me to-day at dinner that you declined being invited to the picnic by proxy, so to make matters sure, I concluded I had better come

over this evening to say to you, in so many words, 'Miss Helen Vance, will you accept a seat in my buggy, for your ride to Crystal Lake to-morrow?'

He was gazing smilingly, affectionately, into her face, too sure of the answer he was to receive to subdue his features into the suppliant expression proper to the occasion.

Shamefaced and uncomfortable enough did Helen grow beneath that glance; had it been in her power to recall the consent flattered vanity had that afternoon induced her to give, it is very certain Mr. Foster must have contented himself with other company than hers in his rockaway; it was too late now for that, however; she had accepted his invitation, and must either accompany him or stay at home.

"I—I am sorry," she stammered; "I had not been invited by you. Mr. Foster asked me to go with him, and—and I said I would."

"You are not in earnest, Helen?" cried Hugh, his bright face becoming so suddenly overcast, that Helen could have cried for sympathy with the disappointment she had herself occasioned. "You surely would not promise to go with him, when you knew so well that I would expect to take you?"

"How could I know it?" she said, a little sharply, her discomfort beginning very naturally to affect her temper. "You did not come to ask me, and I didn't want to run the risk of not getting to go at all. Mr. Foster's invitation came at four o'clock this afternoon—late enough, in all conscience—and I concluded, as you had said nothing to me about going, you didn't intend to, so I accepted Mr. Foster's invitation."

"Four o'clock this afternoon!" cried Hugh, starting to his feet; "after you had seen Harry, and learned from her my intention to ask you, and my reasons for not doing so sooner! Oh, Helen, Helen! I would not have believed you could be so false!"

"You have no right to speak to me so," said Helen, half crying with shame and vexation. "I suppose I can go with whom I please, without first asking your consent? I would have gone with you, if you had asked me first; but as you did not, you have no right to find fault with me for going with another. I'm sure I don't care whom you go with."

"No, I can easily believe that," cried Hugh, scornfully; "a coquette never cares enough for any man to be jealous of him. Go with whom you please, Helen Vance, and enjoy yourself, if you can. I shall stay at home."

If she had wished to detain him, she would have had no opportunity; almost before he had ceased to speak, he had stalked down the little garden-path, slammed the fragile gate, and, with gigantic strides, was traversing the pastures that lay between Widow Vance's cottage and his own home.

Helen cried herself to sleep that night, and rose next morning, feeling as though she had much rather stay at home than go to the picnic from which she had lately anticipated so much pleasure.

With the appearance of Mr. Foster, however, in the finest equipage Maltham could supply, her spirits rose, and, with reawakened vanity, pride also sprang into life, and with the laudable desire of proving to Hugh Paterson that she could be happy even while laboring under his displeasure, she exerted herself to the utmost to please and entertain, so that by the time they had reached Crystal Lake, Mr. Foster's susceptible heart had quite succumbed to her charms, and his attentions to her became momentarily more impressive and devoted.

Spite of his assertion to the contrary, Hugh was there, having ridden over on horseback to

the festivities he had much better have staid away from. He was cross and sneering—she, defiant and reckless, and under the combined influence of irritated pride and flattered vanity, began to think, before the day was over, that it was, perhaps, all for the best in that quarrel with her all but betrothed lover had happened; appreciating, as she believed she did, Mr. Percy Foster's irresistible qualities, it was a very comfortable feeling to know that she was perfectly free to admire him to any extent she chose.

The day was a complete success, so far as the picnic was concerned, and, if not altogether a happy one to Helen, its excitements had prevented her from discovering its deficiencies. Upon the return of the party to Judge Atchison's, it took very little persuasion from her friend Laura to induce Helen to consent to remain there over night, a display of fireworks being upon the programme for the evening's entertainment, with other attractions equally irresistible. It was no uncommon thing for Helen to stay over night with Laura, and a message sent to her mother to explain the cause of her absence was all that was necessary to arrange the affair as desired.

It was a glorious starlight night, dark enough to render effective the pyrotechnic display that illuminated it, yet clear enough to add its own peerless attractions to those of art.

Upon the porch that extended across the south end of the mansion, the company were all assembled, and at the further end, quite screened by the woodbine that drooped above her, sat Helen Vance, with her New York admirer by her side.

Never was scene more propitious for flirtation. The balmy air, the fragrant woodbine, the starry heavens, the seclusion, the alternate changes of picturesque light and friendly shadow, would have softened into sentimentality a far less imaginative temperament than Helen's. What wonder that she suffered unrebuked the man she admired so extremely to whisper pretty compliments in her ear, to clasp in tender dalliance her unsuspecting hand, and that, under such auspices, she should have quite forgotten the deeper, truer love she had so lately thought she felt for another? They had eaten a philopos in the woods that day, whose penalty she had incurred. A kiss had been the prize Mr. Foster had pronounced his due, and so well did he plead his cause during these romantic moments, that Helen's oft-repeated negative had become too faint to be of much repellent force.

In the darkness which followed the descent of a rocket, the gentleman had dared to slip an arm around the slender waist, and was bending over to steal the caress she would not give, when the sudden whirl of a pinwheel treacherously lighted up the scene.

The next moment Helen heard a sound—half way between an ejaculation and a groan—and, looking up, she beheld standing near her Hugh Paterson. For one instant the reproachful sorrow of his glance was upon her—then he was gone.

Darkness again enveloped the scene; but though the shades of Erebus had lent him their friendly screen, Mr. Foster could not now have won the kiss that had been so nearly his. Coyness herself could not have been more coy than was now the village beauty, a moment since so tender and responsive. The fireworks soon after came to an end, and no further chance of pursuing his flirtation was afforded to the gentleman that night.

At a late hour the company dispersed, and Laura Atchison conducted her friend to her chamber. It was a tiny little room over the hall, seldom used but when the house was full of company, as Laura explained.

"I am sorry it should be so," she continued,



ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.—“HUNDREDS OF HANDS WERE STRETCHED FORTH, READY TO RECEIVE BOTH HIM AND HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN, AS, WITH THE LAST EXERTION OF HIS FAILING STRENGTH, HE FELL, RATHER THAN LEAPED, INTO THEIR MIDST.”



SCENE IN THE RHENISH PROVINCES OF FRANCE—SUNDAY AFTERNOON.—SEE PAGE 122.

apologetically; "but we really had nothing better to offer you. This room has a south window, you see, and I think you will find it cooler and more comfortable than a larger one, which you would have to share with several others of us."

"Don't say another word; the room is very nice—all I could ask or desire," was Helen's response.

And then the good-nights were exchanged, the friends separated, and within an hour the whole family were at rest.

Fearfully was their repose destined to be destroyed. It was two o'clock in the morning, just at the hour when all nature is quietest and calmest, that Hugh Paterson—tossing restlessly upon

his pillow, his heart too heavy to allow him sleep—was aroused by a shrill cry of "Fire!" the street below.

To spring from his bed and to the window quired but a second. The cry was repeated echoed; a lurid light from the south illumined whole village. With a cry of horror and dismay he flung on his clothes, and rushed from house, swelling the cry of "Fire! Fire!" with the strength of his stalwart lungs.

Judge Atchison's fine new house was in flane. The fireworks of the evening had reserved the latest, most effective demonstration for this timely hour.

By the time that Hugh had traversed the l

mile that lay between his own home and the burning building, the family had all left it, and ready hands in abundance were there to aid.

"Are all safe—all out?" he asked, breathlessly, as he reached the frightened group.

"All—all—thank God!" said one; when suddenly the thanksgiving was checked by the terrified shriek that burst from Laura Atchison's lips.

"No, no, all are not out! Helen Vance has been forgotten. See! see!"

She pointed as she spoke with frenzied eagerness to the burning mansion, and there, with feelings of horror unspeakable, the crowd beheld at an open window, in the upper story, a slender, white-robed figure, swaying back and forth, shrieking piteously for aid.

Upon the instant a ladder was produced, and set against the wall; but who was there hardy enough to set foot upon it, with the flames surrounding it, even up to the fatal window, already disappearing in the dense black smoke that rose around it? Percy Foster had been among the foremost in setting up that ladder, but as he looked at it, he shook his head in despair.

"It would be certain death to attempt it," he muttered. Then he shouted, "Five hundred—a thousand dollars to the man who shall mount that ladder! A thousand dollars! Will no one try to win it?"

There was an instant's deathly silence; then, from amidst the crowd, pushed forward a man, large and stalwart, shrouded, head, face, and body, in wet woollen garments; he carried a blanket, also wet, upon his arm, and pushing unceremoniously aside the generous New York gentleman, who sprang forward to reiterate his offer, Hugh Paterson ascended with rapid, fearless step the terrible ladder.

As he neared the window, the form which his eyes had been watching with such fearful anxiety, tottered, swayed, and disappeared from view.

"Helen!" he cried; "Helen, I come!"

He sprang into the room, now black with smoke; he raised her from the floor, wrapped around her from head to foot the blanket he carried; then, bearing his burden easily as if her weight had been no greater than an infant's, he again set foot upon the ladder.

A shout as if of one voice burst from the hundreds of throats below; hundreds of hands were stretched forth, ready to receive both him and his precious burden, as with the last exertion of his failing strength he fell, rather than leaped, into their midst. No lives were lost; and after that terrible crisis, what mattered it even to Judge Atchison himself that the stately house, whose erection and adornment had cost him so many thousands of dollars, should burn to ashes where it stood?

A LITTLE later, in her own home, Hugh Paterson stood side by side with the woman whose life he had periled his own to save.

"Oh, Hugh!" she murmured, "how could you, after I had behaved so wickedly, too—how could you risk your life for me as you did?"

"Did you not hear your friend Mr. Foster's offer?" said Hugh, smiling. "I am a poor farmer, Helen—a thousand dollars would be a large sum for me to possess."

Her white face grew suddenly scarlet.

"Hugh, you would not—surely you would not claim that reward?"

Quietly he put forth his strong arm—quietly drew her to his breast.

"If I do not, Helen," he whispered, "may I claim a greater one from you?"

Reader, can you guess her answer?

Out in the Street.

Out in the friendless street,
With freezing and purple feet,
In the wind and the rain and the sleet.

Out, with uncovered head,
Graving a morsel of bread,
From a board near by, to be fed.

Turned with scorn from the door,
Though begging "a penny"—no more—
From the rich man's bountiful store!

A pale, yet beautiful girl,
Her hair in many a curl,
Her brain in a deafening whirl.

Her eyes all streaming with tears
She lifts, but they see no stars,
The heaven all blackness appears.

The lights all flicker around;
In her heart there is darkness profound,
As she sinks on her knees to the ground.

She utters a frenzied prayer,
In the sleety midnight air,
As she wrings the ice from her hair!

Out in the darksome night,
Shivering with cold and affright,
'Neath the gas-lamp's flashing light,

Oh! with a nameless dread,
She creeps to a neighboring shed,
And the morning finds her—dead!

* * *

A grave in the Potter's Field;
The sod the body will shield,
Though the human heart was steel'd

When she craved "a penny"—no more—
From the rich man's bountiful store,
As she stood at the rich man's door.

And the violets' breathings—so sweet,
O'er her humble bed will meet,
Though she died out in the street.

And the summer dews will weep,
And the angels will watches keep,
O'er the pauper's dreamless sleep!

Scenes in the Rhenish Provinces of France—Sunday in Alsace.

FRANCE seems about to lose under Bonaparte and Republic the last of the conquests of the great Bourbon, Louis XIV. It has been so usual to depreciate the Bourbons, that this seems strange, and perhaps, after all, the thought may arise, that the same Bourbons were not the worst of rulers, either for the good or the glory of France. They wrested from Germany territory which their successors have failed to hold.

Alsace and Lorraine were German and Protestant. When they fell to France, many of the people sought homes in Ireland or America, where they were long known as Palatines. In Ireland they have been absorbed into the Celtic element, improving it by a little German thrift; and to these Irish Palatines we owe the commencement of the Methodist Church in America.

In this country the Palatines settled in Dutchess County, on the Mohawk, and in Pennsylvania. Zenger in New York is their noblest man, as Barbara Heck their heroic woman.

Those who submitted to France retained to a great extent their Protestant faith, and the Sunday afternoon in Alsace resembles rather our Puritan Sabbath than the Sunday of the gayer French. Calm and quiet, reading the Bible or books of devotion, characterize the severe morality of these Germans, annexed but not assimilated.

Though the larger cities have yielded somewhat

to the influence of their French conquerors, the inhabitants of the country parts and smaller towns adhere tenaciously to the customs and language of Germany. It thus has been the stronghold of Protestantism in France, and from its vicinity to Germany, has kept alive its language and traditions, corrupted, of course, in time by French intermixture, so that the Alsatians are rather slighted by the French as not speaking pure French, and by the Germans as not speaking pure German.

Alsace is also remarkable as containing a very large proportion of Jews, who often become objects of the fierce anger of the peasantry, whom their usurious dealings render permanently hostile.

Alsace, rich in its fertile soil, and in its mineral wealth, as well as in manufactures, will prove a welcome addition to Prussia, if the chances of war detach it from France.

A Night in a German Castle.

A few months prior to the last war between Prussia and Austria, I was traveling in Germany, and being desirous of finding a watering-place of lesser pretensions than Wiesbaden or Homburg, I was directed by Mr. Murphy, the United States Consul-General at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, to Sadan, a lovely little village situated upon the Tannus River.

I found Sadan all that could be desired, for a more lovely village I never saw. Nestled away in the bosom of a small valley, and overhung by lofty mountains, whose summits were crowned by ruined castles, it was the very place to spend a month quietly and pleasantly. The village numbered very few inhabitants, and these were a peaceful, industrious set, who worked in the fields surrounding their houses by day, and indulged in music and merry-making around the hearthstones at night.

I secured a delightful room in the house of a German farmer, the windows of which overlooked the valley upon one side, and upon the other were shaded by the mountains.

I used to sit for hours in my window, and gaze upon the ruined castles, overgrown by the moss of centuries, and day-dream over again those dear old days of chivalry, when knight met knight, and broke a lance for the fair lady of his love.

Out of the time-worn ruins above me I built "castles high in air," in imagination, and almost forgot, in my reverie, that I was a practical man, of a very matter-of-fact world, that dealt in the strife and realities of the present day, not in the memory and romance of chivalry. There were in the village a few Americans besides myself; one English family, and an old maid of the same nation, surrounded by her servants, and whose delight seemed in drinking deep of the waters of the springs, and dressing in robes of many colors every other hour during the day. I had done this maiden of forty summers a slight service, I thought—an invaluable one, she said—in rescuing her poodle from the spring, into which he had jumped after his own shadow, so was the recipient of a morning bow each day, and a kind inquiry regarding my health; a few German barons, with their families, one French count and a Russian prince, finished the list of the few visitors at Sadan.

I had become quite well acquainted with the family of Dr. Rutherford, of Maine, which consisted of the doctor, his wife, two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter, Miss Belle, was a young lady of seventeen, and, being a splendid horsewoman, we frequently took rides together over the surrounding country, and had visited nearly every old ruin for fifteen miles around.

During my stay at Sadan, the divine Patti had an engagement of a week at Homburg, and I proposed that our little party should drive over and attend the opera, and return by moonlight. It was only twelve miles, and my proposition was eagerly accepted, Miss Belle Rutherford proposing that she and myself should go on horseback, while her parents and brother and sister went in the carriage. We had a delightful ride to Homburg, enjoyed the opera, and, after a substantial supper, started upon our return.

We rode slowly for a few miles, chatting gayly, and enjoying the moonlit scene around us; the carriage had driven on with more speed, and had been for some time out of sight.

"Let us ride up the mountain and visit Falkenstein Castle—it would look grand in the moonlight," said my fair companion, touching her horse with her whip, and turning suddenly into a by-road leading up the mountain side.

Upon the summit of the mountain, and about two miles off, Falkenstein frowned down upon us, its ruined battlements mellowed by the moonlight, but still looking gloomy in its grandeur and solitude.

As we ascended the mountain by the winding road, the scene below us approached a magnificence that I had never seen surpassed on the Himalayas, the Rocky Mountains, or the Andes. The moon was at its full, and shed a light almost as bright as day, and the glittering river running through the valley looked like a silver ribbon, unrolled through fields, meadows, and forests.

We at length reached a small bridle-path, very steep and overgrown, that led directly up to the ruin.

I took the lead, and Miss Belle following, our good steeds took us safely over the rough road to the heavy portcullis that had crumbled into decay in the years that had come and gone since knights of old had ridden forth from it to do battle for their chivalry. We entered the gateway, and dismounting, turned our horses loose to feed upon the luxuriant grass, while we ascended the tower to view the panorama of nature spread like a map at our feet. As we entered the tower, bats and birds disturbed in their slumber flew from it, and the wind whistling through the crevices rendered it a place calculated to impress us deeply.

"I almost wish we had not come here," said Miss Belle, as we slowly ascended the stone steps.

"Wait a moment, and the sight you will see will cause you to retract that remark," I replied; and just as I finished speaking we reached the top of the tower.

For an instant we gazed in speechless admiration at the scene, for we stood upon the highest summit of any mountain peak for miles and

miles around, looking down upon a miniature world, as it were.

"Oh, look! see how dark it is growing!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Belle, and at the same moment the light faded away and we were cast in gloom, for, coming up from behind the mountains, black, threatening storm-clouds covered the horizon and engulfed the moon in their midnight darkness.

"Miss Belle, we are destined to make a much longer stay in Falkenstein Castle than we anticipated," I said, for I saw at a glance that the storm would be upon us ere we could seek any other place of shelter. "I will go down and lead the horses under the tower, and bring up the saddle-blankets to put around you, for it is getting quite cold; do you not feel it?"

"Indeed I do; but please do not stay long, for I will imagine I see the ghosts of every knight who ever reveled in this old castle," replied Miss Rutherford.

"I will be but a moment," I assured her, and descending as rapidly as the darkness would admit, I entered the court, led the horses under the shelter of the tower, and securing the blankets, I returned, for my fair companion was in no great degree pleased with the idea of passing the night there.

"Do you think it will be a severe storm, and will last long?" she asked.

"Well, I think I ought to be weatherwise, as I have such a good point for observation, Miss Belle; but the clouds are threatening, and I can give no opinion.

I took my match-box out, and lighting a taper, sought out a comparatively comfortable spot in the tower, just facing a window, upon the opposite side from which the storm was approaching.

With the aid of the saddles, blankets, and a heavy shawl that Mrs. Rutherford had insisted upon her daughter's wearing, we made ourselves quite comfortable, and from our elevation in "cloud-land" could watch the effect of the storm with some degree of appreciation of its grandeur. Vivid flashes of lightning cut the air, and illumining the scene for an instant, would leave us in a darkness that could almost be felt. Then the deep muttering of thunder would echo from mountain to mountain, and dying off into a moan like the distant roar of the sea, would be followed by a sudden burst of light, and a crash that would shake the castle to its foundations and make the earth tremble as if with fear at the mighty voice of the great Unknown.

For an hour we hardly spoke a word, so wrapt up were we in the sublime spectacle; but at length the rain descended in torrents, the lightning became less vivid and frequent, and the deep groan of the dying thunder proved that the fury of the storm had passed away.

My companion at last broke the silence between us.

"I wonder what mother will think has become of me?" she said, and I knew by the tone of her voice that she had been weeping.

I answered cheerfully, "That you are safe and snug in some hamlet, where she will expect you to remain until morning."

"This rain seems as if it had set in for a long time, so I suppose we must make the best of it.

You are acquainted, I heard you say a few days since, with the legends of many of these old castles; tell me of this one, please, for I think the time and place *apropos, n'est ce pas, mon ami?*"

"Assuredly; and as you desire it, I will tell you the legend as well as I remember it. To begin, this is one of the oldest castles in this part of Germany, and its ancient owners were chivalrous gentlemen and Crusaders; but the legend dates back to a time when it was owned by Baron Von Falkenstein, a surly, disagreeable old fellow, who, as usual, had a lovely daughter. In those early days there was no road leading to the castle, only a footpath, and it was difficult even for an experienced mountaineer to ascend that. The baron's grandfather had built the castle, or rather hewn it out of the solid rock; and keeping his retainers within the walls, except when cultivating the fields in the valley for bread, he lived a quiet life, monotonous in the extreme, receiving no visitors from the surrounding nobles. So were the son and grandson. The latter—the subject of the legend—had married a cousin living many miles away, who died shortly after her first child—a daughter—was born. This daughter grew up lovely and sweet-tempered, and very little like her morose father. She bewailed her lonely life, and would sometimes descend the mountain, and visit the little hamlet of Koenigstein, near by.

"While returning from one of these visits, accompanied by her maid, and passing through a deep forest, she was confronted by a knight covered with armor, who said to her she was beautiful, and he intended to carry her off with him. She attempted to flee, but the knight grasped her arm, and was attempting to force her to a seat upon his horse, when the sound of hoofs was heard rapidly approaching; and a moment after, a splendid-looking knight, mounted upon a superb charger, dashed upon the scene. One glance at the party showed him the position of affairs, and dropping his vizor over his face, he put his lance in rest, saying: 'Thou false knight, defend thy life!'

"In an instant he was upon the surprised recreant knight, who had barely time to draw his lance in his own defense and meet the charge. The contest was long and fierce, but at last Adeline Von Falkenstein had the satisfaction of seeing the false knight lying dead at her feet. She was profuse in her thanks, and invited the knight to the castle. He accepting the invitation, they proceeded together until they reached the stronghold, or stables, where the baron kept his horses, for the path to the castle was, as I have said, impassable except to men.

"The baron thanked the knight coldly for the service rendered his daughter, and, in conversation with him, found his name was also Von Falkenstein, and that he was a cousin. Adeline had fallen desperately in love with the handsome knight, and his heart was also gone, for he found it impossible to resist her charms. At length it was decided to ask the old baron's consent to their love. Anton Von Falkenstein sought an audience with the baron, and asked his sanction for their marriage.

"Anton Von Falkenstein," began the baron,

"when you will make a path to my castle which a horse can ascend and descend, you shall have my daughter—not until then."

"The disappointed lover turned from the presence of the baron, and left the castle, well knowing that for man to cut a road through that mass of rock was impossible. He went to the stronghold, mounted his horse, and was riding slowly through the forest, when he met an old man with a long white beard.

"Von Falkenstein, you desire to marry your cousin Adeline, and her father has given you a task to perform beyond the power of man. Swear to me, when you are her husband, and have become Baron Von Falkenstein, you will do my bidding, and the road shall be built," said the old man, in an impressive voice.

"What power have you, old man, to do as you say?"

"I am the Old Man of the Mountain! Swear!"

"I swear!"

"Without another word the old man turned and walked away, while Anton rode over to the hamlet of Koenigstein to pass the night.

"The sun had just sunk behind Eistein when a most fearful storm came up, and lasted with the greatest severity until daybreak, when the sun rose bright and beautiful again. All night long Baron Von Falkenstein had been awake listening to the storm, and hearing the sound of pickaxes, as if working on rock. Twice he looked forth, to see if he could solve the strange sound, but the storm and rain blew with such fury in his face, that he was forced to retire to his room. Adeline was also awake, and the unusual sound of cutting rock excited her greatly.

"At the break of day Anton Von Falkenstein mounted his steed and rode toward the castle. What was his surprise to find that a comparatively good road led up to the castle. So, with a feeling of joy he put spurs to his horse and dashed up the new-made pathway at full speed.

"Arriving at the gateway, he astonished the keeper by ordering him to open, in the name of Von Falkenstein, for himself and horse. The keeper obeyed, and he dashed into the court, where he was met by the baron, who was as pale as a ghost.

"See, Baron Von Falkenstein, I have entered your castle on horseback—redeem your word!" he shouted.

"You have done what I believed no mortal man could do, Anton Von Falkenstein, and I will keep my word. Adeline, come here. This is your husband. Dismount, sir knight, and the nuptials shall take place this day."

"That evening the marriage was celebrated with great splendor, the baron presiding over the feast, and drinking deeply. Toward midnight the baron arose and said: 'Anton Von Falkenstein, you have gained a wife, but will lose your horse; you are the next heir to this castle, and ere long will have my title. I took an oath when I began my reign over this castle. Come to the court with me, all of you, and see me keep it.'

"The assembled revelers all accompanied him, and upon arriving at the court he called for the horse of Anton to be brought forth, and robing himself in his armor, and taking his

lance, he mounted the steed, and turning to his daughter and son-in-law, said: 'My children, be happy. When my grandfather erected this castle, he took an oath that the day a horse entered it he would ride him headlong over the battlements yonder, which you know crown the edge of the precipice which looks down six hundred feet into the valley below. My father took that oath, and so did I. Now see me fulfill it. Good-by, my children, and to you all adieu!'

"Placing his lance in rest, he drove the spurs deep into the steed and dashed at fearful speed toward the precipice. The frightened horse gave one bound into the air, a shriek of fear, and disappeared in the gloom beneath. At last a dull, heavy sound came up to the awed listeners, which proved that horse and rider had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The next day the remains of the old baron were buried; and when Anton, then Baron Von Falkenstein, returned to the castle after the funeral, a parchment was handed to him, which it was said was left by an old man with long white beard; with trembling hands he broke the silken cord that bound it, and read:

"Now keep your oath. Your retainers are poor and in distress; improve their condition, build them a hamlet at the base of this mountain, and a church to worship in; protect their interests, cultivate your lands, and be a true knight, worthy of the great future that awaits you. THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN."

"Thus ends the legend of Falkenstein, Miss Rutherford, and I hope it has served to entertain you," I said to my companion, who had not interrupted me during the whole story.

"Indeed it has; and do you know, I imagined I could hear sounds of axes at work while you were talking."

"Well, it has ceased raining, and we will leave Falkenstein and seek more comfortable quarters."

I saddled the horses, and aiding my companion to mount, we rode slowly down the steep and uneven road that the legend says was made in one night. Miss Rutherford, with all her courage, could not help but cast furtive glances around her, as if she expected to see the ghost of the baron, or the "Old Man of the Mountain," appear.

The sun rose ere we reached Sedan, and we found our friends feeling but little anxiety upon our account, as they supposed we had taken refuge in some hamlet near the roadside. A substantial breakfast revived our spirits, and fortunately neither of us suffered any evil effects from our night in the Castle of Falkenstein.

The Power of Routine.

The second substitute for temperament is drill, the power of use and routine. The hack is a better roadster than the Arab barb. In chemistry, the galvanic stream, slow, but continuous, is equal in power to the electric spark, and is, in our arts, a better agent. So in human action, against the spasm of energy, we offset the continuity of drill.

We spread the same amount of force over much time, instead of condensing it in a moment. 'Tis the same ounce of gold here in a ball, and there in a leaf. John Kemble said that the worst provincial company of actors would go through a play better, than the best amateur company. The way to learn German is to read the same dozen pages over and over a hundred times, till you know every word and particle in them, and can pronounce and repeat them by heart. No genius can recite a ballad at first reading so well as mediocrity can at the fifteenth or twentieth reading. A humorous friend of ours thinks that the reason why Nature is so perfect in her art, and gets up such inconceivably fine sunsets, is that she has learned how, at last, by doing the same thing so often. Cannot one converse better on a topic on which he has experience, than on one which is new? Men whose opinion is valued on 'Change are only such as have a special experience, and off that ground their opinion is not valuable. "More are made good by exercitation than by nature," said Democritus. The friction in nature is so enormous, we cannot spare any power.

Conceit vs. Woman's Wit.

It was a pleasant parlor, with its low French windows and piazza in front, its nicely arranged flower-garden, where the violets and anemones, lilac and pink, sent forth their fragrant perfume, and the light south breeze wafted the delicious aroma into the tastefully furnished apartments where two ladies and a gentleman sat conversing. The one in the rocker by the west window was Lizzie Huntington, the newly made wife of Arthur Huntington, Esq. The lady half reclining on the sofa was Josie Wilson—a bewitching little woman, and the guest of Lizzie. The gentleman was Mr. Richard Granville, an old schoolmate and friend of Lizzie's, and who was now reading law with Middleton Brothers, two of the most eminent lawyers in the State.

Richard was tall, fine-looking—handsome mouth and teeth—warm-hearted and genial; but it would not take a phrenologist long to understand that the controlling organ of his cranium was self-esteem. The conversation must have been very interesting, for the little lady on the sofa laid down the volume she was reading, and listened attentively while a half-smile parted her beautiful lips. It was soft twilight, the hour the ladies liked best of any other in the day, and they had been in the habit of spending it together, indulging their dreams and fancies—sometimes talking to each other, but oftener silent. It had been broken in upon now by a visitor who had found a boarding-place conveniently near, and, as he told Lizzie, he should make a point of coming in every evening that he was disengaged, never seeming to take into consideration the fact that he might not always be welcome.

"I wonder," says Lizzie, "if there are many men in the world who think as you do, Dick? I am inclined to suppose not; for, upon my word, you have advanced some of the most ridiculous ideas that I ever listened to; and in all my acquaintance with Arthur I never heard him speak of such a thing."

"Oh, perhaps not, Lizzie," said Dick, twirling his luxurious mustache carelessly—"perhaps not; but, you know Arthur never studied

women as I have done. There is not a phase in their characters that I do not understand; and I am prepared to affirm most positively, that any man with the right sort of magnetic influence can gain the love of any woman—married or single. You must have lived in the backwoods, Lizzie, if you have never heard that idea brought forward."

"Magnetic influence," replied Lizzie. "How are we to tell whether a gentleman possesses the inestimable quality or not? You have it, I presume, to an enormous extent, do you not?"

"Good phrenologists and readers of character have decided such to be the case; and although I never have attempted to exercise the talent to any extent, yet, I feel perfectly confident that I could gain the affections of any woman, did I so incline."

"Oh! merciful goodness!" laughed Lizzie. "I always knew, Dick Granville, that you were intolerably conceited—but, upon my word, I had no conception of the alarming progress your self-esteem has made in the last two or three years. Don't for pity's sake ever be induced to talk such nonsense to any one else; they will certainly think you lacking in common sense. Josie, why do you not join our interesting discussion?"

No answer from the sofa, and Lizzie remarked:

"She is asleep, thank goodness, for your sake, Dick, for Josie has a terrible aversion to conceited men; and as you are likely to be thrown with us for some time to come, I would advise you to keep your preposterous and ridiculous ideas to yourself, for they would so disgust Josie, that she would shun you under all circumstances."

"I don't feel alarmed, Lizzie, as to the impression she will receive of me; but I will bet you a camel's-hair shawl against three cents, that before Miss Wilson finishes her visit here, I will so have fascinated her that she will be willing to go to the ends of the earth with me or for me."

This was said in a very low and confidential tone, but every word was distinctly heard by the make-believe, reclining so gracefully on the sofa, and she shook with suppressed laughter at the prospect of fun in the future, for she determined that the opportunity should not be lost. Lizzie went over to the sofa, took a good look at her friend, who seemed in the soundest of slumbers, and said:

"I accept your bet, Dick, and you may do your best. If you succeed, I shall become a convert to your flat philosophy; so now proceed."

They shook hands over the arrangement, and Lizzie again went to the sofa, and this time attempted to wake the fair occupant. She yawned and rubbed her eyes, looked sleepily around, and said:

"This is certainly very rude in me—to have been betrayed into dozing, with such agreeable companions. You must pardon me, Mr. Granville;" and the little consummate actress arranged her frizzes, took a seat beside Dick, and made ample amends for the lost time. Dick could be very entertaining whenever he chose to hide his conceit, and Lizzie had made some valuable suggestions which he determined

to profit by ; and as Lizzie watched the couple apparently so well pleased with each other, she felt a little fear that her friend might be foolish enough to be caught by his physical beauty, supposing that every other good quality must be hid under so charming an exterior ; and after Dick had gone, Lizzie thought she would sound her, and asked :

"Josie, how do you like Dick Granville ? Does he resemble at all the gentleman you were describing to me last evening ?"

"Oh, not in the least, Lizzie. They are as unlike as you can imagine. My Charlie is the very quintessence of perfection."

"Then there is no danger to be apprehended from a slight flirtation with Dick—is there, dear ?"

"No more danger of my proving false to or forgetful of my promise, than there is of your becoming recreant to Arthur—not a bit ! Now please don't say another word, and if I don't lead that conceited fellow a rig, then my name is not Josie Wilson."

Lizzie was delighted ; and evening after evening found Dick at his post, exercising that peculiar "magnetic influence" which he imagined he possessed so much of. He would occasionally take hold of the little vixen's hand, and she would allow it to remain in his just long enough to make him feel that she only withdrew it for propriety's sake, and then slyly slip it out. It would be impossible to describe the artifices of this fun-loving woman ; but no amount of teasing would ever induce her to take a walk alone with him, or occupy the parlor when Lizzie was not present. Arthur, Lizzie's husband, was away upon business at this time, and the plotters had the field all alone to themselves. One evening Lizzie was sitting on the piazza, and Josie and Dick in the parlor. Dick had drawn his chair very near, and was talking in a low, earnest style about soul sympathies, and soul attractions, and psychological influences. He descanted upon the miseries of a union that had not for its basis all the above-mentioned requisites, and glowingly pictured his future home, and the wife he intended should grace it. Said he :

"She must be a little woman—I always detested anything taller than yourself, Miss Josie. Her eyes must be large, and melting, and brown, with long eyelashes. Her complexion must be delicate, with just the slightest rosetint in each cheek—a dimple like yours, Miss Josie, I should very much admire ; and then the mouth must be a little rosebud, with teeth even and white as pearls. Did you ever see any one that resembled this picture, dear ?"

"I do not know as ever I did. But what about her mental qualifications ? Is she not to be intelligent and talented, witty and refined, good-natured and affectionate ?"

"She must have," replied Dick, "a certain amount of good-breeding, and delicacy, and refinement—certainly I could not be satisfied with less. But I should not care very much that my wife should be educated to a very high standard. It would be such a pleasure to teach her myself ; and then I possess the rare gift of imparting knowledge, Miss Josie ; and if we loved each other, as I intend we shall, what a

labor of love it will be !" and he pressed Josie's hand tenderly.

"Lord bless us !" thought Josie, "he evidently considers me a fool !" and to conceal her risibilities, she arose and walked out on the piazza, where Lizzie sat humming to herself, and wondering what would be the result of the prolonged conversation in the parlor. Josie roamed around among the flower-beds for a few moments, and Dick had a chance to whisper to Lizzie :

"You have just about lost your shawl, Mrs. Huntington. I am having splendid success. There is just one more I desire to try my experiment on, then I shall have done with flirting forever, unless, indeed, some extraordinary specimen makes her appearance."

Lizzie wondered if he was fool enough to suppose that he could ever be able to bring about a change in her affection for her husband. And hating his conceit and unprincipled behavior more than ever, left them to the piazza and the moonlight. Lizzie was again alarmed for fear that Josie was becoming interested ; so, after Dick had taken leave, she said :

"Josie Wilson ! upon my word I believe you are beginning to like that handsome piece of pomposity who has just left you—for your cheeks are crimson, and I never saw you so nervous before. Surely it cannot be ! If such a thing were to happen, I should never forgive myself for the part I have played."

"Oh, Lizzie !" laughed Josie, "what do you take me for ! I think this will be a pretty dear lesson for the aspiring youth ; for, if I am any judge of human nature, he is more interested than he would be willing to admit."

So Lizzie was again satisfied, and they talked of their lovers—for Lizzie's husband had been absent a month on business—and she was now anxiously expecting him. Lizzie was to have a little company the next evening, and the greater part of the day was spent in active preparation. Josie was so bewitchingly lovely, that any man would be excusable for falling in love with her ; and Dick was as attentive as the most devoted lover could be. Josie sang and played, danced, and did everything in her power to entertain the guests. Dick followed her like a shadow, and many were the remarks made by the guests in regard to his devotion. It was a glorious moonlight night, and Josie looking very sad and exhausted, stole away for few moments to the piazza. Dick found her at last, and was pouring into her ears the same tender strain which he had regaled her with for the last month, when suddenly she darted from his side—down the steps—down the walk—and plump into the arms of a splendid-looking soldier wearing a colonel's uniform.

"Oh, Percy ! how delighted I am to see you ! I was just beginning to think I could not exist much longer without you ; and, as if in answer to my prayer, down you drop."

Dick Granville was forgotten in her great joy ; but she was recalled to her senses by observing Dick looking wonderingly on.

"This is Colonel Montefith, Mr. Granville !" and as he passed before her into the hall, she took time to whisper, "My intended husband,

Mr. Granville. Do not forget Lizzie's camel-hair shawl, for she has fairly earned it. It would be quite as well to *sell out* your magnetic influence." And Josie passed on, radiant and happy.

Flying Fish.

THE usual length of this fish is from ten to twelve inches; but at the Island of St. Helena I have seen it offered for sale from fifteen to twenty inches long, where it is used, as in the West Indies, for food, and is of very sweet and delicate flavor. This species is named the Solitary Flying-fish, from not being seen in large flocks like the others; and it appears to have other specific differences. When watching these fishes closely, as they passed under the stern of the ship, I remarked that when keeping in a direct line of flight, they proceeded for a great distance; but when this was deviated from, and it turned round (which was apparently performed by the tail, not by the fins), it only proceeded about the length of a yard and dropped into the water. The greatest length of time I have seen them fly has been thirty-two seconds, and the longest flight from two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards. The flying-fish has a steady flight, resembling that of some birds; but when pursued by enemies, or frightened by the passage of the ship through the water, it loses this graceful style of volitation, its flight becomes hurried, irregular and awkward—a kind of scrambling pace, and it frequently drops into the water and again renews its flight in the same unsteady manner. When a large shoal of them emerged at the same time from the sea, it was perceived that some of them dropped immediately, others passed over a distance of twenty yards and fell, while the

rest continued a steady flight of one hundred and seventy to two hundred yards, and passed out of sight.

An Italian Fireside.

ITALY is a land of sunlight and beauty; but in the northern and mountain parts the winter is no trifle, and the severity is all the greater from the fact that preparations are not made as with us to face it in form—it is not a regular war, only a kind of guerrilla warfare. Our sketch shows a family group, in an Italian home, gathered around one of those capacious chimneys so associated with our own earliest childish reminiscences—the chimney-corners suggestive of comfort, warm toddling drinks, nuts, and endless stories, in which the existence of ghosts and their utility is fully demonstrated, at least for purposes of story-tellers. The raised fireplace, making a warm and not inconvenient seat on either side, as the old crone shows us; the pot simmering away with its soup awaiting the return of the good man; the young mother, with her classic features and her infant, and even puss in her corner, make a picture that shows us that our idea of home exists even in Italy.

It is said that the ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

Nature never says one thing and Wisdom another.



AN ITALIAN FIRESIDE.



BOADICEA.—“WHY DO YOU NOT GO?” SAID BOADICEA. “DO YOU NOT SEE THAT I WISH YOU TO RESPECT ME? LEAVE ME, THEN, WHILE I HAVE POWER TO BID YOU GO!”

Boadicea.

“Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bul-bul as he sung;
Not he: but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Coming not, mingled, unexpressed,
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.”

It was a long, low stretch of meadow-land through which a slow stream meandered, holding yellow cow-lilies sluggishly on its bosom, and having its banks fringed with heavy, coarse grass. Also there grew stray clusters of desolate, unthrifty pine-trees that had happened to take root there, and could neither give up life nor die wholly. Far off, across the level, the sun was sinking in a pile of crimson clouds, and the red light fell in glorifying bars over the trees, the meadow and the river.

I sat on a little knoll whose elevation kept it dry. I had been leaning listlessly forward holding

a fishing-pole over the stream, but forgetting it utterly, as the warm summer day drew to its close, its dying filling me with dreams of impossible happiness.

Do not judge from the last sentence that I was in love, for I was not, though I was twenty-five, and, for this fast age, young for my years. But I was full of idle dreams, vague promises, and dreamed of women such as never have been and cannot be—wherein I do not think I was different from the majority of men who are not dissipated and who live decently pure lives.

The incense of the summer twilight was delicately inebriating—the perfume, the color, the sweet notes of the bird-vespers gave me the pleasures of vague and soft reveries. Could I have embodied such an hour in words, I would have called myself a poet.

I allowed my prosaic fishing-rod to fall unheeded on the bank, and so mused on until grayness took the place of crimson.

With that grayness came a sudden and intense feeling of gloom which seemed more than equal to its cause.

My lotus-eating visions vanished, and gave place

to a cold chilliness. I rose hurriedly, and stood for a moment leaning against a tree, trying to convince myself that my sudden change of mood was due solely to the outside changes—that the presentiment which possessed me was only the cool dampness of night falling upon me.

But though not naturally inclined to superstition, I knew that I was experiencing that feeling now, and I shook myself as if I would cast it from me.

My hound Banquo rose from his soft bed of dry pine needles, and went about with his nose in the air, then paused in front of me, and throwing up his head, howled long and dismally. It was so strange of him, that the sound made me shiver with an uneasy feeling for which I despised myself.

I commanded him to be quiet, and when he persisted in howling in that unearthly fashion, I kicked him violently, uttering an oath as I did so. In truth, my *dolce far niente* was rudely and effectually interrupted. I no longer cared to stay in the place but just now roseate with sunset and bright visions. I shouldered my fishing-rod, and was turning away, when from far across the field I heard my name shouted in a voice I recognised as belonging to one of the servants at the house.

I hurried on, out of humor with myself and with everybody—angry that they should presume to call me before I chose to come.

But as I walked, I decided that something of real importance must have occurred to embolden the well-trained servants to thus hunt after me.

At last I gained the foot of the acclivity, on which I saw the figure of Martin, the head-servant of my uncle's establishment.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, as I panted up the hill and stood beside him; "I've been looking after you this half hour, and now I don't know but it's too late."

"Explain," I said, foolishly wondering if his information had any connection with the superstitious premonition I had just felt.

"Let us walk toward the house, meanwhile," he said.

And we walked rapidly in the direction of the tree-embowered villa that crowned an eminence a quarter of a mile away.

"It's soon told," he said. "About half an hour ago a telegram came from your uncle, saying that he should be here by the eight o'clock train."

"I shall be glad to see him," I said, heartily; "but why this remarkable haste for my presence? Surely you could send a carriage to the station, if I did not happen to give the order."

"Yes, sir. But he brings a wife with him."

"A wife!"

I stopped short, and looked at the man, for I could hardly have been more astonished if he had told me my uncle was bringing a harem with him.

"Yes; and he expressed in the message the hope that his nephew would be present to receive them."

I could only utter the word "indeed," with a prolonged intonation, and I hurried forward still faster, like one impelled in a dream.

I did not believe it—it seemed impossible to me that my uncle could be married. He had been a bachelor sixty years; he was very wealthy, and seemed to have settled comfortably into certain ways which I thought were unalterable. I had always laughed at his seriously expressed intentions that he should never marry, but I had never believed he would, for he appeared one of those to whose lot marriage does not fall. Then he had withstood the furious siege of innumerable young girls, old girls, widows, and managing mothers, many of whom had been really beautiful, and art-

fully bewitching, and I thought that I should have fallen in their nets a helpless victim; but my uncle walked leisurely and serenely over them, and left the net-spreaders figuratively gnashing their teeth in despair.

Now, he had been traveling three or four years in Europe, and I, having finished my studies, was lounging through the summer, preparatory to beginning my efforts as a physician. I had not expected him to return for a year to come, and had even meditated a journey across the sea to meet him, and finally return with him.

The servant who hurried along with me looked curiously and furtively at my face, to discover if possible what were my sensations at the news he had told me, but he could have seen nothing there at that time but unmitigated wonder. I had but a small patrimony in my own right, and it was understood that I was my uncle's heir.

"Now," thought I, "I will indeed devote myself to my profession. Fortunate that I am fitted for something."

By the time we reached the house the carriage had started to the depot to meet the master, and I went to my own room, made some flustered, uncertain changes in my toilet, and then stood furiously brushing my hair before the glass, not seeing my reflection, and hardly conscious of the onslaught upon my head.

What did it mean? Why had he not at least written and prepared me for this? Of course he had a right to marry, if he chose, but I should have liked it better if he hadn't chosen to have exploded the fact, like a pistol, at the heads of his friends. Was she old or young? Young, of course. What acute trap had she set? A skillful one, indeed, that had caught the *swags*, gracious, and keen-eyed old gentleman.

I threw down my brush, and walked up and down the room, pausing at every turn to look out of the window, childishly expecting the carriage before the train was due.

Half an hour went by, and then I heard the roll of wheels on the carriage-drive, and the next minute I was standing at the open hall-door, to welcome my uncle and aunt.

It was too dark to discern anything plainly, but I saw my uncle leap briskly out, and then assist his companion, who, when she had reached the ground, threw back her veil, and looked toward the house.

The next moment he was saying:

"This is my nephew, Charles—a sort of adopted son of mine; so I am sure you will be gracious to him."

He spoke half jestingly, and yet in earnest; then, in the blaze of light from the hall, I bowed profoundly over the hand she gave me, then looked in her face, and was conscious of a blank of wonderment as to what my uncle could have married her for. I saw a slight figure, with some sort of wrapper falling gracefully from her; a pale face, with somewhat prominent mouth, whose only saving thing was that the lips were red; not a good-shaped nose; eyes of medium size, and now looking expressionless and coldly blue. A few stray tresses of beautiful reddish tinted hair escaped their confinement, and fell upon a forehead rather large, and tolerably well shaped.

It was this woman who did not instantly withdraw her hand, while she said, with a half mocking smile:

"I am sure I will be just as gracious as he will allow me."

I could hardly refrain from starting in surprise, as I heard her voice, and when I thought of it afterward, I was totally unable to apply any fitting words to it. It was musical, yet that was not the term to give it above others. It was cer-

tainly so attractive, and seemed to promise so much, that I immediately wished to hear it again. It was so cultivated, as to indicate the highest culture in the owner. In that first accent I thought I had discovered what had attracted my uncle, but still I was in a puzzle about her.

She was not American; there was a slight something in her pronunciation that betokened her English birth.

"I am glad to be at home to welcome you," I said, holding both my uncle's hands in mine; "but it was only by a chance that I was not dreaming down in the meadow, unconscious of your coming."

"I thought I should surprise you, my boy," he said; "but surprises are pleasant sometimes, and I didn't care to have everything dusted and varnished here—I rather wanted my wife to see the old place as I have lived in it so long."

The proud, triumphant and utterly happy way in which he said "my wife," told me how devoted he was, even if a hundred little things had not revealed it.

The housekeeper, who had been flying about like mad since the reception of the telegram, now appeared, and, with an air of deprecation, underwent the introduction, and then said:

"If you please, the south room is ready, and perhaps the lady would like to arrange her dress after traveling."

The poor woman could hardly get the words out, so intent was she upon furtively examining this woman who was to take the reins from her.

"Certainly," said my uncle; "I will show her the room myself, and you can have the tea ready when we come down."

Meanwhile the lady said nothing, save the sweet greeting she gave the housekeeper, and then husband and wife went off together.

I turned to the amazed servant, and said:

"So, Miss Mason, we are all confounded together. What do you think of the mistress?"

"Is she a singer?" she asked in reply.

"I'm not acquainted with her history," I said, curiously, piqued at the interest I felt in her.

"She has the most curious voice I ever heard," was the reply; and Miss Mason disappeared, leaving me standing leaning against the window, and within its deep recess.

As I stood there alone, I watched the servants bringing in the trunks which had now arrived from the station, and gradually I ceased to look at them, and there came again upon me the indescribable gloom and despondency that I had felt a few hours before. It was like the touch of a cold hand upon me, and I shuddered as if the feeling were a prophecy of evil. Before I had recovered my usual equanimity, the door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Owen entered, and now I saw that her figure and movements were very graceful, though she was considerably below the medium height.

Her husband turned to her with a sudden fond movement, and drawing her to him, said:

"A thousand times welcome to our home, my darling. I only wish it were better than it is."

She looked up smilingly in his face, and said, in her soft, peculiar voice:

"You will next be wishing the husband I love were other than he is."

At this point, thinking the moment might become too tender for other audience, I made a premonitory movement, and stepped forward, making some trivial remark.

At tea there happened such a *contretemps* as made me fear my new aunt would cherish a hatred to me forever.

It happened some way that the hound, Banquo, succeeded in entering at the heels of one of the servants. He had probably become aware of my

uncle's presence, whose favorite he was, and he rushed to his chair, eager to give him greeting. He received the hearty caress of the hound, and then my uncle said:

"Now, Banquo, pay your devoirs to Mrs. Owen."

The dog looked piercingly at the lady, snuffing suspiciously at the extended hand, nowise propitiated by its softness and whiteness; then as that hand attempted to put itself on the dog's head, the animal snarled and snapped, catching the tender fingers in its teeth, and drawing blood.

Mrs. Owen did not even utter an exclamation, but her eyes darkened ominously, and her husband sprang up from the table, giving the dog such a kick that he whirled howling toward the door.

"Take the beast away!" cried my uncle to the servant; then he leaped over his wife's chair, tenderly solicitous, bending down to kiss the wounded hand.

"Charles," he said, as he bound his handkerchief round the wound, "what's the matter with that dog? Let him do such a thing as that again, and I'll shoot him the next instant."

His hands were trembling with excitement, and his lips quivered with a mingled feeling of anger and anxiety.

I thought the idea that the sagacious animal was antagonistic to his wife secretly annoyed him, and I knew that he was at that moment causelessly and deeply vexed with me. For the first time in my life I felt an inclination to leave the place which had been my home for so many years. I said quietly:

"I am inexpressibly sorry Banquo should have behaved so; I'll see that he has no opportunity of acting so again."

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Owen, addressing me, "but I shall object to any arrangement that will prevent my seeing the hound. I have a fancy that I will try to make him like me."

"As you please," I responded, bowing, and thinking that perhaps she had given me the key to her character—she must subdue everybody by some power of attraction which she possessed.

It seemed impossible that there should be an even flow of talk during the remainder of the meal, but by some subtle management it turned out a very pleasant time, after all. When Mrs. Owen had gone up-stairs, which she did immediately after we returned to the drawing-room, my uncle turned to me, and said, with sharp eyes on my face: "You were surprised to know of my marriage?"

"Naturally."

"And sorry?"

"I had not been human if I had not been."

"That's very true," and he walked in disturbed meditation back and forth; then, pausing in front of me, he continued:

"But my marriage will make but very little difference in your prospects. You will consider this place your home, as heretofore."

I expressed my thanks, and there was another disagreeable pause. I had decided not to question him about Mrs. Owen, though I was devoured by curiosity.

Finally he said, with a sort of vexed smile:

"So you are not interested sufficiently to ask about her?"

"On the contrary, I am too curious; but I feared to be impertinent."

"I am not ashamed of my wife or her antecedents," he said, haughtily. "I became acquainted with her in London. Our acquaintance was not long, but I think we knew each other well. She was poor, but she did not marry me for my wealth, as I think she did not know my circumstances. She is, in short, a lady."



LITTLE GRETCHEN'S FORTUNE.—"WHERE GRETCHEN HAD EXPECTED TO SEE THREE BLACK HEAPS OF EXTINGUISHED COALS, SHE FOUND AS MANY BRIGHT PILES OF PURE VIRGIN GOLD."—SEE PAGE 135.

He turned away with his eyes glowing with the thoughts of her. Notwithstanding his half-concealed enthusiasm, and his cool assumption of knowledge of her antecedents, I was certain he knew nothing whatever about her, and repelled proudly any doubt or question.

"I congratulate you, uncle," I said, warmly, moved to remember my enduring affection for the noble old man who had always been my benefactor. He clasped my hand closely, and said, in an easier voice:

"I own I rather dreaded this moment, for, in truth, I am old to marry, and never expected to do so; but I am happier than I ever was before."

His reticent nature did not prompt him to say more, and I bade him good-night, heartily wishing his happiness might last.

CHAPTER II

"Last night when some one spoke her name,
From my swift blood that went and came,
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shivered in my narrow frame.
O love! O fire! once she drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."

"It is a year from that day; and as a stand

alone in my room, and look back upon it, I shudder at thought of my own heart. I am no longer light-hearted, unstained in honor, buoyant with hope. Through my veins flows a molten fire which I cannot assuage—my pulses leap at sound of a voice, at the sweep of drapery, and I am frightened at myself, now that I realize it fully. It was a long time before I was conscious of the nature of my feeling toward my uncle's wife—Boadicea, he calls her.

Is she innocent? Does she know or guess what I feel? I have been here nearly all the time since her arrival on that well-remembered summer night. I thought I should soon leave, but my uncle urged my staying, and soon I did not wish to go.

When I recall the time, I cannot give one vivid description of her manner—I cannot tell how powerfully her eyes lighted, how strangely expressive her face can become—I cannot tell if it is my own unutterable wickedness alone, or if she has knowingly cared to please me. The gleam of those eyes, the music of her voice, the seductive smile when I enter the room—has it all been unconscious with her?

I can stay no longer; every instant perils my honor, and yet I cannot leave without bidding her good-by.

She is there in the warm and odoriferous garden, waiting for the cool twilight of refreshment that is fast coming after this long summer day. I pack my trunk, trying to resolve as I do it that I will walk out of the house with only a farewell to my uncle, who is confined to his room with rheumatism. I fancy I have resolved, and already experience the pain of leaving her without a word. Then my resolution dwindles in force until I swear to myself that I will only coolly bid her adieu; that I will do it in presence of her husband, whom she tends assiduously, and who adores her.

Turning over the leaves of a fragmentary journal of that time, I came upon the foregoing paragraphs, and deemed it fitting to transcribe them. But I needed not the diary of those days to bring back all that followed.

At last it lacked but an hour of the time for my departure. I went into my uncle's room and said, as carelessly as I could:

"I'm off at last; I intend to take a long ramble and then settle down to work in earnest."

He held my extended hand while I said, with averted eyes:

"Make my adieux to Mrs. Owen, as I see she's not here, and don't forget me."

I was outwardly cool enough, but there was a

tornado of rebellion and excitement within me, and I could not, for the life of me, meet his clear eyes.

"Take care of yourself," he said, affectionately, "and remember you are my boy. Don't go off without bidding Boadicea good-by—she'll be vexed if you do. She's in the garden, I think. Well, God bless you!"

And I left him and walked straight down into the garden, conscious only of one thought:

"I must see her! I will see her—but only for one moment—only coldly to hold her hand an instant."

I saw a fold of her light dress among the shrubbery at the further end of the garden, and I hurried there.

She was sitting on a rustic seat and looked up surprised; then, as she saw the expression of my face, her own became suddenly pale. She arose quickly, and said:

"What is the matter? You alarm me by your strange eyes. Tell me!"

I, who had resolved to be so guardedly cool, could not at first speak. I looked down at her feet where lay my bound Banquo, who was now her leal servant, almost neglecting me for her.

"You will take care of Banquo," I said, constrainedly, "for I am going away to-night."

"Going!" She sat down again, quickly, and looked down at the dog beside her. "Where?"

I looked at her, feeling that every vestige of color had left my face, feeling the consuming flame in the eyes that could not leave her bowed head.

I must speak, but all I could say was:

"I do not know where. Anywhere, in fact, so long as I leave here."

It was a foolish thing to say, and I knew it as soon as it was uttered.

She did not reply, but sat with her hands pressed tightly together, her head bent until her face was almost hidden.

A thousand torments possessed me, and in all my misery was a wild thrill of unspeakable bliss. I was desperate not to go instantly; every moment I staid made self-command harder for me; and yet I stood, silent, suffering, and yet knowing a joy which almost unmanned me; for in that attitude, in that silence, I read that she could know something of what I was then enduring.

At last, as if with an effort, she looked up, and said, in a constrained and harsh voice:

"Good-by—and I wish you a happy journey."

She extended her hand and I took it, holding it fast as my one hope of happiness, gazing into those eyes which unvalued to me a love as deep, as intense as my own.

It was useless; my nature could not endure that moment and preserve its integrity; stronger than truth and honor rose the feeling within me. With an inarticulate cry to heaven for pardon, I released her hand, and stooping, took her in my arms, holding her fast, realizing for the first time all that is meant by the mutual clinging kiss of love.

It was only for one

breath, one instant of time—then through that delirium came the voice of a conscience not wholly hardened.

"Forgive me," I whispered. "It is the last time—I can never see you again without speaking words dishonorable to us both. So our farewell is forever."

She did not speak; she remained motionless, save for the weary throbs of her heart, which seemed to prevent her speech. Then she withdrew from me, and made a gesture for me to go. What madness possessed me! I could not go without hearing one more word from her lips, and I told her so, drawing her fiercely to me again, waiting for one sentence of farewell, covetous for one word to remember when I could not see her.

"You must go," she said, finally, speaking with such utter sadness and despair that every syllable gave another pang to me. "I have done nothing but evil all my life, but I did intend to be faithful to the man who has been kind and true to me. Faithful, indeed, I will be." Here she paused and looked at me, her face glowing with an unsubdued love, her lips trembling with words she must not say. "But faithful in heart I can never be again! Oh, God forgive me also! At last I love!"

She thrust me from her with an imperious gesture when I would have held her fast. As for me, my resolve was fast melting. I was almost ready to forget everything and beg for a dishonorable flight, but she turned with blazing eyes to me and exclaimed:

"Why do you not go? Do you not see that I wish you to respect me? Leave me, then, while I have power to bid you go!"

I turned and fled as men flee from a temptation they cannot resist. I was not conscious of going in any particular direction, but mechanically I traversed the road that led to the depot. I had previously ordered my trunk to be carried there, and I reached the place barely in time to jump on board the train.

I flung myself on a seat, and leaned my head on the seat in front, fearful lest any one should see a face which must bear traces of the emotion within me. And I could not endure to look at any one. I could not dispel the presence I had seemed to bring with me.

In that first moment of flight there only dwelt



DELIVERING COAL IN LONDON.—SEE PAGE 139.

with me the memory of her face and voice; and the words she had said thrilled me in an agonized pleasure through and through my brain.

But gradually, as the hours went on, there came a realization of the fact that I had left her; that to-morrow I should not see her; that the days would go on and never bring her presence with them, and as the fact finally came to me, despair settled upon me.

Then, suddenly, with a vibration of nerves, I would wonder where she was now; what was she doing, was there just such a horrible pain in her heart as in mine.

Without pause I journeyed to New York, and luckily, I thought, there was a steamer to sail for Europe the next day. I did not want to pause one moment; I could not endure quiet, and the routine of life on the steamer was hard to bear. Fortunately the passage was short, and I hurried up to London as if on urgent business.

But it is needless to transcribe my travels. I rushed from one place to another with headlong haste, tarrying sometimes several weeks in one city, roaming listlessly about its streets. Paris tired me, and after six months of rambling I came to a German town, now comparatively quiet, though summer would bring to it hordes of gamblers and pleasure-seekers. I found that gaming was not entirely suspended, even at that season, and I was invited many times to venture upon the game, but my love of excitement did not urge me in that direction, and the temptation passed harmlessly over me.

There was, however, one man who persistently sought my company, and who was, I suspected, a professional gamester, besides being an entertaining, insinuating companion.

Glad of anything to make the time pass rapidly, I was often in this Englishman's company. One day, sauntering through a large public hot-house, I bought a tiny bunch of English violets, and fastened them in my button-hole.

Gleeson looked on smilingly, and said, lightly: "Of course you are thinking of some fair lady now. For my part, I shall never see English violets without remembering Boadicea."

I tried to suppress the start those words gave me. Was it possible there were two Boadiceas, and both of them having a penchant for violets?

He looked at me in surprise.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you also have seen that woman?"

"I don't know," I said, coldly. "I have seen an English woman whose given name is Boadicea; it's not a common name, you know."

"Nor a common woman either, by Jove!" he said, with more earnestness than he usually spoke. "A woman absolutely plain, with a voice like the lutes of Paradise, and something—heaven only knows what—that makes men love her beyond everything else!"

"What do you know of her?" I asked, as indifferently as I could. "I have seen her, but know very little of her history."

He looked at me sharply.

"You have seen her," he repeated. "Then you either liked her much or not at all. However, I'll tell you all I know. She belonged to the family of an impoverished gentleman, and she and her mother were left very much to their own resources. The mother, I know, was not an upright woman, and she trained her daughter zealously in the hope of marrying her well. There was much scandal about Boadicea and a certain nobleman of high rank, and Boadicea suddenly left London, and from circumstances which came to my knowledge, I honestly think it was from the desire to escape the nobleman, who loved her, after his fashion, but who did not wish to marry her. The

mother was an imp of Satan, for she would have sold her daughter for a good price, either for marriage or for a *liaison*. His lordship did not succeed, however, but scandal once attached to a name defiles it in the world's eyes. It is hard for men to judge harshly of such a woman as Boadicea—it is for women to tear her limb from limb—still I have met one or two women who forgave her her powerful attractions, and confessed they thought she had been greatly maligned, though she had been very indiscreet. She married a rich American not long ago, and left London, since when I have not heard of her. Is it the same lady, think you, whom you have seen?"

I had no mind to reveal my experience, and I only said:

"It must be the same, for she was the wife of an American." He saw that I did not care to talk on the subject, so wisely said no more.

From that moment began an invincible longing to return to America. I could not account for it, and I could not subdue it. In vain I tried to forget it, telling myself it was the height of folly. Why should I return to the temptation from which I had fled? I was no better armed to endure her presence than before, and if I was in America I should go to my old home. It seemed insanity on my part, and yet it was something which overcame every objection.

The wish was imperial, and it must be obeyed; it was as if something outside of me—something far stronger than I—had commanded, and, after a few weeks of strenuous resisting, I obeyed, and embarked for home.

During that voyage, which was long and stormy, I had plenty of time to muse on the foolishness I had been guilty of in thus returning, and I could also think long and uninterruptedly on that which Gleeson had communicated to me concerning my uncle's wife.

It is unnecessary to say that I could not believe in any dishonor as clinging to her. Imprudent I could well imagine her, for there are many pure women of such attractions who unconsciously are indiscreet, and upon whom disgraceful femininity instantly stamps a stigma of disgrace.

I walked the deck, thinking, wishing for an opportunity to be her champion and savagely defy any aspersion of her fame.

I was returning to see her—how would she greet me? Coolly, as I should her, for I was armed in wise resolves. Sophistically I had made myself believe it the height of absurdity to stay away from my uncle's house, my old home. I would see her as other men did—be courteous to her; I should demand nothing of her. Then, deep in my heart, unheeded, but more powerful than anything else, was the determination, "I will see her." So float we downward.

It was a cold, raw day of east wind when I stepped from the cars at the little station to which I had so precipitously fled, it seemed, years ago.

Outwardly very calm and collected, I walked up the approach to the house, thinking everything was very lonely, sombre. I had met no one in my walk from the station, and I saw no one moving within the house or about it. The blinds were carefully closed, and my ring at the bell sounded doleful and daring.

The old servant who opened the door looked surprised and glad at sight of me, but instantly relapsed into gloom. I tried not to notice it, and stepped in the hall, saying:

"My uncle is at home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, in the library, I think," was the answer; and I walked there, opening the door softly, thinking I would give him a happy surprise.

He turned in his pacing of the room, and ut-

tered an exclamation of surprise, looking at me vaguely, but still holding out his hand. He looked utterly haggard and broken down, and clung to my hand with the feebleness of old age.

"Good Heavens, uncle! what is the matter?" I exclaimed. "You look ten years older than when I saw you last. What has happened? How is Mrs. Owen?"

He sank back in his chair, as if he had not the power to stand. Twice he tried to speak, and then finally said, brokenly:

"Has no one told you? Do you not know?"

An indescribable terror possessed me. Was it about her?

"I do not know," I said, at last.

He removed his hands from his face, and looked at me, saying only the three words:

"She is dead."

I was prepared for anything but that. The words came like a deadly wound to my heart. I stood in entire immobility before him—the world and life a dead blank—conscious only that my heart seemed bleeding fatally, drop by drop.

I could not question more. I knew now that she had just died, and I only thought of once more looking at the face whose last expression I remembered so well.

I walked mechanically from the room; I went into the long drawing-room, heavily darkened, and holding the form of the mistress of my uncle's heart, and my own.

With steady hand I withdrew the curtain, and let the light pour over the cold face. I would not, and I cannot tell what I felt then, but I know that at first the depth of my emotion was held down as by granite upon my soul. Not until later, when all in the house was restored to its usual appearance, did the storm within me find utterance.

Two days after the funeral my uncle came to my room, with a sealed letter addressed to me.

"She gave it to me the day before she died, and I promised to give it unbroken into your hands," he said, and left me.

The letter was this:

"To you, the only man I have ever sincerely loved, I will confess that I die by poison given by my own hand. I love you too well to live the wife of another; I respect him too much to be able to live a lie constantly to him. When I married him I felt an affection for him which has always continued, and he was a kind of salvation to me. Had it been ordained that I should never have met you, I could have lived a comfortable life; but having known for the first time what it was to love profoundly, with soul and strength, I am too weak to live without that love; and with it we know we could not have lived in honor. No one suspects that I take my own life, and you will not reveal it. If, in time past or to come, you hear my name spoken anecdotally, believe that my education led me somewhat astray, but that I was never false to purity, whatever a life of fashionable deceit may have led me into. To you my soul could have been utterly true forever—and that was forbidden. Farewell."

Can you wonder that the letter of that weak, yet strong woman, is among my most sacred possessions?

I do not know if it be that I am more constant than some, but I know that I have never known any other love—never an approach to that supreme feeling of my young manhood. I am a hard-worked physician, living a very practical life, and never thinking of marriage, and my acquaintances sometimes say, "You are as confirmed a bachelor as your uncle was; but you may meet your fate as late in life as he did."

Ruby.

Ruby was an humble maiden,
In a lowly cot,
And she had an humble lover,
Lowly was his lot,
Dark may be the wing of raven,
Darker was his eye;
On the sea they walked together
In the days gone by.

Now she is a cultured lady,
Decked in rich array;
You can see her fine equipage
Passing any day,
Lived and died a rich old miser;
She, his luckless heir,
In her hand she holdeth millions—
In her heart, despair.

For her slow-eyed, humble lover,
Nursed an innate pride;
Sees he Lady Ruby's carriage,
Seeks the other side.
He will lift his hat in passing,
But his glance is cold,
And the Lady Ruby, weeping,
Curses lands and gold.

Lordly lovers come to woo her—
Come and go in vain;
In her eyes they read the answer,
Read the hungry pain.
Lands and bouses, gold and jewels,
She would cast all down,
For the lowly cot and lover,
And her homespun gown.

Little Gretchen's Fortune.

A STORY OF THE BLACK FOREST.

THE following incident was told to me by a Baltimore lady, of German descent, as having been related to her by her paternal grandfather. It was said to have occurred in a village or small town in the kingdom of Bavaria, bordering on the Black Forest. What is mentioned below, by way of preface, was also given to me by the narrator as information derived from her grandfather.

The most of the Germans, and especially those of them who reside in, or in the neighborhood of, the Black Forest, have many superstitious opinions. Among these is one to the effect that a fire seen at night in an uninhabited place is an evidence given by the gnomes that there is a treasure of gold beneath. If certain words—with which my informant was not acquainted—are pronounced by the person who first sees the fire, the gold will remain near the surface, and can easily be obtained by digging. If these words of power are not immediately spoken, the fire will disappear, and the gold will at once sink to its native mine miles down in the interior of the earth.

In the village indicated there lived a good and pretty little girl, who was maid-of-all-work in the household of the burgo-master, or mayor. The guileless purity of character, the kind and affectionate disposition, the unusual beauty, and, more than all the rest, perhaps, the industry and intelligence of Gretchen, made her a favorite with all who knew her; and most of the young men of the town were more or less enamored of the charming little maid. The favorite of Gretchen herself was the son and only child of her master.

But she was an orphan, and without dower; and the burgo-master, who was considered a rich man among his neighbors, had no idea of allowing his son to marry any one so poor. The want of wealth, however, was his only objection to Gretchen as a daughter-in-law. Indeed, her intelligent and prompt obedience to his commands, her anticipating fulfillment of his unspoken wishes, and her charmingly innocent and childlike sim-

plicity of character, made her also a favorite with her master. He could not bring himself to part with the little maid; and, instead of sending her away, in order to separate her from his son, the

latter had been sent to college to remain for some years.

The term of Albert's collegiate course was now nearly fulfilled, and Mr. Meyer was much exer-



KID.—“THE MADAME SEEMED SO FAR LAPPED INTO THE LAND OF DREAMS THAT THE MAID PAUSED, AND LEANING OVER THE PIAZZA, CAUGHT SOME WORDS SPOKEN BENEATH.”—SEE PAGE 139.



THE DRACON'S NIECE.—"THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENED, AND PETRIFIED WITH HORROR AND AMAZEMENT STOOD DRACON LONG AND MEDITABLE."—SEE PAGE 141.

cised in mind as to what expedient he should adopt in order to keep the lovers still apart. He finally determined to endeavor to obtain for Albert a situation in some commercial house; for he confessed to himself that the presence of his son was not so necessary to either his comfort or his happiness as that of his little maid-of-all-work.

To carry out this project, he had written to a friend of his who was engaged in mercantile business in a large town in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. He was daily expecting an answer to this missive when the incident which gives its main interest to this story occurred.

The village in which Mr. Meyer resided was an agricultural one, and almost all of its inhabitants

were either land-owners or farm-laborers. The burgomaster owned some fields in the neighborhood, and employed men and women to cultivate them. Indeed, he often took a share in the work.

The life of the German peasant is a very hard and laborious one. They are required to be off to their work by the earliest "peep" of day, and to continue at their toil while the light lasts.

Among the duties of Gretchen was the task of preparing the meals for those laborers who fed at the burgomaster's table as well as for the immediate family of her master. In order to have breakfast ready for these laborers before they departed to their work, the little maid was obliged to leave her bed long before day.

Gretchen was in the habit of keeping in her little chamber her tinder and match-box, by means of which to light a candle for her early work. One morning she could not make the tinder catch fire—though she poured down upon it from her flint and steel showers of sparks, it obstinately refused to kindle!

Hopeless at last of lighting her candle by the usual means, she groped her way in the darkness down-stairs to the kitchen, and then stepped into the adjoining yard to see if smoke was rising from any of the chimneys of the village, knowing that, if any of the neighboring servant-maids had lighted her kitchen-fire, she could easily obtain coals to kindle her own. But no smoke was coming from any chimney.

While Gretchen was thus standing, watching the chimney-tops, she was suddenly startled by a bright light flashing before her face. Looking to the right, from which direction the light shone, she saw a fire in an open field across the street in front of the burgomaster's house!

Returning to the kitchen, she felt her way to the broad, old-fashioned hearth, and soon laid her hand upon a large, wide shovel. Armed with this, she hastened to the fire, which was not more than a hundred yards from the kitchen-door. She found that already a large pile of coals had been formed. So anxious was little Gretchen to make her kitchen-fire and prepare the morning meal in her usual good time, that she did not notice the singularity of this circumstance.

The traditional belief of the peasantry, and the good fortune possibly to be achieved by uttering certain words of charm, did not occur to her mind. If she thought of the origin of the fire at all, she doubtless supposed that it had been kindled by some laborer in the employment of the owner of the field, to burn the rubbish on it, and thus prepare it for its spring cultivation.

Plunging her shovel deep into the pile of red coals, Gretchen returned with a light heart and a heavy load of the glowing treasure to the kitchen, and emptied her burden upon the hearth. The coals were immediately extinguished!

Thinking that this incident was due to water, or some other substance destructive to ignition, having been spilled upon the hearth, the energetic little maid went back to the fire in the field, and soon returned again to the kitchen with another large shovelful of burning coals.

On emptying this second load upon the hearth, the same remarkable occurrence took place again. A third shovelful of fiery coals was brought, which, on being thrown upon the hearth, also went out.

When the determined little Gretchen went to the door of the kitchen, with the intention of making a fourth trip to the field, she saw no light at all, except what shone from the stars overhead! The fire had entirely disappeared! and, although she visited the field again, and sought all around for the lately burning heap, in the hope of finding still a few "live" coals, she found not the slightest vestige of the fire which had so recently been blazing brightly.

So very earnest was the desire of Gretchen to do her first morning duty in good time, that she did not notice at all that there was something unusual and very remarkable in what had happened.

The only resource which seemed to remain to the little maid-of-all-work was to rap at the door of the room in which her master and his wife slept, and ask him to light her candle from the match-and-tinder-box, which he always kept by him to kindle his pipe with.

To do this was very unpleasant to her, both because the necessity for doing it would appear to indicate mismanagement on her part, and because she did not wish to disturb their slumber. This was a

less evil, however, than allowing her early morning duties, so important to all the household, to remain unfulfilled.

Still, the thought of arousing both her master and mistress from their sound morning sleep was so disagreeable to Gretchen, that she resolved to make one more effort to light her candle from her own match-and-tinder-box.

"It will take but a minute or two to make the trial," she said, to herself; "and, if I do not succeed, I will then awaken them."

She groped her way back to her little garret-room, where she soon and easily found her match-and-tinder-box. To her surprise, the tinder caught as soon as she struck down sparks upon it from the flint and steel.

"The most of the tinder must have been damp," she thought, "and I must have accidentally turned up just now a dry part of it."

But, on lighting the candle and examining into the matter, she found that the tinder was all dry.

Much mystified, Gretchen returned to the kitchen. But a still greater mystery awaited her there. Where she had expected to see three black heaps of extinguished coals, she found as many bright piles of pure virgin gold, in lumps of different sizes and shapes, just as pieces of that metal are when taken from the mine!

It now occurred to her mind that each load which she had brought from the fire in the field had been very heavy; but she had attributed, at the time, the heaviness of each load to the weight of the shovel.

As much surprised, and indeed almost amazed, as Gretchen was, she did not neglect to kindle a fire on the hearth, and to arrange things as expeditiously as possible for preparing the breakfast.

"No matter what happens," said the little maid to herself, "that does not make my doing my work absolutely impossible. I must do my duty, and the people must have their breakfast."

She placed the gold aside and out of sight, and then, while making ready the early morning meal and setting out the table for its reception on the floor of the large kitchen, she murmured, lowly, as was her wont, cheerful tunes to herself; and bright thoughts, arising from the possession of the golden treasure, came to her of Albert and the future.

At length the breakfast was ready, and soon the laborers and the family made their appearance and took their seats at the table. When the meal was over, and the laborers had departed to their work, Gretchen told to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer the wonderful things which had occurred to her, and, taking her treasure of gold from its hiding-place, exhibited it to them.

The reader can imagine the astonishment of the worthy burgomaster and his wife. The former weighed the precious metal, and pronounced it to be equivalent in value to a sum which, in our currency, would be represented by nearly six thousand dollars in specie. This, in their opinion, was a very large sum of money.

Both the master and the mistress of the little maid were delighted at her good fortune.

"Even the gnomes," said Mr. Meyer, "who usually delight in wicked actions only, have been conquered by the goodness of our little Gretchen, and have given her the one thing needful to her happiness. I can now, consistently with my resolve that my son should marry no maiden without a dowry—a resolution which I have long since regretted—consent to the nuptials of Albert and our little darling."

The mother had always wished for the union of Albert and Gretchen.

As continued good luck would have it, the young collegian returned home the evening of the same day. The post of the morning had brought

a letter from Mr. Meyer's mercantile friend, promising the situation asked. But the offer was declined with many thanks and apologies.

A few weeks afterward Albert and Gretchen were married; and it was determined that they should live with the parents of the bridegroom. Spirits better than the gnomes watched over their future lives, which were passed in mutual acts of kindness and love, and, therefore, in peace and happiness.

Delivering Coal in London.

COAL is not in London dumped down as it is with us, without giving the purchaser any means or opportunity of testing the weight received.

Our housekeepers have a well-grounded suspicion that they do not always get what the law allows: yet they have no remedy.

One day while we were taking lunch at French's, near the City Hall, New York, a man entered, who was hailed by an acquaintance at one of the tables. After a word or two, the diner asked: "So you are riding coal for the city?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What do you turn in for a ton?" was then asked, as simply as though it were a very unimportant matter.

"Oh," he replied, "about one thousand six hundred pounds." Some of our housewives undoubtedly fare no better than the city of New York, and wonder why the coal goes so fast.

In England coal is delivered as shown in our illustration, and they are not allowed to dump it down in our style. The coal is put up in fifty-pound sacks, and so the purchaser sees at a glance whether the proper number of sacks is delivered. In case of doubt, he weighs any one sack taken at random, and if that is not full weight, all are deemed short, and the dealer must make it right. This prevents much fraud, and saves all from much dust and confusion.

Kid.

On Tuesday, the 7th of June—the rest of the date not important—Mr. Joshua Tanner, host of The Black Bear Inn, in the pretty and retired village of Bayside, had the felicity of receiving as guests Madame Lubec and her maid, Mademoiselle Florine. And these came not as mere transient guests, but with the understanding that they were to remain some weeks—some months, perhaps, if the air, and the bathing, and the place, and the people, and the rooms, and the *cuisine*, were such as to meet the approval of madame. For madame was fastidious, as she avowed, and exacting, as she soon allowed to be apparent; but as she was also rich, and paid liberally, and ordered many *carrés* in the way of wine, etc., mine host was content to overlook her little infirmities with the benevolent indulgence of a spirit itself superior to such, so that both parties got on excellently together.

Madame had the best little parlor and bedroom—the former opening upon an upper-piazza, prettily shaded with Madeira-vine, and looking, first, down upon an old-fashioned, shady lawn, and thence across a sandy beach to the broad, smooth waters of the bay, and the green shores and pretty hamlets surrounding it, with, far in the distance, a brief glimpse of the ocean. Here, in a big armchair by the window, she generally sat reading novels, and papers, and magazines—French most of them—or getting Florine to do it for her, when she was herself too sleepy or "nervous" for that fatiguing employment.

Sometimes she would "exercise" on the piazza,

or walk a little on the sands, leaning on Florine's left arm, while Florine's right held an umbrella above her head; and once she even ventured on a little quiet sail in Mr. Tanner's fishing-boat, and declared it very pleasant.

To be sure, Bayside was only a dull, out-of-the-way little place, with nothing to interest or amuse; but madame must submit to this for the sake of the health she had come in search of. She was a "nervous" sufferer, subject to headaches, pains, and weaknesses of various sorts, and her physician had sent her to this quiet, cool, healthy little place, with the assurance that she would be benefited by a brief residence there during the summer months.

Madame Lubec, notwithstanding her name and title, was not a Frenchwoman. She had been born and brought up in America, and had early married a Frenchman, with whom she had resided in France until his death, a few years back. She had now returned to her native country on a business visit, but so thoroughly imbued with French tastes and habits, that she made no scruple of expressing her disgust of everything American, and especially of American cookery.

In fact, this latter was the one little point of disagreement between mine host and his distinguished guest. Madame insisted at times upon French dishes and French cookery. She looked with dissatisfaction upon good roast beef and mutton, and ordered them to be served minced, and seasoned, and disguised in such quantities of gravy, and sauces, and spices, that the cook, Mrs. Jobson—the landlord was a widower—who prided herself upon her skill in the preparation of "good, wholesome Christian victuals," frequently averred that when the dishes were prepared and ready to be sent up, she really couldn't tell "which was which, or whether one warn't t'other."

And as to eating what was left of these preparations, Mrs. Jobson would as soon have partaken of "pizen"—a prejudice shared by every individual of the establishment, with the exception of Dick, the kitchen-boy, and his usual companion, the big white cat—neither of whom had ever been known to be particularly dainty on the subject of gastronomy.

Had the question of the mere method of cooking been all, it would not have been half so bad. But what would people think of an elderly lady, born in America, well-mannered and well-dressed, who unhesitatingly avowed her partiality for—*frogs*?

Yet, such was the fact; and Madame Lubec had offered Dick a liberal reward for every one of those hideous reptiles that he could succeed in capturing and bringing to The Black Bear for her special delectation and refreshment.

She was fond of frogs; she knew of no more nice and delicate dish. Chicken was not to be compared with it, and rabbit was *bad*! Yes, certainly, she quite adored frogs. And before the disgust and astonishment of this discovery had quite worn away from the minds of the good people of Bayside, it was revived and heightened tenfold by the appearance in the kitchen of Mademoiselle Florine, bearing a basket of mushrooms, carefully collected by herself, with a request from madame that they should be stewed in milk, and served hot, with spices, wine, and butter.

In vain did Mr. Tanner express his warning conviction that all mushrooms were poisonous. Florine averred that nothing was more wholesome. In vain did Miss Jobson declare that they were "carrión." Florine swore that they were "divine."

"Mushrooms! Why, the very pigs would refuse to touch 'em!" said the cook.

"Madame Jobson was welcome to do as the pigs did," said Florine. "For herself, she had

not the time to stand talking there about what the barbarous Americans could never understand; she must go out again, and search for snails for her lady. Snails were excellent eating. Roasted brown, in their shells, she had herself seen them served to her former mistress, who was consumptive, at the hotel in Nice—six on a silver plate, with a tiny gold fork with which to pluck them out of their shells. They tasted like——

But here Mrs. Jobson, with a convulsed and sea-sick countenance, rushed out of the kitchen, into the yard, and so missed the valuable knowledge of the peculiar flavor of a roasted snail.

After this, however, the people of The Black Bear, and the inhabitants round about, were prepared for anything in the way of gastronomical manifestations from Madame Lubec and her French maid. The only wonder was, *what would she next?* though it appeared doubtful whether anything lower than the snails and mushrooms could be discovered in the animal and vegetable kingdom to serve the gratification of any appetite, whether French or Hottentot.

Even Mr. Tanner remarked, in a low voice, in the privacy of the kitchen, that he should not be surprised any day at an order from madame for a *fricassée* snake, garni with earth-worms; to which Mrs. Jobson replied, "that sich might be, only she weren't to be expected to cook 'em." And again, lifting her eyes deprecatingly to heaven, she wondered, "What next?" To tell the truth, this question was at that very time puzzling the mind of madame herself.

The fare at The Black Bear, though excellent and plentiful, had the drawback of a little too much sameness. Madame liked variety. No matter how nice the dish, she could not relish it if presented more than once a week; and this was often the case at The Black Bear, especially as regarded the meats. It was not a part of the country for game, and she was tired of the everlasting roast, and baked, and boiled beef, mutton, and lamb. Of this she complained to "monsieur" the host; but monsieur declared sorrowfully, that it could not be helped. Bayside was a little place, remote from any great market, farm, or town, and it was very difficult, in summer, to obtain a regular supply of fresh meats. They were compelled to take what offered, and therewith to be content.

One bright day, madame sat sleepily dozing in the big armchair by the open window, whilst Florine, on the piazza outside, sat reading to her, and occasionally keeping off the flies with a fan. Presently madame seemed so far lapsed into the land of dreams that the maid paused, and laying her book open upon her knee, yawned long and wearily. And in the interval of time thus occupied, her ear caught some words spoken beneath the piazza. One of the speakers was Dick, and the other, an intimate friend of his, who was sometimes employed upon the place.

"Our Kidd," said Dick, proudly—"our Kidd is the handsomest, fattest, playfullest critter of its sort that you ever sot eyes on. You couldn't find another to come up to him."

"He couldn't hold a candle to our'n," said the friend, doggedly.

"And your'n couldn't hold a match to this 'ere one. Look at him! Look at his long shiny hair! Feel his skin, how thin it is; and his flesh, how fat and tender! Why, he's good enough to eat, is our Kidd."

"Ah, madame," said Florine, suddenly; and madame started from her dose.

"What is it?" she asked, fretfully.

"I beg madame's pardon, but they talk, those two," pointing downward—"they talk of one kid, one fine, fat, juicy kid. Madame did formerly like kid. Madame did complain of one sameness in se cuisine."

"Certainly, I should like a change of some kind. I think I could relish a bit of kid, properly prepared. I remember when I liked it at the Chateau des Roches. That good Monsieur Tanner has doubtless obtained it expressly for me."

But as the good Monsieur Tanner made no allusion to the kid, and the kid never made its appearance upon the table, madame, whose desire for the new dish had been nursed by expectation and sharpened by disappointment, at length mentioned the subject to him.

"Monsieur, I hear that you have a fine kid?"

"Kid?" inquired monsieur, doubtfully.

"Yes, a fine, fat kid. Your boy, Dick, mentioned it, I think."

For an instant the host looked perplexed. But suddenly his brow cleared and his countenance expanded into a suave smile.

"Ay, yes, madame—certainly it is a fine animal. His weight is nigh upon twenty pounds, and he's that fat, madame—that fat that one might put a wick into his mouth and burn him for a candle."

"Indeed!" said madame, looking pleased. "You are fattening him for the table, I presume?"

"For the table!"

"I confess I should very much like a taste of his flesh. It would be an agreeable change; and Florine here knows an excellent receipt for making a pleasant dish—necessarily rather strongly flavored, but good. A favorite dish in many parts of France."

The landlord, who had been staring at in blank amazement, now broke forth:

"But surely, madame, you don't really mean it? We don't eat that kind of animal *here*. We don't look upon it as fit meat for Christian folks, nor skereely dogs—except the lowest."

Madame flushed, and erected herself with dignity.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Tanner," she observed, with elaborate stateliness—"pardon me for reminding you that it is hardly appropriate in America to give lessons to France upon the subject of gastronomy and cooking. With us"—madame, when excited upon any little national point, was apt to forget that she had not been born in France—"with us, it is one of the fine arts, carefully studied; whilst you—Bah! what do Americans know about what is or is not good to eat, or the proper manner of preparing food?—With you, it is but one degree removed from the native Indians. Hack off a shapeless lump of flesh, dump it in a pot of water, or poke it into the fire on the end of a stick, and call that cooking! Bah!"

"Monsieur" Tanner seemed too dumbfounded to take offense at these candid reflections upon himself and his nationality, or even to reply thereto.

Soothed by his silence, madame assumed a milder tone.

"And your kid, monsieur—shall we have it? I know very well that in this country a prejudice exists against its flesh, and that of the goat; but it is not so in Europe—certainly not in France. I should greatly enjoy the dish, and so I know would Florine."

"Ah, madame!" said Florine, clasping her hands and rolling up her eyes in an ecstasy of assent.

Mine host rubbed his head, and stroked his chin slowly.

"Well, madame," he said, thoughtfully, "I don't quite like sacrificing the poor critter, seein' he's been a sort o' pet about the place, and Mrs. Jobson might object to cooking it——"

"Mrs. Jobson is a fool, Monsieur Tanner!" interrupted madame, with a warmth which immediately imposed upon the host the necessity of conciliatory measures. So he answered, hastily:

"Not that I mean to deny but what she's some crotchety ways and notions of her own—Mrs.

Jobson has—though I dessey I can bring her round. Yes, ma'am," he added, rather sadly, "seeing as your heart is sot upon the critter, I think I can say as how I'll see what can be done."

With this implied promise madame contented herself, though not without a doubt as to its fulfillment, until, on the next day, assured by Mr. Tanner himself that her wishes should be gratified—nay, that the kid was already sacrificed, and would be served at dinner on the day following, according to the recipe of Mademoiselle Florine. The landlord looked a little out of spirits as he spoke thus; but replied to madame's polite inquiry, that he was quite well, only—only he had somehow lost his appetite on this day. And madame, divining the cause, uttered beneath her breath, as he left the room:

"The insolence and presumption of these ignorant people, to pretend to despise what we eat!"

However, she was again in a good humor when, on being summoned to dinner on the following day, her offeratories were greeted by a most savory odor of mingled meat, herbs, and spices, and she saw before her the much-longed-for dish, prepared and cooked to a turn.

On trial it proved even better than she had hoped—tender, savory, and without a particle of the peculiar flavor which renders it so objectionable to the taste of English and Americans. In short, first madame, and then Florine, partook liberally of the *ragout*. After which madame, calm, placid, pleased, sat at her window with her glass of wine beside her, while Dick came in to remove the dishes.

Dick grinned furtively as his eye turned from the *ragout* to madame; and he sniffed at the former secretly, as he prepared to remove it.

"Really, Richard," said madame, condescendingly—"really that was an excellently-prepared *ragout*; almost as good as if from the hands of a French *artiste*. I must express my acknowledgments to Mrs. Jobson for her trouble," and she drew out her purse.

"Please, ma'am," said Dick, "it weren't Mrs. Jobson's cookin'. 'Twas me as done it, bekase Mrs. Jobson she said as 'ow she'd niver lay a finger on it to tetch it. Poor Kidd!"

Dick looked down at the remnants of meat with a sorrowful visage.

"Where, then, is Jenny," inquired Florine, sharply, "that she do not wait on ze table, as she have ever?"

"Jenny, she says as 'ow her stomach couldn't stand it no 'ow; and I'm to fling what's left into the ditch behind the garden."

Florine sniffed, contemptuously.

"If it be not that good for Mademoiselle Jenny, better give it to ze dog, or ze cat," she suggested.

Dick opened his eyes.

"What cat, mum?"

"Zat cat, white and big, what I sometime see promenade in ze garden with Monsieur Tannare."

Dick's eyes opened wider.

"Kidd, you mean, mum? Why, how can Kidd—poor Kidd!—how can Kidd go and eat up his own self?"

Florine stared.

Madame's lips parted. A greenish tinge came into her face. She stretched forth her hand, and grasped Dick's shoulder convulsively.

"Boy," she gasped, "tell me! You don't mean—"

And more she could not utter, but sank back into her chair, pale and powerless.

"Tell me!" shrieked Florine, starting up, and seizing the unhappy youth by the collar. "What you call *zis*?" pointing to the *ragout*. "Is it what you call ze kid, ze young goat?"

"Young goat! No, in course not," responded

Dick, indignantly. "We don't call cats goats! We calls 'em cats."

"Cat!" shrieked Florine, with a fearful heave of her breast. "Zid you no tell me he was kid?"

"That was his name, to be sure—'Cappen Kidd, and I sailed, and I sailed—" Dick checked himself, with a sense of the impropriety of this musical outburst, and looked apologetically around.

Florine had disappeared, and madame had swooned in her chair.

Two days thereafter Madame Lubec and her maid, Mademoiselle Florine, both looking pale and exhausted as from a protracted illness, drove away from the door of The Black Bear, casting a parting glance of unforgiving scorn and indignation at the guilty-looking host, who stood feebly protesting to the bystanders that it was not his fault; that he had unconsciously believed he was complying with madame's wishes; and that, after all, that *that Kidd* was as good as frogs, snails, and mushrooms—a sentiment to which the bystanders gave an immediate and unanimous approval.

The Deacon's Niece.

"DEACON ABRAHAM LONG, and his wife Mehitable!" How plainly I can see their forms as I sit musing under the trees, in this soft summer weather, though they have been asleep beneath the daisies these many, many years! Hopsi, did I ever tell you about the deacon's niece?"

Aunt Serena looked up at me over her glasses with the look that always preceeded a story, and I said:

"Just wait a moment, auntie, till I get my work, and then you can tell me. I'm sure I've heard of her."

"The deacon," continued Aunt Serena, "was a little, rusty, fussy man, with a bald, shiny spot on the top of his head, and a fringe of reddish-gray hair going like a rim around it. He was very kind-hearted, though, and wouldn't have hurt a fly."

"Mrs. Long was short and stout, and strict in her notions. She had brought up sixteen children, and they, every one of them, turned out well, and were a credit to their training; but the deacon's niece was too much for her."

"Years before my time, Biah Long's sister, Susy, had run away with a Frenchman. Her folks wouldn't have minded his being French so much—though foreigners are not popular in Clintonville—but De Lisle was a Roman Catholic, and the Longs could not stand that. Old father Long put his foot down that Susan should give her lover up, and Susan, who had a deal of her father's spirit, put hers down that she'd follow him to the ends of the earth, and between them it was a sad house they made of it. Susan, being the only girl, had been petted more than the rest; and, besides, De Lisle had a very taking way with him; and anyhow it ended in an elopement. One balmy summer morning, Susy didn't come down to breakfast, and her mother, going up to see if she was sick, found that she was gone. Her bed had never been slept in that night. On the stand between the windows was a note to her father, asking his forgiveness; she and Paul were coming back to get a farewell kiss before they went to France."

"The old farmer was a good man, and a deacon, Hopsi; but for all that he had an awful temper when he was roused. He swore with a great oath that she was no daughter of his! that if ever she did come back, he would set the dogs on her, that her name should never more be breathed in his presence. And after that he went out to his work,

coming in at noon as if nothing out of the common had happened, only that he looked grayer and older by ten years.

"Mother Long was a meek little woman, with nothing to say. Indeed in that house she was much like a peaceable mother-hen among a nest full of eagles. Biah was the only one who took after her. He was a gawky, tow-headed boy at the time, devoted to mother and Susie, and blushing clear up to the roots of his carryoty hair if any other girl or woman looked at him. He sat on the fence and watched until he heard wheels, and saw Susie's white veil fluttering like a flag of truce in the distance, and then he gave a low whistle, and Mrs. Long came flying out of the house, capstraps waving, hair loose and rough, hands trembling. The interview was short on Mrs. Long's part—it was just a heart-breaking good-bye on Susie's. Well, she was young, and full of hope, and the man she loved was by her side.

"Just as De Lisle, seeing how things stood, began to hasten her away, Biah said, with a sudden manliness:

"If ever you are in need, Susie, come to me."

"She will never be in need," said De Lisle, proudly.

"I'll never forget your goodness to say so, Biah," exclaimed Susie, as, supporting the drooping figure of his mother, he went back over the fields.

"Well, in a year mother Long was dead. Father Long, being of the tough sort that trouble can't kill, lived on a matter of ten years, or thereabout, then he died. The other boys were settled—Jonathan out West, Dave a sea-captain—and the homestead fell to Biah. He married Mary Ann Hale, and just lived there, making money, and getting forehanded; till their great family of boys and girls were beginning, one by one, to marry and leave them.

"I was there on a visit, Hepsie, when the deacon—for he had long ago succeeded his father in that office—got his first letter from Susie. We were at breakfast when Sammy came rushing in, upsetting the cat and slamming the door.

"His mother looked up, astonished, with the coffee-pot in her hand; but when she saw the letter in his hand, she didn't say a word.

"It was a great, large letter, very thick, and sealed with a big red seal. It was posted from somewhere in Germany, and had come from over the sea expressly, Hepsie, as the herald of the deacon's niece.

"From my poor sister!" said the deacon, with a husky voice; and he left the table, and went to his own room to read it.

"Finish your breakfast, father," called Mrs. Long.

"I've had all I want," he answered, as he shut the door. By-and-by he called, "Mother!" and she went in and staid some time.

"We, the girls and I, knew that something was going to happen, when, an hour afterward, the deacon came out, dressed in his best go-to-meeting suit, his brightest handkerchief—yellow silk, with black dots—sticking from his pocket, and his beaver hat on the back of his head. The black bag that accommodated all the family in their rare traveling excursions was packed with a clean shirt and a paper of doughnuts, and the deacon went off to town.

"What has happened, mother?" said Jemima Jane, when the old gentleman was fairly off.

"Your Aunt Susan De Lisle is dead. And before her death she wrote to her brother, your father, telling him of her troubles and poverty, and sending him her three children. The letter has been delayed, and your father has gone to New York to meet the steamer which has them on board."

"Did she send them off before she died?"

"No, my dear. Her friends, with whom she staid, sent the letter after her death, and a note, telling of the children's starting. I hope," said Mrs. Long, looking around gravely, "that you will all be very kind to your cousins. They will be strangers in a strange land, remember."

"After the children had gone to bed, Mrs. Long told me more about the expected ones. Susan had had a hard life with De Lisle, who had proved a gambler and a spendthrift. Of all her children, only these three were left, and they had been orphaned in one year. Tom, Alphonse, and Susette were their names.

"Biah can make the boys useful, and teach them something—they can go to the district school. And as for Susie—for I shall call her by her mother's name, and not by that ridiculous foreign one—I'll look out for her."

"Mrs. Long seemed really pleased at the addition to her cares. She little knew what it would be to have the care of the deacon's niece.

"Next day in the afternoon they arrived. Two great, sturdy-looking boys, much browned by the sea-voyage, but fine, manly fellows, who had more Long than De Lisle about them, as a glance showed. Then Susette! As they sat around the tea-table, she looked, amid the healthy, hearty, commonplace Long children, like an exotic among sun-flowers. Her skin was of the rare rich olive hue that nothing can injure, her cheeks were red as blush-roses, her lips full and pouting, and her eyes great black orbs with a starry light. But her chief beauty was her hair. It hung in great curling masses clear to her waist; and she was evidently vain enough of it, for she tossed and turned her head about in a way that Aunt Mchitable did not approve. She was just ten years old.

"The boys fell right into the ways of the house, did their 'chores' briskly, got up at the peep of day, and were a delight to the deacon, who loved to talk to them about their mother. Hers had been a sad life, and bravely borne, and her sons spoke of her with reverent tenderness. But Susie, as they called her, was a problem.

"Mrs. Long wanted to cut off her hair, for vanity was evidently the child's besetting sin. Her girls had never troubled her by it. But when Susie was seated, with a big apron on, and Aunt Hitty, with the scissors in her hand, ran the comb through the crinkling, curling tresses, she changed her mind, and ordered the little girl to braid them hereafter.

"I can't!" said Susie, with a pout that meant 'I won't!'

"Then, Jemima shall do it for you!" said her aunt.

"The carrying out of this arrangement involved a battle royal, every morning, between Jemima, who was fifteen, and Susie. Jemima was the stronger, but Susie was nimble as a cat; and rather than have her hair braided, she bit, fought and scratched till Jemima fairly dreaded the ordeal.

"One morning Aunt Hitty, hearing the noise of the battle, came suddenly up into the room, with the awful look upon her face that her children used to know betokened swift punishment. It was a peculiarly calm, composed, settled expression, but as black as a thundercloud just ready to break.

"Jemima," she said, "go down to your breakfast. Susette, come here!"

"The little culprit came—defiance in her black eyes.

"Undress yourself!"

"One by one apron, dress, skirts were laid aside, Susette muttering to herself in French the while.

"Now, put on your night-gown, and take off your shoes and stockings!"

"This order obeyed, Mrs. Long took Susette by the hand, led her down-stairs, through the dining-room, where the family were assembled, and, opening her own door, which opened out of it, turned down the sheets of her own bed, and with a solemn shake, put Susie therein.

"There, miss, you will stay this day, on bread and water!"

"Mrs. Long came back to the breakfast-table, and serenely finished her meal, not forgetting to send Susette a thick slice of bread and a glass of water, which Jemima, going in some time after, reported that she had not touched.

"She will go to it before it will come to her!" replied Mrs. Long.

"Of all days for this to have occurred, it was Sunday. The other children went duly to the Sunday-school, and at ten o'clock Deacon Long and his wife went off to church, leaving Susie looked in by herself. The deacon had indeed begged his wife to let Susie off for this time; but had been snubbed by a—

"You don't know what you are talking about, deacon! The child's got a spirit that must be broken, or there'll never be any living with her. She's not been touched, deacon. If it had been one of my own, I'd have been far more severe, certain. She's in a good, soft bed, with food beside her, and there's no more to be said."

"As soon as the front gate was fairly shut however, Miss Susette De Lisle jumped up, peeped from the window, and took a survey of the room. There was the fourpost bedstead, the bureau with its carved feet, in the form of lions' heads and claws, and the press in which Aunt Hitty kept her best clothes. The window opened very easily, and if Susie wished, she could get out of that, and walk into the garden. Whether to do that, or to examine the press, was a mooted point, but the latter carried the day.

"In accordance with the custom of the time, Mrs. Long always kept one good black silk, only worn on great occasions. Perhaps twice a year, on important occasions, she wore it to church. The present royal dress had been worn but once, when daughter Ellen had been married. Folded up in lavender lay Mrs. Long's white silk shawl, a present that Captain Dave had brought her from China, and near it, in a box, reposed her state cap, a ponderous affair of stiff nett, with great bows of pink string, and bunches of pink flowers.

"What fun it would be to dress up like Aunt Hitty!" said Susette to herself. "Why, she has forgotten her spectacles! Sure enough, I'll do it! And here is the package of seed-cakes in this drawer. I wondered where she kept them."

"Being hungry, Susie ate her bread and drank her water, with a liberal dessert of seed-cakes, and then proceeded to action. It was an affair of time. Susie daringly rummaged through boxes and drawers for the minor articles of the outfit, and then leisurely invested her plump little person with them, posturing before the glass from time to time to get the full effect. Her feet were encased in auntie's best openworked stockings, a world too wide, and on her head the cap settled like a monstrous tropical bird, while the thick, shiny silk, with the creamy white shawl in picturesque folds above it, dragged on the carpeted floor, half-way over the room, when the door opened, and in it, petrified with horror and amazement, stood Deacon Long and Aunt Mehitable.

"For five minutes neither could find a word to say. Instead of remaining over 'between churches,' as was their wont, they had hurried home, full of sympathy for the little prisoner, whom they expected to find a remorseful penitent. The scene before them took their breath away.

That any one—that a child should dare to profane her sacred things had never seemed in the range of possibility to Mrs. Long before. The deacon was the first to recover himself. The comic side of the affair came over him, and he fairly shook his sides with laughter. In the meantime his wife, advancing upon Susette like a whirlwind, rapidly took off garment after garment, depositing each swiftly but tenderly in its place, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Susie was standing in the presence of her uncle and aunt in only her little white nightgown.

"If you were not an orphan," said Mrs. Long, "I'd whip you! As it is, Biah, you must send your niece to boarding-school. And now, Susie, get back into bed, and stay there!"

"The deacon could not bear the thought of sending away his niece, so young, too, to a boarding-school. Indeed, after this performance she behaved so much better that Mrs. Long began to have hopes of her. She taught her with infinite pains to sew, to darn, to mend, to bake bread and pie—to do everything that she and her daughters did. The hair, which Mrs. Long regarded as the whole cause of the first trouble, had been cut off on Monday, but Susie only looked prettier in the close crop of curls which rippled all over her head.

"When she was fourteen, having attended every term at the academy, winter and summer, since she came, Susie was sent to Miss Spencer's Finishing-school. She learned music, and studied French, her early conversational knowledge coming into play. In three years she came home to the deacon's what Miss Spencer called 'finished.'

"All the Longs' own children were now married and away, and the De Lisle boys were really the help and stay of the old people. Susie came home, beautiful, and bewitching, to be at once the comfort and the plague of her aunt's life.

"For all the boys fell in love with Susette the first day she went to church. Every youthful eye in the room was turned to the deacon's pew—the girls with envious and the boys with admiring glances. Susie, proud and scornful, seemed to see no one, but demurely bent down over her hymn-book, or raised meek eyes to the young minister who preached his first sermon to the Clintonville people that day.

Every evening the broad porch at the farmhouse would be visited by two or three swains, each of whom would outstay the other. Mrs. Long, whose seven daughters had one by one decorously kept company, and as decorously married, was scandalized by Susie's conduct.

"It don't look well," she said. "Choose the one you want, child, and let the others go!"

"I don't want any of them, aunt," Susie would say, looking the picture of innocent distress. "And I believe they come to see you and Uncle Biah. I don't want them!"

"After awhile the Reverend Arthur Tappan began to come in socially to tea, usually prayer-meeting nights, and then, as it was a long walk, Susie would take his arm and linger behind, while the old people trotted on in front. But Mrs. Long thought that the minister was too high and grave for such a wild thing as Susie, and one day actually consulted him about the young lady.

"The deacon and I," said Mrs. Long, "are afraid she'll do like her mother before her, and that is, run off and marry a Frenchman."

"I know how to prevent such a catastrophe," said Mr. Tappan, pleasantly. "Let her marry me!"

"You?" said Aunt Hitty.

"Why not?" said Mr. Tappan. "I love her, and she loves me, and, wild as you say she is, love and I together can keep her straight."

"So," said my Aunt Serena, taking off her

glasses—"so, Hepsibah, the deacon's niece ended by being the minister's wife. And a proper nice woman she is too!"

"That lovely lady who sat in the front pew last Sunday, aunty?"

"The very one, my dear. But the deacon and Mrs. Long, they've been dead for years!"

How to Settle the Attorneys.

DINGLE is a small town in the southwest of Ireland, on the peninsula which forms one side of Dingle Bay. Lady Chatterton, in her travels in the south of Ireland, gives us the following amusing specimen of the primitive manners of the people.

"Law, sir!" repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright—"Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us: and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy."

"But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court, and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' said he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the Queen!' said the crier; and then I left them all. And I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honor and honesty of the cases that come before us."



HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.—"I STOOD UP, AND LOOKING FIRST AT ONE ATTORNEY, AND THEN AT THE OTHER, I SAID WITH A SOLEMN VOICE, 'I ADJOURN THIS COURT FOR A MONTH.'"



COLONEL EASTMAN, AND MY MAJOR.—“I SAW THE ARM WAS BLEEDING, AND THE BANDAGE WAS DIS-
PLACED, AND BY THAT TIME HE WAS ENTIRELY UNCONSCIOUS.”

Colonel Eastman, and My Major.

Light, fleecy clouds overhead, drifting along through the blue ether. The sun majestically setting, and painting the whole west with its glorious rays of magnificent amber and gold. How I longed, as I reclined under the shade of a widespreading tree, for the genius of a Claude, to transfer a slight idea of all this beauty to canvas. But nature had denied me *that*, so I could only look and wonder.

Just before me flowed a noble river, and the light, south wind wafted the merry voices of my

companions to my ears, as they bathed and romped in the swift-gliding stream.

There was something terrible to me in the sea; and although I had spent every season since I could remember at the seashore, yet I had never been induced to participate in the most fashionable and seemingly desirable of all the amusements, bathing.

I sometimes sat near and laughed at their flounderings and first attempts at swimming; but this afternoon I had withdrawn myself to a favorite grove some distance from the boisterous party, for the purpose of enjoying the brief period in the most fascinating of all subjects to me—dreaming. I was no morbid sentimentalist, but a young

girl, scarcely twenty, filled to repletion with love for life and a strange longing, which I could not understand, for something more elevated and refined in friendship and communion than I had ever experienced; and I looked at the river, and saw it bounding on to the ocean, and knew that I was rushing on to my fate just as surely. Yes, to my fate; for had I not pledged myself for life to Colonel Eastman? and was there one responding chord in my soul to his tender, passionate appeals? Not one.

And yet in spite of the incompatibility of age and temperament, I was, nevertheless, recklessly bent upon selling myself, body and soul, to the highest bidder.

I loved the beautiful in nature too ardently not to have the same keen relish for the charming and expensive in art; and I had an idea that by surrounding myself with all that was harmonious and luxurious in literature and the fine arts, those longings which were so incomprehensible would be satisfied. So, I had pledged my word to be Colonel Eastman's wife in six short months.

He was twenty years my senior, tall, called handsome—though, to my eyes, he was anything else—very scrupulous in regard to personal appearance, and worth a *round million*! That was where the fascination laid. His flatteries and caresses I utterly abominated, and, as far as I could without giving offense, avoided private interviews.

He called me his "marble darling," because I was so cold and impassive. I cannot understand how it was, even now, for, try all I could, I was entirely unable to throw any sunshine or warmth into my manner.

But he was content. The man's soul—what little he had—was filled with his wealth and position; and although he may have loved me as far as he was capable, yet he seemed to consider me a necessary adjunct. He imagined I could show off to better advantage than almost any other woman his immense possessions.

If indomitable pride and a natural hauteur could have adorned a situation, Heaven knows I had enough of both. Yet there *were* times when even those barriers gave way, and for an hour's thorough sympathy I would have given up every splendid dream, and almost bartered my soul.

These occasions were rare; but this afternoon one of those moods had taken full possession of me, and I had worked myself almost into a delirium with my thoughts, fancies, speculations, and desires, and a new idea had come entirely unbidden to the feast—that my life so far had been foolishly spent, and my future destined to be an error which eternity could never wipe out.

What good had I ever done in the world? My beloved country was passing through a scene of desolation and carnage. Brother was arrayed against brother, and friend against friend. Several of my relatives were engaged in the deadly struggle, and I was lying dormant, never exerting nerve or faculty to help on the glorious cause.

To be sure, I had given what money I could afford; but when I compared my conduct with many of the women who had labored unceasingly ever since the commencement of the contest, I felt ashamed of myself, and tried to devise some means by which to redeem my character from the imputation of cowardice.

Colonel Eastman was home on a furlough. He had distinguished himself—and I have no doubt but that he was a very superior officer; yet there was an air of braggadocia enveloping his narration of exploits which no amount of gallantry could conceal.

It had been an unusually hot day, and even here by the seashore, where the breezes were wafted from the broad Atlantic, it had been almost

suffocating; but now the air was delightfully cool, and I listened to the music of the breakers, and the twitter of the robins, and surveyed the amethyst and scarlet and amber and rose-pink of the west, until I wished for me there could be no other life than this dreamy, delightful, indolent reverie.

I had noticed ever since I sat there a tiny yacht, containing two gentlemen, sailing up and down; and I imagined, from the way the boat was managed, that they were avoiding the bathers, and making short tacks for that purpose. I lost sight of the boat after a while, and was not a little startled by hearing the voices of two strangers, engaged in earnest conversation—one seeming to use all his persuasion to endeavor to convince the other of the necessity of submitting to something, I could not tell what.

"Now sit down here, Phil, and let me try to fix the plaguy thing on. I know I can relieve you."

"Oh, let me alone, for Heaven's sake!" and the voice was low and faint.

I arose, and had a good look at them.

One I had seen at the hotel, but the other was an army officer, with his left arm bandaged, and looking dreadfully white and ghostlike with his transparent complexion and dark eyes and heavy, black whiskers. I saw he was about to faint, and, following an impulse I could not resist, walked up to them and said:

"Perhaps I can be of some service, gentlemen?"

"Oh, God bless you, yes! A woman for such an emergency as this!" said the invalid's companion, thankfully.

I saw that the arm was bleeding, and the bandage displaced, and by that time he was entirely unconscious. I asked his friend for his handkerchief, and pointed out a spring where he could find some water, and commenced tearing up the linen for new bandages as fast as I could.

I must have worked dextrously, for by the time the gentleman returned, with his Panama hat filled with water, I had bound up the ugly wound and astonished myself.

I felt as strong and self-reliant as some learned professor of surgery; and, while engaged at it, wondered if my calling were not in some hospital, for there was no timidity or faintness—not a particle.

I bathed his head and temples with the cool water, and thought as I did so what a faultlessly handsome man he was. His cast of features was unmistakably Grecian, and, as I stood a little one side to give him necessary air, I noticed that his profile looked as if it might have been chiseled from marble, so clear and well defined was it.

He opened his eyes and smiled faintly—at seeing a lady beside him, I suppose. He was better in a few moments—sat up, and looked around him.

"Is it possible that I have been so stupid as to faint? I see some one has nicely arranged this troublesome bandage."

"You are indebted to this young lady, Major Draper," attempting to introduce us, which was rather awkward on account of not knowing my name.

"Miss Carrington," said I; and he extended his left hand, and I grasped it with a feeling of strange sympathy which was new and delicious.

Major Draper attempted to walk, but grew faint immediately.

"What shall I do?" said his friend, in despair.

"Go to the hotel," said I, "at once, and procure a carriage, and I will remain with the gentleman;" and off he started.

I found that the invalid had been severely wounded in the right shoulder, and before that had quite healed, had been hit again in the right arm just below the elbow, and had barely escaped

amputation. He had been discharged from hospital before it was hardly deemed proper, at his earnest solicitations; and now, with an intimate friend, he had come to the seashore for a few weeks, to recuperate. He had been getting on finely, and thought that afternoon he could venture to take a short sail; but in some way the tiller became unmanageable, and struck his wounded arm with such violence as to displace the bandage and set it bleeding profusely.

I tried my best to keep his thoughts from the subject, for every moment or two a deadly pallor overspread his face, and then I would be compelled to bathe his head and face again, to keep him from sinking into another swoon; and in this interesting position Colonel Eastman and party found me. Fortunately, the carriage arrived just then, and as we assisted the suffering man to enter, he said to me, in a low tone:

"Miss Carrington, as long as life lasts I shall remember your noble kindness."

"Don't speak of it, sir. I hope you will be relieved soon. You had better call a physician at once."

Colonel Eastman surveyed me in dismay. My white Marseilles dress was covered with blood, my embroidered cuffs dripping with water. I was a sorry-looking picture, but, thank Heaven! I was indifferent then to all outside appearances.

"I think, Miss Carrington,"—he always called me Marie, only when displeased—"it would be as well to send for a carriage to take you home. You should have ridden up with the interesting invalid, and finished the *tableau vivant* with a grand finale for the edification of the boarders."

"Colonel Eastman, you are presuming on your right; and as at present I belong to myself exclusively, I shall claim the privilege of doing an act of humanity and mercy without being called to account by you." This was said in an undertone. The girls crowded around me.

"Who was he, Marie?" "Wasn't he handsome?" "He is the finest-looking man I ever saw!" "He is a perfect Apollo!" "What a romantic adventure!"

I refused the colonel's proffered arm, and walked on to the hotel with the young ladies, who besieged me for information as to particulars. I never experienced such a feeling before. I could not bear to speak of my adventure, and when I reached my room I knew not whether to laugh or cry; but I was so glad that the necessity of making a new toilet would give me the desired privacy. Before this I had been a little fearful of displeasing Colonel Eastman, but now I would not have lifted my finger to have prevented him from breaking the engagement. I tried to dive down into the philosophy of the case, but it was no use. I could find nothing in the whole realm of thought to throw any light on the subject, so I endeavored to dismiss it as a piece of nonsense I should repent of the next day: not the act, but the defiant manner with which I had met the colonel's base insinuations.

I took great pains with my toilet that afternoon, and when I entered the dining-room, I saw that the sight of my radiant face and figure had dispelled every shade of displeasure from my liege lord's face, and he advanced to meet me as cavalierly and appreciatingly as if nothing had happened. Mr. Wilson, the wounded officer's friend, entered at another door, and as I passed him, on my way to my seat, I bowed and inquired:

"How is our friend this evening?"

"He is feeling a trifle better, I thank you; and I think I shall be careful how I persuade him to accompany me sailing again until he gets quite strong."

I should have used rather different language in

my inquiry had it not been that I had an intense desire to shock my companion, and make him fully understand the entire impossibility of bringing me to his jealous terms by force or coercion; but he conducted me to my seat, and poured into my ear little honeyed nothings, which I did not half hear and cared less for than ever. No allusion was made to the afternoon performance; only once he observed, by way of apology, that he hoped I would take no offense at his unfortunate language—he had no doubt I was actuated by pity only—yet, he was so devotedly attached to me, that he could not bear the idea of having me waste a smile or a glance on another.

He had been very lavish with his presents, but I had never accepted an article except the engagement-ring, which was a magnificent one with fire diamonds. Oh, how I loved precious stones, and how feverishly I had anticipated the time when I could sparkle and scintillate with as many of the little gems as good taste would allow me to wear; but now I despised the ring, and turned it around to hide its hateful brilliancy. It seemed to burn me, and for several days I hid it in my jewel-box, until Colonel Eastman inquired "if I had lost it?" I placed it on my finger again, but could not look at it without a nervous tremor which almost terrified me.

One evening there was to be a grand ball, and the spacious hall was decorated with flowers and fancy trimmings; huge flags, and flags in miniature, and the glorious Stars and Stripes everywhere conspicuous.

There were quite a number of military men present, most of them officers. It was intended to be the most brilliant affair of the season, and no pains or expense were spared to make our toilets correspond with the other adornments. My dress was a rich rose-pink silk, with a white illusion overdress, and very becoming to my peculiar style of beauty. I wore no ornaments of any kind in my hair, which was very long and luxurious. The delicate white vails, the little jeweled fans, and the chaste gems shining out here and there, made a *tout ensemble* which I knew was unusually fine. As I put the finishing touches to my dress, I wondered at my enthusiasm, for I had previously cared very little for balls.

Colonel Eastman was a tremendous dancer. He never tired, and was indefatigable in procuring me the right kind of partners for quadrilles—fancy dances he monopolized himself—and although he had never said that he did not wish me to waltz or polka with any other gentleman, yet there was a tacit understanding that such was the case. I had seen Major Draper that afternoon walking up and down the long piazza with his friend, and I think that must have stimulated me to fresh exertion, for I felt quite positive he would look in at the dance, if he were not able to participate. I was not mistaken, for as the colonel and myself promenaded preparatory to forming quadrilles, my eager eyes caught a glimpse of him sitting on a sofa with two or three other gentlemen, engaged in conversation. I knew he had seen me, and was waiting for a recognition. My heart almost stopped beating as we drew near the sofa. I think I must have nervously grasped the colonel's arm, for he looked down at me in surprise, and asked:

"What annoys you, Marie, dear?" Every barometrical change he observed in my spirits, or look, or manner, he invariably attributed to annoyance of some kind.

"Oh, nothing," I replied, "of any consequence," quite willing to humor the delusion.

As we came close to the major, he looked right into my eyes, and advance a step further I could not. I was like one spellbound. My self-possession returned in a moment; I shook hands

with him, and introduced him to Colonel Eastman, who returned his cordial greeting with an insultingly formal nod, which brought the hot blood in a perfect deluge to the major's temples. *That* determined me.

"I think I will sit awhile, Colonel Eastman, until it is time to form on."

So, as there was not room enough on the small sofa for but one gentleman and my extensive crinoline, Colonel Eastman was compelled to seat himself in a chair at some little distance from us.

"Are you strong enough to dance, major?"

"I am afraid not to-night. It was with a considerable difficulty I obtained permission to look on for awhile. By-the-way, Miss Carrington"—and he shot me an electric flash from his glorious eyes—"I have a compliment for you. Doctor Wise says he should like to have a look at the lady who bandaged my arm so skillfully. I assured him you were a novice; but he thinks he shall make your acquaintance, and march you off to the front *solens solens*."

I believe he disliked the idea of my leaving him as much as I did, but time was up, and Colonel Eastman led me out with his arrogant manner.

It was the Lancers, and we formed on right near the major. That was a consolation. I knew he did not see any form but mine; and only a perfect acquaintance with the figure enabled me to go through it with anything like ease or correctness. He remained about two hours, and as he was about leaving the room, he made a slight bow, as much as to say, "Good-night," which I smilingly returned. Life and vivacity went out with him, and from the brilliant, attractive partner, I became the silent, ennuied woman, desiring more than aught else in the world to reach my room, strip off the gaudy trappings, and in silence commune with my own heart.

That Major Draper had read my soul I could not but believe; and, for the *first* time, I discovered what it was to love. I had read about it—dreamed about it, but little did I know that these insatiable soul-desires were but the tender, delicate branches stretching themselves out to catch love's sunshine; and at last they had caught the divine rays, but too late. Oh, what a night that was! None but those who have passed through a similar experience knows what I suffered then. That waking up was terrible—and then to play the hypocrite! that was more revolting than all. Before, it did not seem so much of a sin to be bound by an engagement to a man I almost detested, and, as no one claimed my affection, it appeared pardonable; but now how could I endure the golden fetters! and nothing less than a million would satisfy my ambition. Every time he looked down into my face with his horrid, sensual smile; when I felt his blasting breath as we whirled around in the waltz; and if at each respiration had issued forth all manner of venomous reptiles, I could not have felt more disgusted.

"You have danced too much, Marie, I fear. You look quite fatigued."

Then, and not till then, did I dare ask to go to my room, for, as I realized my own unfortunate position, I would not for the world have excited his suspicion. He bade me a very tender adieu; and, oh, how thankful I was for the silence and secrecy of my own room.

The next morning a servant brought a message that Colonel Eastman desired my presence in the drawing-room a few moments. He had just received a note requiring his immediate attention in the city, and would probably be absent a week. I tried to conceal my satisfaction at this intelligence and feign a little show of regret, but I am afraid it was a failure, for he remarked:

"I fear, my dear Marie, you do not feel half so badly at the idea of being separated as I do; and

before I go I have a little advice to give you, which I hope you will take kindly. Every one here is aware of our engagement, and I desire you will be very discreet in your treatment of gentlemen admirers, and not allow any feeling of sympathy or pity to carry you beyond the bounds of propriety. You are very young, and may sometimes be influenced impulsively. I never could bear that my affianced wife should involve herself in any flirtation, however slight."

"I sincerely hope, colonel, that you will not allow any anticipations of this sort to detract from the pleasure of your visit. I have a slight idea that my reputation is quite as dear to Marie Carrington as it ever can be to Colonel Eastman, so we will waive this subject, if you please. When do you start, colonel?"

"This moment, my darling."

And after another embrace, which almost chilled the blood in my veins, I was left alone. I could not escape my wretched thoughts for two or three days. My future glided along before me in a perfect panorama; and I wondered how I should ever be able to endure his caresses when he was invested with a husband's right. I loathed the very thought of him.

The colonel had already been gone three days, and I had only met the major in the hall or on the piazza, but circumstances had not been favorable for a conversation.

Will Barker and his wife Lizzie occasionally had Shakespearean readings, and one evening several of the gentlemen and ladies who were fond of literary amusements were invited to read the "Merchant of Venice," each one taking a part. They chose me for Portia, and as I had always been present at all their readings, I could not very well decline. As I entered the room—I was a little late—the first pair of eyes that met mine were the major's, and again that subtle electric current passed into mine.

Mrs. Barker had given him the most comfortable rocker—and there was but one unoccupied seat—and that was a low ottoman by his side. Will politely offered me his chair, but I saw an appealing look from the rocker, and could not resist it.

We immediately proceeded to business, and the major looked over my book and listened. I read, I expect, with a good deal of feeling, for my soul was stirred from its very depths. When I got to this passage,

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich:
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Excceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed,"

I heard the lowest of low voices whisper, "Yes." I went on:

"Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn."

Again a low whispered "No."

"Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

"Oh, how I wish it were so!" I heard again. My voice must have trembled, for he said no more, and I dared not glance at him until the reading was over; and we then commenced .

pleasant conversation, which I tried to make restrained, but the effort was in vain.

"I am glad to see you improving, Major Draper. I have not seen you in the dining-room yet."

"Not until I can use both hands, Miss Carrington."

"How long is the colonel to be gone, Marie? I should think you would be inconsolable. He is always so devoted, that it seems strange to see you alone," said Will Barker.

I felt strangely like choking him. I believe he saw the exact state of the case, and tried to see what effect his badinage would have.

"I have an idea, Mr. Will Barker, that I shall survive the week," I replied, saucily. "If I get distracted for the want of devoted attention, I will borrow you of your wife. I know right well she is *overlooked*."

"None of your impertinent speeches, Miss Carrington," laughed Will. "You had better be on your good behavior, or we'll give a glowing description of your conduct to the colonel, and appoint Major Draper informer."

"I thank you kindly for the honor," said the major; "but I never coveted the character of spy, and I think you will have to find some other one to make trouble for my kind friend Miss Carrington."

"She won't have to look far for a cavalier to amuse in her lover's absence," replied Will.

"If I were not in the invalid corps, and she were willing, I think there would not be the slightest hesitation on my part," gallantly replied the major.

The night before Colonel Eastman's return, we were promenading the piazza; the moon was at its full, and it was indeed a glorious night. I had been walking with Will and his wife, when the major came up and joined us.

"Do take this baggage off my hands, Draper. She has grown so saucy since her superannuated lover left her, that she is actually unmanageable."

"I have a great mind to box your ears," said I.

And I did really feel very much like it; for why in the world did he so continually persist in bringing the disagreeable fact to my remembrance? He never alluded to it when I was alone, but let Major Draper be near, and he talked without ceasing.

"Will you promenade with me, Miss Carrington?"

"With pleasure, sir."

And I walked off with my new companion, making Will Barker a defiant gesture as I left him, which seemed to please him mightily. We talked of everything—the moonlight, the glorious view, the present exciting military campaign—and finally came down to personalities, as companions are very apt to do when their hearts are full of each other.

"How long do you propose remaining, Miss Carrington?"

"The entire season. And you, Major Draper?"

"Only until I am fit for service again; and then I start immediately for the front."

"And that will not be for some time, I think?" said I.

"Oh, yes, in a few weeks! I am gaining very fast; but, God knows, I wish I had never visited this spot. If I could have had my choice, I should infinitely have preferred death in the hospital."

"Why, Major Draper," and I endeavored to appear unconscious, "this is strange talk."

"You know well to what I allude, Miss Carrington. When you came to my assistance that day in the grove, like a precious ministering angel, I read everything in your face that was pure and noble; but *ambition* I failed to see, and yet

your friends assure me that it is your predominating quality; and I am convinced it must be so, or else you would not wear that sparkling engagement-ring, which tells me a terrible truth."

"I never felt faint before, but everything danced around me, and I staggered to a little bench, fanning myself violently. He quietly brought me a glass of water, then said:

"Miss Carrington, you must forgive me! I had no idea you felt so acutely; but be true to yourself and your own noble aspirations, and your future will be surrounded with love and appreciation, which is worth more than gold or precious stones."

He pressed my hand fervently, but I could not frame a reply. His glorious eyes were looking down into my soul, and my guilty conscience could not meet their purity.

I saw that he was tired, and I was quite overcome, so I proposed going to my room. He escorted me there, and with a heartfelt "God bless you!" bade me "Good-night."

Oh, those long, sleepless hours! Would it ever be daylight? The next day I never left my apartment; and when Colonel Eastman was announced, I sent him word that he must excuse me until the next morning, as I was suffering from a severe headache. Lizzie Barker came to see me toward evening.

"Major Draper has been to our room inquiring if you were sick, Marie. Will told him he guessed you were heartsick. It is cruel of Will to be always joking about the colonel; but I wouldn't care if I were you. He just does it to tease you."

More fuel to the fire.

The next morning, in a fit of desperation, I determined to go down to breakfast. My head was still aching violently, and I looked as if I had been ill a month. I stepped out on to the shady piazza a moment, and there, almost beside me, sat Major Draper.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill, Miss Carrington," said he, tenderly. "I would not try to go to breakfast."

"Oh, yes!" said I, recklessly; "we must play the last act in the programme, if head and heart both burst! So, good-morning."

I met my gushing swain in the hall, and he choked me with his disagreeable fuming. It was ten times more offensive than ever. I could not seem to shake off this headache; and day after day it haunted me.

Various were the remedies prescribed; but all insisted upon salt-water bathing as being decidedly the necessary curative. I could not resist their united appeals, and one afternoon we set out for the beach.

Major Draper was one of the party, but did not intend bathing. The ladies and gentlemen went into their respective dressing-rooms, and I could not help but laugh at the figure I cut. Red Zouave pants, blue jacket, and white skull-cap, with red, white and blue tassels.

I shrank from exhibiting myself in that costume, but the girls looked out, and there were no gentlemen around yet, so we made a dive for the water.

Oh, how refreshingly cool it felt! and I thought how foolish I had been to deny myself so great a luxury just for a whim. The girls were most of them capital swimmers, and they attempted to learn me the rudiments, but I begged to be left alone to enjoy myself in my own way; so they swam off like a regiment of mermaids.

I heard a terrible splashing, and supposed the gentlemen were coming. I put up my hand to fasten the little cap on more securely, when off slipped the diamond engagement-ring into the water.

I stooped to catch it, as I saw it slowly sink to

the bottom. I ought to have known better, but *diamonds* were being carried away from my grasp, and had I not pretty nearly bartered my *soul* for them?

I lost my balance, and a large breaker dashing over me, bewildered me still more, and off I floated. I felt myself going down—I *thought* to death—and it flashed through my mind that it were better so! Then down again—and the whole of my past life was vividly painted and held up to view.

I was *ashamed* of it, even in that critical condition. I saw, too, diamonds and precious stones, and a magnificent house with its regal furniture, tropical plants in the well-filled conservatory, birds and books, and—Colonel Eastman, old, and ugly, and gouty, no love or sympathy lighting up his face; and on the other side was my heart's desire, Major Philip Draper, with his fine soul-beaming eyes, full of affection and appreciation, with open arms, begging me to come to him.

Just then an arm was around me, and I was borne along to the beach. Strange to say, I was not wholly unconscious, yet weak and faint. I felt passionate kisses pressed to my lips and eyes, and every endearing word in the language lavished upon me. A little bend in the river had hidden my mishap from view, and so we were alone. He placed his hand on my heart to see if there were any pulsations, and then I ventured to look at him.

"Thank God!" said he, "you are still alive."

"Thank God, that *you* have saved me!" I replied. "My diamonds are gone, and I am *so* thankful."

"Will you be *mine*, Marie—mine *forever*?" said he, with a beseeching look from the depths of his darling eyes.

"Yes, I will," said I, repeating softly a verse from a favorite poem:

"Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and here
Sittest all glorified! Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, oh, we love so blindly!
Philip, my king!"

Oh, how strong I felt in a few moments! Wealth and position were nothing now. Philip walked with me to the dressing-room, and there left me to go to the hotel to change his wet garments. My only trouble *now* was that he might have taken cold.

In a few moments the party missed me, and came hurrying in to see where I was.

"Isn't your headache better, Marie?"

"Entirely gone!" said I, gayly.

Colonel Eastman hoped I should be induced to bathe often. It had acted like a charm.

"Colonel Eastman," said I, as we walked back to the hotel, "our diamond engagement-ring is floating out with the relentless tide to the ocean; and I think our *betrothal* may as well float to sea with it. I wish you every possible happiness; but my first attempt at sea-bathing has resulted in the loss of the glittering type of our union, and the severing of every tie which bound us."

"But, my dear Marie," he exclaimed, in astonishment, "I can procure another ring a thousand times handsomer than that!"

"Not for *me*, Colonel Eastman! Find some one next time who *loves* you not alone for your wealth and position, but for *yourself*."

I was quite in doubt whether that were possible, but wished to convince him that was all I had ever cared for him.

"Let us part friends, colonel;" and I extended my hand.

He drew back, as if deeply insulted.

"I despise your friendship, Marie Carrington."

That infernal major has had a hand in this business."

"You are perfectly right *there*, colonel. I thank God that he was sent here to open my eyes to the *horrible* sin I was about to perpetrate! Good-evening, colonel; you have my best wishes."

I met Will Barker in the hall. He whispered to me:

"I know all about it. Come to my room. Draper's bandage is displaced, and Sis has tried, and so have I, but we can't do anything with the confounded thing, and the doctor is nowhere round. He says you understand it."

I flew up-stairs, and there was a second edition of the same performance which occurred the first day I met him, only the wound was not bleeding, and my hero not faint.

We kept him quite still for a few days, and his recovery after that was most marvelous.

We were married, and went to the front, and there I unflinchingly bandaged many poor fellows' limbs, and earned for myself a warm place in the hearts of our soldiers.

My major was never afterward wounded.

Adventures of Miles Philips.

ON Monday, the 2d of October, 1687, Captain John Hawkins, of famous memory, hoisted his pennant on board of the ship *Jesus*, with Robert Barret for sailing-master. With him went five other ships—the *Minion*, Captain Hampton; the *William* and John, Captain Bolton; the *Angel*, the *Swallow*, captains' names forgotten in sixteen years' misery; and last, not least by any means, the *Judith*, Captain Francis Drake.

They were to go the round then so common, to the west coast of Africa, and so across on the northeast trades to America. The object of Captain Hawkins was first and principally negroes.

Accordingly, having rendezvoused at the Canaries, they departed for the coast of Guinea.

Here the negroes were, as usual, at war among one another, and Sir John Hawkins assisted one side, and, after a little sharp practice on the part of one of the negro kings, got as many as five hundred slaves, with which he sailed away.

With very slow sailing, but prosperous for those times, they made St. Domingo, and were sailing and trading about till May, meeting with considerable opposition from the Spaniards, who looked on them as interlopers, and were evidently afraid of them, but with no open violence until they came to Rio de la Hacha, where the governor positively refused to have anything to do with them. As it was absolutely necessary that they should have provisions, they assaulted that governor, and took his town, with a loss of two men; after which a peaceable trade was made up, and they sold two hundred of their negroes (which unhappy wretches must by this time have been festering under hatches for four months). After which, sailing northward, they encountered a gale of wind off Florida, which made them take refuge at Vera Cruz in an evil hour.

Here they were suddenly attacked by a large Spanish fleet. The fight went fiercely on from ten in the morning till dark. As the swift night came down, Drake and Hawkins managed to draw away with their only remaining ships—the *Minion* and the *Judith*—carrying as many of the crews of the other ships as they could, in their dire necessity, cram on board.

They got to sea on the morning of the 25th of September, and were at once caught by a gale of wind from the north, in which the overburdened *Minion* got separated from the *Judith*. Affairs began to look more and more serious, so that many were inclined to give themselves up as pris-

oners to the Spaniards, to avoid perishing of hunger. The ship had nearly three crews in her (two hundred and fifty men), and had been driven to sea suddenly, and without preparation; food failed, and in their agony they ate hides, cats, dogs, mice, rats, parrots, and monkeys.

This went on for ten days, till on the 10th of October, finding themselves near Panuco, at the bottom of the bay, and cut off from all hope, cannibalism staring them in the face, a large number begged Sir John Hawkins to put them ashore, preferring the tender mercies of the Spaniard or Indian to certain starvation.

One-half of the company were landed, not without disaster, for the surf was heavy, and some were drowned, having been inhumanly forced to leap into the sea by Captain Hampton, a mile from shore. And so, bidding farewell to the ship, they turned their weary faces to the desolate bush, and started on one of those miserable shore-walks which are among the most melancholy things in the history of adventure.

They found fresh water, of which some drank to such excess that they were got along with great difficulty. The rain was cruel, and the jungle difficult; and next day they were suddenly set on by the Chichimeca Indians, who, on their first onslaught, without parley or resistance, killed eight of them. Finding, however, that they were quite submissive and unarmed, save for one caliver, they merely stripped those who had colored clothes on, quite naked, and directed the company to Tampico.

The unfortunate men now divided. Part, among whom was Miles Philips, went westward under one Antony Goddard (quoted to be still living at Plymouth fourteen years after); part went northward, under one John Hooper. These divided again; and it is singular that, although only two or three were killed, no less than twenty-three remained to be accounted for. They had probably become quietly naturalized.

Meanwhile, poor Philips and his mates, under command of Goddard, went westward toward Panuco. They were perfectly naked, and the weather was burning; the thorns tore their flesh, and the mosquitoes stung them until they were frantic. They had to beat their way through the thorny jungles with cudgels, and the happiest seemed to be those who were laid at rest suddenly and for ever by the unerring Indian arrow. For twelve days they toiled on thus, until, as one would have conceived, life was scarcely worth having on any terms. Yet life was precious, too, even with certain slavery, and possible ill-treatment. Bare, torn, and bleeding as they were, the sound of a gun, on the twelfth day, was pleasant to them, and the crowing of a cock immediately after "was no small joy unto us." They had arrived at the river Panuco, and surrendered to the Spanish governor.

He put the whole of them into a black-hole, calling them Lutherans and English dogs; fed them with boiled maize like hogs; and when they asked for a surgeon for their wounded, offered them the hangman. On the fourth day they were bound two and two, and marched away toward Mexico, distant about two hundred and seventy miles, guarded by two Spaniards and many Indians.

The friars on their road were very kind to them. On the second evening, coming to Santa Maria, some white friars gave them hot meat, broth, and fruit, and clothed them with white baize. The black friars at Meitilan also were exceedingly kind to them, giving them shirts, and acting like Christians in every way.

At Mexico they were for a time treated kindly, but ere long evil times began again. Although set to no work, they were kept straitly in prison,

and so nearly starved, in spite of one Robert Sweeting, a renegade, whose father had married a Spaniard, and who helped them, that in desperation they determined to break out, and by that means incur death or gain freedom.

They were a hundred strong still, and seemed to have no difficulty at all in getting away; but the night was dark, it rained terribly, and they had no guide, and wandered they knew not whither—but, unluckily, quite in the wrong direction, for at daybreak they found themselves close to Mexico, and were at once recaptured.

They were threatened with death, but it was not inflicted; they were ordered to the garden of the Viceroy, and great must have been their surprise when they met there the gentlemen who had been given as hostages by Sir John Hawkins and Captain Barret, the master of the *Jesus*. Here they worked for four months, with only two sheep among the hundred of them, and two halfpenny loaves for each man. At the end of this time it was announced that any Spanish gentleman who desired to have an Englishman, might do so on the mere condition of having him forthcoming at one month's notice. The Spanish gentlemen flocked into the garden, and carried them off with the greatest rapidity.

They were finally handed over to the Inquisition, and condemned to various numbers of lashes and terms of years in the galleys.

"And then was I, Miles Philips, called, and was adjudged to serve in a monastery five years, wearing a San Benito all the time."

Most of them, after a time, having abjured their religion and being hopeless of escape, gave up everything, and taking wives, in some cases rich ones, settled down comfortably as citizens of Spain. These were but little watched or annoyed, their wives and their wealth being considered as sufficient hostages for their not running away.

Miles Philips, however, could not make up his mind to marry and settle, but still looked forward, however distantly, to escape.

After Drake's dash at Acapulco, Miles was taken to the coast, and made an attempt to get away, but was thrown into prison with bolts on his legs.

The criminals, with whom he lay for three weeks, had some of them known him, and would pinch themselves of their victuals to give some, out of kindness and compassion, to him. One of them was more than friendly, for, having a friend who came often to the grate, he caused him to get Miles wine, and to buy him a knife for two dollars, with a file in the back of it. "And a happy man was I," says he, "when I slipped it into my boot." However, in four days, he was taken out from the prison, and being fitted with a set of new leg-irons, made "with a bar between the shackles," and his hands also being manacled together, was cast into a wagon, one of a train of sixty, for transportation to Mexico.

He found, to his great surprise and delight, that he could slip his handcuffs on and off as he chose. So whenever the men were most busy, and the wagon made most noise, he had his hands free, and was working away with his file at the irons, which by degrees he worked through, and lay free in his wagon, waiting his opportunity.

It came in this way: his wagon, which was the first of all, broke a wheel at the bottom of a very steep hill. Then, while night was falling, and his driver entertaining himself in a public-house, and most of the wagoners gone away, he slipped off into the bush, carrying his fetters in his hand, and found himself free, but for a great collar around his neck. His broken irons he put into a bush and covered with moss, and fled away south through the dark forest.

When morning arose, and he could see where he was, he saw high mountains to the north, with

great fires on them, and very soon came upon some Indians, who were hunting deer. Having told them the tale of his escape, they sympathized profoundly with him, assisted him to file off the ring round his neck, and willingly guided him to Jalapa, at that time an Indian town, and safe. Here he staid three days, on account of sickness.

With some of the gold which was quilted in his doublet he bought a horse for six dollars, and still held south as he was directed. He had not gone six miles, before he overtook a gray friar, to whom he told his tale, and of whom he begged direction. The worthy friar not only gave him that, but his company for three days, during which he took him to Indian houses only. As he went on among these Indians, he collected from among them in three days no less than *twenty dollars*. All this he freely gave to Miles Philips, who, bidding him farewell, turned his horse's head southward toward Guatemala, on the Pacific.

He followed an unfrequented route, leading him chiefly, if not entirely, among Indians, to a point where Central America narrows suddenly to a width of only two hundred miles. There, having provided himself with provisions, he started, and in twelve days reached Porto Caballos, in the Gulf of Mexico, and dismissing his Indian guides, went down to the haven, where there were ships discharging Canary wine.

Going on board one of them, he had some difficulty in getting the captain to take him. But in the end Miles's word was taken, and the bargain was struck for sixty dollars to Spain.

At Havana, he was hired at once as a soldier in the King of Spain's fleet. The fleet was of thirty-seven sail, and of enormous value, but not one fit to fight except the admiral's, being all very deeply laden, and badly appointed. They kept away very far northeast, to avoid the French fleet at the Azores; and, after a very bad passage, made St. Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir.

It was by the merest accident, or, to speak more correctly, by the merciful goodness of God, that he did not end his miserable days in the Inquisition after all. His being an Englishman had been discovered, though he knew it not; and he heard one of the crew tell the master so. Miles watched till the master was asleep, and then, slipping down by the chains into a little boat, hauled himself ashore by the cable, and casting the boat adrift, set off for Seville by land.

He took instant service with a weaver, and plied his old trade in the most diligent fashion, never stirring abroad. Part of the gossip of the shop was about a certain Englishman who had come home in the fleet, and had escaped, and the search there was for him. "Ha!" cried Miles Philips, casting his shuttle the while, one may fancy, with a vicious and emphatic orthodoxy, "the Lutheran dog! I would I might know him; surely I would present him to the Holy House." So for three months he wove, and having now got his wages, he bought an entire suit of new clothes, and went to St. Lucar, where he had heard of an English ship.

He asked the captain for a passage, confiding to him that he was one of Sir John Hawkins's men, but the captain dared not take him. He begged him to go back again. And so poor Philips, having heard his mother-tongue after so long, went weeping over the side, back into captivity; and, in hopes of some change apparently, enlisted in the king's galleys.

It was a happy thing to have done, for it brought deliverance after all. Being at Minorca the very next Christmas, he found an English ship; and warned by previous experience, deceived the captain by telling him that he had been in Spain two years to learn the language. The captain gave him a passage, and after sixteen years' absence, he saw the cliffs of Swanage, and the brown, rolling hills of Hampshire and Dorset, entering Poole Harbor, February, 1582.



ADVENTURES OF MILES PHILIPS.—MILES MEETING WITH THE GRAY FRIAR.



OBBYING FATHER.

LITTLE GIRL.—"Why, what are you doing here?"

LITTLE BOY.—"Father said not to let him catch me smoking, so I come here."

FORCED politeness—Bowling to circumstances.

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have a whole day before him?

An apothecary lately sent in a bill to a widow, which ran thus: "To curing your husband until he died, etc.

An old lady on a train, not far from Lafayette, hearing the brakeman sing out, "Eubank's Out!" sailed to the door, and asked, "Is he hurt much?"

A COUNTRY editor's sole editorial in one week's issue was that, "If anything will make a man feel juicy about the heart, it is to talk velvet to a pair of sky-colored eyes, by moonlight, in a clover field."

"What makes you so gium, Tom?"

"Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings."

"What on earth was it?"

"Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

THE last thing out in newspaper obituary notices we find in the Philadelphia Ledger, where the parents of a three-year-old boy lamented that:

"All within this home is lonely,

Every one is sad to-day;

For our darling little toady

Has forever passed away.

"Darling little toady" is new and good.

The eagle "has a contempt for all other birds." The owl, however, is more contemptuous still; he hoots at everything.

"I HOPE this hand is not counterfeited," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's hand.

"The best way to find out is to ring it," was the reply.

A MARRIED lady of Chicago thus sums up three years' experience of married life:

"The first year my husband called me 'dear,' the second year 'Mrs. A.,' and the third year 'old sorrel top.' The last I couldn't stand, and sued for a divorce."

And she got it.

A FEW days after the marriage of a fashionable young lady, a school companion called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many servants about you for?"

"Oh," replied madam, "we have no more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two housemaids, one housekeeper, and—a child's nurse. I am sure there are none too many."

"Ha! ha!" laughed her friend; "what do you want with a child's nurse?"

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her; but then, when we were married, Charles said we would need one, and you know it is not always best to leave things until the last moment."

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

I AM thinking of a word; unto you it shall be told:

It is what you wish to keep when troubled with a cold.

To this, by way of head, put on another letter; The word is not improved; it is worse instead of better.

So add one to the tail. See there; with ease you view it.

It makes it nicer now—you ask a man to do it; Yes, ask him, if you please; he'll do it if he choose.

But do not be surprised should he rigidly refuse. Another letter add, and bitter your remorse is, To learn, when you can't guess: 'tis something done to horses.

One other letter fix, and certainly you'll find It makes a man of merit of a most amusing kind. Well, now, the meaning change. Your faith it must not falter;

You'll see a man at work with horse tied up in halter.

Add still another letter, and presently 'twill teach That of the last two fellows it will make some more of each.

Initial letter change. The men, you see, have fled.

And in their place you find appendages instead. Once more put on another head, you'll find it if you try,

What a lover does when languishing he bids his girl good-bye.

2.

SQUARE WORDS.

An Indian serpent; fabulous giants; a fox's tail; to prosecute again; what the best cigars produce.

3.

To deceive; to cut in two; a girl's name; to ward off; cool shelters.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials are classed among my initials, and yet my initials are very often played with my initials.

1. With this skill in a high degree, Trapeze-performers you will see.
2. Strange land of Job, in coffee ever first, That Mahomet, the false prophet, nursed.
3. Seek this at home: it never thinks, 'tis true, But it reflects, as you will surely do.
4. All comes to this, each trouble and each care, What we most prize, and what we well can spare.

5. In solving this charade, may you have this; Unless you do, then you are sure to miss.

5.—WOMAN'S AGE.

Shakespeare speaks of seven ages— Woman's life has many stages; To old age none will make pretence, Their ages all of innocence.

1. One good age to live to see, Without it you would frightened be.
2. Another age is round your hat;
3. And one beneath your feet the plat;
4. And one you see upon your plate;
5. And one you drink of ancient date;
6. And one before you in a roll, Not quite so large as music scroll.
7. You knew in another age, When fluting was in early stage, With the new curate—don't deny it— It could not be a crime to try it. You had not then aspired so high, As diamonds, lace and frippery.

8. An age when you tried hard to get A splendid ducal coronet.
9. An age set up for rivalry;
10. A tender age girls long to see;
11. Another age goes by the train Your wedding trousseau doth contain.
12. An age you left with smiles and tears, Your heart oppress with anxious fears, At leaving thus your father's door, Perhaps to see his face no more. For India bound, a blushing bride, That parent's hope, and joy, and pride.
13. When you give over dancing, then Another age employs my pen; Then comes the last sad stage of all
14. When minds are held in captive thrall.

6.—LOGOGRIPH.

This ripens in gardens; its name you've oft heard, I dare not do more than thus hint at the word; And as it is formed of four letters—no more— Let us christen them thus: Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4.

Transposed, these four letters four other words show—

A clue to their meanings you'll gather below— A plant; to cut down; to make less by degrees; And, fourthly, a mimic find out, if you please.

Remove No. 1, and 'tis found on your head; Reverse this, a surname appears in its stead; Transpose, and a verb's present plural appears, Which, when you've reversed, shows a period of years.

Replace No. 1, and remove No. 2, A state of equality comes to your view; Reverse, and equality no longer reigns, For straightway you get a smart blow for your pains.

Replace No. 2, and remove No. 3, A small, oft-used word from the Latin you'll see; Reverse, and by drapers 'tis sold; then transpose, And a prefix we take from the Latin it shows.

Replace No. 3, and remove No. 4, And lo! we are now where we started once more; In gardens it grows; then transpose one more time, And a comical animal closes my rhyme.

7.

SQUARE WORDS.

Indispensable to society; dexterous; an English poet; known to chemists; one ice, transposed; an early English saint.

8.

A gift; a leader; at all times; comes close to; a meeting.

9.

A painter; one of a mob; a fruit; a kind of type; to fix, and a man's name; a physician's instrument.

10.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials, read downward, give one of the most important enterprises of the age; The finals, read downward, name its chief promoter and inaugurator.

1. Like what it lies in, as it goes.
2. Costs nothing, everybody knows.
3. Yourself to these and those.
4. She cries, in tears, amid her woes.
5. A flower that grows.
6. Off it flies, as the wind blows.
7. Elsewhere, I suppose.
8. Accept it not from friends nor foes.
9. This the ice was, when it froze.
10. The throne of England, he arose.

11.

My first is in satin, but not in lace;
My second is in family, but not in race;
My third is in learn, but not in teach;
My fourth is in words, but not in speech;
My fifth is in silver, but not in gold;
My sixth is in ancient, but not in old;
My seventh is in cards, but not in dice;
My eighth is in dainty, but not in nice;
My ninth is in second, but not in third.
My whole is a new commercial word.

12.

My first is found in wood and dell,
And yet, in crowded mart as well.
Sometimes my second gives delight;
Of strikes with terror and affright.
My whole's a flower of lovely hue,
That lifts its head to morning view;
'Tis sung by poets great and small.
I'm sure you'll now the name recall.

13.—HIDDEN CITY.

Give me a bit of liver on a plate for Chloe.
Dear papa, can we renew Arkwright's life to-
night? My hat is almost napless; I want a new
one very much. Imogene vary's in health from
day to day.

14.—LOGOGRIPE.

Whole, I am an animal, feminine; behead me,
I am a verb; restore and curtail, I spoil; trans-
pose, I am an animal, masculine gender.

15.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials, as temperance lecturers show,
Do my sad finals among high and low.

1. On my initials this is often spent.
 2. In this the rich their gold will bear.
 3. A British tribe that servile knees ne'er bent.
 4. Renouncing all life's joys and care.
 5. Seal of affection, type of bliss.
- Merited by all who can discover this.

16.

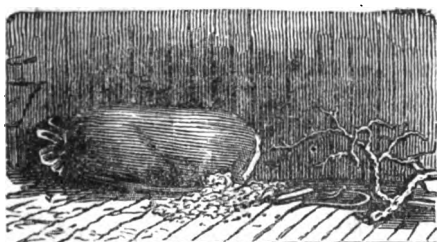
SQUARE WORDS.

Heard, but not seen; a piece of money; an
eminence; barely.

17.

It comes from above; a digit; not often; to
fancy.

18.—PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
FEBRUARY NUMBER.

1. Electric telegraph. 2. Sidewalk. 3. Esther,
ether, there, here, he, he.

4.

A dventure
L e
E ntra
X antipp
A ntio
N D
D o
E so
R emore
P ul
O ntari
P aralyti
E l

5.

H ut
O os
R os
S no
S vi
S ur
B arre
E ch
R oa
L an
I oo
N N

6.

L
O
N
D
O
N

7.

WATCH
AZORE
TOPPER
CREPT
HERTS

8.

GALES
AGATE
LATHER
ETHER
SEERS

9.

BRAND
BOVER
AVICKS
NECKS
DREEST

10. Roach, shad, cod, herring, turbot, barbel. 11.
Read, mead, road, rend, real. 12. Leeds, Dover.
13. Con-cat-e-nation (concatenation). 14. Cream,
bream, dream.

15.

A so
L ate
E me
X eromyru
A b
N undi
D amse
E pho
R oche

16.

ANT
DATES
LATERAL
ANTELOPES
CAROUSE
APPLE
TEA
S

17.

P astora
H ari kar
T ri
H allo
I nco
S imila
I tali
S ore

18.

ELDER
LOIER
DINES
BEXXI
RESIN

19.

TRAMP
ROPER
APPLE
MELTS
PREST

20.

OKONE
HAVEN
OVERT
NERVE
ENTER

21. Bertha, Edith, Caleb, Irene, Ida. 22. Missis-
sippi, Alabama. 23. Tweed, weed, Dec. 24. Busy-
body. 25.—1, Chest; 2, Eyelids; 3, Knee-caps;
4, Drums (of the ears); 5, Feet; 6, Nails; 7, Soles;
8, Muscles; 9, Palms; 10, Temples; 11, Pupils;
12, Calves; 13, Hairs (hares); 14, Veins (vanes);
15, Insteps (inn-steps); 16, Two Lips (tulips);
17, Tongue; 18, Palette (palette); 19, Arms;
20, Ribs; 21, Tendons (ten dona). 22. Kite,
pigeon, crane, goose, swallow, owl, wren, parrot,
gull.

27.

BLIND
LOVER
IVORY
NERVE
DRYER

28.

DAOGA
ALIAS
CIVIC
CAIRO
ASCOT

29.

RESHD
ETHER
SHARE
HERTS
DRESS

30. IAGO, ANNA, GNAT, CATS.

The expression "white-livered," had its origin
in the auspices taken by the Greeks and Romans
before the battle, in which the examination of the
liver and entrails of the victim formed an essential
part. If the liver were the usual shape, and of a
blood-red color, the omen was favorable; if pale
or livid, it was an augury of defeat. The transi-
tion from the victim to the inquirer was easy;
and a dastard leader, likely to sustain disgrace,
was called a "man of a white liver."

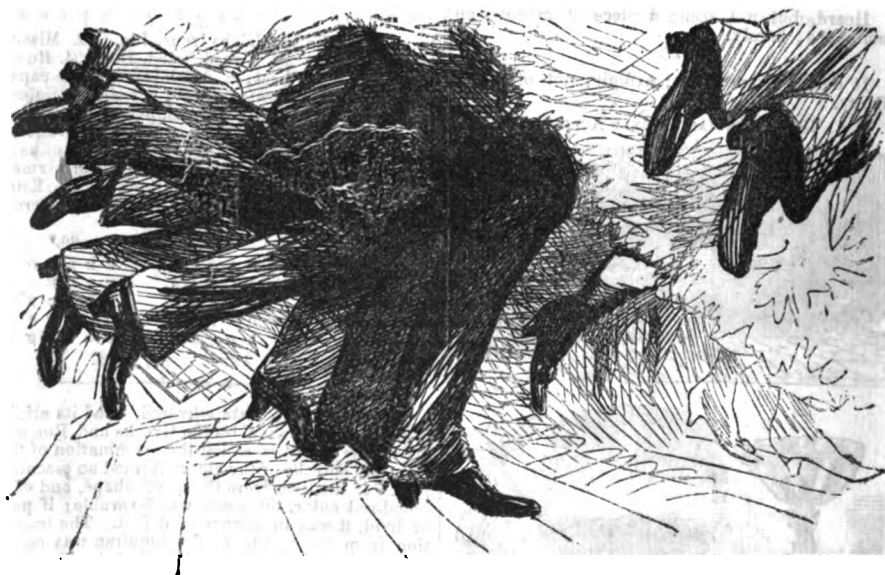


GOING TO THE SUPPER.—THE FAIRER PART OF CREATION CLAIMING THEIR RIGHTS.

HERE is a mother-in-law of at least two-husband power: A man whose home is in Wisconsin has been working at Negaunee, Mich., for some months. A week or so since he was taken dangerously sick. He sent for his wife to come at once and care for him. Now, the wife's mother is sick, too, and she sent this dispatch to her languishing husband: "Dear Tim, mother is sick; I can't leave her. Do the best you can. If you die, send your body home."

"Figures won't lie." Won't they? Does a fashionable woman's figure tell the truth?

SOME absurd stories have been told of judges thinking aloud. The following story is told by one of the Registrars of the Court of Chancery of a great Chancellor: "A barrister, whom he had not previously heard, was retained to argue before him. The counsel was a man of ability, but began in a very confused, floundering manner. Lord Chancellor: 'What a fool the man is!' After a while he got more collected. Lord Chancellor: 'Ah! not such a fool as I thought.' Finally, he quite recovered himself, and proceeded admirably. Lord Chancellor: 'Egad! It is I that was the fool.'"



GOING TO THE SUPPER.—THE STERNER SEX,—



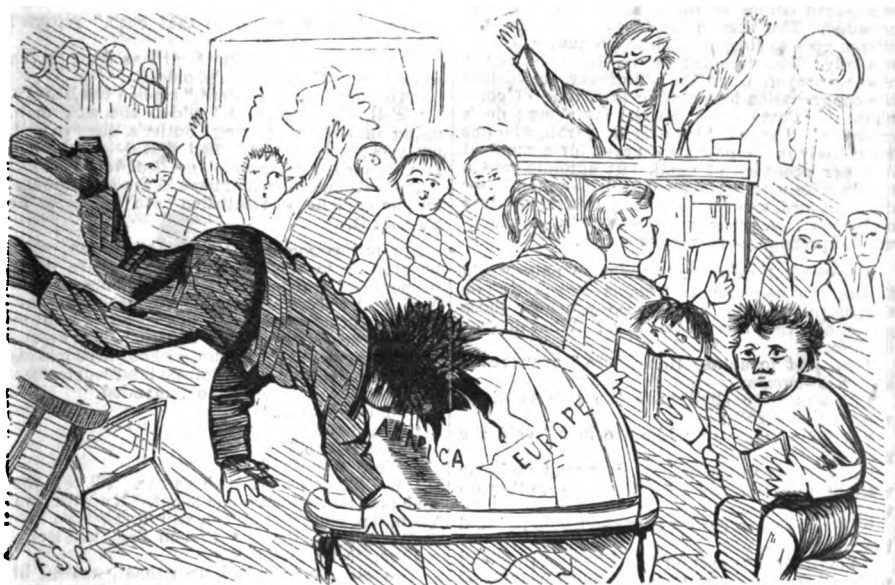
LADY BARBER.—“Turn your head str.”
LOVE-SICK YOUTH.—“Indeed, miss, you have turned it already.”

A NEW style of surgery is in vogue in Vermont. The Montpelier Argus says: “Wednesday of the week before last a daughter of Mr. Allard, of St. Johnsbury, had her tongue split so badly that it had to be sewed up by falling from a fence.

GIRLS in old times didn't behave better than they do now-a-days. Even the Old Testament tells how Ruth followed the Boas around.

JOSE BILLINGS says that opera music don't have any more effect on him than castor oil would on a graven image.

“SHALL I help you to alight?” said a young gentleman, addressing a bouncing country girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage in front of his office. “Thank you, sir,” sweetly replied the girl, “but I do not smoke.”



DANGEROUS.

One way of getting through the world.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHEN does an Irishman most resemble a Scotchman? Why, when he's kilt entirely.

"You ought to be ashamed!" was the reply of a Cape May belle to a literary gentleman who asked her if she had ever read "Young's Night Thoughts."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—"Prisoner, why did you follow the man, and beat and kick him so shamefully?"

"I am sorry, your honor, I was a little drunk, and I thought it was my wife."

AN old market woman accosted two gentlemen in Quincy Market, Boston, one day, with the following negative inquiry: "Gentlemen, you ha'n't none on you seen nothing of no snuff box nowhere round here no time to-day with no snuff in it, ha'n't ye?"

ON the occasion of a tax-collector making his appearance, Hook immediately said:

"Here comes Mr. Wynter, surveyor of taxes; I advise you give him whatever he axes, And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,

For though his name's Wynter, his actions are summary."

A WRITER in a Virginia paper tells a pleasantly characteristic story of John Randolph. Mr. Randolph was engaged to Miss —, a very beautiful young Virginian, who lived near the Randolph place. One day the lover was seen to quit the lady's residence in what might be described as a "state of mind." It turned out that the father of the lady had proposed that Mr. Randolph should settle a sum of money upon the bride, whereupon the spirited lover remarked:

"It is not my purpose to purchase. When I desire to purchase, I shall go to the cheapest market—I shall go to Africa."

HOW is this for a scene in church? The place is a sacred edifice in Bath, Maine. The pew is crowded. The sermon is long. A respectable citizen goes to sleep. In close proximity to him is a lady. The preacher was in the midst of the closing prayer, when the slumberer astonished the congregation by grunting in a tone of complaint: "Come, come, Sarah! lay along; don't crowd so! Lay over! lay over!" Sarah, who was fortunately in the pew also, never for a moment lost her presence of mind, but administered a timely poke with her parasol, which awakened her dormant lord, and prevented any further remarks on his part. A warning to sleepy auditors or long-winded preachers—no matter which.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.—"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field-mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy, they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You'll find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

How to keep your head clear—Shave your hair off.

A FARMER, in Laconia, N. H., speaking of the thinness of the hay crop, said: "The grasshoppers have all got lame trying to jump from one blade of grass to another."

A WESTERN editor was serenaded, and in the next issue of his paper complimented the serenading party on their "judicious taste in the selection of pieces." He was informed by a hatener, after the publication, that they had played the "Bogue's March."

A STORY is told of two travelers who were assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel. Before retiring one of them knelt down to pray, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow-traveler, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed: "What's the matter? What's up?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply, "only I'm not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be."

YOUNG SUTTON was the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was too hot-tempered for a Bishop's boy. One day he went into Saunders & Otley's shop, very angry at not having received some books he had ordered. He "blew," indeed, until one of the partners intimated to him that his language was past endurance. "I don't know who you are," was the answer, "but I don't want to annoy you personally, as you may not be the one in fault; it's your confounded house that I blame. You may be Otley or you may be Saunders. If you are Saunders, d— Otley; if you are Otley, d— Saunders; I mean nothing personal to you."

THE N. Y. *Express* tells a new story about Gen. Butler. While he was in command at New Orleans he rather forced the oath of allegiance on a confederate officer who was very ill. After taking the oath the confederate asked Butler:

"Ain't I as good a Union man as you now, General?"

"Yes, if you live up to that oath," rejoined Ben.

"And I can abuse the South as loud as the worst of you?" inquired the officer.

"To your hear's content," replied the Beauty.

"Well, then, General," added the sick man, rising in bed, and fixing Butler's one eye with his two, "if you and I had that d—d old rebel, Lee, in our hands, *wouldn't we steal his watch!*"

The oath-taker got four days in the guardhouse, but he said he was satisfied with the price he paid for it.

A JOLLY young fellow named Corcoran, when he arrived in this country, some years since, propounded a puzzle to a gruff old clerk in the New York City Hall, which is believed to have shortened that official's days. Corcoran went up to the office for his "first papers." The deputy was a serious old chap, who, without ever looking up, proceeded to put the formal interrogatories:

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"John Corcoran."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

"What nativity?"

"Well, that's what bothers me. I'll tell you, and may be you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother English, and I was born on a Dutch brig, under the French flag, in Flemish waters. Now, how is it?"

The old clerk looked up aghast, showed his spectacles on his brow and slowly made answer:

"Young man, your nativity and that of your Saviour are the only ones which ever puzzled me."

At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, a little child was standing with her mother at Lord Ashburton's window, to see the funeral go by. She made no remark until the Duke's horse was led by, the saddle empty, and the boots reversed in the stirrups, when she looked up into her mother's face and said:

"Mamma, when we die will there be nothing left of us but our boots?"

THE rector of Wootton Bassett was the happy husband of a wife very lady-like and very lovely, but very deaf. There was a dinner party at the rector's; the ladies had risen and gone to the drawing-room. A Mr. Hare, one of the gentlemen, followed them before his companions, and, chancing to enter the room very quietly, a lady behind whom he stood and whom he had entertained at dinner observed to the rector's deaf and lady-like wife (not knowing, of course, who was behind her): "What a very agreeable man Mr. Hare is." The hostess thought it was her room and not her company that she had heard praised, so she answered "Yes, and so warm and comfortable of a Winter's night."

DURING the prevalence of the high wind in the early part of the week, a grocer's clerk in a suburban town, while on his route delivering goods, had occasion to stop for a while in front of a customer's house. During his absence rude Boreas took the cushion to his wagon and sent it spinning "where the woodbine twineth," or thereabouts. On his return a young lady who had witnessed his loss called out to him, "Mr. —, the thing you sit down on has blown away." The young man took in the situation at a glance and immediately proceeded to take measures to recover "the thing he sits down on." We have read of winds strong enough to blow a man's head off, but this gust exceeds anything we have yet heard of.

A JEALOUS representative of the Young Men's Christian Association was a few days ago drumming up recruits for the "noon prayer-meeting." On the street he met Mr. —, now residing outside the city limits. The representative of the Young Men's Christian Association accosted him, and the following conversation ensued:

"Do you reside in the city, Mr. —?"

"No, sir; I live in the country."

"We have a prayer meeting around here, and would be glad to have friends from the country meet with us. Will you come?"

"A prayer-meeting?"

"Yes, sir; come in and get a blessing."

"No, you don't; you can't come any of your confidence games on me, sir!"

At the sale of Auber's effects, which was recently held in Paris, the portraits of Charles de Beriot and his wife, La Malibran—both sketched by Horace Vernet—were eagerly bidden for by two persons. The portraits had been presented to Auber by M. and Mme. Beriot, and when Beriot followed Malibran to the grave their son wrote to the composer, asking if he would allow him to have these two precious souvenirs; but the letter remained unanswered—Auber was unpardonable at times. At the sale, as we have said, two persons, one of whom was the comic singer, Berthelier, were hotly outbidding each other until the portraits were finally knocked down to Berthelier.

"Ah, Monsieur," said his opponent to him after the adjudication, "how deeply I regret not having more money at my disposal; if I had, you would not now possess those two portraits: they are relics that I wished to offer to Beriot's son."

"What?" cried Berthelier; "why, it is for him I bought them; young Beriot is my best friend, and I was quite exasperated every time I heard you add twenty francs to the bidding."

THERE must be some mistake about this item, which we clip from an exchange. It says:

"The young men at the Wheeling watering-places have discarded white vests. The young ladies use so much oil on their hair that a vest is only good for one evening on the piazza."

A WAITER in a village tavern looked in blank amazement when a party of New Yorkers asked for a wine card, and protested he knew not what they meant.

"Well," said one of the party, impatiently, "have you any dry Sillery?"

"I think not," replied the waiter, promptly, "but we have some cold cabbage."

AFTER the battle of Preston Pans, a witty Scotch farmer amused himself by writing a ballad upon it, which so stung one of the English officers, who had behaved very basely on the occasion, that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H— for mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his hay fork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good-natured farmer, turning towards him with the agricultural implement, coolly said: "Gang awa' back to Mester Smith, and tell him I ha'e nae time to come to H— to gie him satisfaction, and that if he likes to come here, I'll tak' a look at him, and if I think I canna fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if I think I canna fecht him, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

A GOOD RETORT.—A few days ago a gentleman in this city sent a letter to a friend in Vermont, bearing the following superscription:

To ———, a jolly boy

In Montpelier, Vermont, doth dwell;

The village pride, his country's joy;

Too bad for Heaven, too good for H—ll.

These lines, Oh, Post, I pray thee take

With all the haste that thou canst make.

He thought it a good joke on his friend, and chuckled over it as a "smart thing," until the answer came, as follows:

Post, please give these lines to ———,

You will know him by his brass;

His like on earth has not been seen,

Since perished Balaam's ass;

He is known by those most intimate

To be a poet vain;

And lives at No. ——— Street,

In the City of Portland, Maine.

He is now anxious to "sell out," and his wife adds to his misery by telling him that "the point of the joke is, that it is all true."

PITTS is a sharp business man; and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and then says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself, "I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and, calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts," she replied, "that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and formerly she was a lady of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."



THE IMPENDING SHOCK.

THOUGHTFUL AND AFFECTIONATE GRANDSON.—"I'll cure that fly of settling on Grandpa's head. I bet the old chap will give me a pair of skates for this!" (The old chap does not appreciate the service.)

Cousin Guy and Mary are looking very innocent and sitting very far apart when Emily comes into the room. But how comes Guy to have an ear-ring hanging on his whisker?

A few days since, a "wee bit of a boy" astonished his mother. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus, "Mussar, I wish pa'd get anussar housekeeper; I've got tired seein' you round!"

Two smart rogues played a nice game recently at the expense of a fur dealer whose place of business is in Brattle Street. The fellows were in the store at the same time, and while one was negotiating with the man in attendance for the purchase of a hat, the other seized a Russian sable cape, worth about \$75, and let with it. "Has that fellow stolen anything from you?" said the hat buyer, coming to the front of the store with the hat he had been examining, on his head. "Yes," said the salesman, "he has stolen a sable cape." "I think I can catch him," said thief No. 2, and suiting the action to the word he was gone in a twinkling and never came back.

A woman out in Toledo recently went around collecting money for the benefit of soldiers' orphans. She got ten dollars, and immediately spent it for a bonnet. When the alderman interviewed her she explained to him that orphans cared very little for bonnets, and they could get along comfortably enough without it, but women must have bonnets or perish. The magistrate said he never looked at it in that light, and he put her in jail, so that he could have time to think it over.

A pretty good story is told of a citizen of Elizabeth, N. J., who went to the cars on Thanksgiving Day to see his daughter off. Having secured a seat for her, he left the car and went round to her window to say a parting word. While he was passing out, the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim-looking lady who occupied the seat with her moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change inside, our venerable friend hastily put his face up to the window, and hurriedly exclaimed: "One more kiss, sweet pet." In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella caught his seductive lips, accompanied by the passionate injunction: "Scat, you gray-headed wretch!" He scatted.



PAUL'S CHOICE.—"JANE FELT THE LIMB BEND DOWN, AS PAUL, BY ITS AID, DREW HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER."

Paul's Choice.

CHAPTER I.

A CHARMING little room was as bright as lamp-light could make it, and, with her feet thrust into velvet slippers, and stretched comfortably near a bed of glowing coals, sat Celeste Clyde. Before her was a sheet of perfumed satin note-paper, and she held a pen in her hand, which she occasionally nibbled at the end, as if for inspiration—it was a trick she had learned at boarding-school; then again she would draw marginal heads and faces, with the most irresistible waxed mustaches imaginable.

Little pyramids of snow were being constantly piled on the window-sill outside, just a few inches from the heavy purple curtains, and then whisked suddenly away by the wind; while the ghostly sycamore-boughs rapped drearily against the window-panes, as if seeking admittance into the cozy little nest.

Celeste's mind was, however, on other things instant, and not for the wind and snow cared she.

After tapping impatiently with her crimson-slipped foot, and stirring the fire more than once, she glanced over a little rose-colored note, and then wrote:

"DEAREST HERBERT: Why did you not have patience with Zitello? Mamma has not been able to endure the sound of your name since you crippled him and called him a 'monstrosity.' She vows you shall not be admitted here, and that I am not to speak to you again.

"My odious cousin Paul, whom the 'powers that be' decreed for my lord and master ever since I was ten years old, has at last returned from his travels, and wrote mamma word that he would soon be here to claim his fiancée—*me*, you know. That was the first of mamma's match-making whims, since when she has mated me fully a dozen times.

"You were such a favorite, dear Herbert, before you kicked the dog. Don't venture here till I send you word, but ever trust your
CELESTE."

"Now, how am I to send it?" she said, aloud. "I might inclose it in a letter to Kate, only I don't trust girls any further than I can see them, and though she is my dearest friend, if I am not mistaken she is slightly fond of my Herbert herself, and might accidentally on purpose forget to deliver it. Ah! I know what I shall do!" she continued; and folding the note, addressed it to "Captain Herbert Lorimer, at Colchester Lodge." She laughed aloud, as she said:

"Mamma would have let Zitello make a dinner off my Herbert's legs, and cannot forgive him for kicking the brute. But I'll out scheme her yet. 'Cousin Paul, indeed!' she added, as she wrapped a shawl around her shoulders. 'Ugh! I detest him, and shall make myself so disagreeable to him, that he will give up the idea of 'fair brides' and 'fiancées,' as far as I am concerned.'" She crossed the dark passage, and rapped softly at a door.

"Come in," said a clear voice, as she entered.

"Jane Glenn," said Celeste, mysteriously, "I have a favor to ask of you."

A delicate, black-eyed girl looked up in surprise, as she said:

"A favor! What can it be?"

"It is to be a secret! I want you to take this letter yourself to Colchester Lodge to-morrow, and give it to Captain Lorimer, who is staying there. You know mamma is angry with him just now."

Jane's face flushed scarlet as she hesitated a moment, then she answered, bravely:

"Celeste, I cannot do it. Aunt Agnes has given me a home, and I cannot do what I know would displease her. If there is anything else I can—"

"Oh, don't apologize, I beg," cried Celeste. "If I had requested you to go to the North Pole, you would have done it at once, no doubt, but to take a note to a neighbor's is asking too much, I perceive. Good-night!" she said, shortly, as she slammed the door after her.

"That is all the gratitude one may expect from 'poor relations,'" she muttered, scornfully; "as if she had a right to have any opinion about things! But Herbert shall have his note in spite of her. I'll contrive it some way."

Bitter tears fell on the little collar Jane Glenn was stitching, and she covered her face, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, how hard it is," she murmured, "to do right, even when you are happy; but how much harder when miserable and lonely!"

CHAPTER II.

If Celeste Clyde could have looked ugly, it would have been as she sat one morning at the piano, strumming idiotic little waltzes, and rattling off marches in jig-time.

She wore her lovely blonde hair drawn up on the top of her head, as tight as if she expected to be swallowed and was prepared for it; it was also covered with an odious black net.

In spite of her orange-colored dress and green ribbons, however, she was not a disagreeable picture. With such teeth, eyes and complexion as she possessed, she could not make a fright of herself.

Her brother Robert, a schoolboyish youth, was begging her to get up a skating-party.

"Hush, Robert," said Celeste; "I am practicing. How can I sing while you worry so?"

Then she began in a shaky, quavering voice:

"No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness."

She broke down with a laugh.

"What is the matter, sister?" said Robert. "I never heard you sing so badly!"

"Go away, child," said his sister; "you know nothing about it." And she finished her song in the same unnatural style.

Jane Glenn, with her hands full of embroidery, sat off in a corner. Her face was pale, and her black eyes had a stony look about them, as she listened to the song.

"What mockery in her to sing that," she said to herself, "when everything is at her feet! She means it for me! She means it for me!"

The white fingers trembled, but she sewed for life on the collar her aunt had given her to make for Celeste.

Paul Clyde came whistling into the room.

"I can't hear myself whistle for your din, Celeste," he called out; "you are punishing us dreadfully. Miss Jane, you look tortured, and it is nothing but my cousin's musical infatuation."

"Not mine, Paul," cried Celeste, rearing a strong inclination to laugh, "but mamma's. She made me promise to practice over this overture from 'Fra Diavolo' three times, and you know I must obey."

"That was because she is up-stairs, and will not be compelled to hear you."

Rattle-de-bang-trill—I—ll! drowned his voice, and with his hands over his ears he turned to leave the room. His eyes fell on Jane Glenn.

She looked so small, so miserable and lonesome, but still stitching away.

"You shall put this down, and take a walk with me through the snow," he said, and began cramming work and cotton into a minute basket at her side.

"Oh, please! I don't want to go!" and the nervous white fingers were extended for the work.

"But you shall," and with his cane he hung the basket far out of her reach, on the knob of a portrait.

"Why do you wish me to go, Mr. Clyde?" she said, mournfully. "I add to no one's pleasure!"

"*Le roi le veut*, Miss Jane." And Paul leaned over and gazed mischievously in her downcast face, till the blood came flushing up over cheek and brow. "There, that makes you look grand! And now go put on your things."

Angrily, almost fiercely, she tied on her black hood, and wrapped a long scarf around her slender figure.

"How utterly absurd!" she muttered to herself. "Why do I care for him, when Aunt Agnes told me the very day he came that he had been engaged to Celeste for years?"

"What! pale again, little Snowdrop?" said Paul, as he drew her hand through his arm. "I shall keep you out till the roses bloom again in your cheeks."

With a smile of triumph Celeste rose from the piano, and looked out at the two passing down the long avenue.

"I declare," she said, "I do believe he likes her! Well, she is a good little creature, after all, and may have Paul as a reward of merit! Herbert little knows," she continued, "how I have sacrificed the becoming for his sake."

She walked to a mirror, and burst out laughing as she looked at herself.

"Good gracious! what a fright I am! Herbert should not see me looking so for the world. I believe my cousin Paul scarcely gives me credit for three grains of sense! It is certainly a great deal to do for a man, to wear the most unbecoming clothes one has, and allow one's own private property to be walked off with without a murmur. Herbert will never know how much he is indebted to me. But it was my own choice, so I will let Jane be happy Mrs. Clyde, and go up and see after mamma."

"Oh, my dear child," cried a sharp voice, as she opened the door, "shut it! quick—quick! They will fly out!"

"What will fly out, mamma?"

"Oh, the Java sparrows—the darling little Javies!"

In the middle of the floor was a wreck of wire and pasteboard, which had once been a Chinese birdcage, while Zitello, the author of the mischief, had retreated under a stuffed miniature elephant which served as a footstool. And Mrs. Clyde and

the housekeeper were in full chase after the escaped sparrows.

Secretly pleased at finding the misguided dog at the bottom of it all, Celeste took it upon herself to administer sundry raps upon his little damp nose, mingled with many reproaches.

"Oh, my lovely cage!" groaned Mrs. Clyde; "I will have to send it to town to be repaired. Ah, you beast!" to the dog.

The beast frisked playfully up to be caressed.

The housekeeper was dispatched to hunt up another cage, in which to deposit the birds when caught; and mother and daughter were alone.

Mrs. Clyde had two hobbies—one was match-making for Celeste, and the other a mania for collecting curiosities. Celeste was very patient with "the rubbish," as she called the latter, but rebelled in spirit against the first.

"You never know what you will come across in Aunt Agnes's curiosity shop," Paul said once, after a visit to her room by special permission. "It keeps one continually guessing riddles."

On her toilet was a Chinaman's head; you touched the queue—it opened and revealed an ink-bottle. By its side a little rack held a cane and umbrella, which were respectively a pen-wiper and pen. A jolly farmer in bronze on the mantel told the hour; a little coffee-mill on the table held a yard measure; a pearl beehive, cough lozenges; and a crocodile contained a pair of scissors. Uncouth teapots, and saucers of the Tang dynasty, figured upon her sideboard, with a marvelously ugly tureen of Palissy-ware, which was her chief pride and glory.

Seated in a wavering, quavering spring chair, she addressed Celeste:

"Now, child, tell me all about your affairs. How are you getting on with Paul? Were you tenderly deferential in your manner to him, and did you leave off that bold stare, as I bade you? And, oh, Celeste! did you sing as I desired you for him—gently raising your eyes at the sentimental places? Tell me, child, did you? Paul adores music—at least, his father did."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I sang for him!"

"My dear Celeste, I am so glad to see you have gotten over that fancy of yours for the unfeeling wretch Lorimer. Now, Paul is an admirable catch. He will have at least fifty thousand in addition to his present property, and he is quite a charming young man, I hear."

"Quite so," smiled Celeste.

"As I thought Jane might take a fancy to him, I told her that you two had been engaged a long time."

"Oh, mamma! engaged?"

"Why, to be sure you are, after a fashion. It was settled before you were born that the estates must be united, and so—but, dear me, Celeste! why will you wear that yellow dress?"

"Why, mamma, Paul likes an orange; I heard him say so, and I am sure he ate two at dinner."

"Exceedingly unbecoming, Celeste; and do put on some curls—you are absolutely a scarecrow! Change your dress at once, and send Jane to me; she can manage the birds, I know."

"Yes, mamma."

And Celeste retired, not to call Jane, for she had not yet returned, but to confuse poor Mrs. Jones with questions, and nearly distract her about the birds and the cages.

"Here's a note for Miss Clyde," said a small boy at the door; and Celeste read first a perfumed pink note, which was inclosed in another.

"Come, darling, I implore you," it ran. "I am pining to see you, and am devoured by the green-eyed monster. Your fondly devoted

"HERBERT."

The other was from Kate Colchester, inviting

the party from Mrs. Clyde's to join them on the lake, to skate by moonlight and that of torches.

After ringing up the hurried Mrs. Jones with an Egyptian pyramid cage, Mrs. Clyde was forced to leave her beloved grotto, as she liked to call it; for that powerful dame had put her foot down.

"Very well, mum," Mrs. Jones had said, "I'll be careful of the *curiosities*, but untwilt you leaves this room I don't stir to write no birds into no piramounds nor nothink else."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Jane Glenn, with dancing, happy eyes and glowing cheeks, went up to her little room, after her walk, Paul Clyde lit a cigar and smoked furiously.

"Why, what a fellow I am!" he mused. "I certainly came here intending to woo and win my cousin Celeste, for Aunt Agnes had about half given her to me already; and what business have I with the little black-eyed witch who is stealing the very heart out of me?"

"Celeste is mild and amiable enough—exactly like what I have always said my wife should be; but when I look in her wide-open blue eyes, I don't tingle all over as I do when I happen to touch—by accident, of course—the black-eyed's white hand; and when the little creature flushes up and looks so scared—why, I just do it again."

"Celeste is certainly a fine woman, though I can't call her clever; and then there is too much of her. She does not suit my style exactly."

"If my little Snowdrop, Jany, were only dressed in real 'good clothes,' what a beauty she would be! Such a sweet voice the child has, too, to be sure!"

When at sunset the girls came down to take their seats in the sleigh which was to carry them to the lake, Paul thought again of the difference made by "good clothes." Celeste was dressed in a superb skating-costume.

She wore a jaunty blue jacket trimmed with white fur, and a short crimson skirt, which just showed the scallops of her elegant skating-boots.

Her hair hung in golden clusters, and a white ostrich-feather drooped over her shoulder.

Her appearance had a sensible effect on Paul, for men, even the best of them, are sadly susceptible to fine features, and as Celeste had heretofore invariably "done herself up" in yellow, he had no idea how well she could look.

A woman well-dressed, and conscious of it has an immense advantage over one less fortunate, who, at least, aims to make "old things look as well as new," and no wonder poor Jane, in her simple black suit, felt crushed and annihilated. Smothering a jealous sigh, she leaned back in a corner and noted Paul's deep admiration of his cousin, while her black eyes gleamed, and her heart throbbled wildly under the black scarf.

"Celeste," cried Paul, as he carefully tucked the buffalo-ropes around her, "you are more dazzling than the snow."

Celeste's bright eyes danced, but instead of the gay rejoinder that quivered on her tongue, she, with Spartan fortitude, simpered sweetly, and remarking that "the earache was a dreadful thing," covered up her fair face with a thick veil.

"You see, Jane," she said, "I am determined to guard against it."

"What a heroine I am," she thought, "to sacrifice myself in this manner for Herbert's peace of mind! I almost repent! A couple of my 'fascinating smiles,' mamma calls them, would extinguish poor Jane at once, I am certain."

Robert was excessively amused at the idea Celeste had taken up as to earache—as she had not suffered with it since she was a baby—and made

jokes about it, while, under cover of her green veil, Celeste laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

When they reached the lake, the Colchester party were not in sight, and there Jane had the decided advantage over Celeste.

She flew over the ice like a bird, almost without an effort, erect and glowing with the keen enjoyment, her skates ringing clear over the humming ice as she circled and seemed to float along with the true "poetry of motion."

When she swept back to the landing where the fair Celeste was being accounted, there were roses on her cheeks, and happy smiles around her lips, which made Paul forget for a moment, as he looked at her, that Celeste was waiting for him to finish buckling on her skates.

When the fair Celeste was finally hoisted by Paul and Robert upon her feet, she felt and looked exceedingly uncomfortable indeed. She was no "akatiast," certainly, and, besides, her heart was not in the sport, and she kept looking out for the Colchesters, and wondering why they were so late.

At last she begged Paul to leave her to rest with Robert, as together they skated her along so fast that it made her head swim.

Following his inclination, which led him to Jane's side, Paul was soon whizzing along, almost out of sight, in pursuit of the black-eyed.

"I say, sister," said the good-natured Robert, "couldn't you 'toddle up' a bit—just a little faster, you know, to keep a fellow awake?"

"I'll tell you what, Bob," said his sister; "you just pull me back to the sleigh, and take these things off my feet, and I'll make myself comfortable among the buffalo-ropes, and then you may 'toddle' around as much as you please."

A peal of merry bells came ringing along the road, and the Colchesters were in a few moments giving Celeste an animated account of how "their sleigh had turned over and they were all nearly killed, but how nobody was hurt in the least."

The dozen new-comers made the affair rather more jolly, Robert thought; and when Captain Lorimer took Celeste off his hands, he made quite a "lion" of himself among the girls with his "spread eagles," and out the alphabet in every direction, from "A to Amperse-and."

Two great lightwood fires were blazing in a few moments on the banks, and the silvery laugh of the girls, chiming in with the musical ring of the skates, made quite a scene of it. A little off from the rest, Captain Lorimer and Celeste were having a little "serious conversation."

"Oh, no, Herbert!" Celeste was saying, "that will not do at all! Eloping is a very fine thing in novels, no doubt, but that sort of thing has about 'played out.' Ugh! just think of it! All of your best clothes rammed and crammed in one trunk, and no wedding-veil, and nobody to look at you worth speaking of! I couldn't think of such a thing! at least, until we had tried every means of reconciling mamma."

"Darling!" murmured the captain, "you are so very sensible! Idolized as you are now, what must—The Dickens! we'll both get crippled if we don't take off these infernal things!"

He added the last with a kind of gasp, as his skates encountered a twig and struck out sideways of their own accord in different directions.

Very thankful for the strength of his tailor's stitching, the valiant "militaire" said very little more to any subject until he had hung his and Celeste's skates in safety on a limb, and as it was rather cool standing on the ice, like sensible people they took themselves off to the buffalo-ropes as soon as they could do so unperceived.

At the other end of the lake were Jane and

Paul, hand in hand, skimming over the ice, which gleamed like silver in the moonlight.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Clyde!" cried Jane; "a strap is loose!"

He could fix it, he said, and knelt down. He took the little foot in his hand—such a pretty little foot it was, with high-arched instep, and the kid boot buttoned so neatly over it! Paul seemed to forget the strap.

"I can buckle it myself," said Jane, as she drew off her gloves.

"All right!" cried Paul.

"Give me your hand again!"

"Ah, no! don't put on the gloves;" and he caught the little white fluttering hands and kissed them passionately. "Come to me, darling. How I love you!" and he opened his arms to fold her in them.

But Jane, with a sickening thought of his engagement to Celeste, broke away and sped on, on, she cared not whither—for even if Paul did love her, he was not free! Ah, it was bitter to be so near happiness. On, on she sped! Suddenly she heard a crash behind her—a groan!

Turning, she saw in the shadow near the bank a man's arms thrown up. She could see no more! She knew it was Paul who had broken through the thin ice over which her light form had passed in safety.

With senses reeling and heart on fire, she was on the spot in a moment.

A beech tree had thrust over the lake a long arm; under it was a dark spot, whence came gurgling, strangling sounds.

With every nerve strained, she jumped to reach the limb above her. Her treacherous skates slipped, leaving her a quivering, aching mass. Again she flew at the limb with the spring of a wildcat. This time she caught firm hold, and twisting herself over the hole, cried out:

"Oh, Paul, my darling! catch my hand!—my dress!—the limb!—oh, come!"

She could not see yet, but she felt the limb bend down, as Paul, by its aid, drew himself out of the water.

Shaking off the water, which had only been waist-deep, like a Newfoundland dog, Paul drew the trembling girl to his breast.

"Rest here," he said, "little one; this is your home!"

And would you believe it, reader—Jane forgot all about Celeste and the proprieties, and everything except that she was perfectly happy at last.

Yes, she leaned her head on his breast and promised to marry him; and when the moon was nearly down, they skated hand in hand back to the landing; there they found Robert, with quite a gay party, enjoying themselves extensively.

When at last the great bonfires went out, and the moon dropped down behind the dark fir wood, they started for home. Celeste and Captain Lorimer, however, they found already seated in one of the sleighs, and looking very happy indeed.

A few days after the skating party, a handsome box came for Mrs. Clyde, containing a set of real, genuine, cracked china, thin as an eggshell, and old as the petrified Giant of Cardiff, together with three bona-fide Indian idols.

There was no clue whatever to the donor of this princely gift, for a week, which almost threw Mrs. Clyde into a fever of curiosity, but at the end of that period Celeste accidentally discovered a small card, bearing: "Compliments of Captain H. Lorimer."

It is almost needless to say that the captain's grievous offense was forgiven; and as it was no secret that Paul and Jane were engaged, Mrs. Clyde made a virtue of necessity, and occupied herself for nearly a month planning the wedding

festivities that were to celebrate the double marriage between Celeste and the captain, and Jane Glenn and Paul Clyde.

The wedding came off in church, and Mrs. Jones's "dictum" was "that two handsomer brides, nor handsomer-dressed, couldn't have been got up nowhere."

Won in a Day.

"Now, girls," cried Colonel Roscoe, entering a cabin at The Rock' Alum; "just clear up a place for me to sit down five minutes, and I will make you a proposition."

"Good gracious, papa!" shrieked Bertha, "you will crush my panier. There is an over-skirt already acting temporary footmat," said the young lady, proceeding to extricate the said garment from the feet of her papa.

"Better call it stumbling-block!" grumbled the parent. "But here! I'll just sit on a corner of that bed," and he strode over open trunks, piles of boxes and heaps of finery to the place in question. "Now, if you both will give *parole d'honneur* not to take any baggage except—let me see—that large satchel there, I will express the baggage to Richmond, and carry you two home the long way—through the mountains, by the Natural Bridge, Peaks of Otter, and, in short, give you a week longer in the country."

"Oh, you darling!" cries Alice, ecstatically kissing him; "I will pack my things in a nutshell if you wish it."

"What!" cries Bertha; "not carry any clothes? How on earth could we manage?"

"Oh, papa, don't listen to her!" pleads Alice. "Or, if she won't part from her trunks, express her along with them."

"Well, I've made my offer, girls; now you can decide between you. But remember—no luggage. And now let me get out of this mixture of rain-bows and ribbons."

"Oh, Bertha, please," begs Alice, "just say you'll go—that's a dear, darling sister!"

"Why, what pleasure in the world would it be to go anywhere with nothing fit to wear—a real wild-geese chase! Why, we couldn't get three dresses apiece into that satchel!"

"Oh, Bertha, dear, *Pu* be a victim—*Pu* make a martyr of myself if you'll just begin to get ready, and say you'll go. I won't carry a solitary thing except my gown and tooth-brush. You may have all the room in the satchel."

Bertha smiled serenely.

"Very well. That last inducement is so very irresistible, I will try to make out; but I don't know what Captain Oswald will think of it."

"Oh, gracious! Captain Oswald! How glad I am not to be engaged! You don't quite belong to Captain Oswald yet!"

"Remember, Alice, if you are impudent, I can back out of this country scrape yet."

"Oh, my dear sister, that you do belong to him, I take back," laughed Alice, seizing the satchel, and emptying it of its contents, preparatory for the "smashing jam," as that young person rather loosely remarked.

"I say, Bertha," she resumed, after awhile, "can't you let this pink foulard go in? I've folded it up till it's next to nothing, and here's oceans of room."

"I thought so," was Bertha's comment. "Do you call the pink foulard a gown or a tooth-brush? Stop! you are putting in exactly the things I will not want, Alice!"

"Oh, well, Miss Wisdom, suppose we change places?" said Alice, gayly. "I know I can fold for the big trunks, and get through with 'big box, little box, bandbox and bundle,' in a twinkling."

Well, with their one satchel, they rode over the Natural Bridge, and then they walked over it, and then they went down and looked up at it, and Alice cut her initials, and they "did" the Peaks of Otter to perfection. They traveled the sixteen miles between the two places in an open buggy, with a hired "small boy" to drive when the colonel was tired, and take charge of the buggy horses.

Resting at the Peaks Hotel all night, with some assistance from the horses, they climbed South Peak, scaled The Egg on the very crown—at least Alice and the colonel did—and they considered themselves richly repaid for their trouble by the magnificent view spread before them. After the colonel had given a great shout, and Alice waved her handkerchief, and otherwise amused themselves thereon, why, they just came down again, joined Bertha where she had stopped to rest, and all went back to the hotel—not without pockets filled with curious rocks, pebbles, leaves and herbs, which Alice called her "mementoes."

Now behold them *en route* for — Court House on the macadamized road winding through magnificent mountain scenery, and the cars, just in sight, whizzing away as fast as steam can carry them.

"Whew! Hurrah for our side! How glad I am we are *us*, instead of those people in there!" cries the volatile Alice. "Only it makes me shiver to think of it's being our last day."

"Papa, do speak to Alice about using so much slang," says Bertha, looking annoyed.

"Young folks will be young, Bertha," says the colonel, much amused. "The child will get proper enough when she is back at Madame Fenelle's, singing in Italian and eating in French."

"Papa, you are a darling, and I am just supremely happy," says Alice, giving the colonel a little hug.

"Alice! Alice!" whispers Bertha, somewhat troubled, "do consider appearances. There is a gentleman riding up now, and the driver—"

"Oh, Miss Propriety, we are out on a lark, and we'll be free and easy still!" sang the perverse Alice. "And as for the little solemn old driver, I know he's discreet," was her laughing rejoinder.

Here they are, right at the Court House (court day too), with its long rows of whitewashed houses and running roses, and great pink oleanders in tubs and boxes; horses are tied to every post and available railing, carts of water-melons and peaches, and wagons, fill the narrow streets, and the place is as "thick as three in a bed," as Alice whispered to Bertha, who frowned horribly.

"Never mind, miss; if I had known how you were going to behave, we would be in Richmond now."

"Oh, sissy, dear how glad I am you didn't know; but here is the end of our pleasant buggy rides, Three Golden Pippins—that is, one apiece for you, papa and me." Cool, clean and airy was their room in the rambling old hotel.

"Not much furniture to intercept the wind," remarked Alice, glancing from the bed, which looked as if it were trying to "keep itself to itself," and thence to the dimity-covered table on stilts and two Windsor chairs.

The satchel was the only crowded-looking thing to be seen; that was swollen and stuffed out of all proportion with Alice's mementoes, in addition to the week's wardrobe of two young ladies.

"Well," said Bertha, preparing for a nap, "tomorrow will see us fairly out of all this. Think what I have endured for your sake, Alice, and be grateful."

"I will, sis," said Alice; "but do it gracefully, as you do everything else."

Bertha smiled at the next little compliment.

"Now, sissy, I am going out on an exploring

expedition while you take your nap. I will be back about dinner-time."

"Half-past eight," said Bertha, as she settled herself back on the pillows, and opened "Lothair."

"What good time we made, to get here before the heat of the day."

"Well, I'm a kind of salamander, I believe," said Alice. "I don't mind the heat in these delicious mountains. *Au revoir, ma belle!*" and she tripped gayly down-stairs.

Very charming she looked, too, with her fresh rosy cheeks, and wavy golden hair, turned back with a ribbon, *flottant* over her shoulders, as she stood there in the dingy old porch talking to the landlady's daughter. She wore a jaunty buff linen traveling-suit, with black trimmings, a black Tyrolean hat, and the little kid boots—don't mention them!

Hugh Massie, *en route* for his law office, with a bundle of red-taped papers, stopped to admire.

"That's the kind to knock a fellow into the middle of next week!" he ejaculated, and hurried on, then turned to look again.

The result of her "scrapped acquaintance" and conference, was to find that the town was on the eve of a big fair for the benefit of the new church.

"This very night, mum, and the ladies and gent'men are fixing it up powerful, and they certainly have got heaps o' good things, mum, to eat, and everything's going to turn out to it, mum, and—and—"

Here the eloquent speaker paused for lack of words to describe the grandeur of the "coming event," and Alice put in a word.

"Tell me where the church is, and I'll go by and take a peep at all the fine things," she said.

"Oh, mum, you can't miss it," said the girl, pointing a very thick red forefinger in a curvilinear direction, and looking at the same time up the long lane of horses and vehicles.

"I see," said Alice. "Thank you," and off she started.

She passed up the cool, shady street, looking like a strange foreign bird among sparrows; with her bright hair glancing and gleaming among the sober-hued, dingy-looking people who infest villages on court-day.

As she drew nearer the church, and out of the noise and bustle of marketing, she stopped to admire a pretty girl through an open window bending over a sewing-machine.

It was a pretty little ornamented cottage, with roses climbing over the porch, roses and lilies in great beds, and showing beautifully through the window large hanging-baskets of crimson starred cypress, ivy, and geraniums.

With the flowers in front, and all this greenery at the back, sat the girl, too busy to look up.

A little colored girl opened the gate, and called out:

"Miss Nannie, Mrs. Davis says will you have dem things ready, and what does you charge?"

"Tell her they are nearly ready, Kitty, and that I ask five dollars. Can you remember now?" said Miss Nannie.

"Oh, yes, um," said the small darkey, and immediately began muttering, "Ax five dollars—five dollars—ax five dollars."

She passed by Alice, still repeating the words for fear of forgetting the message.

"You there—that she called Kitty!" cried Alice.

She stopped as if hit by a cannon-ball, still repeating, "Ax five dollars—ax—"

"Does that lady take in work?"

"Yes, um," replied she of the rolling eyes.

"Five dollars—ax—"

"Does she make dresses?"

"Yes, um—ax five—"

"You are sure?"

"Yes, um—ax five dollars."

"Ah!" said Alice to herself, "I know exactly what I'll do. I can get three yards of Swiss, and she will make me an overskirt, ruffled, and I will make papa take me to this fair. The pink will look beautiful with the muslin. What a head I have, to be sure, for managing and contriving!"

Passing through the little green gate, she knocked lightly at the door.

Such a stylish, elegant-looking girl opened it, that she drew back in some alarm.

"Ah—I was told—I believe you are a dress-maker?" she said, hesitatingly.

"A dressmaker?" repeated the lady; then, with a smile: "Oh, yes, I make dresses. Come in."

Alice drew a long breath, much relieved.

"I saw you working over your machine, and a little girl told me—"

"Ah, Kitty told you, did she?" said the lady, laughing merrily.

"And I thought I would see if you could make me a muslin overskirt to go to the fair."

They were seated by this time, and the young lady began sewing buttons on a gentleman's dressing-gown, with an amused smile.

"Certainly. I will make it for you with pleasure," she said; and Alice was so pleased with her sweet face and manners, that she soon became extremely sociable and confidential.

She introduced herself, and explained how they came to travel with one satchel, and how, as Bertha was engaged, and did not care for rambling about, she was in the habit of going alone; and then she praised the lovely flowers, and looked at some beautiful engravings, entirely forgetful that the morning was passing rapidly away.

"There! I have finished at last," said Miss Massie (Nannie Massie, as she gave her name to Alice), and you shall give me a tune," and she threw open a splendid piano.

Alice, with inward misgiving as to what Bertha would think of such proceedings, could not help touching off "Champagne Charlie," "Brightest Eyes," and other reminiscences of "the Band."

"Now, it is your turn, Miss Massie," said Alice, rising at last. "I know I have tortured you with those rambling snatches, but I could not help it; this is the first real piano I've touched since I left Richmond. Of course I could not play before all those people at the Springs, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Massie; and then she played, first, a few sparkling waltzes, then she began to sing; and such a voice—tender and soft—it was like moonlight on the water.

Tears sprang into Alice's blue eyes as she listened to a wild Lorelei from the "Nibelungen Lied." Song followed song before Alice would allow her to rise; but when she did so at last, she saw a face covered with blushes of shame.

"Oh, Miss Massie," cried Alice, "I am afraid I have been very impertinent indeed. Oh, I don't know what you must think me!"

"What is the matter?" said Miss Massie, smiling.

"Oh, I took you for—that is, the little girl told me—"

said Alice, stuttering horribly.

"That I made dresses? Yes, certainly I do;

and it is time you were getting the muslin."

"You have been so kind to me!" Alice said; "and can it be two o'clock? I never spent a more delightful morning in my life."

The blushes were still upon Alice's face as she passed through the rose-covered porch.

"I don't know what to believe," she said to herself. "She is a real lady, anyhow, and I hope I will see her again to-night. How shocked Bertha would be if she knew!"

Just then a sudden thought seemed to strike the fair Alice,

and she stood perfectly still. "Sewing things for the fair, of course," she uttered. "How stupid in me not to see in a moment how it was!"

A cry of terror startled her, and she turned to see a little child, pale with fright, standing in the middle of the street, and a runaway team, without a driver, tearing down upon it, with a broken vehicle dragging and whirling after.

In an instant she had the child in her arms, and had sprung upon the pavement, falling heavily as she did so, while a few drops of blood trickled over her temple.

"Gracious Heaven!" said a man's voice at her ear, "but that was nobly done! Poor darling! she has fainted!"

Some one seized the child and bore it off; but when Alice opened her eyes, she was back in the little parlor, clasped in a strong pair of arms, while the owner called loudly for "Nannie!"

"How handsome he is!" she thought, and shut her eyes in a moment.

He laid her on a sofa, and bent over, feeling her pulse, and seeming so agitated that Alice nearly laughed out. Feeling positively certain that she would giggle, unless she could put a stop to all this, she at last languidly opened her eyes and sat up.

Nannie was as busy as a bee, doctoring and petting her. A leather strap had struck her head, and cut a little gash with a screw or buckle connected with it, and Nannie had plastered that up.

"Wasn't it too bad to have to cut out a curl!" she said. "I had to do it to stick on the plaster—but where is it? I laid it on that chair!"

The young man she called "Hugh" looked eagerly for the missing curl, but it was not to be found.

Alice's keen eyes had recognized a bit of her own hair sticking out of a pearl-colored vest-pocket long before.

"Oh, it makes no difference!" she cried. "And I am a thousand times obliged to you both for your kindness—and I now must hurry home, or papa will not know what has become of me."

She had indeed only been badly frightened and a little hurt, and the color was now back in the fair face again.

"This is my brother, Hugh Massie, Miss Roscoe. Allow me to introduce him."

"Allow me to escort you to the hotel," said Hugh, "for you are weaker than you suppose."

They had a delightful long walk back to the hotel, and Alice was not weak at all, but very much entertained with her companion.

"So romantic!" she thought; "only Bertha would be ready to eat me for carrying on so."

Hugh praised her courage in saving the child, and made much of her; and then they began talking of the fair and the Springs and masquerades, like old acquaintances, and Hugh was in the midst of a long account of the Carnival at Rome when they reached the hotel.

"Thank you," said Alice, very shy now, all at once, "I can find my way perfectly. Will you ask your sister from me, please, to forgive my mistake this morning, and please not to forget me—for I liked her so?"

This she added with her sweet, innocent blue eyes looking straight through Hugh's heart.

"If you will promise not quite to forget the brother, too, Miss Roscoe, and allow me to call this evening?"

Alice blushed and then smiled, finished the demolition of Hugh's peace of mind, and ran up the creaky old stairs, secretly delighted with her morning's work.

"I will not say one word about it, though, to Bertha," she concluded as she opened the door.

Bertha was up and dressed for dinner, in the

utmost glory that the satchel could afford, and looking a good deal pleased and interested.

"Well, Alice," she said, as she snapped a bracelet, "you have been gone an age! What on earth have you been doing?"

Before Alice could reply, she continued:

"Who do you think has called? An old friend of papa's—Judge Massie—and oh! he is so nice—a widower, too—and he is to take me around to a fair that will come off to-night."

"And papa can take me!" cried Alice. "But, oh, Bertha, what am I to wear?"

"Oh, you are a school-girl! It does not much matter what. Judge Massie is really one of the most elegant gentlemen I have met since I left Richmond."

"What would Captain Oswald say, sisty, to hear you talk so?"

"Pooh! Captain Oswald! I don't belong to him quite yet."

"Ah!" said Alice. "I didn't know."

As rouses the spirit of an ancient war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, so awells the heart of a modern belle at the prospect of a fresh "eligible"—a possible conquest.

"Not only possible, but a very probable conquest," was Miss Bertha Roscoe's reflection, as she pinned on the last bow and arranged the little curls a little more to the back, before the mahogany-framed looking-glass of The Three Golden Pippins.

Alice had shaken out the pink foulard, and with what was left of Bertha's finery, looked lovely as she entered the dining-room.

"And so this is our last day, Alice?" said her father. "I am sure you and I have enjoyed our little excursion."

"Yes, our last day, and then hateful old Richmond—to be stewed up until Christmas in French and Italian!"

As they rose from the table, cards were handed Bertha, announcing "Miss Massie and brother."

"That is 'Le fils,'" whispered Bertha, but she did not notice Alice's deep blush and pleased smile.

"How shockingly free-and-easy Alice has become!" she thought, as her sister shook hands with Miss Massie with great cordiality, and gave Hugh a beaming smile "on sight."

The judge soon dropped in, and added a great deal, Bertha thought, to the pleasure of the visit.

As for Hugh, he scarcely saw the queenly Bertha in her flowing green dress, with all her style and wonderfully fascinating ways. The little pink vision of loveliness had completely captivated heart and eye, and, when they took their leave, Alice had promised to go, with him as her escort, to the fair.

"How about the Swiss overskirt, Miss Alice?" whispered Nannie Massie, mischievously. "But, seriously, will you not, as a favor to me, wear one of mine?"

"As willingly as you have offered it, Miss Nannie," said Alice, pressing her hand.

Well, this is a fast age, and we must be in a hurry to keep well up with it. You know that the Roscoes were to leave for Richmond in the morning, so who shall blame Hugh Massie for "making hay" that moonlight night?

Colonel Roscoe escorted Miss Massie to the fair, the judge took Bertha, and lagging far behind came Alice and Hugh.

"Our fathers were such great friends, will you not allow me to say 'Miss Alice' now?" Hugh was saying. "I am sure you can call me Hugh, if you will—it would make me a very happy fellow," he added, with a little short laugh.

"In consideration of our very remote introduction," said Alice, "yes."

"As I was saying, then, Miss Alice, my mind

was so filled with your image this morning, that my partner stopped me in the act of arguing the other side of the case. How the fellows all chaffed me, and vowed that a woman was at the bottom of it! So I hurried home to dinner as fast as possible, and found you again."

Alice laughed a silvery peal, which was caught up and echoed by the aspen leaves above, as a little breeze came rustling and whispering by. The stars winked merrily at each other, as much as to say, "Now for it! We'll see a nice game!" But the old moon, who views flirtations and love-makings more seriously, frowned behind a little cloud at them for indulging in such frivolous conduct.

"So you do not believe in love which can spring into life at a moment's notice?" continued Hugh.

"How can I believe in it, Mr. Massie," replied blue-eyed Alice, "when Miss Fenelle positively forbids us school-girls even to think of such a thing as love?"

"Oh, yes; of course, 'we school-girls' obey that rule to the letter," grumbled Hugh. "But, seriously, Miss Alice—don't smile, I beseech you—there has been before my mind's eye for many years just such a vision of roses and lilies and bewitching blue eyes as blessed my path this morning. Can you wonder, then, that my heart should surrender at once?"

"Oh! you mean the lovely flower-beds in the cottage-yard that so entranced me; but the morning-glories, which I suppose you call blue-eyes, were shut up tight," said Alice, in the most innocent way imaginable.

"Ah, Miss Alice, how can you? You are going away to-morrow, and if I do not speak to-night, and relieve my—my—"

"Does your head ache, Mr. Massie?" asked blue-eyes.

"No, not a particle; but my heart does, you little aggravator, and if you won't let me speak a serious word to you, I shall commit suicide in a week! To think of your going a hundred miles away from me—back to lovers who, I dare say, will swarm around you like—like—"

"Bees round a sugar-barrel, Mr. Massie? No, you are mistaken. Though I am sixteen, I have never had a lover yet—except school-boys," with a little toss of her head; "and they don't count, you know. And, oh! I should so like to! Bertha has, and it's so nice!"

"You won't have to wait long, then, that's all," said Hugh, feeling terribly annoyed with "those fellows" who were only waiting to declare themselves *en masse*.

"Look here, Miss Alice," he said, as they reached a particularly bright patch of moonlight, and drawing out a sunny little curl. "This is a treasure I found to-day. May I keep it? For without your consent it could give me no pleasure."

"Well, I declare," cried the innocent, "if it isn't that little wisp of hair your sister was looking for! Certainly you may have it. I have plenty more. But, as you don't wear curls or frizzes, I don't see what you want with it."

"Nevertheless I do want it; and I entreat you to wear this badge, just to make you think of me when you see it," said Hugh, taking from his vest the beautiful shield of the Epsilon Alpha Society.

"Why don't you say,

"Remember me when this you see,
Though many miles apart we be?"

laughed Alice, as she fastened it in a rose-colored bow.

"Miss Alice, Miss Alice, you are determined to laugh at me, I see; but—"

"Hugh! Hugh!" called his father. "Where are you going?"

He had indeed passed the churchyard-gate, and was marching on straight ahead.

"Miss Alice," he said, "you have bewitched me. I don't know what I am doing."

But why follow them? They said a great deal more nonsense of that kind, but, as it would not be fair to give the words without the glances which made them eloquent, I will only tell you what was said very late that night, or, rather, early in the morning, as Hugh conducted her home.

"You have promised to think of me sometimes, dearest, but, oh, darling, won't you try to love me a little, too?"

And Alice didn't laugh a particle this time—at least so that Hugh could see her; but covering her face in a nice hem-stitched pocket-handkerchief for a moment, pressed her lips into solemnity, and murmured out something so low that not even Hugh could hear. The sound, however, must have been satisfactory, for he passed up the rickety stairs with the little beauty, in a most ecstatic frame of mind, and as he bade her "*À revoir*," there was a loving clasp of the little white hand, and the brown mustache was pressed fervently upon it. But just then Bertha opened the door to light the way for Alice, saying that "she had been back fully half an hour."

"Bertha couldn't have done it better!" said Alice to herself, as she tried to go to sleep—but had two or three irrepressible little giggles over it all before she fairly succeeded.

Well, you know the rest. Of course Hugh followed her home, and finally persuaded the colonel that Alice knew French and Italian enough for half a dozen, not to speak of persecuting the little thing with overtures and exercises; and as Bertha was to marry Captain Oswald at Christmas, they concluded to make a double wedding of it. And the next summer's roses at the little cottage had a pink and white mistress who was as happy as the days are long.

N. B.—Bertha never could succeed in bringing the "widower" to the point—he only went "so far, and no further;" but the reports are very lively indeed as regards Colonel Roscoe and Miss Nannie Massie.

Beauty.—Let me see a female possessing that beauty of meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see her with a kind and benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with distress, and I never ask for the beauty that dwells in "ruby lips," or "flowing tresses," or snowy hands, or the forty other eteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of Time; but those ever-enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive his reign, and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

The illusion that the high-born, the powerful, and the wealthy must be happy, or that if they are not they are themselves alone to blame, may linger among the simple, the stupid, or the envious, but has long been dispelled by those who have heads to think and hearts to feel.

To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled; but when we find that we have poison, it is doubtless mercy to warn them against the dish.

Men make themselves ridiculous, not so much by the qualities they have, as by the affectation of those which they have not.



THAT PARROT. "POLLY, WHOSE BAD PASSIONS WERE THOROUGHLY AROUSED, CLAWED AND PECKED SO FIRECELY THAT THE GIRL SHRANK BACK."

That Parrot.

MR. CHARLES ALBERT FITZHUGH stood before the pier-glass in his private apartment, and surveyed himself critically, with an air of languid satisfaction, from the top of his shining hat to the soles of his equally refulgent boots. Then, with a last touch to his blue-and-gold cravat, and a last twirl to his flaxen mustache, he issued forth, in the glory of his manhood's and garments' prime, for his usual triumphant evening career on Broadway.

But first, before dawning upon that crowded "galaxy of beauty and fashion," Mr. Fitzhugh

gave a touching evidence of the capacity of his soul for the appreciation of other charms than his own. He paused before a little picture which hung in a dainty frame near the mirror—the photograph likeness of a young girl—gazed there-upon with pensive admiration for the space of a dozen seconds, and then, with an unconscious sigh, turned away.

"Whose was that portrait?" the anxious and deeply-interested reader will naturally inquire. But, unfortunately, this was the very question which had for three weeks past exercised the mind and tried the soul of Mr. Fitzhugh himself. He had found the *carte* on the seat of a Broad-

way and Thirty-sixth street stage, and struck with the laughing loveliness of the face, had taken it home, and spent an hour or so in gazing upon it. And the more he looked at it, both then and thereafter, the more desirous he became of discovering the original. He took the picture to B——, a fashionable photographer whose insignia appeared upon the back, and in a private and confidential interview requested to know the name and address of the original. But the artist could remember only that the lady was young and beautiful, and had been accompanied by a middle-aged lady in black and an old gentleman of the name of—yes, there it was on the books—Hastings. And with this limited knowledge, Mr. Charles Albert was forced to rest for the present, unsatisfied.

And now, as he with an air of elegant negligence sauntered slowly up Broadway, he glanced wistfully, at each blonde beauty who passed in the cherished hope of yet beholding the original of his picture, and, by means of following and inquiry, gain a clue to her identity, and, of course, acquaintance.

Disappointment, however, awaited him on this as on previous occasions; and, discouraged and somewhat tired, Mr. Fitzhugh at length turned off Broadway, down one of those fashionable perspectives of brown-stone habitations which, in the dreary gloom and monotony of their outer aspect, suggest to the imaginative mind the catacombs of Egypt, or the marble mausoleums of the Applan Way. Through this desert solitude he passed, disturbed only by the sepulchral echoes of a piano, and the slow rolling past at a funeral pace of a liveried carriage or two, taking their lugubrious-looking occupants on a pleasure-drive. Suddenly upon the stillness broke a sharp, shrill voice.

"You're a dandy, sir! I see you! You're in love! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Fitzhugh naturally raised his eyes in extreme surprise and some indignation at being thus addressed, but was reassured on beholding a green parrot perched on the iron rail of a window-balcony which he was approaching.

"You're a thief, sir! Go away! Fire! fire! I'll bite you! Ada! Ada! Come here, Ada! Bow-wow-wow! Go away! Ada! Ada! Come here, Ada! Come here, Ada!"

"Well, what is wanting now?" answered a clear, sweet voice to the bird's hoarse clamor; and at the sound Mr. Fitzhugh involuntarily again looked up.

Did his eyes deceive him? Or did he indeed behold in the graceful young girl standing in the open window the well-known face, the lovely mouth, the roguish eyes, the blonde ringlets of his cherished picture? But, no—there could be no mistake about it. It was the long-sought original of that portrait who now stood before him.

"What do you want, Polly? Noisy bird!"

"Come here, Ada! Kiss Polly! You're a dandy, sir! You're a thief! You're in love! Go away! Bow-wow-wow! Go along! go away!"

Thus quoth the bird, with mein the reverse of a "grave and grim decorum," as it strutted up and down the rail, turning its head now on this side, now on that, and with its yellow eyes glaring wrathfully upon Mr. Fitzhugh. He, however, had no eyes but for the bird's mistress; and he was conscious of a strange suffocating sensation about the breast and throat, somewhat resembling asthma, as she turned her lovely blonde head, and glanced at him over her shoulder, half-blushing, half-laughing—exactly as she appeared in the picture.

"Hush, Polly. For shame! Saucy bird!" she said, in the same dulcet tones as before; and to silence the creature, she threw over it the daint-

iest of little pocket-handkerchiefs. But Polly, artfully dodging, slipped from beneath her airy veil, reeled, clutched at the rail with beak and claws, hung suspended for a moment, and then, as the fair hands again approached, loosened her bold and fluttered to the pavement, exactly in front of the gentleman whom she had so grossly and unprovokedly insulted.

A little startled scream from the bird's mistress brought to her side another lady—a tall, thin figure in black, with a sallow complexion relieved by an unnatural-looking tinge of carmine, and a huge cluster of little black friz-curls surmounting a not very youthful brow.

"What a troublesome bird!" uttered this lady, in a mincing tone, as she beheld the "situation"—the runaway Polly, the distressed maiden, and the handsome stranger coming to the rescue in futile attempts to capture the enraged bird, which pecked furiously at his delicate kid gloves. "Do, dear," she added, "ring for John or Betty. We must not put the gentleman to the trouble."

But Ada, instead of ringing, ran down the front steps, and extended her hands to receive Polly from her now successful captor. Polly, however, whose bad passions were thoroughly aroused, clawed and pecked so fiercely that the girl shrank back.

"Dear me, what shall we do with her? And I am sure she has hurt you"—looking with concern at the torn gloves. "Oh, I am so sorry!"

The sweet, naive expression went straight to the heart of Mr. Fitzhugh.

"It is no trouble at all," he answered, with a graceful bow and smile, and looking so earnestly into the blue eyes that their lashes fell. "But lest she should hurt you, I will take her up to the door, if you will permit."

So they walked up, side by side, and on the top step were met by the elder lady, who at once, to Mr. Fitzhugh's disappointment, extended a pair of bony and bejeweled hands to receive the bird. He had hoped for just one accidental touch of the white fingers of Ada; but now, with a graceful acknowledgment of the lady's thanks, and a courteous and respectful bow, he was fain to depart without that bliss. Yet not before he had observed on the door-plate the name of "Hastings."

Mr. Fitzhugh went on his way rejoicing. He had found her—the idol of his dreams! He knew now that she lived at No. 253 — street, and that her name was Ada. Delicious name! He was never weary of repeating it, neither of gazing upon her picture and thinking that it was not half so lovely as its beautiful original.

"It was all the parrot's doings," he soliloquized, rapturously. "But for Polly I should have passed by without dreaming how near I was to her—without beholding her lovely face, or hearing her sweet voice, or even knowing her name. Bless that bird!"

He took occasion to pass the house on the following day. But the parlor windows were closed now, and not even Polly appeared to his wistful eyes.

As he glanced back, before turning the corner into another street, he saw a butcher's boy, bearing an empty basket, issue from the area-gate. Happy boy! He had been under the same roof with her—perhaps had even had a distant glimpse of her angel form, or caught a remote echo of her seraph voice.

There was envy in Mr. Fitzhugh's heart, and guile upon his tongue, as he addressed the unsuspecting youth.

"Can you inform me," looking anxiously round the neighborhood in general, "where Mr. Hastings lives?"

"Hastings? in course I kin. I've just this minute come from there."

Mr. Fitzhugh's countenance expressed extreme astonishment.

"I mean," he said, doubtfully, "an old gentleman—"

The boy nodded five times acquiescently.

"I know," he said, "Mr. David Hastings."

"Just so; and a young lady—"

"Miss Ada. Yee, sir, bless you, I knows 'em all."

"Miss Ada is his daughter?" queried Mr. Fitzhugh, unguardedly.

"To be sure—his only darter. She as I seen just now a-waterin' her g'r'an'ums in the garden. She asked me, as I was a-standin' outside the kitchen window, to fill her waterin'-pot for her."

If envy could have slain, then would that innocent youth have fallen dead at the feet of Charles Albert Fitzhugh.

"There is another lady?" ventured he, doubtfully.

"Miss Hastin's, old gen'leman's sister. She's the missus. She came down just now to look at the quarter o' lamb, and had it weighed, if you'll b'ieve me. Trust her for that!"

Mr. Fitzhugh felt himself upon delicate ground. So he merely dropped a liberal pecuniary reward into the hand of his informant, and ventured to inquire, "Whether there was any other member of the family?" To which the boy, with a gleam of the native vulgarity and viciousness of his class overcoming his respect for the gentleman, replied:

"Nubuddy but cook, and housemaid, and John, and a parrot and poodle."

For full two weeks after this did Charles Albert Fitzhugh haunt — street, passing and repassing 253; sometimes in a leisurely promenade, sometimes with a dignified business air, and then again in an elegant hired turn-out, in which he flattered himself he showed to special advantage. Generally of late he beheld Miss Hastings, senior, seated at the window, with a book or paper in her hand; and her, when he chanced to meet her eye, he always respectfully saluted, receiving in reply a gracious acknowledgment. Only twice had he the bliss of beholding Ada—"darling Ada" he always called her in his own thoughts—and then her half-shy, half-laughing glance and bow thrilled to his very heart's core. Sometimes he saw Polly, on which occasions he would murmur to himself:

"It was all your doings, Polly. Bless you, good bird!"

But after awhile Mr. Fitzhugh grew impatient. He found it impossible, by any ordinary means, to compass an introduction to his fair one. In vain had he inquired among his friends. Not one of them knew the name of Ada Hastings. So at length, in very desperation, as the season for quitting town approached, Charles Albert determined to write to the young lady. True, it was not a conventional proceeding—neither indeed, perhaps, judging by the cold, set rules of society, a strictly proper one; but Charles Albert was in love, and he felt sure that Ada was not entirely indifferent to him, and therefore to themselves it would be wholly innocent and unobjectionable.

So that evening he sat up until past twelve, writing, correcting, revising, and copying, until his table was as thickly strewn with manuscript as that of an author. And having at length indited a brief and elegant note to his satisfaction, he next morning arose at an unwontedly early hour, for the purpose of depositing it at the nearest station. He wouldn't trust a letter-box, having heard that street-youths of inquiring mind and literary turn were in the habit of looking out

love-letters with wires, and privately perusing and scoffing at the contents thereof. And to have her name thus profaned!

For two days following, life was to Charles Albert Fitzhugh a state of nervous suspense and anxiety almost unendurable, and which excited the attention of all the inmates of Miss Spicer's boarding-house.

That lady herself had harrowing suspicions that he intended a sudden and secret exodus from her roof, oblivious of the last month's bill; whilst Miss Violet Greenwood was strongly of opinion that he was a poet incog, and thereupon sent him two rosebuds and a forget-me-not; and old Mrs. Palmer, ascribing his restless and anxious looks to ill-health, carefully prepared for him a decoction of tansy and elderberries, insisting upon his imbibing the same, "strong and hot as he could bear it." And nothing could exceed her self-gratulation, when, twenty minutes after this specific had been sent to his room, Mr. Fitzhugh (having in that interim received the expected answer to his note) came down-stairs, radiant and elate, a living witness to the miraculous effects of her invaluable remedy.

Ada's note must have been of a satisfactory nature, for Mr. Fitzhugh pressed it ardently to his mustache before depositing it in the most secret recess of his pocket-book. And then he sat down and wrote again, receiving a reply in due time; and so the correspondence continued for another two weeks, at the end of which time the gentleman, impatient at the slow progress of events, suggested to the lady, in most earnest yet respectful terms, the possibility of an interview—imploping her to grant him at least one moment of meeting—one look, one word, to render him unspeakably happy. Since he could not at present have the desire of his heart in visiting her in her own home, beneath her father's roof, would she not pardon the boldness of the request, in consideration of his feelings?

To this came the following reply:

"DEAR MR. FITZHUGH: Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to receive you as a friend in my own home; but since that is denied us, through the cold and cruel conventionalities of an artificial society, I can perceive no harm in granting the request contained in your note. Only we must be very careful, for Aunt Hastings is so prying and suspicious, and she would be sure to tell pa, if she found out anything; and pa is so particular, and so hasty! It does seem unjust that old people, who have had their own pleasures, should always interfere to make young ones miserable. ("Poor darling!" murmured Charles Albert, tenderly). And this 'society' is enough to make me long, as I often do, for the days of barbarian simplicity, or at least for the freedom of an Indian or gipsy life. ("Sweet, romantic creature!" murmured Mr. Fitzhugh.) After all, Polly displayed more good sense in introducing us as she did, than penetration in accosting you in such unjust terms. ("Playful darling! Yes; it was all owing to Polly. Bless that bird!") And so, dearest Mr. Fitzhugh, if you will come to-morrow evening, at exactly half-past five, to Blythe's Nursery Gardens, only three blocks from our house, you will find me, with a lady-friend whom I can trust, in the rose-arbor behind the greenhouse. Ever your
ADA."

At precisely the appointed time, Mr. Fitzhugh, who had been for upward of an hour haunting the neighborhood in a manner to attract the attention and excite the suspicions of the inhabitants thereof, entered the gate of Blythe's Gardens, and with beating heart made his way to the appointed trysting-spot. The arbor was vacant; but before

he had time for the dire fears and forebodings awakened by this circumstance, a light step was heard outside, a light rustling of myrtle leaves and silken drapery, and Mr. Fitzhugh's heart bounded within him. Involuntarily he repeated:

"She is coming—my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear it and beat,
And blossom in purple and red."

And the next moment Ada, blushing, smiling, frankly extending her hand, yet at the same time shyly shrinking, stood before him in all her loveliness.

Mr. Fitzhugh eagerly grasped the fair hand in both his.

"How can I ever sufficiently thank you for coming—and alone, too!" he said, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Oh," said Ada, half apologetically, "I should not have come alone, you see, but that there happened to be callers, and aunty didn't know how long she might be detained; so she sent me to explain."

"How good of her!" said Mr. Fitzhugh, somewhat puzzled.

"She will be here, though, in a few moments, I dare say," added the young lady, in a consolatory manner.

Mr. Fitzhugh devoutly hoped she wouldn't. However, he only drew a little nearer, as they sat on the green garden-bench, and said:

"Then, dearest Ada—may I not call you so?"

She opened her eyes a little.

"Why should you call me Ada?"

"Because that is your sweet name—how sweet and dear to me, I—"

"Dear me! my name is not Ada!"

"Not Ada?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, why did you sign yourself so in your notes. Is it an assumed name?" inquired Mr. Fitzhugh, smilingly.

"Really, there must be some mistake. I never wrote you a note. Aunty wrote all those notes. Her name is Ada. It was to her you wrote—Miss Ada Hastings."

Mr. Fitzhugh grew pale.

"And you are not Ada Hastings?" he asked, faintly.

"Certainly not. I am *Kate* Hastings. Aunt Ada told me about your notes to her, and asked me to be present at this meeting between you."

"But the parrot called you Ada," gasped Charles Albert, desperately.

The young lady looked at him a moment in great astonishment, and then she broke into a laugh.

"Pray excuse me; but, really, it's too absurd. Such a ridiculous mistake! It was aunty that poor Polly called. The bird is hers. Why, I don't live here at all, but in quite another part of the town. Oh, there is Aunt Ada coming now!"

Mr. Fitzhugh cast a frightened glance without. There, indeed, was the maiden lady with the bunch of friz-curls, looking thinner and more sallow than ever, despite the heightened carmine of her cheeks, as she tripped mincingly down the walk, casting bashful glances at the arbor where, as she supposed, her handsome lover impatiently awaited her. Mr. Fitzhugh turned faint at the spectacle.

"Excuse me," he said, starting to his feet. "I really do not feel equal to—to—"

And he looked wildly around for some means of escape.

Kate felt for him, that was certain, for she slipped deftly through an opening in the trellis-work, motioning the agitated Charles Albert to

follow. And then, screened by the shrubbery, they walked hastily to another entrance of the grounds, Kate seeming to have much ado to suppress the laughter that dimpled in her lip and fairly brimmed her downcast eyes.

The case for Mr. Fitzhugh was a melancholy one certainly, yet, as he cheerfully whispered to himself, not necessarily hopeless.

"I must bid you good-by here, Mr. Fitzhugh," said Kate, demurely, as they reached the entrance to the street.

"Allow me one moment, I implore you, Miss Hastings—but one moment and one word."

She looked so sweet as she stood before him in the twilight that his heart warmed.

"Oh, Kate," he said, impetuously, "excuse me—but my feelings overcome me! Now that you know it was all a mistake, and that it was you alone I loved—you to whom those notes were addressed—you whom I this moment adore—"

In his earnestness Mr. Fitzhugh had not perceived the approach of any person, and he was a good deal startled when, just at this interesting juncture, a stern voice demanded:

"Sir, how dare you address such language to this lady?"

Turning hastily, Mr. Fitzhugh beheld a dark, handsome man confronting him.

"And pray, sir," he inquired, in his turn, "who are you, that you presume to interfere between this young lady and myself?"

"Allow me to introduce you," said Kate, with demure gravity. "Mr. Fitzhugh—Mr. Henry Hastings, my husband."

"Sir," observed Mr. Hastings, stiffly bowing,

"I shall require some explanation—"

"Oh, I will explain it all!" observed Mrs. Hastings, with a glance at Mr. Fitzhugh's ghastly countenance.

And bowing a graceful adieu, she linked her arm within that of her husband and walked away, leaving Charles Albert petrified to the spot, and staring idiotically after them.

Of his feelings during the rest of that evening we need not speak.

Awakening late on the following morning from a brief and uneasy slumber, which had not visited him until daybreak, he perceived two notes lying on the table by his bedside.

"The first was signed 'Henry Hastings,' and stated that, finding the explanation of his lady not wholly satisfactory as regarded Mr. Fitzhugh himself, he would demand a more particular one from that gentleman, to which end a friend of his, Captain Pierce Bouncer, would call on him that evening, at half-past six precisely."

The second note—the first glance at the familiar handwriting of which sent a cold chill through the veins of Charles Albert—was as follows:

"DEAREST MR. FITZHUGH: Through the interference of Aunt Hastings—who watched my visit to the garden last evening (where I was so disappointed not to find you), and in my absence read all your dear notes—pa has learned all about our little affair. He is *furious*, and declares that, to save my good name, our marriage must take place *immediately*. I need not say how distressed I am—having fainted twice during the interview with pa. Resistance on my part would be useless, as all who know pa know also that when he determines on a thing, it *must* be done.

"I write in great haste, to prepare you for pa's visit this afternoon, and that you may know how to deal with and pacify him, by at once declaring your honorable intentions. Your distressed and loving
ADA."

Mr. Charles Albert Fitzhugh left Miss Pincher's

boarding-house, that morning, for an indefinite residence in Europe.

The last words he was heard to utter as he left the house were :

"It's all the fault of that consumed parrot. Hang that bird!"

A Horse Guard.

THE sagacity of some animals is both amusing and wonderful. That of the horse is very remarkable, and in many cases elicits the admiration and praise of its master, man. Ever kind and affectionate, he is doubly so when kind and considerate attention is bestowed upon him.

Sister May, visiting her cousin Ella, in the pleasant village of Whitneyville, relates the following :

"I arrived about five o'clock at my destination. Cousin Ella was absent, so I took a place at the tea-table with the family, sitting in Ella's accustomed place by the window. I had been seated but a minute when something touched my shoulder, and, on looking up, was amazed to perceive a horse's head resting there! I was very much frightened, but aunt told me not to be alarmed, for it was Ella's pet—the old family horse; he had come for some dainty that he had been accustomed to receive at this time from her hands.

"One very sultry day, shortly after this incident, we—myself and Ella—took our books and some luncheon to a neighboring lot, to enjoy the pleasant shade and have a quiet time. After we had been seated a few moments I heard somebody coming, and told Ella we had better go home. She replied :

"No, so long as Billy is near us,' pointing to the horse that was grazing a short distance from us—'so long as Billy is near us, we are safe. If he hears them, he will prick up his ears;' and, as if suiting the action to the word, the creature did slightly raise his head, and gaze intently at the intruders, for they were tramps, and no doubt Billy comprehended it fully.

"Look, May!' exclaimed Ella, 'he is coming toward us.'

"No, he isn't,' I said; 'he is eating grass very quietly.'

"You watch him,' she said, 'and not let him see you looking, and you'll find he is coming.'

"I waited, and soon found she was correct; the faithful animal gradually approached until he stood almost directly over us, completely shielding us from view, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the tramps pass through the field without discovering our retreat; after which Billy went to grass, or more properly speaking, returned to clover."

The Robber Chief.

SEATED in my comfortable room in a farmhouse in New York State, I had just finished reading a letter from an old friend who had moved some years before to Texas. He urged me to come out and pass a few months with him in his distant home.

I was not an old bachelor, and as I knew he had a lovely wife and two children, I determined to accept the invitation, and at once set about packing up for my journey.

Arriving at a little town in the western part of Texas, I procured a horse, and leaving my baggage to be sent for, I started for my friend's ranch, distant some thirty miles.

Darkness came upon me ere I reached the place, and being tired, I had fallen half-asleep in my saddle, when I was awakened by the sound of hoofs rapidly approaching. To gather my rein

well in my hand and draw my faithful revolver was a moment's work, and in the next instant a horse came dashing by me with a woman, her hair loose and flowing, seated in the saddle. One glance at me, and she seemed as if about to turn into the forest to avoid me, but then, as if reassured, she drew up her horse and exclaimed :

"Save me, sir! oh, save me! for I know you are not one of the band."

"Certainly, miss, I will protect you all in my power; but pray tell me from what you are flying," I answered, gazing into the frightened face before me, which I saw, by the moonlight, was that of a young girl, and very beautiful.

Her story was soon told; and she was no other than Minnie Lorraine, the daughter of my friend whom I was going to visit. And what a sad story was hers, as she told it that moonlight night in that Texas forest!

On hour before I met her, her father's house had been attacked by a band of robbers, under a noted chief, and as they had no mercy, her mother and father were killed before her eyes, and they were going to carry her off when she escaped from them, and mounted her swift horse, which was standing near, she having just returned from a ride with her father; she had made her way rapidly from the scene, her heart filled with anguish at the death of her parents, and an agony of fear at the fate that awaited her if she was overtaken by the fiends.

"And the saddest part of it to know," she continued, "is that the robber-chief, Clinton, is a man who has been staying at my father's house for the past month. He came there with letters of introduction from friends of my poor father, and with the intention, he said, of buying land and settling. We all received him kindly, and I admired and respected him exceedingly, he appeared so kind and gentlemanly. Three days ago he asked me to marry him, and when I refused—although I confess I loved him—because I wished to know him better, he swore a fearful oath, and ordering his horse, left the plantation. Since then I have not seen him, until to-night he came at the head of that wild band of desperadoes known as 'Clinton's Devils;' and he, I found, was 'Clinton,' instead of Munroe Morris, as we had known him."

Between sobs and tears, Minnie Lorraine told me the foregoing sad story while we sat upon our horses, hid from the view of the road in the underbrush which grew on either side.

I made known to her my name, and finding that she had a friend to trust, she, for the first time, gave way to her feelings.

How pained I felt for the poor girl, and how distressed was I at the death of my dear friend, the reader can imagine.

After she had partially recovered herself, I asked :

"You have brothers, Miss Lorraine?"

"I have a twin-brother, but he is in Europe, at college, and has been gone for three years."

After a moment's thought I determined what was best to be done, so I accompanied her to a neighbor's ranch, more than three miles off, and rousing the owner and his sons, I left her in charge of the good wife of the old man, and then telling what had been done at Mr. Lorraine's, the men were so infuriated at the news that they armed themselves, and together we started for the scene of the murder.

What a horrible sight met our view! Mr. Lorraine lay dead upon his doorstep, while in the house was his wife, lying in a pool of her own blood. A little further were two servants, also dead, while the house was soaked of all valuables which it had contained.

The robbers had gone with their booty, and the

servants, who had fled to the woods upon their approach, had not yet returned to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine were buried, and as Minnie had a near relative in Galveston to whom she could go, I urged her to do so, promising her that I would myself raise a band of men and pursue to the death the murderers of her parents and destroyers of her happiness.

Edgar Lorraine, Minnie's brother, had been daily expected home, and she said he should come at once, on his arrival, to join me.

I saw her to town, where she was to take the Galveston stage, and then left her.

I had become strongly attached to the beautiful girl, for she was indeed beautiful, being of a tall, commanding figure, full and graceful, and with large, dreamy blue eyes that one could not but love to look into.

Her brave manner in all her suffering, added to her gentle and confiding nature, had quite won my heart, and as I bade her good-by, I thought to myself that I would avenge her wrongs and then ask her love.

In a little more than a week after Minnie's departure for Galveston, I had raised a band of sixty men, all ready and willing to hunt down the dreaded outlaw Clinton, who had for two years committed untold barbarities in the country, and always had escaped capture.

We had had our first engagement with the robber-chief, and, I regret to say, had been repulsed, and were encamped on the banks of a small stream for the night, when a young man rode up and dismounted near me.

At one glance I recognized Minnie's twin-brother, for he was the image of her, except that his face wore a hard, stern expression not upon hers. His manner was almost girlish, and his voice soft and quiet, and he wore his brown hair long, and thrown back from his forehead.

I greeted him cordially, and after receiving his thanks for my efforts to avenge his parents, we sat down to supper and talked over our plans. Light, graceful boy that he was, I could see fearlessness and determination in his face, and knowing him to be a strong ally in a matter of such seriousness to him, I received and accepted many of his plans for the future.

A month went by, and many and serious were the fights we had with Clinton, but of no avail, as far as his capture was concerned.

Edgar Lorraine had shown himself a daring youth, and more than once had his unerring aim sent a robber to his last home; but though he always sought out the robber-chief, they had never met in a hand-to-hand conflict; and I was glad that it was so, for Clinton was a bold, reckless man, of great power and cruel courage, and, I feared, would soon end a contest with such an unequal antagonist.

About dark one evening, Edgar rode into camp and said to me:

"If you will order the band to move, we can make a successful attack upon Clinton to-night, for he is encamped on father's *ranch*, and I know he must meet his doom there."

In a few moments we were all in the saddle, fifty in number, and after a ride of ten miles, came to the *ranch* of the late Mr. Lorraine.

Rapidly charging into the robber-camp, we took them by surprise, and shot them down by dozens before they could make any resistance.

"Cowards! here to the front! I want you!"

The tones were heard above all, and all knew that Clinton, who spoke them, was determined not to fly.

His men quickly came around him, and for some moments a terrific fight raged.

Seeing Edgar, and knowing who he was, Clinton drove spurs into his horse and dashed toward him.

Edgar spurred forward also, raising his revolver at the same time and firing.

The career of Clinton was checked. He reeled in his saddle, and with a curse upon his lips, fell to the ground. In an instant Edgar was beside him, and seeing that the robbers were flying, and that my men were in hot pursuit, I dismounted and stood beside the dying chief.

Edgar was standing, with arms folded, looking upon the man he had slain. A bright light from a burning out-house lit up the scene like day, and I noticed that though death was placing its seal rapidly over the features of Clinton, he showed no fear, and his voice was clear as he said:

"Edgar Lorraine, I am dying by your hand. It is well; I am tired of life. Six years ago I fled from my home in a New York village, where my father was a clergyman, because I killed, in a moment of passion, a fellow-being.

"Since then I have loved bloodshedding, and have been a fiend.

"I saw your sister, forged letters of introduction to your father, and visited him. I loved Minnie, but she scorned my love, and I revenged myself. Though my hand did not slay your parents, I was the cause of their death, and would have carried off your sister, had it not been for that man"—pointing to me. "I am dying. You have avenged yourself."

While the chief was speaking, Edgar never once took his eyes off his face; and when he had finished, he said, in a voice hardly audible:

"Clinton, I am avenged. You are dying, and my hand has driven your soul to meet its God. May that God be merciful, and forgive me for the act. *I am not Edgar Lorraine. Look at me; I am Minnie!* My brother Edgar was drowned in a yachting excursion just before he was to leave for home. I received a letter from friends, telling me the sad news; and I determined to cut off my hair, dress myself as a man, pass myself off for him, and revenge my parents. I have done it."

Her words were true. It was Minnie, and not Edgar. Why had I not discovered it before?

Clinton groaned in agony of spirit, raised himself to his feet, and after looking steadily into Minnie's face, said, slowly:

"You have told the truth. Forgive me, Minnie, all the sorrow I have brought upon you."

He attempted to extend his hand, but a spasm seized him, and he fell dead upon his face.

The poor girl was much affected, and giving orders about the burial of the bodies of the dead, and caring for the wounded, I led her from the spot.

Minnie went to her friends in Galveston, and a few weeks afterward I visited her there. Then I told her of my love for her, and asked to protect her through life. She confessed her love for me in return, and I was made a happy man.

Need I say more, reader?

"Resurgam!"

THE woman raised her head and listened. The wind was howling round the lofty house, and the surf from the close-lying ocean dashed against the window panes, while through a rift in the drifting masses of clouds a late-risen moon poured down a mild and melancholy effulgence, to be speedily obscured by their ever-advancing battalions.

As yet it shed its softening illumination fully on the woman who stood in the large bay-window looking out on the night, and listening, not to the wind and waves, but to another sound, which in uncertain bursts mingled with their roar, and seemed to be the chorus of some wild drinking-song shouted by numerous voices in a remote portion of the building, and which at this gloomy midnight hour resounded with weird effect through the long corridors and passages of the old house, dying away and rising again in fitful gusts ere it reached the attentive ear of the listener by the window.

A shaded lamp stood on a distant table, its feeble rays blotted out by the steadfast silvery glory of the moonlight which filled the apartment and concentrated, as it were, its broadest illumination on the form in the bay-window, though it might have seemed that the light emanated from, rather than merely surrounded her, for there was a vividness of coloring, a dazzling supremacy of beauty in her, which asserted itself as triumphantly in that lonely apartment as it would have done had she sat at the feasts of kings.

To say that she was "regally beautiful" would be to misapply a term. The calmness and repose inseparable from such a style were totally wanting in her, and the lightning of her dark eye, the fearless poise of her noble form, showed a disposition more passionate and daring than would have harmonized well with the epithet.

The dusky brilliance of the South pervaded her, the damask-roses of her cheek glowed through a skin smooth as velvet, but of a rich olive tint. Vailed fires showed fitfully in the dewy depths of her long dark eyes, and the heavy coils of her raven hair were polished as satin. Her form was large, the lines full and flowing, and with every inspiration her broad chest rose and fell with that even, untrammelled freedom which betokens the perfection of physical health; and the large rounded arm hanging so easily from her shoulder could as firmly drive a dagger to the heart of a foe as wind itself round the neck of a lover. Her stature, in harmony with her form, was lofty, and was apparently increased by the sweeping robes in which she was clad—a species of morning-dress of soft and clinging cashmere, a creamy white in hue, and bound in at the waist with a silk cord and tassel, the ends of which she held clinched in her right hand.

The tide of moonlight pouring over her revealed every play of her features distinctly; a lambent fire of defiance playing in her eyes, a spirit of contempt curving the roses of her lips, both intensifying and deepening as the song of the revelers came more audibly to her ears, now overborne by the riot of the winds and waves, now rising in wild and fitful strains above the noise of the tempest.

Suddenly the song ceased, and was succeeded by bursts of boisterous laughter mingled with loud talking, which became more distinct as a door was suddenly opened in the distance, and closed with a loud crash that reverberated through the building. At the same moment a heavy sable cloud completely obscured the moon, and left the apartment illuminated but by the feeble light of the shaded lamp.

The sound of the closing door startled the listener from her attitude of attention. With an impulsive and rapid step she crossed to it and laid her hand on the key in the lock, as though to secure herself from intrusion. If the action were suggested by fear, the unwonted feeling soon gave place to other emotions. Her hand fell from the lock, and with uplifted head and deliberate step she walked to the table on which stood the lamp, raising the flame to its fullest glow, she seated herself in a low chair directly in its con-

centrated light, and folding her hands, fixed her large eyes expectantly on the door, while a something seemed to pass over the soft full curves of her face, turning it into the similitude of an iron mask, so fixed and impenetrable became its expression.

She had not long to wait. A heavy yet unsteady step advanced up the echoing corridor, approaching the door of her apartment.

The pupils of her eyes dilated and as suddenly contracted, seeming in the act to dart fire. Her hands clinched themselves together more tightly, but otherwise her attitude remained unaltered. The footstep paused at the door, a fumbling hand sought the handle, and, after one or two unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in turning it.

The door swung open, and gave ingress to a man partially intoxicated, and who stumbled over the soft mat lying at the door. He recovered himself with a muttered curse, and stood in the doorway looking round the apartment as though in search of some object. His wandering eye fell on the form in the low chair, and settled on it, with a peculiar expression breaking through the wild vacuity of intoxication. The fumes of wine clouding his mind seemed, as he looked at her, to disperse, at least in a degree, and the step with which he advanced into the apartment was sufficiently steady and assured. The grosser effects of intoxication had disappeared; its subtler and more dangerous influence remained.

"Not gone to bed yet, Zamona?" he said. "That is well!"

Zamona pointed to a chair some distance removed from her own.

"Sit down," she said. "I did not expect the honor of a visit at this hour. Hark! It is even now striking one."

"Never mind the hour," he said, testily. "I want you down-stairs. They're wild for that French chanson you used to sing before I married you. Come, I tell you!" as she made no movement to rise.

The very fire in Zamona's eyes seemed to turn to cold and deadly light as she glanced at the man before her.

"Your friends are mistaken," she replied, coldly and distinctly. "I do not sing in public now."

Her answer did not seem to surprise her husband much, and for an instant they measured each other with their glances, as two wary combatants might have done. An expression of dogged determination became visible on the countenance of the man, while the marble fixedness of Zamona's features could know no increase. He was the first to speak.

"Do you know," he said, "that I am master in this house? As your good sense will doubtless cause you to admit that incontestable fact, allow me, Mrs. de Treilly, to lead you to our friends."

When Lucius de Treilly condescended to politeness and suavity, it was as the flashing of a sabre in the eyes of the victim, polished but cruel.

"I am to understand, then," said Zamona, still without rising, "that Mr. de Treilly purposes exhibiting his wife as a spectacle wherewith to entertain his boon companions. Is this the case?"

Was there no power in heaven or on earth willing to strike him dumb before he answered her, and save him despite himself? What malignant influence blinded him that he might not read what was blazing in her eyes and ringing in her voice, and thus take warning? He laughed.

"When I took a nameless thing from the gutter, and gave it the name of De Treilly," he said, "it was from no foolish sentiment of romance, but simply to have a beautiful creature more subservient to my will and pleasure than I could hope

to make one in my own rank of life, surrounded with friends eager to fight her battles. But this is going over old ground. Mrs. de Treilly, I await you."

Zamona looked at him for a moment. Then she rose, and placed her hand in his arm.

"As you say," she said, quietly, "your remarks simply retrace old ground. Come, I am ready!"

"Sensibly spoken," muttered De Treilly.

Lucius de Treilly was of low stature, but with the head, shoulders and arms of a giant, and was as singularly deficient in grace as his wife was pre-eminently remarkable for it. The strength and vigor of the man was, however, herculean. You could imagine him facing and conquering the maddened bull in the arena, or overcoming, with his mighty hands and muscles of iron, the opposing strength of outnumbering foes—and what rendered these forces more formidable, was the fact of their being under the control of a mind of such strength and cunning, that where the mere physical fibre *might* have failed in accomplishing an object by their own strength alone, the mental force stepped in, and all was accomplished.

It was against this man that Zamona de Treilly had raised the standard of revolt.

De Treilly threw open the dining-room, and let a flood of glaring light flow into the dim and lofty hall, mingled with sounds of revelry which might have had their origin in Pandemonium. A woman of common nerve would have shrunk back appalled from the scene before her; leaning on her husband's arm, Zamona de Treilly entered the

apartment as calmly as though it were the veiled seclusion of her own room.

Following his guiding arm, she found herself standing at the head of the long table at which the guests were seated, looking down on a vista of flushed faces, gleaming glass and silver, overturned flower-vases, and pools of red wine spilled on the shining mahogany. Clouds of smoke from every species of cigar defiled the air, and two or three different songs were in progress, their singers unheeded by the company who were noisily wrangling and disputing.

A tall, fair-haired youth, crowned with vine leaves torn from the epergne, made an attempt to rise from his seat and place a chair for Mrs. de Treilly, but she motioned him back imperiously.

The attention of the company was now directed to Zamona and her husband, and a noisy cry of "Brava!" such as might have greeted a public singer or dancer, saluted the mistress of the house.

Such a demonstration to his wife would have deeply angered the generality of men; it amused De Treilly. He had truly said that in marrying the woman he had, he had deliberately bestowed his name on one whom he intended to make subservient to the amusement of himself and his friends, and such scenes as this stimulated his worn-out sense of enjoyment. It was a keen pleasure to him to watch her wonderful beauty kindling into a thousand-fold greater brilliancy through the fiery pangs of agony her proud nature endured at being thus exhibited to his degraded and dissolute companions, for his asso-



A HORSE GUARD.—"THE FAITHFUL ANIMAL COMPLETELY SHIELDED US FROM VIEW, AND WE HAD THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING THE TRAMPS PASS THROUGH THE FIELD WITHOUT DISCOVERING OUR RETREAT."—SEE PAGE 173.



THE ROBBER CHIEF.—"A HORSE CAME DASHING BY ME, WITH A WOMAN. HER HAIR LOOSE AND FLOWING, SEATED IN THE SADDLE."—SEE PAGE 178.

ciates were amongst the most abandoned men of the day.

Confident in the power his legal ownership gave him over her, and never during a sufficiently eventful life having flinched from aught calculated to further his will and pleasure, he never for a moment dreamed of the possibility of this beautiful creature, whom he had chained to him so surely, revolting. He made the fatal mistake of despising a character whose depths he was unable to sound.

The youth whose short, golden curls were garlanded with vine-leaves, joined enthusiastically in the rude shouts of admiration which greeted Mrs. de Treilly, and an ironical smile slowly passed

over the inflexible lips of her husband as his glittering eye dwelt for an instant on the flushed face which yet had not rendered up at the shrine of dissipation *all* the grace and beauty of innocent boyhood, for he could not have seen more than eighteen years—yet it was sadly apparent that under the baneful influence of De Treilly this lingering grace and freshness would soon depart.

"Well done, De Treilly!" cried a dark, bold-looking man, seated near the centre of the table; "the feast needed but the presence of La Belle Zamona to crown it. Come, Carrisford, act Ganymede for once, and offer Mrs. de Treilly some of that champagne at your elbow. It's worthy the lips of Juno herself!"

Carrisford threw back the short, crisp curls from his heated forehead, and was about eagerly to obey, when Zamona waved back his hand, and turned her eyes full on her husband. She stretched her hand toward the noisy and insolent group.

"You see and hear them," she said; "am I to remain?"

"Mrs. de Treilly must be aware that it is her duty to assist in the entertainment of her husband's guests. Allow me;" and pouring out a glass of wine, he handed it to her with a slight bow. "The chanson with which you are about to favor us requires the inspiring stimulus."

"You are determined?" she said, still arresting his glittering eye with her full, dark glance.

He showed his white pointed teeth in a smile which conveyed his answer more fully than words could have done, and tendered her a second time the wine-glass.

She took it, and looked away from him slowly and inquiringly, round the apartment. Near the wide fireplace a narrow door stood partly open, giving a shadowy glimpse of a long dark corridor, up which came a sighing wind suggestive of the open air. Upon this door her eyes fell, and from it they returned to the expectant guests who were one and all settling into attitudes of greater ease, in order more fully to enjoy the expected song.

She drew a little further away from De Treilly. She lifted the wine-glass high above her head, and, dashing it to the floor, set the heel of her slipper on it, and ground it to fragments. She hurled defiance from her eyes, as De Treilly sprang toward her. Her lips were silent, but every gesture spoke.

Slowly she retreated toward the door, and, ere her husband perceived her intention, she had glided through it, and closed it behind her.

"Miss Carrisford," said Comte Henri du Terny, as he and the lady he addressed slackened the paces of their steeds under the leafy arcades of the Bois. "Don't you long for something to break in on the monotony of life here just now? Ball, opera and *dejeuner* succeed each other with such maddening sameness, if I may be allowed the seeming paradox, that existence becomes a mere dead level. We require a magnetic storm to keep away impending lethargy."

Miss Carrisford, a lovely blonde, looked up and smiled.

"I cannot sympathize," she said; "you forget that this is my first season, and everything has the charm of novelty."

"True! the roses are only beginning to bloom for you," responded the comte, who occasionally indulged in sentiment, a caprice sufficiently becoming to his soft, dark-brown eyes, and pale, handsome features.

He was wealthy, middle-aged, and believed to be sworn against matrimony, yet a prodigious favorite with the fair dames and damsels of the *crème de la crème* of Parisian society. His Italian villa, some miles from the capital, was a dream of luxurious beauty, and the Hotel du Terny, not a hundred miles from the Tuileries, was a palatial residence indeed.

Like most favorites of fortune, he was subject to prolonged attacks of ennui, and eagerly sought for fresh novelties with which to dissipate this sombre cloud. Blanche Carrisford, the fresh young beauty, had for some time proved a charming study to him—would she merge into something more charming still, or would he tire of her as he had of scores of others? Time alone could show.

"Who speaks of lethargy in the society of Miss Carrisford?" said a low but powerful voice close at hand; and a gentleman who had noiselessly

approached them over the soft turf raised his hat with a smile, as he reined in his horse on the young girl's left.

Blanche and her escort were evidently discomposed at the appearance of this person, for the carnation in her fair cheek deepened to crimson, and the features of the comte assumed a polite rigidity for which when annoyed he was socially famous; but with admirable *sang-froid* the interloper chose to ignore the fact of his being decidedly *de trop*.

He was mounted on a powerful-looking bay horse, which he rode like a Centaur, and managed with as much grace as skill.

After a few remarks on general subjects, he turned to Du Terny.

"Apropos of lethargy, comte," he said, showing his glittering teeth in a wide smile, "I have just discovered a new sensation, with which to combat the fiend Ennui. Miss Carrisford, I have just left your mamma, after prevailing on her to honor my poor residence so far as to be present with you at an entertainment I purpose having on the 18th, in order to witness a private representation by the Queen of the Lions and her savage troupe. Terribly and impressively picturesque the performance is, I assure you, and, above all, unbackneyed. Comte, may I look forward to the pleasure of your company at my fête?"

The comte bowed his acceptance and acknowledgments, and feminine curiosity had so far overcome her evident repugnance to her would-be host, that Blanche turned to him with an expression of lively interest lighting up her sweet, handsome face.

"The Lion Queen!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, Monsieur de Treilly, you have provided something quite novel for our entertainment; I had not even heard of her before. Is she pretty?"

At this very feminine inquiry both gentlemen smiled, and he addressed as De Treilly answered:

"That is a query I can only partially answer, Miss Carrisford. In figure, she is all that is graceful and majestic; but her face is a veiled mystery, as she never appears to human eye without a half-mask totally concealing the upper part of her face. There is a report that, during an unguarded moment, her favorite puma lion bestowed a rough caress on her, which had the effect of fearfully disfiguring her. But that may be a mere canard."

"And the half-mask a mere ruse to attract remark," interjected the comte.

"Probably," returned De Treilly, dismissing the subject with a slight shrug of his vast shoulders, as Mrs. Carrisford's carriage rolled toward them, containing that lady and a couple of friends; and while, with consummate policy, De Treilly made himself delightfully agreeable to the elder ladies, the comte fell behind with Blanche, and watched her ever-varying face with an increasing interest which surprised himself.

* * * * *

"Mamma, I really do not understand you," far less do I understand *this*!" and Blanche Carrisford pointed to a richly-embazoned velvet case lying on the tiny burl-table at her mother's side with a hand that trembled slightly.

Mother and daughter were alone in their apartments at the Hotel du —, with only Mrs. Carrisford's white cockatoo to interrupt their *tête-à-tête*.

Mrs. Carrisford's limpid blue eyes filled with tears, which, however, she skillfully intercepted with her delicate handkerchief ere they reached the faint soupçon of rouge which enlivened her pretty though pallid cheek.

"Really, my love, your manner of demanding an explanation is so extremely boisterous and—*stern*, and, indeed, undutiful, that my nerves

are completely unstrung! How *can* you be so unfeeling, Blanche?" she said, plaintively.

"Mamma," said Blanche, steadily, "I do not wish to be unfeeling, but this is something in which I cannot but feel that I am deeply concerned. Am I to understand that these jewels come from Monsieur de Treilly, and with *your* consent?"

Mrs. Carrisford, whose whole armor, offensive and defensive, consisted of tears, allowed a copious flood to deluge the delicate rouge, for after all, Blanche was in the secret of her toilet, and it was not yet the hour at which visitors might be expected to arrive, so, with an *abandon* bred of security, she sobbed behind her handkerchief, while for once gentle Blanche remained impervious to their influence, and waited with something like impatience for a lull in the storm—if anything so weak as Mrs. Carrisford's tears could be dignified by such a name.

She was unwontedly excited, and the deepened damask of her cheek and the brighter sparkle of her deep blue eyes rendered her, if possible, more lovely than usual. She was facing her mother, leaning against the richly-carved back of a low fauteuil, her slender fingers clasped together, and some fanciful work on which she had been lately engaged lay on the carpet at her feet. Between them stood the table bearing the casket.

Usually accustomed to being coaxed and petted out of her "pathetics" by her gentle daughter, astonishment at her prolonged silence forced Mrs. Carrisford to look out of her handkerchief, and something in the young girl's face arrested the easy flow of her tears and caused her to rise from her indolently graceful attitude on the couch to a sitting posture.

"Well, my love," she said, "I suppose it is not a crime for a mother to give her consent to a most thoroughly eligible party paying his addresses to her daughter? or even—don't look at me, pray, Blanche—assuring him of success beforehand? There!"

Blanche's training had been as weakly foolish as that of many young girls in her sphere of life; but there were great capabilities in her nature of which her mother was faintly conscious, and with her weak hand she hastened to strike a chord in the breast of her daughter which she knew would respond fully to her touch.

"No one knows," she continued, "what trials I have had to bear with my children, and now, when I thought that everything was well over, and dear Bertie settled so steadily in his profession, this Monsieur de Treilly comes forward and makes *your* hand the price of his silence concerning some dreadful thing he says the poor dear boy did ages ago, when it appears they were very intimate; and I'm quite sure, my love, you are too fond of your brother to agitate me cruelly and ruin him by refusing what is, after all, a very brilliant position; and as I was absolutely forced to promise for you, De Treilly sent these diamonds, with the request, very nicely worded I must say, that you would honor him by wearing them at his fête. That is all, my love."

"Yes, that was all! The unspeakable anguish of a lifetime condensed into a few weak words!"

Up to this moment Blanche's character had been singularly childlike; now a certain change began in it, and as an hour of unusually fervid heat will force prematurely open the closely-folded rosebud, so a woman now stood where an instant before had stood a child.

"Mamma," she said, looking intently at Mrs. Carrisford, who had resumed her indolent attitude, and was fanning herself with the wing of a bird-of-paradise, "did Monsieur de Treilly tell you that I had previously rejected his suit?"

"I certainly understood as much from him," replied her mother, a little nervously.

"Only for Bertie's sake, mamma," continued Blanche, "is it that you have promised me to this man?"

"Only for his, my love," said Mrs. Carrisford with something like a sigh, "for lately I thought Comte du Terny was decidedly particular in his attentions, and he would certainly have been a more distinguished match. But we all must make sacrifices."

Mrs. Carrisford's forte had always been that of sacrificing other people to her own interests.

The instant in which Blanche found herself separated from him for ever, revealed to her the hold Comte du Terny had obtained on her affections, and this knowledge intensified, if possible, the extreme horror with which she regarded the prospect of a union with De Treilly. But, as we have said, her nature was one of profound capabilities, and as she slowly lifted her suitor's princely gift from the table and left the apartment, it was with the firm resolve that she would not suffer her own inclinations to interfere with the salvation of her brother.

* * * * *

For the first time De Treilly felt secure of Blanche. His diamonds glittered in her hair, on her slender white arms, and round her purely white throat. No word concerning recent events had passed between them, but a little perfumed pink billet from Mrs. Carrisford had informed him of Blanche's acceptance of his suit; yet it was not until this moment that the crowning assurance of the fulfillment of his hopes came to him. Yet even in the full flush of his first triumph a curious change in Blanche made itself perceptible to him—the external tokens of the mental change which had taken place within her.

The outlines of her face were sharper and clearer, which, while it added to her always rather spiritual beauty, took somewhat from that in which, to him, lay its chief charm, namely, its dainty, dewy freshness. Her eyes seemed larger, deeper and wondrously sad, and her hair, which had hitherto hung in heavy masses of glittering, living gold round her girlish form, was massed into a chignon such as could only come from under the magic fingers of —, and, as we have said, was crowned with a glittering wreath of diamond stars, which had the effect of apparently adding to her stature, while the usual simplicity of her toilet was replaced by a royal magnificence before which that of the married belles of society present paled. There was no tremor in her assured step, and the faultless little hand which rested on his arm was as coldly motionless as ice. She looked weary, proud and disdainful, though the glow and splendor surrounding her might have melted the stoicism of an anchorite.

There was a species of barbaric magnificence in the arrangements of the Hotel de Treilly unusual in the civilized life of the nineteenth century, and the blended fire of scarlet and gold predominated in all its adornments—a rosy glow, in which every woman looked charming, pervaded the apartments, and through the dome-shaped ceilings rolled a thin and fantastic vapor, rising from gilded censers, and permitting occasional glimpses of the warmly-tinted Guido-like paintings which decorated those ceilings. The arcades of pillars opening to the eve at every turn were wreathed with the most brilliant exotics, and draperies of priceless value from the looms of India separated the different suites of apartments from each other.

In the corridors birds of wondrous plumage floated hither and thither untrammelled by wire or bar, and curious surprises abounded.

In one spot a Bengal tiger, with carbuncle eyes,

crouched its pliant form in an attitude fearfully lifelike. In another, bronzed, snowy-turbaned Moors kept motionless and silent watch over a fountain such as might have played in the courts of the Alhambra; and everywhere was a prodigal effulgence of glowing lights and gorgeous coloring, with an occasional shadowy alcove, such as might have formed the resting-place of an Eastern sultana.

Statues of marble were rare, but wonderful bronzes rose from pedestals of glowing roses, and were finely thrown out against the sunset pink of the walls. Dark, zingara-looking flower-girls, with sequins glittering in their dusky hair, offered flowers and fruit heaped in fantastic baskets of gilt wicker-work to the passers-by.

In the centre of the vast courtyard was, however, the great attraction of the evening—an immense circular tent of scarlet silk, fringed and embroidered with gold, in which the performance of the Lion Queen was to take place; but as yet its curtains were securely fastened, and gave no intimation to the curious of the presence of its savage inhabitants, save that rarely a low growl or subdued roar mingled its significant bass with the melting and voluptuous harmonies of the concealed band.

While Mrs. Carrisford, dazzled with the splendor surrounding her, secretly congratulated herself on Blanche's betrothal to the owner of all this magnificence, Blanche moved through the enchanted scene as though it were the impalpable creation of a dream with which she had no connection or concern.

Rumor had already coupled her name with that of De Treilly, and many were the envying glances shot from bright eyes on the fair young creature, as, leaning on, or rather touching his arm with her little fingers, she walked through lofty corridor and glowing saloon.

Ere long the claims of hospitality called De Treilly from her side, and at her special request he left her seated in a small though lofty chamber, lined with orange-trees, and leading into the courtyard, where mingled moonlight and torchlight was flashing on the tent, and where, to carry out the illusion of an Eastern scene, the fantastic forms of burmoused attendants moved with their glittering torches amid groups of dromedaries tethered in effective patches of moonlight, filtered through the magnificent foliage of the palm-tree.

Blanche's reason for seeking the comparative seclusion of this spot, was that Comte du Terny had just arrived, and she found herself suddenly unable to meet him with the composure she deemed necessary, in view of her new relations toward De Treilly. Despite her deep agony of mind, the unusual scene without gradually drew her attention to the external world, and leaning against the crystal partition, her artistic eye began slowly to dwell with interest on its wild and picturesque details.

A dreamy forgetfulness of her cause of mental disquiet stole over her, and for the first time in her young existence she thrust back from her the future and the past, and was content to be only conscious of the present.

The aromatic perfume of the orange-blossoms, the distant "dying fall" of the music, and the fantastic light from torch and moon, which alone illumined her retirement, threw over her a species of spell, and so complete became the motionless repose of her form, that, in her snowy robes, she might have been taken for a statue hewn from alabaster but for the reflected light which shone from beneath her partially lowered eyelids. One hand, clasping her fan of some soft and snowy plumage, lay listlessly on her lap; the other hung motionless at her side, displaying to perfection

the tender and graceful curves of the slender yet rounded arm.

In this dreamy state the rounded beauty of first youth returned to cheek and lip, and her glittering coronal and costly dress seemed as much out of place as rosebuds decking the brow of wrinkled age.

Though her eyes were lowered, she had not sat thus for many minutes before that thrill which is so mysterious announced to her that she was not alone; and by an effort of will, she raised her drooping lids, and though yet too much under the influence of the slumbrous spell of the apartment to alter her attitude, her eyes turned questioningly and with dreamy admiration on a form which had silently and unperceived taken its place by her side, and a vague idea that she was sleeping, and that her visitor was but the dream creation of her brain, floated through her mind.

She perceived a tall and majestic woman, whose grave regards were fixed on her with a lustrous intensity, with the unfathomable and calm brilliance which distinguish the planets from the scintillating hosts of heaven. Her look was compassionate, but a certain marble rigidity froze the rich curves of the damask lips into an expression at once painful and severe. Her air was that of one to whom command was habitual, and the coronal of blood-red rubies set in dead-gold found an imperial resting-place on her lofty brow.

Her dress was extraordinary. A tunic of scarlet Genoa velvet fell to a little above the ankle, and was bordered with a broad band of cabalistic characters wrought in dead-gold. A girdle encrusted with precious stones bound her waist, and from it depended a short, wide scimitar, its glittering blade unsheathed and fastened in such a manner as to give its wearer instant command over it. A leopard-skin was flung over the left shoulder, and secured in its place by a mass of diamonds and carbuncles, rubies and emeralds, which threw out prismatic showers of light with the least movement of her person. Her arms, bare from the shoulder, were sheathed, as it were, in immense coils and bands of precious stones, and her hands were protected with gloves formed of some strange and thick, yet pliant skin, and were seamed with minute brilliants.

In one of her hands she held a small black half-mask; the other was extended toward Blanche in an attitude at once claiming attention and commanding silence. The fantastic lights from without flung their broad, yet uncertain glow over her, and the distant bands were breathing a wild air from "Der Freischütz."

"Blanche Carrisford," she said, in a voice so low, yet so inexpressibly harmonious, that it might have been the echo of a more heavenly music still, "I am here to warn you of danger—if necessary, to shield you from it. Let nothing induce you to marry Lucius de Treilly. If you are pushed to extremity, open this case, and bid him look on what it contains; if he should defy the silent message, and still force his claims upon you, I shall be again at your side. Until then farewell, and remember. Keep this visit a secret from all. On that much depends."

She leaned forward and laid in Blanche's lap a flat, oblong box of mother-of-pearl, secured with gold bands, studded with diamonds, and fastened with a simple spring. Then, with an adroit movement, she concealed the upper portion of her face with the mask, and ere the now startled girl could make any movement to detain her, she had vanished as silently and mysteriously as she had appeared.

With an instinctive movement, Blanche placed the mysterious case in the pocket of her dress, and then her much tried nerves gave way, and

leaning against the framework of the glass partition, she fainted quietly away.

* * * * *
Miss Carrisford's sudden illness and withdrawal from the fête caused much comment—much apparent sympathy, and a vast amount of internal joy to a great number of ladies who had felt themselves eclipsed and outshone by her superior attractions. The men were in despair, and De Treilly, as he handed her to the carriage, gnawed his lip with rage as he reflected on the dead-sea fruit the brilliant scene within would be to him once Blanche's lovely form withdrew its crowning grace from it. A flush of pleasure, however, rose to his face as, leaning forward, she said to him in a low voice:

"May I request you to call to-morrow, at your earliest leisure, as I am anxious to have some private conversation with you on matters nearly concerning us both?"

Notwithstanding the gaping crowd, he raised her hand to his lips, and the smile with which he watched the departing carriage had in it such triumph as may sit on the face of Satan when he observes the first turning aside of a pure soul from the mild guidance of its guardian angel to his malignant conduct. De Treilly's was one of those rare natures in which no analysis, however searching, could discover that precious stone, however small, which fortunately underlies the evil in nearly every character.

Mrs. Carrisford, with that gentle indulgence ever shown by fashionable mothers to the eligible suitors of their daughters, found herself obliged to retire to her chamber for a prolonged conference with her milliner touching a "ravishing toilet" which that mighty *artiste* was preparing for madame, as the hour approached at which Blanche expected De Treilly; and so it was that, on arriving, he found his young betrothed the sole occupant of the charming little rose-colored apartment dedicated by Mrs. Carrisford to the reception of such visitors as she wished to impress with an exalted opinion of her elderly charms; and we must do her the justice of saying that few, indeed, in number were those whom she thought it necessary to thus charm, and not one of them was from the ranks of the sterner sex.

Whatever combination its occupancy by Mrs. Carrisford might have suggested to an observer, charming Blanche, in her simple white morning-dress, looked like a pearl embowered in the heart of a blush-rose; and so, in a deep voice, De Treilly said, bowing over the little hand extended reluctantly enough to him and then immediately withdrawn.

De Treilly's external character—for every man possesses two—was that of a gentleman. He placed a chair at some distance from Blanche's fauteuil, and seated himself, while Blanche did the same, and listened with decided coldness to his inquiries and hopes concerning her indisposition of the previous evening. De Treilly, however, felt too secure of his prey to attach much importance to those negative signs of dislike, and this gave him a decided advantage over Blanche, who, now that she was really launched on her enterprise, felt dimly that she was trusting very blindly to the advice of her mysterious visitor, and for a second she felt tempted to draw back and let events take their course; but her powerfully awakened feelings, and the possession of the oblong box, which was, after all, something tangible, immediately crushed the coward feeling, and she set herself resolutely to face the task before her.

She had much of a child's directness of character, and she felt that, with such a nature as that of De Treilly, any attempt at paving the way to

what was coming would be at once useless and troublesome; besides, being ignorant of the contents of the box put her at a certain disadvantage.

A dead silence succeeded the first polite inquiries of De Treilly, broken only by the sounds from without. A military band was practicing in the distance, and the far-away sound of artillery proclaimed that a review was in progress at some of the parks.

Blanche's cheeks flushed and paled rapidly as her fingers drew the glittering box from its concealment.

"Monsieur de Treilly," she said, slowly, and gathering courage once she felt committed to proceed, "you will find in the box sufficient reason for immediately releasing me from an engagement I have not sought to conceal from you was utterly repugnant to me from the first. I felt that no appeal to you would have effect save *this*, and this you will feel to be decisive."

Her voice faltered, and despite herself, died away, for did it in truth contain so potent a spell as she had been told? or would her hopes of freedom be shattered by its opening?

She pushed it with a trembling hand across the little burl-table to him; at the same time her anxious eyes took keen note of the changes in his countenance.

Persons may be impervious to the moral consequences of their crimes, while shrinking in terror from their material retribution. De Treilly's character was incapable of remorse, but not of fear of what might interrupt or mar his pleasures.

His face flushed darkly and ominously, and from beneath his lowered brows he darted a burning glance of suspicion and something akin to dismay at Blanche, while mechanically he rose and lifted the box from the table.

The perturbation of his manner reassured Blanche. That he dreaded some disclosure was evident, and in his fear lay her hope.

As though to obtain a more perfect view of its contents, he pushed aside the rose-colored curtains, and, with an anxiety he was unable to conceal, pressed back the spring—the box flew open. For an instant he concentrated his gaze on its contents, and then, flinging it from him as he would have done an adder, and without a look at Blanche, he rushed from the room, and in the space of a moment the echo of his horse's footsteps resounded through the sunny, quiet square, as he urged his wonderful bay to a mad gallop.

Blanche listened with a joyful sense of deliverance to the clanging hoofs, and then, her curiosity fully awakened, lifted the box from the floor, and with wonder surveyed its contents.

In it was set, as in a frame, a small and exquisitely executed painting, representing in its minute space a strange and terrible scene. Heavy masses of sulphur-tinged clouds rolled over a lofty and precipitous cliff, against which the maddened ocean was dashing itself and breaking in waves of fire—the reflection of the lurid lightning, which, for it was night, alone illumined the scene. On the summit of the cliff stood a man, on whose face and form the artist had concentrated the broadest glare of the lightning, and the face of De Treilly, transformed to that of a fiend, met the awed gaze of the young girl. His arm was outstretched, and his form was thrown back as though from a sudden recoil. The reason was terribly apparent. With arms wildly thrown upward, as if in instinctive appeal to the threatening heavens, a female form was falling from the edge of the cliff into the howling abyss below, and the white, agonized face seemed the distorted image of some other face Blanche had lately either seen or dreamed of. Beneath the painting was traced, in letters of vivid scarlet, the single word:

"Resurgam!"

A shudder convulsed Blanche as she recognized the dire meaning of the vividly represented scene, and she had hardly time to close the box and conceal it in her dress when Mrs. Carrisford entered the apartment, and to her Blanche proceeded to explain that Monsieur de Treilly had released her from the hated engagement, without explaining the agency of the painting.

Mrs. Carrisford cried with chagrin at Blanche's contumacy in ungratefully refusing the unexceptionable goods the gods had provided.

"If Bertie were here," she moaned, from amid the blushing pillows of her favorite fauteuil, "he'd induce you to view things in a different light. I'm sure you make me miss the dear fellow more every day! You are not like a child to me at all! Such a brilliant match, too!"

"Mamma," said Blanche, a little bitterly, "did you anticipate much happiness for me in a marriage with one who was forcing me into the union by threats directed against *my* brother and *your* son?"

Mrs. Carrisford sighed among the cushions like a broken-hearted zephyr, and thus the interview ended between the ladies.

Again it was night on the other side of the Atlantic, and again a woman stood alone in her chamber looking out upon it.

It was one of those motionless nights, in the middle of the fervid summer, on which the pulses of the earth and sea seem hushed to the most profound quiet; when there is in the air

"A fragrance like that of the beautiful Garden of Paradise in the days that were!"

and the moon, putting aside her shafts of glittering silver, polished by the keener air of colder nights, flings a broad but subdued effulgence on the earth through the misty and dreamlike atmosphere. Even the neighborhood of the mighty city failed to disturb the golden quiet of that hour in its leafy suburb, and, standing at her chamber-window, the watcher was as utterly alone as though dwelling on the summit of some distant mountain, far removed from the habitations of man.

The apartment was situated on the ground-floor of a villa residence, and the shimmering light of the moon filtering through the motionless leaves of a graceful vine framing the window, showed it to be luxuriously and tastefully furnished. On the toilet lay a coronet of rubies, glowing dully with an ominous red glow, like the nucleus of some vast and devastating conflagration ere it leaps into active, all-devouring life, and a heaped-up mass of other glittering jewels lay beside it.

On a couch lay a magnificent leopard-skin, and a short broad scimitar was thrown carelessly on it, as was also a simple half-mask of black silk.

In a kind of recess, or alcove, a huge something lay crouched on the floor, and a kind of purring noise proceeding from it proclaimed the fact that it was endowed with life; but the room was full of lurking shadows, and no sight however keen could have determined its nature.

Rousing herself from her reverie with a profound sigh, the watcher carefully closed and barred the window, and having shut out the ghostly moonlight, proceeded to light an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling by slender bronze chains. Then taking her place before the toilet, she slowly and mechanically placed the jewels in their various cases, and after securing them in an iron coffer of immense strength, placed it under the snowy lace-bordered pillows of her bed.

After concluding this task, she walked to within

a certain distance of the alcove before mentioned, and called, in a low clear voice:

"Charlemagne! Charlemagne! Get up, sir!"

The mass occupying the alcove slowly rose with an undulating movement in answer to her call, and opening its immense jaws in a terrific yawn, revealed the startling fact that it was a large and enormously powerful jaguar, chained by the neck to an iron post rising from the floor. Its eyes glowed like carbuncles, and it stretched its huge velvety limbs as though rejoicing in its iron sinews. The motion, however, made it feel the constraint of its chain, and it showed its white fangs with a kind of subdued growl or snarl of rage. Sparks leaped from its eyes, and with a bound it sprang with such force to the end of its chain that it was pulled back with the shock and hurled to the ground, where it rolled over and over, tearing the air in its futile rage.

Its mistress, without varying a muscle, regarded the wild contortions of the animal thoughtfully, and with something of disappointment in her serene and beautiful face.

"I shall never tame thee, Charlemagne," she said, aloud. "It is well that your chain is strong and new."

"An extremely pleasant circumstance indeed, Madame de Treilly!" said a voice so close behind her that the hot breath of the speaker swept like the blast of a furnace across her neck, and turning slowly round, her dark, and brilliant eyes met those of her husband, Lucius de Treilly, fixed on her with the mocking glance of a fiend.

Every moment of her life had borne the presentiment of this scene in its bosom, and thus it was that, coming suddenly on her, the terror of it did not strike her dead.

Plainly, as she faced him in that dimly-lighted room, she saw *murder* gleaming in his stealthy and ferocious glance, recognised it in the hoarse tones of his grating voice, saw it in the secret clinching of his powerful hand. Her superb courage never for an instant abandoned her.

"What do you want?" she said, facing him resolutely, but darting a rapid glance at the couch beyond him where the scimitar had lain. It was not there!

"Want?" echoed De Treilly, with a smile which had a grim resemblance to the yawn of the jaguar. "What half the world wants, if there were only honesty sufficient to admit it. *Revenge!*"

He looked to see her turn pale and shudder. She was firm as a rock—her color deepened, her eyes shone on him with an awful and starry brightness. It was impossible that craven fear should master her; it was equally impossible that a flaming sword should turn *him* aside from his fell purpose.

"Revenge!" she said; "that word from *you* to *me*! Have I no cause to avenge? Is it you alone who have that doubtful good to seek? Did I register no vow that stormy night when, hurried bleeding from your ferocious grasp into the raging sea, I escaped a fearful death by what was almost a miracle? Man! depart while there is yet time!"

Her form seemed actually to dilate, sheets of fire sprang from her eyes, and with an air terrible and menacing, she pointed to the door. De Treilly laughed.

"Locked," he said, "and the key here," touching the breast-pocket of his coat. "You have kindly secured the window, and as your domestics are not within hearing distance, we shall enjoy an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* . Do you know, Madame de Treilly, or, rather, your Majesty of the Lions, that I am about to *murder* you?"

"You will try," said Zamora, regarding him fixedly; "but it is written, you will not succeed."

"Charming fatalist," said De Treilly, with his hideous smile, "I will admit that you have cause to doubt me, since I failed the first time. But consider how many more inducements I have to complete my work than on that occasion. Then you simply defied me in the presence of my guests, and in a fit of mere resentment I followed you as you fled along the cliffs, and hurled you over, simply to gratify the feeling of the moment. Well, you escaped, as you say, by a miracle, or what was nearly such, and instead of keeping out of my path, you actually prevent my marriage with a lady in my own sphere of life, by conveying, through a very admirable painting, the information that you had risen from what ought to have been your grave, and that I was to a certain extent in your power—we will say on a charge of attempted murder. Very naturally I employed every means to find you, and after much patient research I discovered that the masked Lion Queen and Madame de Treilly were one and the same person. So you see what mighty inducements I have to remove you from my path, and at the same time satiate my revenge, which is just as ravenous and open-mouthed as your pet yonder," and he pointed to the jaguar, which was gnawing at its chain and growling savagely in an undertone.

Zamona's lofty glance never for an instant faltered.

"Your vengeance will not be gratified," she said, steadily. "Comte du Torny and his wife, Blanche Carrisford, are in New York. To them my history is known. My being found murdered would instantly direct their suspicions to you, and the gallows would end your vile life. For these reasons your vengeance must remain unsatisfied, Monsieur de Treilly."

De Treilly smiled with a keen appreciation of what he was about to say.

"Allow me to explain," he said, politely. "I shall not personally imbrue my hands in your blood. I shall delegate my vengeance to a very efficient minister. I shall simply place you under the influence of chloroform, and present you to our hungry friend yonder, who will find those statuesque limbs of yours a *bonne bouche* fit for the monarch of his race. I shall watch him make his *petit souper* then, free from suspicion, I shall retire by yonder door, and, *voilà!* the papers of the morning will ring with the tragic fate of the Lion Queen, who fell a victim to enthusiasm in the pursuit of her exciting but dangerous profession. It lies in a nutshell!"

Zamona's eyes dilated with horror at the devilish cunning of this murderous scheme, against which she felt perfectly powerless. Already in anticipation she felt the deadening influence of the treacherous essence steal over her, and as in a dream, she saw him draw a small phial from his breast and advance toward her, his eyes fixed on hers with the glittering fascination of a serpent.

More from instinct than from a clear idea, she drew slowly backward as he advanced, her arm extended as though to keep him off, their eyes chained together as though by a species of magnetism.

He was gaining on her. He was by her side. His iron hand grasped her arm.

His eyes glared into hers until they seemed to search her eyeballs.

Suddenly her senses returned, her suspended strength came back. She burst from his hold with a violence which, rock of strength as he was, destroyed his balance, and while she bounded into the middle of the room, he measured his length on the floor just at the edge of the alcove.

There was a second of dread silence, then a

ferocious roar, a sudden rush, and, though nearly strangled by his confining chain, the jaguar flung his crushing weight on the prostrate body of Lucius de Treilly.

Let the curtain fall; the play is ended!

EPILIQUE.

THE wife of the eminent lawyer Bertie Carrisford, she who reigns with such sweet royalty as the very queen of his soul and the society in which they move, was once known to the world as Zamona de Treilly.

The Honeymoon.

Faw will admit that they need any advice in the honeymoon; fewer still will take it. Most young persons think, "Well, it is hard if we may not be left to ourselves at such a season!" And yet, perhaps, if we took the experience of the many on this subject, they would admit that the honeymoon has been the time of all others when they have been least able to help themselves.

Is it too much to say that during the honeymoon the happiness or the misery of two young lives is very nearly settled? Well, perhaps that is too much to say, for errors and misconceptions may be lived down, and habits may be formed or broken after the honeymoon, in the course of years. But still, much is often decided, we will not say in the first few months, but even in the first few days. Little things are decided in little ways, and neither understands that "it is the little rift within the lover's lute" that has begun to show even on the first day.

Patience, patience on both sides is needed—but especially on the man's side, for he is the stronger vessel, and knows life. At the bottom of her heart his young wife wants to please him; but she cannot bear him out of her sight—he must account for every moment. His ways are incomprehensible. Why does he want to go out for ten minutes after dinner for a stroll? Why does he prefer spending an hour or two down-stairs with an old friend at night, to going up into the drawing-room? Why does he want to see the papers at the club, instead of going out after a hard day in the city for a little afternoon shopping? Man is a mystery to many a young girl for the first few months after marriage. She has not learned that a man's interests are and must be various. How should she suppose that a husband had any other desires than to make money and dance attendance upon his wife? She has never cared for anything but love and bonnets. She cannot understand that dress, and even matrimony, are only episodes in a man's life, although they compose the sum total of many a woman's.

We hear a good deal about incompatibility of temper—we believe very little in it. The sexes are almost indefinitely plastic. People quarrel more from errors of judgment than from any other cause. You can live with anybody if you understand him, and you can manage anybody if you know him, providing you mean well, have a decent heart, and are willing to be patient and to make some sacrifices for love.

Newly-married women are, no doubt, very trying sometimes to their husbands, but it is the fault more of their social training and the want of education than anything else. Men should remember how much a girl has to learn, and how much, alas! most men have to unlearn, when they first begin the married life. We venture to say that if all newly-married couples were to make a contract not to quarrel for six months, they would seldom have any serious quarrels in after-life.

You can get into the habit of living peaceably



"RESURGAM!"—"MAMMA, I REALLY DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOU! FAR LESS DO I UNDERSTAND THIS!" AND BLANCHE CARRISFORD POINTED TO A RICHLY-EMBLAZONED VELVET CASE ON THE TABLE BY HER MOTHER'S SIDE.—SEE PAGE 174.

and happily, and that habit is quite as difficult to break as any habit we know of. Let there be no long poutings; let there be no long, careless, indifferent fits. When a girl sulks, *noblesse oblige*, throw that nasty cigar away! now, sir, go up and kiss her; if she still sulks, kiss her again—she won't be able to hold out long against that mode of attack, and five minutes after she will let you have your smoke, or go down to the club, or anything else.

If little storms arise—and they will arise—let them be brief. Don't let us sleep over it, and wake up the next morning and cudgel our brains to remember who nagged last. This kind of thing is mean, it is ungenerous, and it is silly. But if there is a difference, let Annabel and Ralph both speak their minds; and let Annabel have a good cry, if that is her method of winding up, and then a good hug; and let Ralph see that it be all made up before dinner, or before bedtime, or we cannot be responsible for the consequences.

Cheerfulness.

The faculty of making the most of our blessings is a very happy one. The Spaniard of whom Southey tells that he always put on his magnifying-glasses when he ate cherries, in order to make them seem larger, had the true philosophy of life. The good things that fall to the share of most men in this world are not so numerous but that they will bear a little pleasant exaggeration, and it is much wiser to make the most of them than to grumble because they are not more numerous. It is surprising how narrow means and sim-

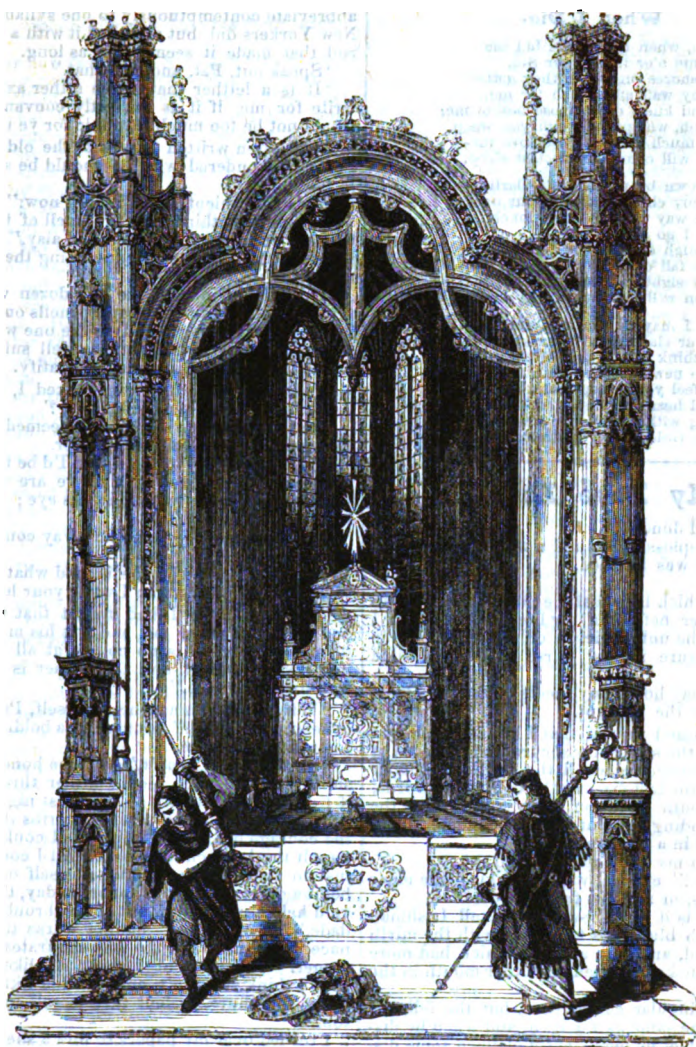
ple pleasures may be eked out by a little invention. Sydney Smith, that great master of human happiness, used to cry out, "Glorify the room," and the windows being thrown open let in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. The ancient Pompeians, who were wise in their day and generation, seem to have well understood the art of making the most of everything. Their gardens were very diminutive; but by painting the surrounding walls with plants and landscapes, their little area became indefinitely enlarged to the eye of the observer, just as our shopkeepers enlarge their premises and multiply their goods by the aid of mirrors. It is well to glorify our lives in this way a little, by throwing open the windows and taking an enlarged view of all our blessings.

"If any one," says Sir William Armstrong, "will consider that a single pound of coal applied to a well-constructed steam-engine boiler is sufficient to evaporate ten pounds, or one gallon, of water, and if he will compare this effect with the insignificant quantity of water which can be boiled off in steam by a pound of coal consumed in an ordinary kitchen fire, he will be able to appreciate the enormous waste which takes place by the common methods of burning coal for culinary purposes." It has been estimated that the aggregate steam-power used in the United Kingdom is equal to that of 400,000,000 of men, or twice the power of the whole adult population of the globe.

ENVY is the saw of the soul.



"RESURGAM!"—"SHE PERCEIVED A TALL AND MAJESTIC WOMAN, WHOSE GRAVE REGARDS WERE FIXED ON HER WITH A LUSTROUS INTENSITY."—SEE PAGE 174.



TOMB OF THE THREE KINGS, AT COLOGNE.

Tomb of the Three Kings, at Cologne.

OUR readers have often met references to the Three Kings of Cologne, but it must not be inferred that these three ever ruled in that city. The Cathedral of Cologne claims to possess the relics of the Three Wise Men or Kings of the East, who were led by a star to the crib at Bethlehem.

The shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne is in a small marble chapel, in the Ionic style, behind the high altar. These kings, as tradition reports, were the Magi who came from the East to bring presents to the infant Saviour. The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa brought their bones from Milan, after taking that city by storm in 1170. They are placed in a case of solid silver. The skulls, which are the only parts that remain, were once crowned with golden diadems enriched with jewels. Each skull is inscribed with a name written in rubies—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.

The shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne was once the most famous in Christendom, and was profusely adorned with precious stones. In 1794 these relics were carried off by the Chapter to Arenberg, in Westphalia, to prevent their seizure by the French. They were brought back in 1804, but in the meantime some of the precious stones were taken away: imitations in paste or glass have been substituted, and the crowns of the Three Kings are now of silver gilt. There still remains a display of stones, gems, cameos, and enamel-work sufficient to show the former richness of the shrine.

Poverty is necessarily feeble, but it does not follow that riches afford strength. We may, if we please, make wings of them which will carry us to heaven; but we may also as certainly make them oppressive burdens, which would sink the most hopeful soul into the deepest perdition.

When I Die.

DARLING, when the angels bid me
To come o'er the Jasper Sea,
To the shores on which they gather
As they wait and watch for me,
Come and kneel down close beside me,
And, oh, whisper, though you weep,
Of how much and well you love me—
Death will come as sweetest sleep.

Kneel down by my bedside, darling—
Take my chill hands in your own,
And the way will not seem lonely
When I go away alone;
And though darkness is about me,
In the fall of life's still night,
Kiss my sightless eyes, and, darling,
Heaven will break upon my sight.

Though I may not answer, darling,
To your clasp or to your kiss,
I shall think of you and Heaven,
As the new life joins with this.
I shall feel your clasp and kisses,
I shall hear your whisper sweet,
Mingling with the angels' welcome
In the Golden City's street.

My Love Lotter.

Yes! I had done it!

After a sleepless night and a whole morning of cogitation, it was finished.

What?

A letter, which had cost me more thought than anything ever before in my life, and in which I had offered the untold riches of my heart and the meagre treasure in my purse to Miss Matilda Dalyell.

I will not say how many sheets of *de la rue* were sacrificed in the attempt.

But I flattered myself that I had succeeded at last—that in the sheet now secure under the lid of my desk I concentrated all the passionate hopes and fears of the last six months in glowing words, as all the south winds of early spring and the softly descending dews of May are condensed and made visible in a fragrant rose.

A knock at my office-door roused me.

"Come in!" cried I, without taking the cigar from my lips, or my legs from the desk.

"Ah, Pat, is it you?" said I, as a tall Irishman came in, with blue eyes twinkling with the mirth of all Ireland, and with a mouth which had more quips and quirks in it than any other mouth in the world.

It was a singular coincidence, but the fellow's name was the same as my own, and when he discovered the fact he persistently claimed some distant kinship with me. It was curious to hear the reasons which he gave for his claim. Perhaps he was half right; but the Irish blood in my veins had been Americanized for three generations (not, however, to the extent of making me prefer Indian meal to potatoes), and I had been called Patrick, partly because Patrick was my father's and grandfather's name, and partly because I had been so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to have been born on "St. Patrick's Day in the morning."

Be that as it may, I was forced to keep the name which had been given me, and subscribe myself Patrick Curel, while my amiable friend at the door made his mark by the same words in the few cases in his life when he had dared to meddle with pen and ink.

Pat seemed for a moment to have lost his usual rollicking confidence. He stood twisting his already shapeless hat, till I asked:

"What is it now, Pat?"

"Shure, Misther Curel, I have come to ax a favor of ye."

I liked to hear him call my name. He did not

abbreviate contemptuously to one syllable, as the New Yorkers did, but mouthed it with a sounding roll that made it seem twice as long.

"Speak out, Pat, and say what."

"It is a lether that I'd be afther axing ye to write for me, if it is perfectly convanient, and would not be too much trouble for ye intirely."

I had often written letters to the old folks for Pat, and wondered why he should be so shame-faced now.

"It is convenient, and I'll do it now."

"There is nothing like the smell of the 'baccy to make a man good-natured and aisy," said Pat, whose piquant nose seemed inhaling the aroma of my cigar.

I tossed him one of the half-dozen which lay scattered among the pens and pencils on the desk, not so delicately perfumed as the one with which I was indulging myself, but as well suited to the palate which it was intended to gratify.

"Who has the letter now?" asked I, "Mother, Aunt Judy, or Father O'Flanagan?"

The rotary motion of Pat's hat seemed increased by some unseen palpitating power.

"It is not to any of them that I'd be troubling ye to write now, seeing that ye are so busy," said he, with a sly twinkle in his eye; "but just to Honora O'Brady."

"And who is she—some far-away cousin?"

Pat hesitated.

"I must know who she is, and what you wish to say to her, or how can I write your letter?"

"Thru indade, I had forgot that intirely," and he approached me, and put his mouth close to my ear. "She is no cousin at all at all, but just my swateheart, and the lether is to ax her would she have me."

"Why don't you ask her yourself, Pat, instead of sending a letter?" counseling a boldness which I could not practice.

"Just because I can't," was the honest confession. "Do ye think I'd be afther troubling ye if I could do it meself? I tried last night, but my heart knocked so loud against my ribs that it took the courage out of me intirely. I could not hear meself think, much less spake. All I could do was just to stale a kiss, and take meself off. And I bethought meself of yer honor, to-day, that maybe ye'd help a poor fellow out of his trouble, for, indade," he continued, sighing worse than a furnace, "I can't stand the way she trates me much longer. One moment I think she likes me, and then I think she don't, and if I don't know something for shure, I shall turn meself into a skiltion."

I turned over my papers to find a sheet suitable for the important document. Among the rubbish on the desk was one upon which I had been scribbling. It was bordered with a garland of vivid green leaves, interspersed with red spots probably intended for roses, but which an unprejudiced eye might call cranberries or cherries. Disporting themselves among the foliage of the twisted branches were Cupids ascending and descending in every possible position in which the fertile fancy of the artist could depict them, but the nearer topsy-turvy he could make, the happier effect he apparently imagined he had produced.

How came I, a grave law student, by such a tawdry thing?

A little vagabond boy (I correct myself, not vagabond, for he pursued his vocation, that of hawking note-paper and envelopes about the streets, with a pertinacity which promised better things) had so importuned me to buy his wares, that I had lost patience. If I refused, in a dirge-like wail he would recount the sorrows and ailments of his whole family, to stir my compassion and make the very dimes (if I had any) move out of

my pocket, without my will, into his dirty, warty hand.

No matter how savagely I bade him take himself off and never come again, every Monday morning the same patient feet climbed up the three pairs of stairs that led to my room, and the same dolorous voice chanted of the grandmother that could not see the blessed sun, the sore-legged father, the sister with the bad pain in her heart, and the baby that took spasms. I might as well have shaken off a leech. I think he understood his man, and knew that I should fall into his clutches at last from sheer weariness.

After much endurance I made this bargain with him: He might come into my room once a fortnight. He was never to open his mouth to me on any account. He would always find ten cents on my table—for that sum he was to leave as much paper and of such kinds as he thought fit, and go away at once. A word in praise of his goods, or of lament for the real or imaginary sufferings of his family, and the bargain was at an end. It had been faithfully kept for more than a year.

Ten cents were always ready, always taken, the paper always left; but the sly rogue, as if he felt himself cheated by being forbidden the use of his tongue, always foisted upon me his unsalable paper—dirty, outside, badly-ruled sheets, envelopes that would not stick together, old valentines, any rubbish that other people would not buy.

The garlanded sheet upon which I had been trying my pen was a part of his last infatuation upon me. Pat looked at this with admiring eyes.

"Plaze, sir," said he, pointing with his square finger to the fattest and most jubilant of the Cupids, "would it be too bould if I axed ye to write it on paper like that?"

"You can have one like it if you choose," and I began rummaging my desk, but in vain.

I had been too prodigal of my last consignment. I had lighted my lamp, taken notes, or drawn grotesque faces on all the sheets that seemed so bewilderingly beautiful to Pat. I had nothing between long blue ruled foolscap and the cream-laid, daintily-tinted paper on which I had presumed to address Miss Dalyell.

I drew out of its elaborately ornamented box a fair, creamy sheet, with just the faintest scent of violet, and dipped my most delicate pen into the ink.

"Come, Pat, what shall I say? How shall I begin?"

Pat's blue eyes rolled from the table to the ceiling.

"Shure and yer honor knows betther what to say than I."

"What nonsense! It is your letter, not mine. What shall I write?"

"Anything that you plaze—only ax her would she have me."

"Yes, but I can't begin with that. Tell me something out of your own head."

"Shure there is nothing at all in it," said the fellow, giving a desperate pull at the brilliant lock which straggled over his freckled forehead; but a twinkle came into his eye as he added: "Such a fine gentleman as yerself must have had more experience than a poor fellow like me, and knows what'll please the girl that he loves. Whatever yer honor thinks right to say'll do."

"Shall I say that you'll treat her well, and not beat her?"

"And how can I tell that till I've tried?"

It was strange how much easier it was to write Pat's love letter than my own. The words slid off my pen as boys coast down a steep, icy hill. It was but a few minutes' work.

I read it to Pat. He drank in every word, and

smacked his lips at the close as if he had been partaking of some favorite beverage.

"Shure and didn't I say thrue that yer honor knew best what to write! No woman in the world could help liking it. It'll take the heart clane out of her infirely."

"Since ye have been so good, Misther Cural, would ye do one thing more? Would ye plaze put a red head on it (*anglice*, a postage-stamp). It would be so much more gintale to have the post-office lave it than to fetch it meself."

"Oh, yes!"

And now I bethought myself I might as well make Pat the bearer of my own letter.

"I would like to have you leave a note for me at Mr. Dalyell's, as you go to the office," said I.

I drew out two envelopes, precisely alike, smiling to myself as I did so, and inscribed one to Miss Honora O'Brady, and the other to Miss Matilda Dalyell—and I must confess that the Miss Honora was written with a far easier sweep than the other direction, probably because the H and the B were letters that allowed of a greater display than the M and the D.

I have a foolish habit of directing envelopes before the letters are placed within. I did so now, and both envelopes and letters were lying on the desk before me, when I heard a whistling on the stairs.

It was Sturgis—the fellow had as much music in his throat as a bob-o-link. He came by appointment made the day before. I would not have his laughing, prying eyes discover my morning occupation. Should he see an envelope directed in my handwriting to Miss Dalyell, it would serve him as a jest through the long evening we purposed to spend together.

I thrust the notes into their inclosures, hastily sealed them, placed my own in an open yellow envelope—to save it as much as possible from the desecration of Pat's fingers—and hurried him off before Sturgis entered the room.

"Just time to reach the boat without puking like porpoises," said he, drawing out his watch.

I pulled off my blouse, struggled into my coat, slammed my door, and joined the jostling crowd that rushed toward the ferry.

The pleasant sail, the rapid drive, the delicious supper, together with the lively sallies of my witty friend, put my own and Pat's love affairs, for a time, at least, quite into the background.

"Nothing like a two-forty horse for brushing the cobwebs out of a man's brains, after all," as Sturgis said.

But when I sought my bed, my uneasy thoughts planted my pillow with thorns. I tossed and tumbled, and tried every device of which I had heard, to break the circle of a constantly recurring thought, and induce slumber. I repeated rhymes, said the multiplication table backward, as a witch says her prayers, and counted fabulous millions. Had I robbed and murdered a man, I think I should have slept sooner.

In the early gray of morning I fell asleep, but I was aroused by the cheery voice of my friend calling upon the sluggard to wake from his slumbers; and as he seconded his invitation by pulling the pillow from beneath my head, my vision was dispelled, and the early morning boat carried us back to the whirling Babel, to the many jargons of which we added our daily voices.

The letter-carrier placed in my hand a letter, which set my blood in lively motion. I knew it well. I had but one such in my possession. Where I kept it I shall not confess, but I looked at it daily, and thought that Patrick Cural, so daintily written, was a fine name, after all.

I hesitated a moment before snapping the seal, but when I did, I saw only—my own letter! I turned it over in my hand, as if doubting the evi-

dence of my own senses. It had been opened and resealed. She had read it, then! Was this the only answer that she deigned to make me?

I tore open the despised epistle with fingers trembling with passion. It was she who had disgraced herself, not I. But—confusion! What did my eyes behold? Not the letter intended for Miss Dalyell, but the other Pat Currel missive to Honora O'Brady!

Ah! What a mistake! And nobody to blame but myself! To call another man a fool, a jolt-head, an ass, relieves one's feelings sometimes, and allays one's rage; but to bestow such epithets on one's self, only increases one's ire and wastes one's breath. Could I have divided myself so that one half could have sworn at and cudgelled the other, I should have been well pleased.

I ground my teeth, cursed my namesake, and wished Miss Honora at the bottom of the Red Sea. And all for my own stupidity!

No wonder that Miss Dalyell had returned my letter without comment. She must have thought me mad or drunk when I presumed to address her in such a manner.

I read it over deliberately. It seemed too melodramatic and burlesque even for the person for whom it was really meant. How should I ever be able to convince Miss Dalyell that it was not intended as an insult to her?

I could deary neither the handwriting nor the signature, and the Pat Currel so flourishingly fine at the bottom of the page seemed looking out at me with a wicked leer of satisfaction.

I had carefully avoided calling Miss O'Brady by her Christian name, but had used instead some little Irish terms of endearment, which, in my self-conceit, I thought would go straight to the heart of her—and used them to my own destruction, for I had now no internal evidence to sustain me in pleading my cause.

I heard Sturgis's lively whistle (confound the fellow! why did he always whistle merry tunes?) above all the street noise. He should not see me now! I sprang up and locked the door, and listened in grim silence while he battered away at it till knuckles and patience both gave way.

I considered my case in every possible light. Had Miss Dalyell really refused me, I think I should have borne my disappointment with manly fortitude, and endeavored to cure my heartache in the wisest way, but to have my beautiful hope blasted by the mistake of a hasty moment seemed too much for mortal endurance.

I passed another wretched, sleepless night, in which I decided to seek an interview, and endeavor to explain, as best I might, the unfortunate epistle. I dared not send her another letter, lest in her disgust she might refuse to break the seal. The next morning I was pulling her bell with the same sensation as one rings at a dentist's, and with the same hesitation, whether it would be better to wait till some one answers it and then walk boldly in to torture, or run round the corner out of sight before the door opens upon you, deferring your visit till some day when your courage rises above zero.

This time I did not fly, but asked, with assumed boldness, to see Miss Dalyell.

"Not at home," was the stolid reply; but before the words had hardly left the servant's lips, some one opened the door that led from the hall to the music-room. I did not see the singer, but I knew the voice—which rose clear and exultant as a lark's song when he soars high—but too well.

I understood the meaning of the message. Our acquaintance was ended—I was always to be denied.

I crowded my hat down hard; I elbowed and jostled as rudely as the rudest of the crowd. I returned to my office, pulled down my heaviest

law-books, made notes on my morning paper, and tied my attention to my work as one ties a refractory steed to his stall.

She could forget and sing; I could forget and work. Which would find oblivion soonest?

How long I remained in this savage mood I know not, but the tasks which seemed so appalling in the dreamy lotus-eating indolence of last week were performed with the ease which anger gives. I stopped for a moment, and lifting up my head, saw Pat Currel stealing away from my desk.

I had not heard him come in.

"How long have you been here, Pat?" was my question.

"Not long, Mистер Currel. I came to ax a favor of ye, but as ye did not hear me when I spoke to ye, I thought I wouldn't disturb ye, and was alther going away again."

Pat's errand was made plain by the letter he held in his hand.

"If it is your letter that you wish me to read, Pat, I am not so busy but that I can spare time for it now."

"Thank yer honor. Ye're a born gentleman; and it is that same that I came for. I thought it she said no, I could better bear to hear it from yer honor than from Tim Flaherty, who, mayhap, might put the laugh on me."

Miss Honora had been her own amanuensis, or had employed some person in the same rank of life. It was badly written by fingers to whom a pen was an almost unknown instrument, poorly worded, and ill-spelt. But it was a kind, womanly letter, full of earnest affection, that made Pat's eyes dance for joy, and forced me to congratulate him upon his success when I had finished.

"Shure yer honor has rason, but it isn't every girl that is axed in such an ilegant way as yer honor did for me."

I feared that one sentence in the letter had fallen on uncomprehending ears:

"At first I thought it could not be for me. There was a different name at the beginning, but mine was on the outside and yours at the bottom, and the postman said it meant me, sure; and I thought mayhap the man that wrote it did not rightly understand my name."

I ran quickly over this. I had no wish to explain my blunder but to one, and Pat's delight at the favorable termination of his wooing left him no room for speculation on doubtful passages.

I think his exuberant joy would have vented itself in an Irish jig had he been anywhere but in my office. He hurried away, after smothering me with thanks and blessings, to speak to the priest, for, as he wisely remarked:

"There was no use waiting, for Honora was a woman of fortin (she had fifty dollars in the Savings Bank), and he had a pig and a shanty on a waste bit of land beyant Central Park, and what more could two decent Christians want to begin the world with?"

As the door closed after him, I vainly tried to settle myself to my work. The steed had broken his halter and would not be caught again.

My beautiful letter—it was beautiful, I knew—had brought its recipient no greater prize than a shanty, to be shared by a pig and a rollicking Irishman.

But I turned upon myself vengefully for every thought I had. Were not a pig and a shanty better with love than a brown-stone front without?

Desperation! I would not stay here fighting with myself like a chained tiger. I would walk untold miles, till obliged to stop from sheer fatigue, come home, and sleep like a tired ox too weary even to dream of hay and corn.

I shut up my office, crossed over the Brooklyn ferry, and walked miles out into the dull, stupid country; but the black dog followed.

Idiot that I had been! Idiot to think of her, to care for her! Why should I stay toiling here?—I had a hundred acres of land in Minnesota.

My feet remonstrated with the uneasy spirit that urged them on, but it was long before I retraced my steps, and when I reached the ferry-boat the day was almost done.

I leaned over the railing—yes, my mind was made up. I would go to Minnesota, but the soft swelling murmur of the sea, and its salt seaweed fragrance, stirred my heart with a strange regret. A gay laughing party was at the other end of the boat. The fine silks fluttered and rustled as they passed me. Why did I turn at that moment? Why, but to catch the glimpse of a faultless foot, and the hem of a garment which I knew but too well. I would not turn again, but I doubted not that she saw me.

Dusty, warm, with disordered looks and neglected beard, I only needed a little more one-sided slant to my hat and a shillalah in my hand to be the very personification of the Pat Curel of her letter. If she thought so, what was it now to me?

The daylight was fast dying away, and the gas was lighted before we reached the landing. The boat was coming slowly in, and the drop was not down. Some of the more impatient passengers leaped the narrow chasm between the boat and slip.

Did she hurry so quickly past me lest I should speak to her? She need have no fear, for an invisible wall, as impassable as that of China, had been built up between us during the last two days, and there was no communication possible for outside barbarians.

The shadows deceived her, or in her agitation she forgot the chasm. My eyes followed her; she stepped between. Sturgis, who was one of the party, and not far behind her, shouted to the man at the windlass to stop, but I was before them all.

Her abundant drapery kept the upper half of her body above the deck, and ere she had been ground to atoms between boat and dock, I seized her by the waist, and pulling her straight up, placed her on her feet again.

It was but the work of an instant.

I was one of the best gymnasts in New York, and had been gently amusing myself, *à la* Winship, for the past six months, with a barrel of stones. I offered her the support of my arm, though I am sure I trembled more than she did.

"You have saved me from a cruel death," said she, with a long-drawn sigh.

"By George! Cousin Matty," said Sturgis, who now showed himself on the other side of her, "you may thank your patron saint—St. Patrick this time, at least—that you have not been made into jam to-night. The old barrel of stones that he tugs away at, like a gray-horse, every morning, has given him some muscle that has served you well at a pinch."

The remainder of the party—most of whom knew nothing of the danger until it was past—now joined them, and we moved on toward the carriages that were waiting. The other couples bestowed themselves in their own vehicles, and I handed Miss Dallyell to hers and turned away.

"You are not going to take French leave of us now, Curel!" said Sturgis. "In with you."

And giving me a gentle shove, which I did not strongly resist, he followed me.

To see her—to hear her again, was a doubtful pleasure, but Sturgis's gay chat saved us from all embarrassment.

"Where have you been these two days, my budding anchorite?" asked he, addressing me. "I

have belabored your door two successive days in vain, and looked in untold places for you to-day to join our grave excursion, and when I first saw you in the boat, your face looked as if it would have adorned the most disconsolate tombstone. Away on business?"

"Yes," was my reply.

"Whatever it was, it has carried you many miles by land, if not by sea," rejoined he, with a provoking glance at my boots. "But here we are."

We had left the other party at their hotel, and our carriage alone drew up at Mr. Dallyell's door. As Miss Dallyell stepped out, I raised my hat, and bade her good-night.

"But we have not done with you yet," cried Sturgis. "Say that he must not go, Matty. It is all that he is waiting for."

Miss Dallyell's foot was upon the lower step. She spoke without turning her head.

"Will Mr. Curel favor my cousin Sturgis and myself with his company at dinner?"

I muttered some vapid excuse about my disordered dress.

"Fudge!" cried Sturgis. "Why make an unnecessary fuss about what is of no consequence? You are welcome to plunder my den. Besides, your disarray has already been seen by all the guests. Uncle Dallyell dines at his club to-day, and you will have to waste all your wit and wisdom on Matty and myself."

Was I infatuated? I followed them up the steps.

After arranging my dress and effacing the marks of my country ramble as best I might in Sturgis's apartment, I descended to the drawing-room.

Miss Dallyell was already there, looking pale and superlatively lovely. With her head leaning on her hand, she was listening to Sturgis, who sat at the piano, playing snatches of exquisite music, just, as he said, to keep the wolf within quiet till dinner was ready.

A little girl with a shower of golden curls drew near the door to listen. The sight of her roguish violet eyes was too great a temptation to Sturgis. He darted from his seat in affected anger at her intrusion. His movement was a signal for her flight, and a romping chase began, in which the sound of flying feet was broken by shouts of childish laughter. The golden moment was mine!

The words flew to my lips—Heaven knows where they came from—as the startled birds fly up from the river's reedy brink. I told the story of my miserable blunder, and my grief that she for a moment should have so misjudged me.

She begged my pardon for the injustice she had done me. Her voice faltered. Did pride or softer passion stir her thus?

I would know now. I pressed her hand, for I felt that my future hung upon her words. That future, rosy as Aurora's brightest dawn, floated before my eyes as the words of sweet assent, like pearls from a silken string, dropped slowly from her lips.

Ah! where were my vexations? Where my lonely home in Minnesota? Swept away like a frost-picture in the sun.

Sturgis's voice was the first sound that recalled us from our fairland.

"Matty! Curel!" cried he, thrusting his head in at the door. "Where are you? Are you deaf? The dinner-bell has rung four times, and I have been raging up and down the dining-room, sniffing at the covers as the bears did at Doctor Kane's pemmican bogsheads. How could you be so dull? You both look as stupid as if you had just fallen down from the moon, and did not care in the least for your dinner. Have pity on me, then, and come at once."

We followed him, but the meal was a silent one. Sturgis was too hungry, I too happy, to talk.

I withdrew soon after the meal was ended.

Sturgis came to the hall door with me.

"It has been all wrong these two days, but it is all right now, is it not?" asked he, with a face like an interrogation point.

I nodded assent.

"You are a good fellow—a lucky fellow, and Matty could not do better. But you will never let me be so hungry again, will you?"

And with that he shut the door in my face.

He had, then, been as quick-sighted and far kinder-hearted than I had thought, and while I avoided him, had been doing his best to help me out of my difficulty.

The ox was not too tired that night to dream of Elysian fields, despite his miles of goading.

Misfortunes, says the proverb, fly in flocks, but joys do not always come singly. A legacy from one of those distant Irish relations whose kinship I did not care to claim shortened the weary road that lies between a poor young lawyer and competence. I could offer Miss Dalyell something better than a pig and a shanty, and we could be married while we and our hopes were young.

I was ardent in my wooing, and one fine October morning we bound ourselves to each other till "death do us part."

As we passed the Catholic church, a carriage met us containing six full-grown people, among whom I recognized the other Pat Curel, and by his side an Irish girl, whose stalwart arms looked as they might have wielded a blacksmith's hammer with ease. Her red cheeks, surrounded by her yellow cotton lace, looked like a juicy beefsteak with a delicate ruffle of fat.

Pat's quick eye caught mine. I took off my hat.

"To whom are you bowing?" asked the Mrs. Curel at my side.

"To the other Mrs. Curel," said I, gravely. "The only one to whom I ever offered myself in black and white."

Reader, I think New York a good place to live and to die in. Minnesota may be "dreadful healthy"—and if you know any man that has the heartache, and thinks going into the wilderness will cure it, he is welcome to my hundred acres of land upon which to try the experiment.

Morals drawn for the benefit of those who cannot find them for themselves:

1. Never write another man's love letters on the same day on which you write your own.
2. Never trust to your pen when you can use your tongue.

Nine Minutes Past Twelve.

CHAPTER I.—THE HANDS POINT.

I THINK for sensible folks we—that is, Herminie and I—were entirely too metaphysical. The worm-eaten books in the corner of the attic, left there by poor old Professor Ramsay when he died, never served any purpose after his death but as a winter residence for a number of families of sociable mice, until one day when the volumes obtruded themselves upon the sharp notice of my dear girl.

And from that very hour you would have thought The Oaks a choice asylum for harmless lunatics, or the retreat of two German philosophers wishing to be alone until they could argue out in their old age all the misty foolishness presented to them as University propositions in their youth. But I hope Herminie derived more positive benefit from our ceaseless discussions than I did. True, I assented and derided, and fell into a rage and grew calm again, as well as Mr. Carlyle might have

done; but to this moment not a particle of anything we debated have I been able to comprehend. It was greatly to my relief, consequently, at last, that in turning over the books I fell upon a copy of Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology."

"Look at this, Herminie!" said I; "have you ever read it?"

I held up the book.

"Never, I must confess to my shame, Lionel."

"Then throw Jean Paul into the fireplace, put Fichte on top of the jar of pickles, poke Kant and 'Possibility' (if it is the Schlatt edition) into that broken pane, and come down-stairs with me, and to-night we will devote ourselves to Sir Walter."

Herminie laughed and did as I directed, and in the early dusk we descended.

This was the commencement of something new. That night, before I had read aloud three chapters of the Demonology, Herminie said she was tired of metaphysics, and intended that we should devote ourselves for the future to the supernatural alone.

"It is more interesting, you know, Lionel, and more satisfactory."

"Decidedly both!" I answered with fervor.

And such was actually the case. We feasted upon Sir Walter every night, and occasionally had a lunch off him during the day, until at last we had picked him bare.

"Now, my dear girl," said I, as I loved to call her, "what part of the book did you like best?"

"The latter chapters, of course!" she replied, almost reproachfully. "The part about apparitions, dreams, coincidences and the like. I was always superstitious, you know."

"So you were, I believe, indeed. By-the-by, this is a very ghostly hour, isn't it? Would you be frightened to have a spirit visitor, do you think? How blue the lights burn, and how the wind sighs out of doors! It must be late."

"Very late, I fear," returned Herminie, putting up our book, and pushing forward a heavy log which had fallen out of the crackling chimney-fire. "And I must go to bed at once, unless I wish black looks from Aunt Dorothea all day to-morrow, mustn't I? But as this is Christmas-Eve I should be allowed to remain till midnight at least, I think."

"The hall clock will strike in four minutes. Perhaps at twelve we will have a manifestation, as the spiritualists call it. Ah, what's that?"

Something flew out of the fire. Herminie examined it closely as it lay at my feet. It was nothing more alarming than a white ash; but my dear girl laughed most cheerily.

"A token, indeed!" she cried. "Your true love, Lionel, will visit you to-morrow. The first face you see in the morning will be the face of your future wife!"

Of course at this I was merry, too. And while the smiles yet lingered upon my face the gigantic old clock in the hall slowly boomed out the hour of twelve.

"A joyful Christmas, Herminie!" said I, when the horologe had ceased. "And thanks for the return which I perceive is eager to spring to me from your lips. And so I shall behold my future wife to-morrow? May she be good and beautiful!"

"You speak lightly, Lionel," returned Herminie, shaking her pretty head; "but what that ash has just told you will turn out true, as certain as life and death!"

"Possibly, possibly, Herminie. Almost anything may come to pass, you know. But at any rate, promise me this, that you will come to my wedding when it occurs, whether you come as my bride or not."

She was silent for an instant, and her face wore

(or my fancy much deceived me) an expression of sadness. But she recovered at once, and said interrogatively, in a tone more blithe than ever:

"Do you wish me to make a very solemn promise?"

"Surely! This is the witching time of night, and, more than that, this is Christmas-Eve."

"Then," returned Herminie, advancing to the middle of the room, "I promise that, wherever I be, in earth or air, in sea or fire, on the night of your wedding I will quit my sphere and come to your side!"

"When and where will my wedding take place?" I asked, rising from my seat involuntarily, much excited at Herminie's unearthly tone—a strange chill creeping over me, and my heart beating swiftly.

She went silently to the door, threw it wide, and glanced down the corridor at the clock which stood at the end.

"Do you perceive what the hour is now?" she exclaimed. "The hands of the horologe point to *nine minutes past twelve*. Seven years from now, on a Christmas-Eve, at exactly nine minutes past twelve, you will be at your bride's side, and I shall be at yours."

CHAPTER II.—OTHER HANDS POINT.

I CREEPT down-stairs to breakfast next morning in a perfect tremor, for I was half an hour late, and I knew that Aunt Dorothea wouldn't have pardoned a fault of this kind in an emperor. But at the instant I put my hand on the latch of the door, it was pulled open violently from the other side, and I stood face to face with Nell Farrer.

"Your fortune is out!" cried Herminie, from the table where she was sitting. "Nell will be your wife!"

Then for the first time, if I may say so, I awoke. I had dressed in a dream, thinking about nothing in particular; but now full recollection of the events of the night before rushed over me, to use a somewhat shabby simile, like a flood. I believe I made a silly and awkward answer; but did not fail to observe that Nell's face grew scarlet.

"His wife—do you hear, Nellie?" continued Herminie. "How will you like that?"

"Oh!" cried Nell, with a shriek of mock reproval, "don't give me the blues so early on Christmas with your dreadful prophecies. I prefer my misfortunes to come unannounced."

I bowed with absurd gravity at this, and said:

"As ours seem to come to us, if we are to judge by your abrupt arrival to-day, Miss Farrer!" Which sally, if not pointedly witty, was certainly the cause of a good deal of laughter.

"I came," pursued Nell, making a place for me beside her at the table, "to give you a jolly and seasonable surprise. And I intend to make quite a long stay."

"That I am glad to hear, dear," said Aunt Dorothea; "for I know there will be no want of life at The Oaks while you are here. Only yesterday I was thinking how stupid it has been since the summer, and all owing to Lionel and Herminie muddling their heads with those good-for-nothing books up-stairs."

"But, auntie," protested Herminie, "the feast of intellectual—"

"Feast of fiddlesticks!" interrupted Aunt Dorothea. "With your Fitchets, and your Jim Pauls, and your Cartwheels"—by these names I supposed Aunt Dorothea to have alluded to certain well-known philosophers—"I have been nearly driven distracted! Next week I clear the rubbish out of the attic, and sell it to Jounce, the junk-dealer. That you may depend on!"

But for all this, breakfast was merry enough. I

think I never talked so much in my life, owing chiefly to Nell, and to a little brandy which Aunt Dorothea allowed me to put in my coffee; but despite this excitement, I could not help observing the face of Herminie. It looked as if I had never seen it look before, though it was a most peculiar countenance naturally. For one thing, a sort of weird, sad, far-off expression rested in the depths of the eyes, such as is said to exist in the eyes of the imprisoned eagle, and sometimes in those of the despairing stag when he weeps at the edge of the waters and listens to the baying of the hounds who are coming to tear out his innocent life.

But a solitary man who leads habitually a narrow existence, once out of his track, is bound to do more foolish things while he enjoys his brief saturnalia than anybody else in the world. No sooner had I made a little free with Aunt Dorothea's Christmas drinks than it occurred to me that Herminie was jealous of Nell, and perhaps it wouldn't be half a bad idea to fan the flame, and enjoy the novel sport of my dear girl's misery. So I began to flirt. Not knowing how to play my game artistically, I went through it like an idiot. It was fortunate that Nell and I were old friends, for I pulled her about, kissed her, tossed her bright brown hair, and romped with her, until my conduct amounted to positive disrespect, such as at any other time would have legitimately entitled me to a sound box on the ear. But she was a gay baggage in those times, and the wilder I grew the more she laughed.

When evening came, and Aunt Dorothea (after carefully collaring what was left of the punch and putting it away) had gone to bed, our mirth was more riotous than ever. Herminie looked on, seeming to enjoy it as much as ourselves; but I knew very well her heart was secretly in pain. Finally, in rather a cruel tone, I said:

"You don't fancy this sort of fun much, I fear, Miss Gravity."

"Oh, yes, Lionel. I am always glad to see you appear happy."

"Why?" I demanded. "Because I am usually extremely miserable, is that it?"

"I did not know you were ever absolutely miserable."

"Humph!" I retorted, meaning nothing; but being nevertheless very insolent. There was a contemptuous curl upon my lip and a dark shadow upon my brow as I turned once more to Nell. God knows what transformed me so suddenly into a madman; but I am sure now that I was not in my senses the whole of that Christmas-Day.

Herminie flushed with surprise and pain, and immediately rose to leave the room. One word from me—one little look of penitence would have made her change her purpose. But both that look and word were wanting, and my dear girl—the only friend I ever had—quitted my presence.

When Nell had grown tired, she too left me, and I sat before the fire till long after midnight in moody silence. Being altogether in the wrong, I, as a matter of course, imagined myself to be very much injured, and determined to have revenge. Consequently, my conduct next day was by no means altered for the better. And so it went on for a week. At last, however, my sanity returned as abruptly as it had gone, and I saw my fault—nay, my crime—in all its magnitude.

"Fool! fool!" I cried in my rage with myself. "What have I done?"

There was only one course to pursue, and that was to go immediately to Herminie, to beg her pardon, and to propose marriage to her. This last I had never yet done, though we had always been lovers, and Aunt Dorothea had reminded me frequently that the delay must certainly not continue beyond the first of January.

So, upon my good impulse, I sought my dear girl at once, and, finding her alone, came up to her, and took her hand. She smiled, and touched me lightly upon the cheek with the pretty fingers of the other.

"Forgive me!" said I.

"*Absolvo te!*" she returned; "and *pax tecum!*"

"Oh, Herminie, I know that I have been worse than a fool—that you are better than an angel! But it will never occur again, for I always loved you, and love you this moment better than ever. Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife?" she asked, looking at me really surprised.

"Yes—my own dear wife!"

For quite two minutes she was plunged in silent thought. Then she awoke from this reverie, and answered:

"I will tell you to-morrow;" and so saying, she left the room.

To-morrow! That was strange; but, then, I reflected, one doesn't always get over things so easily. Herminie is going to punish me a little."

Poor Nell thereafter found me sadly changed, I fear, for I scarcely spoke to her. I even went to my own room in the evening an hour before my usual time. I read until twelve some foolish story whose name I have forgotten, and then rose to undress.

Suddenly a loud knocking at the door below and the clumping of heavy feet on the terrace startled me out of my propriety, and I ran down in much disorder. When I pulled back the bolts and looked without, I beheld three white faces in the starlight.

"Oh, maister, coom to The Black Pool!" exclaimed one of the farmhands, a Lancashireman, whom we called Bobby, "Summat's oop! See

her mysel' at t' edge o' t' wather not for minutes agone!"

My heart was ice, my veins fire. I ran with them, bareheaded, to the bank of the stream, and found the shawl and gipsy-hat I knew so well.

"She's gone in, maister, sure as thy life!" said the Englishman, taking my paralyzed arm.

"Drowned, poor lass, and lost!"

"Oh, Herminie!" I moaned.

"I see her walkin' by when t' clock struck twelve. I was so scared I run!"

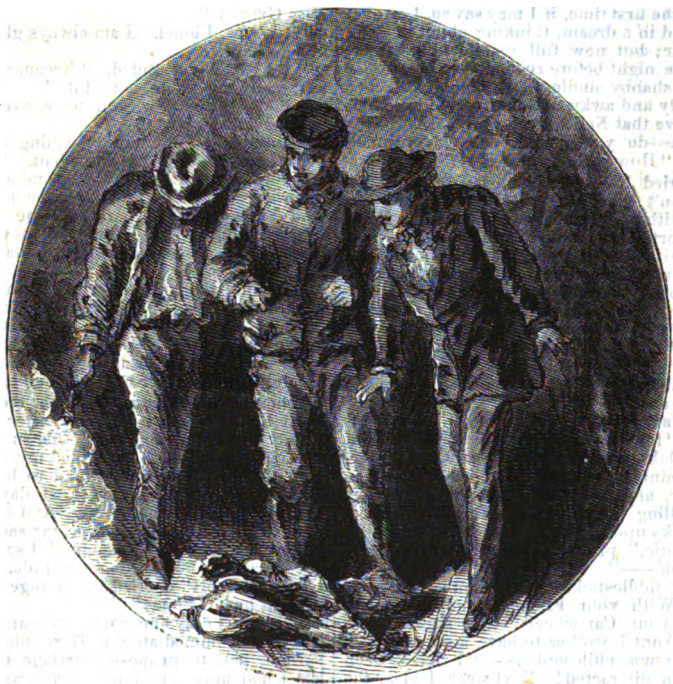
Twelve! Great God! I looked at my watch and the hands pointed to the ninth minute after midnight! And then, turning, I beheld the swaying and smoking torches, the ghastly countenances of the farmers, and their hands pointing to the ebony waters at my feet.

CHAPTER III.—THE CLOCK STRIKES.

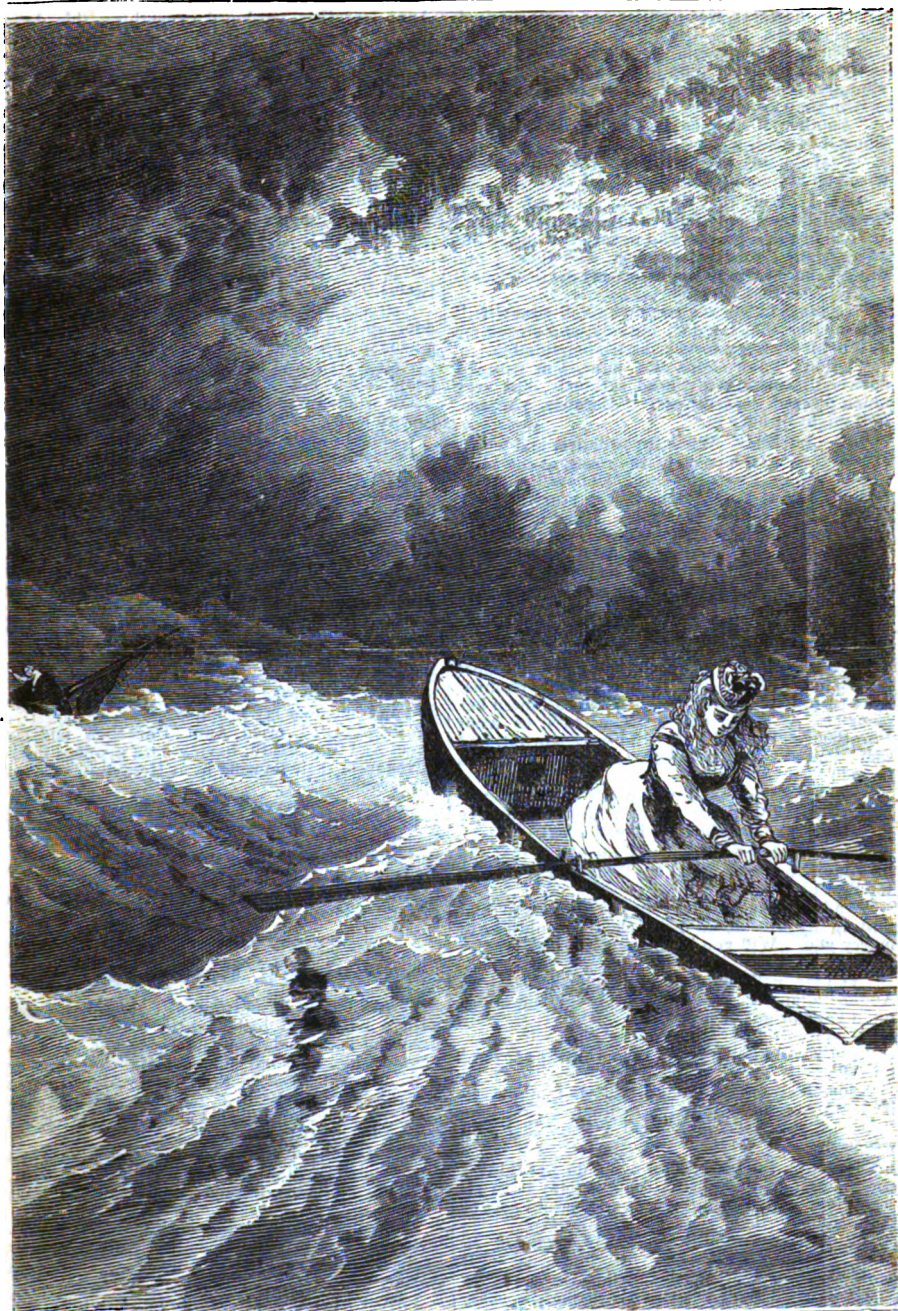
SEVEN YEARS!

It is greatly to my regret that this story shapes itself into so melodramatic a form as it has already assumed. But there are few writers who can absolutely control these things; and it is for that reason alone that the phrase, "he was inspired," which we frequently use in speaking of authors, seems to me expressive of something beyond empty hyperbole. Since what I indite here is the truth, I should prefer, if I had any choice about the matter, to descend to the minutest particulars; but a thousand things are against me, and I am forced to say simply as I have said above, that seven years had flitted by, and to merely hint how they had gone.

Of course, I could not remain at The Oaks after the dreadful catastrophe of those Christmas holidays. I went away to England, took position in



NINE MINUTES PAST TWELVE.—"I BEHELD THE SWAYING AND SMOKING TORCHES, THE GHASTLY COUNTENANCES OF THE FARMERS, AND THEIR HANDS POINTING TO THE EBONY WATERS AT MY FEET."



SILVIE'S COWARDICE.—“WHEN KATE STAGGERED TO HER FEET, SHE SAW SYLVIE SEATED IN A SLENDER BOAT, AND SHE WIELDED THE OARS WITH AN EXPERT'S HAND.”

the banking-house of Blodger, Blodger, Blodger & Co., was transferred to the East India branch of Rango, Bangalee Lal & Co., remained with this firm for a long time, finally resigned, and on the 19th of November found myself once more with Aunt Dorothea and Nellie Farrer at The Oaks.

With a delicacy that I would never have suspected she possessed, Aunt Dorothea did not once in my presence allude to the hideous tragedy of The Black Pool. But the poor old woman's hair had grown white as her innocent soul in the memory of it, and she was failing visibly.

Nellie, however, was prettier and more fascinating than ever.

"Changes, changes!" sighed my dear old aunt—my aunt by everything but ties of blood. "And changes, Lionel Tolmache, make changes!"

"So they do, aunt."

"Another Christmas is coming, too! Something tells me it will be my last!"

"Pray do not say that, Aunt Dorothea. I am sure you are young enough yet," I returned.

"Am I? Well, that may be true, indeed, Lionel, for I shall be young if I live to ninety. I think I am one of those people who never grow old. But at any rate I must die at last, and there's one thing I should like to see before my death comes."

"What is that, aunt?"

"I should like to see you make Nell your wife."

Aunt Dorothea laughed blithely, and struck me a little blow on my forehead with her thimble.

"I don't know about *that*, aunt, I'm sure," I answered, shaking my head seriously, but very much pleased nevertheless. "Because, you see, Nell mightn't have me."

"Mightn't she? Whose eyes dance, and whose cheeks turn to the color of the roses, at the mention of your name? Not *mine*, I know!"

Well, the end of it was that I must, without further ado, propose to Nellie. I had my opportunity that very night.

"Nell," said I, looking up from something I was writing about the times I had seen in India, "what would you say if I were to tell you I love you?"

Of course she blushed. If Nell had one characteristic habit, it was that of blushing.

"I should say," she answered, sewing most furiously, but sewing so at random that she must have reaped the whirlwind when she exhibited her labor to so particular a seamstress as Aunt Dorothea—"I should say you were abrupt, and that—that that you ought to have your ears boxed!"

"Then," I continued, rising and going over to her, "I speak that very phrase: I love you, love you, love you! and box me if you dare!"

But she did not. Perhaps I suspected that she had no intention of doing anything of the kind in the first place.

"And," pursued I, leaning over her chair and putting my arms about her neck, "I would like to marry you. Will you be my pretty wife?"

No answer.

"Tell me, will you marry this foolish American Anglo-Indian who now ventures to imprint a kiss upon your bright cheek?"

"I—I don't know," murmured Nell.

"But I will know, if you turn your lips toward mine!"

"Somebody kissed somebody," as I might say if I were going to write another ballad like "Comin' thro' the Rye," and I knew that Nell was mine.

To confess the truth, although I do not think I am naturally a happy man (as you may have already inferred), I found it a very pleasant sort of thing to be engaged.

The marriage was immediately arranged to come off at Christmas. The time went well enough—I am a dreamer, and like those people of whom Rev. Mr. Young so reprovingly speaks, I take no note of time—and Christmas was very soon at hand.

The day passed gayly, and I made out of it all that I could. Very probably I drank Aunt Dorothea's glorious punch more freely than ever; but alas!—pardon so affected a word—at this period of my life I had risen superior to the seductions of punch, and, I fear, was as clear of brain as if I had taken nothing at all. However,

Aunt Dorothea pardoned everything this day—and with the night arrived the wedding-party.

At the striking of twelve o'clock I strode up the middle of the floor by the side of my sweet Nell, and took my place in front of the clergyman. I felt very much embarrassed to be the object of the gaze of so many people, and, no doubt, stood ridiculously stiff and prim; but this *gaucherie* vanished after I heard the first words of the ceremony, and I was quite at my ease when was pronounced the solemn:

"Ego conjungo vos in matrimonium."

It was over.

The priest looked at his watch.

"It is," said he, "exactly six minutes past twelve."

Scarcely had he spoken these words when the door opened at the furthest end of the room, and a woman appeared, dressed as for a ball.

I staggered, and would have fallen but for the people about me.

The woman was Herminie! She came straight toward me.

"Lionel," said she, taking my hand, "this is the consummation for which I prayed. You are Nellie's husband. I knew you loved her that Christmas seven years ago. I disappeared, but not without any idea of making you think I had done so foolish a thing as to commit suicide. And I have watched you day by day. Once we met, after the Austrian war of '66, at Paris; but you did not know me. I had been a nurse in the Vienna hospitals, and had come to France by accident. Never in my life have I been so happy as I am to-night!"

"How opportunely you have arrived!" I exclaimed, when I had partly recovered my senses.

"True," answered Herminie, "and, by-the-way, do you remember my prophecy?"

"Prophecy!" cried Aunt Dorothea and my sweet Nell in a breath, having both aroused themselves from their fainting-fit at Herminie's abrupt appearance.

"Yes. Seven years ago I promised to be at your wedding, Lionel, which I predicted would take place at this very time to the minute."

"And," said I, "your prediction has come true, for it is now—"

"NINE MINUTES PAST TWELVE!" added the priest.

Sylvie's Cowardice.

"How terrific!" murmured Sylvie Laughton, with a frightened little sob in her voice, as a lightning-flash made momentary day of the darkness outside, followed almost instantaneously by a wild, awful crash of thunder. "Mamma, I'm going to bury my head in your lap, if you've no objection; for, to be honest about the matter, I'm almost frightened to death."

Mrs. Laughton smiled as her daughter knelt down and really did bury in her lap the soft-eyed, gentle-looking face, framed with its gold waviness of hair.

"Thunder and lightning always were your detestation, Sylvie. I remember your being in hysterics, when a little girl, over certain severe storms."

A second flash lit the sitting-room windows, and a more frightful thunder-peal than before seemed to grasp at the foundations of that old country-mansion.

But the sound had not died away before two other sounds, widely dissimilar, succeeded it. One was a long shivering, moan from poor Sylvie; another was the careless, mocking, musical laugh of Kate Ellersley.

She was a superb-looking brunette, this Kate

Ellersley, with richly damask complexion, great starry-black eyes, a matchlessly modeled figure, and a way of holding herself that bespoke about as much pride as grace. She was on a visit at Mrs. Laughton's estate at Laurelwood, being a friend whom Sylvie had made at boarding-school, two years previous.

At her side stood a tall, well-shaped man of perhaps five and twenty, watching with her, from a large French window, the progress of the fearful storm that was just then raging. Elbert North had been for several years an intimate friend of Sylvie Laughton's. There were those who declared that the blue eyes and golden hair of a certain bewitching young lady had made thus frequent his visits to Laurelwood during the past summer. Latterly, however, his attentions to Sylvie had been less marked, the gossips of the neighborhood affirmed. These same irrepressibles (a word which we coin, but one which seems too temptingly applicable to be avoided) had gone on in their assertions to the verge of the following fact, viz.: that Elbert North had fallen desperately in love with Kate Ellersley, and had forgotten his old attachment for Sylvie Laughton.

"Poor Sylvie!" said Kate, the words being a kind of continuation of her careless laugh. "She is so miserably timid."

Elbert North glanced at the golden head buried in Mrs. Laughton's lap; then his eyes sought the erect, queenly figure of Kate Ellersley. There was a decided contrast, Elbert could not help acknowledging. Kate was certainly a magnificent creature. Such fearlessness as that which seemed now to have set its stamp upon every feature of her face was not to be met with in every woman. Then, too, her beauty—could all the meek tenderness and sweetness of the Madonna-type equal Kate's regal, indolent, sumptuous air? How that garnet necklace, fitting close about her pale-olive, columnar throat, became her style, Cleopatra-like and Egyptian as it was! What glorious hair she had! it was like "darkness visible," Elbert reflected, being too enthusiastic about his charmer, just then, to notice how absurd the hyperbole would have sounded if spoken aloud.

Another terrible flash; another terrible thunder-peal, and—another wretched moan from poor Sylvie. Kate's laugh was rippling again close at Elbert's ear.

"How odd it must be," she murmured, "to have such a nervous temperament!"

Something very like a sneer curled Elbert's lip. "It's very charitable of you, Miss Ellersley," he said, with an accent of contempt in his low tones, "to give out-and-out cowardice the euphonious name of nervousness."

"Stop!" whispered Kate, with a decided show of disapproval. "I won't allow you to speak in that unkind manner of dear Sylvie." But her heart was somehow fluttered with triumph as she spoke the words. There was no denying that this Elbert North, Sylvie's old admirer, possessed attractions for which not even his splendid residence across the bay and his high social standing were accountable.

The storm began presently to show signs of abatement, and before another half-hour had passed a white moon came out of the breaking blackness of cloud, and lit dreamily the dripping, drenched foliage and lawn.

"Ten o'clock," said Elbert North, glancing at his watch. "They will begin to feel anxious concerning my whereabouts, over at Cedarcliffe. Mother has a habit of worrying herself whenever I am absent in the boat. After this dreadful storm, I suppose she will be quite certain that I am food for fishes."

Mrs. Laughton touched a hand bell at her side. "It will be quite impossible, Elbert," she said,

"for you to cross the bay in the boat with which you rowed here; that will be literally full of water, you know." When the servant appeared in answer to Mrs. Laughton's summons, that lady ordered word to be given one of the men that Mr. North would require one of the boats which were always kept under cover.

After Elbert had gone that evening, and also after Mrs. Laughton had retired to bed, Sylvie and Kate remained for quite a little while together in the sitting-room.

There were yet traces of the tears of terror which Sylvie had wept on her fair, meek-eyed face.

"I wonder if Elbert noticed how frightened I was, Kate, while that fearful storm lasted?" she said, musingly, not looking at Kate just then.

"I suppose he noticed," Kate answered, with a light, amiable laugh. "Those very mournful moans of yours, Sylvie, were audible, to say the least of them."

A little silence. Sylvie's eyes were fixed intently on the carpet. Presently she said, in soft, sad tones:

"I think, Kate, that Elbert North used to like me just the least in the world—as a friend, I mean. But somehow I'm sure he has got to care very little for me lately. He likes you, though, ever so much."

"Nonsense, Sylvie!" But the damask on Kate's cheek had deepened visibly.

"There's no chance of his being here to-day, in all this wind and rain."

Sylvia Laughton spoke, standing at the sitting-room window.

More than two weeks had elapsed since the night of that savage storm which had so terrified Sylvie. The "irrepressibles" were asserting very confidently, by this time, that Elbert North's devotions were completely transferred from Mrs. Laughton's daughter to Kate Ellersley. Judging from a delicate tinge of sadness, so to term it, which seems now to have overspread Sylvie's quiet, sweet face, one might almost feel inclined to believe the gossips' statement.

"I think you are right," Kate Ellersley said. "He wouldn't dare cross the bay in such weather. Why, from where I am sitting I can see the waves; they're perfectly enormous. He promised to come at two o'clock to-day, didn't he?"

"I believe so," was Sylvie's answer. "You know a great deal better than I do, Kate."

"What time is it now?" asked Kate, evasively.

"Just half-past one," replied Sylvie, turning to look at the little ebony clock on the mantel.

By two o'clock the gusty rain had in a great measure subsided, though the wind was still blowing furiously with all the strength of an equinoctial storm.

"Sylvie," said Kate, starting up from her easy-chair and throwing down the novel with which she had been engaged, "what do you say to a walk down on the shore, just to see whether Elbert North has been foolhardy enough to row over? Then, too, the air will do us lots of good; we haven't been out in so many hours. We might take our waterproofs, so that in case the rain chose suddenly to pelt down upon us, our position wouldn't be altogether defenseless."

Sylvie readily acquiesced. The girls were soon standing on the shore, looking across the bay with wildly blown skirts and draperies.

"I don't see anything of him," said Kate. "Do you?"

"No." But the word had scarcely left Sylvie's lips when she started back with a quick, sharp exclamation.

"Kate, look there, where the waves seem highest. Don't you see something that looks like—like—?"

"A lifted human hand," finished Kate, in loud, half-shrieking tones, "and the bottom of a boat; and now, Sylvie—oh, heavens! now there is the top of a man's head! Oh, mercy, mercy! I'm sure it's Elbert—I'm sure it's he! What is to be done?" And the queenly, stately, peerless Kate Ellersley sank down upon the sands, powerless as a child.

"Keep up your courage, Kate," called a voice in her ear, so firmly and clearly that it was hardly recognizable as Sylvie's. "I see how matters are. He's taken a sail-boat instead of a row-boat, reckless creature that he is! I can save him, I'm sure! Don't faint, Kate—that is, not until I get back, my dear."

Whether Kate actually fainted or not, she is not precisely sure; but everything was very hazy for some time afterward. When, finally, she staggered to her feet, it was to see Sylvie seated in a slender row-boat, and being rocked perilously by the monstrous waves as she wielded the oars with an expert's hand.

For a moment Kate was perfectly paralyzed with amazement. *Could this be the fragile, timid, gentle Sylvie Laughton, whom a flash of lightning had appalled, whom a peal of thunder had made moan with terror? On went the slender little boat. God surely must have given the frail girl hands that governed those oars just then a strength which they had never known till now.*

Elbert North says that just as he had entered the boat which Sylvie so bravely brought to his assistance, Miss Laughton amazed him by fainting away. The position was awkward, but he managed to row himself ashore, after preparing a little impromptu couch for Sylvie out of his own overcoat, in the bottom of the boat. And by the time land was reached his rescuer had returned to consciousness.

"Isn't she the most splendid little creature that ever lived?" cried Kate Ellersley, appealing to Elbert, with her arms about Sylvie's neck.

Kate did not then know how warmly Elbert's heart echoed those words; but she knew later, when it became apparent that Elbert's waning regard for Miss Laughton had suddenly regained its original depth and force, and after he had said to Sylvie certain words very much like the following:

"Can you forgive me, Sylvie Laughton, for having blamed my own heart that it should love a weak, characterless, over-timid woman, and for having called you by so grossly unmerited a title? And will you believe me when I say that, to my mind, your outward womanly softness—vailling, as I know it does, a sweet strength—is more than all the languid, statuesque grandeur of Kate Ellersley?—she who laughs at a flash of lightning, but shrinks to powerlessness in the presence of real danger."

We have only to add that Sylvie's forgiveness was entire, and that Elbert North sealed what he termed his good luck with a very loving kiss indeed.

Marked for the Knife.

ABOUT two years before the startling revelations respecting the dissecting trade in Edinburgh had placed the legal supply of "subjects" upon its present satisfactory footing, there occurred to my elder brother, at that time a delicate boy of about fourteen, a singular adventure, involving such a shock to his nerves as, the doctors believed, very much hastened his death, which occurred in less than a year after it.

We then resided in a large white house, with a row of poplars in front, close to one of our canals. Within a stone's throw of our hall-door

was a lock and a lock-house, and then followed, in the London direction, one of the longest and most solitary levels to be met with in the United Kingdom.

The canal, at a point about seventy yards from the lock, makes a slight deflection. The consequence is, that neither the lock nor our house are visible from the long, straight level that follows, and which is closely fenced between tall hedges and old trees.

My brother had been ordered walking exercise, and my father generally appointed the path beside the level I have described for his walk. The traffic, never very active, was, at that time, in a state little better than extinct. Not more than two or three boats passed in a day, and chiefly owing to its perfect quietude it had been chosen for the walk of our solitary invalid.

It was now summer, and the hour of his daily walk was from five to seven; the earlier hours of the afternoon being pronounced too hot for exercise.

On the evening in question, he set out alone. His usual walk was to a point two miles up the level, where there was a stone block, on which he used to sit and rest a little before setting out for home.

While he was taking his ease on this stone bench, and listlessly looking up and down the long and deserted reach of water, there emerged, a few hundred yards to his left, from a sequestered path, a singular figure, which approached slowly and passed him by, with only the narrow tow-path between them. It was moving in the direction of our home, and was that of an emaciated man, with a complexion dark as very old box-wood, limping, as it seemed, painfully, very much stooped, and with a big angular hump upon his back. His hair was long and sooty black, he had prominent dark eyes, under thick black brows, and his face and chin were stubbled with a week's growth of beard. He was leaning heavily on a long stick, and walked with a kind of hitch, which resembled a spasm, and gave one the idea that each step was accompanied by a separate sting of pain.

The face of this man expressed extreme weakness and suffering, and might almost be that of a man dragging himself away, with a mortal wound, to some spot where he might lie down and die in quiet.

He had a long and heavy bottle-green coat, which had grown to be, indeed, a coat of many colors, for over the threadbare and greasy ground it was overlaid, with fantastic and extraordinary industry, with a tessellation of patches, of every imaginable color, in which yellow, and red, and blue, and black were discernible, under a varnish of grease, and toned with a variety of dirt; and even these patches were patched again, and had broken here and there into rents and fissures, and bunches of shreds and tatters. Round his body was buckled a broad discolored leathern strap, and he wore a wide-leafed felt hat, with a rather conical crown, brown and grimed by time and ill-treatment.

This figure, with long gaiters of rabbit-skin, and shapeless "brogues," limped past my

brother without taking the slightest notice of him, and uttering now and then a short groan, as if of suppressed pain, he excited the wonder, and in some degree the compassion of the boy.

He watched the progress of this man, who was moving with great difficulty, and with many halts, in the direction of our home. It was not until he had got on nearly a quarter of a mile, that my brother got up, now quite rested, to follow in the same direction.

As this strange, crooked man with the stick got on, he appeared to grow more and more exhausted, and at length he tottered into a little recess at the edge of the path, and fell helplessly on his side among the bushes.

The boy quickened his pace, and as he approached the spot, he passed the head of a narrow lane, in which he saw a donkey and cart standing. The cart had in it, upon some straw, a piece of old carpet, from under which emerged some folds of coarse canvas, like a part of an old sack, but he could not see any one in charge of this conveyance, though, being anxious to obtain help, he called repeatedly.

Despairing of succor, he went on, and reached the point where he had seen the man fall. Here he found him. He had crept a little further in among the bushes. He was supporting himself feebly on the ground upon his elbow, his eyes turned up as if he were on the point of swooning, and he moaned faintly.

The boy's courage almost failed him; but the sick man seemed to perceive him, turned his eyes upon him imploringly, and extending his hand toward him, so evidently signaled for aid, that my brother could not help drawing near.

The fainting man then told him, in a whisper, that if he would take his hand and draw him gently toward him, he would perhaps be able to turn himself a little, to his great relief.

My brother did give him his hand accordingly, and the fainting man, instead of taking it, seized his arm above the elbow, with a gigantic hand, in a grip like a vice, and jerking him under, sprang over him, thrusting his other arm round and beneath him, so as to pinion him fast. He had carried in his hand the end of the belt which he had removed from around his own body while waiting for his prey, and with a dexterity acquired, no doubt, by long practice, in a moment, with the now disengaged hand, he drew it and buckled it round the boy's arms and body at a single jerk, with a pressure so powerful that he could scarcely breathe, much less disengage his arms.

In another moment, with his knee on the boy's chest, and one broad hand placed right across his mouth so as to stifle his screams effectually, he hithched round what had seemed to be his hump, but what proved to be, in fact, a bundle, from which, with the other hand, he took out, with the quickness and neatness of a skilled manipulator, two things; one a sort of cushion about eight inches square, covered with chamolais-leather—I have that horrible relic, no doubt intended to aid in the process of suffocation, still in my possession—the other was the renowned pitch-plaster.

My brother had not an idea what he intended,

for the disclosures in Edinburgh had not yet enlightened and terrified people of all ages throughout England.

The miscreant kept his face close to his victim's, with his powerful eyes fixed on his. His dark, lean features and long beak, and the thick hair that hung forward like a sooty plumage round it, and the long, sinewy neck that arched over my poor brother as he lay at his assailant's mercy, gave him, in the fascinated gaze of the boy, the appearance of a monstrous bird of prey.

I dare say this ghoul had an actual power, such as many men are said to possess, of controlling the springs of action, mental and bodily, by some occult power of the eye. To my brother it seemed that it needed a perpetual and desperate struggle of will to prevent a frightful trance from stealing over him.

For a moment the wretch's hand was slightly raised from the boy's mouth. He intended, no doubt, at this instant to introduce the pitch-plaster, which was to stop both mouth and nostrils. But my brother, now struggling frantically, uttered two piercing yells, which compelled the murderer to replace his hand before he had accomplished his purpose. He was evidently now transported with fury. Up to this he had been operating as methodically as a spider. He looked so fiendish that my brother fancied he would cut his throat, or otherwise dispatch him at the moment.

His plans, however, were different. He had no idea of losing sight of his interests, much less of his safety. No principle of his nefarious trade was better established than the absolute necessity of leaving no trace of actual violence upon the persons of his victims. Even the knee with which he held his prey was padded so carefully, that this young boy's breast did not exhibit the slightest contusion, although for so long under a pressure which held him at the verge of suffocation.

Rapidly, and with more success, the villain again essayed his final sleight. One dreadful yell escaped, and the deadly pitch-plaster was fixed on mouth and nose, and another sound or respiration became impossible.

The leafy bushes above and about him, the figure, the face of the spectre, began to swim before his eyes. He saw the man, still on his knees, rise with a start, and pause, with eyes askance and his dark hand to his ear. In the next instant he had disappeared.

In his struggles the boy now rolled from the lair in which he had been attacked into the clear light upon the open path, where he lay perfectly insensible.

When consciousness returned, which was not for some minutes, three men were about him, drenching his head with water, and all endeavoring to extract a word of explanation; but, for long after, he could not speak a syllable, nor, for some time, even hear distinctly what they said.

Not a moment was lost, so soon as he was able to describe what had happened, in directing pursuit, wherever any results were the least likely. All my brother could say as to the point toward which the assassin had directed his flight was that, as his sight failed, he

thought, though very indistinctly, he saw him pass away obliquely in the direction of the lane in which he had observed the donkey-cart.

It must have belonged to an accomplice, who was there by arrangement. Everything had been prepared to carry away the body of the poor fellow, which would have been secured in the sack, enveloped in the carpet, and covered with straw, and thus secreted in some lonely lock-up yard, until, at dead of night, it would have been conveyed to the dissecting-room. The boy's hat thrown upon the water would have turned inquiry off the scent, and induced delay.

The strap, still buckled with cruel force about the poor fellow's arms and ribs, the chamols cushion I have mentioned, and the pitch-plaster fixed over the lower part of his face, were the only "properties" of the villain left to indicate his visit.

The cool old assassin had carried off every other trace of his presence, and he and his comrade, taking the donkey-cart with them, had decamped with a celerity, and managed their disguise with an art which, as matters then were, and with a full hour's start, had baffled pursuit.

No doubt with the police force now at our command, the result might have been different. As it was, no clue whatever was discovered; and this was positively marvelous, considering the marked peculiarities of dress and of person that belonged to the culprit. The persons best acquainted with the ways of our criminals at that period were of opinion that the strange details of the dress, the gait, the hair, the complexion, and the distortion of the figure, were parts of an elaborate piece of masquerading.

There was some controversy as to the object of the projected crime. It was not until the terrific exposure at Edinburgh had made all the world horribly familiar with the machinery of that peculiar species of murder that all debate upon the matter ceased, and the pitch-plaster was accepted as conclusive evidence that the body was intended for sale to the surgeons.

No doubt these poachers on a great scale were thoroughly skilled in all the *finesses* and strategy of their contraband art. The regularity of my poor brother's solitary walk, its favorable hour, and the easy suggestion of drowning as the cause of his disappearance, had all been noted, and the enterprise was, as I have told you, very nearly accomplished, when an unexpected interruption saved him.

My brother was ailing at the time this dreadful attempt was made upon his life. He survived it little more than ten months, and the able physician who attended him referred his death to the awful shock which his system had received.

Doctor Chester's Trial.

Mrs. CHESTER had finished the tiny stockings, and folding her hands, leaned back in her easy-chair and fell to musing, perhaps over the conversation of the morning, for, looking up a moment after into the face of her brother-in-law, who was turning over the evening paper, she said:

"Why don't you marry, Harry? I have been thinking over your string of complaints, traceable to your bachelor condition."

She almost started at the bitter scorn in her companion's look and tone as he answered her:

"Marry! Are you mocking me, Julia! Who would marry me?"

He rose as he spoke, and the movement gave emphasis to his words. His face, divested of its scornful look, was not handsome, but lovely as a woman's.

Clustering curls of dark brown hair fell over a high white forehead, and large blue eyes, full of intelligence, were shaded by long thick lashes, darker than the curling hair. The features were perfectly chiseled; the straight nose, full lips, and delicate chin were almost child-like in their soft outlines; but, glancing from the face to the figure, you understood the cause of the bitter question he asked.

From the effects of a fall when quite young, the spine was injured, and the figure Nature had intended to be slight and graceful was terribly deformed; one knee, too, was injured, and his gait was slow and halting. Yet, despite his deformity, Doctor Chester was in full practice as a physician, and beloved by all. His patients declared that his soft hand brought healing in its touch; his brother physicians spoke highly of his knowledge and skill, and the children stretched out their arms to be taken into his, hushing their cries when his soft, musical voice met their ears, or his gentle, pitying face bent over them.

For a moment Mrs. Chester was silent, then, laying her hand on his arm, she said:

"I did not mean to pain you, Harry; I love you very dearly, my brother, and see you so universally beloved that I spoke only as I felt. I wish to see you happy, dear Harry, and I think you are too sensitive. With such a heart and mind as you can offer, any woman might be proud to call you husband."

A soft, melancholy look crept over the doctor's face as his sister spoke; but he shook his head sadly as she ceased.

"No woman shall have her life embittered by the care of such a poor cripple as I am, Julia. I can bear my sorrows alone. One o'clock. Where can Ralph be?"

"Here," said Mr. Chester, entering the room. You should not have waited for me, Julia." And he proceeded to remove his overcoat and fur.

"The cars were detained by the snow-storm."

"Come, let's to supper," said his wife, after the greeting was over. "I sat up to see that you had it, nice and hot. Come, Harry, you will join us."

"Not to-night. Good-night."

And the doctor went slowly out of the parlor. At the foot of the stairs his brother joined him. One could scarcely imagine a stronger contrast than the brothers. Harry, stunted, thin, pale and deformed; Ralph, tall, broad-shouldered, hearty and strong.

"You forget that I have come home, Harry,"

And he lifted his brother's slight form in his strong arms and carried him up the stairs. It was an old custom, for the many stairs the doctor had to mount in his professional duties tired him sadly, and made this last one at night positively painful.

Harry was accustomed to this, yet that night, after he received his brother's tender "good-night," he fastened his door, and, bowing his head on his hands, sobbed as a man sobs only in his extremest agony.

Bitter thoughts were usurping the place of his patient resignation, and murmurs, instead of the prayer he was wont to use at that hour. His sister-in-law's words had unsealed a fountain of

bitterness in his heart which he had tried in vain to close.

"Marry! How could I ever dream of love with this crippled form, these trembling limbs, and this poor pale face? But I love her!—love her with all the bitter agony of despair! And I have even thought she returned it—she, so bright, so full of life. Poor fool I, that took pity for love! Pity! It is only pity that makes her voice low and her eyes dim for me. It is pity that checks her dancing step and merry laugh—for me. She pities me, and I—I love her with all the wealth of a man's whole heart, touched for the first time."

The clock in the distant steeple rung out clearly in the frosty night the hours of two, three and four, and still the doctor sat with his head bowed in his hands, communing with his own heart. Morning's dawn still found him in the chair, but the faint light fell upon his upturned face, closed eyes, and motionless form.

The agony of trial was over; his resolve taken, and he slept. He awoke calm and strong in his resolution to conquer his love, or, failing in that, to bury it silently and deeply in the most secret recesses of his heart.

The same bright sun that shone on the pure, placid face of the sleeping cripple looked in at another window upon a different picture. Miss Lily Morton was standing at her bedroom window looking at the soft, white mantle of snow which had fallen during the night. The tiny bare feet that sank into the rich carpet were white as the snow outside, and the little figure in its white night-dress was graceful and well-rounded.

Miss Lily, though a belle and an heiress, was no sluggard, and the first rays of the sun on that bright winter's morning drove sleep from her eyes, and she sprang out of bed.

The face that pressed the window-pane was fair, with laughing blue eyes, bright rosy cheeks, and pretty features; and the tangled masses of brown curls that fell over the fair, rounded shoulders were rich in color and profuse in their wavy luxuriance.

Lily had a habit when alone of thinking aloud, or rather, of talking to herself, and as she stood there, she said, softly:

"How white and pure it looks! I love the snow. I wonder if mother will let me go out to-night. She is so careful of me! It is so funny, too, for her to worry so, when I am never sick; I suppose it's because poor sister Annie died of consumption. Oh, how cold it is!"

And having arrived at this conclusion, she turned from the window and proceeded to dress for breakfast.

She was a coquettish little beauty, this heroine of mine, and her admirers were almost without number, for she was not only gay, bewitching and beautiful, but the only living child of a wealthy merchant. Her conquests in society, far from making her proud or vain, seemed forgotten the moment she entered her own home; and her cheery laugh, gay songs and happy face were truly the lights of that stately house.

Her mother was an invalid, suffering from a chronic complaint that kept her in her room years in and out, so Lily was the housekeeper. The servants followed her with their eyes as she fitted to and fro in the big house, calling her their pretty little sunbeam; and many were the blessings whispered for her.

It was not in the gay circle where she reigned as a belle that Doctor Chester learned to love Lily Morton; it was in the pretty, cheerful room where her gentle, suffering mother claimed his professional care. Day after day he found her there, making her mother's life bright in defiance of pain, by loving, tender care and joyous, happy

conversation. An hour would often fly by unheeded by the doctor as he sat beside the invalid's couch and listened to the sweet voice that made such music to his heart. He did not know, but he guessed, whose gentle pity placed the easy-chair ready for his poor crippled form, and the inmost core of his heart thrilled to the low voice that greeted him, and the touch of the soft hand that led him to his seat.

It was the morning of the bright winter's day after the night of struggle, and Lily sat beside her mother, waiting for the doctor's visit. Her bright blue morning-robe suited well her glowing beauty, and the little hands raveled in whiteness the soft wool they were knitting into pretty shapes. The doctor's chair stood ready for him; but the long morning passed, and he did not come.

Late in the afternoon he called, staying only long enough to attend to his patient, and then, for the first time, declined his seat, bowed and left the house. Weeks passed, and still these hurried visits were all that he paid; but the task told fearfully upon him. The pale cheek grew paler, and the large eyes sadder; the halting step became slower, and the bent form drooped more and more. Finally the day passed and he did not come, but news came that Doctor Chester was ill and not able to leave his bed.

Mrs. Morton lay on her couch, thinking of "poor Harry," as she always called him, when Lily stole softly to her side.

"Mother!"—and the once laughing voice was now so low and full of sadness, and Mrs. Morton noticed that her cheek was unusually pale—"I am going to see Mrs. Chester. I—I want to inquire if the doctor is very ill."

She stopped, for her voice was choked and her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Lily! Lily, my child, what ails you?"

"Oh, mother, mother!" sobbed Lily, "I was always afraid he would die, he is so good, so learned, so different from other men. He has grown so pallid lately, and his face is so sad! Oh, mother, what shall I do if he dies?"

Mrs. Morton was utterly amazed. She saw now how deep and pure her daughter's love was for this young cripple, and her mother-heart was troubled, for the doctor was poor in worldly goods, besides being a cripple, and, then, he had given no token of love, spoken no word to her or the little sobbing beauty beside her, indicative of preference for her above other women. But, like a wise woman, she concluded to treat the passion tenderly, and trust to time for its cure.

"You may go, certainly, Lily," she said. "Give my love to Mrs. Chester, and ask if there is anything I can do for them."

Again the bright sunlight streamed into the chamber of the young physician. The cheek that lay upon the snowy pillows of the bed mocked their whiteness, and the thin hands seemed almost transparent in the bright light. The doctor's eyes were closed, but he did not sleep. Light steps crossed the room, and he heard his sister's voice.

"Come in, Lily; he is asleep."

Lily! His heart gave a sudden throb, but he lay still; then the sweet voice he loved fell upon his ear.

"How very pale he is! I hope this is only weakness. As spring opens, I hope the warm weather will give him strength."

"God grant it."

There was earnest fervor in the tones.

"Stay here a minute, Lily," said Mrs. Chester, "till I send Sarah for some medicine I shall want to-night."

They were alone together. The voice he loved grew trembling in its own emotion as she murmured:

"O God! spare his life! How can I live if he dies?"

"Lily!"

She did not start—only bent over him.

"I am here."

"Lily, darling! My Lily! Oh, Lily! can you love me—*me*, stunted, cripple—"

"Hush! You must not talk so."

"Can you be my wife, Lily? Think what I am."

"Your wife? I am not worthy. You are so good—so far above me. Your wife! Oh, Harry! only live, and I will prove to you how deeply, how humbly I love you."

There was not a loud word—only low, almost

whispered tones, but she bent over him nearer, and kissed his broad white forehead, and the crippled physician knew that for his heart and mind she loved him, and he had found his true wife.

Woman is the incentive to social excellence; and her mission most simply defined is conciliation and consolation; and man, isolated from her good influence, naturally descends in moral gravitation.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.



DOCTOR CHESTER'S TRIAL.—"O GOD! SPARE HIS LIFE! HOW CAN I LIVE IF HE DIES?" SAID LILY, BENDING OVER THE DOCTOR."



IKE WISTAR'S ADVENTURE.—"HAVING BROUGHT MY RIFLE TO MY SHOULDER THE INSTANT THAT HE TURNED FROM HIS FALLEN FOE, I NOW SIGHTED QUICKLY BETWEEN THE MONSTER'S EYES AND PULLED THE TRIGGER."

Ike Wistar's Adventure.

LATE in the evening of a cold autumn day, years ago, a large company of trappers had congregated at their general rendezvous—a huge log shanty in the wilds of Northern New York.

After doing ample justice to a repast of trout and venison such as an epicure might covet, they filled their pipes, and, forming a circle around the

blazing pile on the hearth, prepared to enjoy the soothing influence of the "weed" and relate the usual amount of stories with which woodsmen regale themselves on such occasions.

Among their number, seated on his knapsack in the middle of the circle, was an individual who when once seen was sure to be remembered. His height was about six feet four inches, his shoulders were broad, his chest was deep, and although

his long silken hair and beard were white as the driven snow, yet, when standing erect, his wiry form was straight as an arrow. His flashing eyes, and quick, easy movements showed that, though advanced in years, he was still full of the fire of youth.

He wore a low, broad-brimmed hat drawn down over his eyebrows, a long greenish-gray frock, and breeches, leggins and moccasins of buckskin.

His arms and accoutrements consisted of a long heavy rifle, a large sheath-knife and hatchet in his belt, a powder-horn and bullet-pouch, and a knapsack carried on his back.

The ghastly scars which covered his face, neck, hands, and other parts of his person, were grim and silent proofs of the recklessness with which he assailed every ferocious denizen of the forest that crossed his path.

He seldom spoke, but his words were always to the point.

The oldest trappers all agreed that he came into the woods long years ago; that according to his own statements he had, from some strange motive, suddenly abandoned the lucrative practice of a city lawyer for the uncertainties and perils of a hunter's life.

However that may have been, he was known far and near as the greatest and best man in the woods for any occasion, and particularly so for stories, which he recited in language of which an author need not be ashamed. When he spoke, all paid the strictest attention, eager to catch every word as it fell from his lips.

Therefore it was not strange that he was unanimously elected to entertain the company.

The old man was evidently pleased with the compliment.

Settling into an easy posture, he spoke as follows:

"In the autumn of the year 17—, I had established a line of traps and shanties from the Boreas River to Lake Champlain.

"Weary, and heavily laden with the spoils of a successful round, I arrived in the vicinity of my centre or home-station, at the head of Sohroon Lake, just as the twilight gloom was deepening in the forest, after a beautiful day in the middle of October.

"When at the distance of about half a mile from the shanty, and while disengaging a fine cable from the last trap before reaching the station, my ears were saluted with the long drawn unearthly, howls of a wolf at a short distance in my rear.

"Before the echoes of this call had ceased to vibrate among the hills, it was answered by scores of others on every hand, some of them in alarming proximity.

"Aware that my time for flight would be but a few minutes at the most, and wishing to save my furs, I concluded that the great odds against which I should have to contend would render discretion the better part of valor. Therefore I snatched up my load, and rushed for the shanty with all speed possible under my incumbrances.

"Nearer and louder grew the horrible chorus, with such astonishing rapidity that when I arrived in sight of the shanty the glaring eyes and snapping jaws of the bristling demons could be dimly seen darting among the trees toward me like an infernal horde. My strength and speed seemed to increase with the danger.

"Seeing at a glance that nothing but an almost superhuman effort could win the race, I strained every nerve and muscle to its utmost tension, and darted like lightning over the remaining few rods between me and my stronghold.

"I was not a moment too soon, however, for when I was within a single leap of the door, a huge wolf from the opposite direction, a little in

advance of the rest, made a desperate lunge at my throat with his widely-extended jaws.

"Just as his hind feet were leaving the ground I planted my foot in his abdomen with all the force which my strength and speed could produce.

"The combined influence of his jumping and my kick sent him flying over my head.

"Without any perceptible slackening of my speed, I dashed into the shanty, and barred the door in a twinkling.

"Feeling now perfectly secure, I proceeded, after a short rest, to build a fire of the wood which happened to be in the shanty, and ate my evening meal.

"Having stretched and hung up my furs in the loft, I smoked awhile to the howling of the wolves, and then retired to rest.

"I was awakened, after a refreshing night's repose, by the hooting of an owl in a tree near by.

"Rising, I unbarred the door, and walked forth in the cool, bracing air of morning.

"Wishing to be forewarned of the weather, I ascended a high bluff on the lake shore to take an observation. Just as I reached the summit the first dazzling beams of the sun burst forth above the eastern hills, bathing the gorgeously tinted autumn landscape in a flood of golden light.

"To the north, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a dense forest, broken here and there by rugged hills; while, far in the distance, the towering peaks of the Adirondacks rose in majestic grandeur, like the giant forms of sleeping nature's guards.

"Clouds of mist, rising like incense slowly heavenward, and melting in the rays of the sun, marked the serpentine courses of the Boreas River and its tributaries, and betrayed the nestling places of the adjacent ponds.

"Far away to the south, bounded on all sides by thickly wooded slopes, lay the placid waters of the lake, in whose bosom, as the thin veil of white almost imperceptibly retired at the approach of morning's ruddy glow, could be distinctly seen reflected in pleasing harmony a profusion of nature's finest forms and richest hues.

"At the extremities of the long grove-covered points on either hand majestic forest queens seemed leaning gracefully forward to view their reflected beauties in the crystal mirror at their feet.

"About a mile from the head of the lake, near the eastern side, rose a beautiful island.

"Among the reeds and lily-pads in an adjacent bay several flocks of ducks were having a fine frolic; while along the western shore bright showers of spray, flashing in the sunshine, showed where the small feathered warblers of the day were enjoying their morning bath.

"The songs of birds, the caw of crows, the chirp of squirrels, the cry of jays, the flap of the crane's wings as he slowly rose and sailed over the water, the shrill whistle of the woodchuck, the halloo of the loon, the peculiar trill of the kingfisher, the rapping of the woodpecker, all resounding, mingled through the forest, and echoing faintly far down the lake, proclaimed in enchanting language that nature had awakened.

"After viewing for some time this entrancing scene, I reluctantly withdrew my gaze and scanned the heavens in every direction.

"Not a cloud could be seen in the broad expanse of blue. Therefore I was satisfied that a violent storm would sweep over the now smiling landscape within twenty-four hours.

"Accordingly, hurrying back to my shanty, I hastily swallowed my breakfast of jerked venison, and started for my next station, at Lake Pharaoh, eight miles distant.

"Owing to the unusually large amount of furs in my traps, which I was obliged to dispose of as I

proceeded, my progress was extremely slow and laborious; and it was with the utmost exertion that, late in the afternoon, I reached the small pond by the shore of which I usually ate my noonday meal.

"Throwing down my heavy burdens, I took some venison from my haversack, and, seating myself on the trunk of a fallen tree, prepared to satisfy my appetite, which my day's work had rendered voracious.

"Having finished my meal and taken a draught from a clear cold spring in the bushes, I sat enjoying a few minutes' rest and a view of the surrounding scenery, when I was aroused to a sense of my imminent danger by the faint echo of distant thunder resounding through the forest, followed by the hoarse, sullen and crackling roar which always precedes the approaching tornado in the woods.

"Knowing that I could not possibly reach the shanty before the storm would be upon me, I looked about hurriedly for a place in which to shelter my furs from the rain and protect myself from the violence of the blast, which I knew, from experience, would be terrible indeed.

"After considerable search along the shore, I had just turned into the wood to avoid a rocky bluff, when I observed a large hole under the upturned roots of a fallen tree.

"As the first gusts of the blast were already whirling the leaves and twigs high in the air, and the large, scattering drops of rain and hail were flying like shot around me, I looked no further, but plunged into the hole and crammed my furs into its furthest recess.

"Hardly had I composed my limbs into as small compass as possible when the fury of the elements burst upon the scene.

"The forest became suddenly dark. Showers of leaves, twigs and branches, cut from the trees by the irresistible force of the wind and hail, and clouds of dirt, sticks and stones, interspersed with falling dead limbs, were thrown with terrific force in every direction.

"Gigantic lords of the forest were sent crashing to the earth on every hand.

"The creaking of the trees, the deafening roar of the hail and rain, the demoniac howl of the blast and the rattling crash of the incessantly pealing thunder, formed a chorus at once appalling and sublime.

"When the storm had abated somewhat, I observed a large black bear dart like a flash from a thicket on my left.

"Finding his further flight cut off by the bluff, he whirled suddenly about, and rising on his hind feet, glared fiercely in the direction from which he came.

"I quickly raised my rifle to fire at him, but before I could sight, he was attacked by his pursuer, an enormous panther, which, with a single bound of more than thirty feet, alighted on his shoulders.

"Then followed one of the most fearful contests that I ever beheld between denizens of the forest.

"Looked in each other's deadly embrace, they bounded and rolled among the dead trunks and bushes before me with a rapidity and agility of which none but an observer can form the slightest idea.

"In one instant they would lie writhing upon leaves, and in the next be whirling high in the air, their horrible growls frequently rising above the din of the elements.

"After a long struggle, it was evident that the contest was not an equal one.

"Gradually the bounds of the combatants grew weaker and less frequent, until, finally, after remaining motionless a short time, the bear con-

vulsively sprang high in the air, dragging with him the panther, whose jaws were fastened upon his neck, and then fell dead to the ground.

"Apparently satisfied that his adversary was lifeless, the panther relaxed his hold and reared his mangled and bleeding head to reconnoitre.

"One of his eyes had been torn out in the conflict, and now hung in a clot of blood on the side of his head, giving an additional horror to his fierce visage.

"Glaring savagely at me with his remaining eye, and tearing the earth with his nails, he gave a low growl and crouched for a spring.

"Having brought my rifle to my shoulder the instant that he turned from his fallen foe, I now sighted quickly between the monster's eyes and pulled the trigger.

"With a single bound he alighted upon the prostrate trunk of a large hemlock several yards distant, and, in the agonies of death, tore out huge mouthfuls of the solid wood, and with his claws stripped the bark from its sides and sent it flying in all directions.

"Suddenly fixing his teeth and claws deep into the trunk, his back curved slightly upward, and he became motionless in death.

"Riddled with gashes and teeth-marks, the skins of the animals were worth but little. I therefore left them to the wolves.

"The storm had passed, and the setting sun was just crimsoning the western horizon as I shouldered my load and resumed my journey, which I completed without interruption, arriving at my shanty late in the evening."

Brought to the Point.

"Do you believe in spirits, Captain Slade?"

And the speaker looked up seriously from her drawing, balancing a small pencil on a very dainty little finger.

Those two—Rosie Brandon and Arthur Slade—would have made a pretty picture, now that Art delights in depicting modern young ladies in "costumes," and gentlemen of the period, instead of gods and goddesses, in nothing particular. Rosie was like her name, having a dear little face with a rosebud mouth, and being very pleasant to look upon; and Captain Slade, who was evidently of that opinion also, looked well matched with her, being as fine a specimen of the gentleman as you might wish to see.

"Well, that depends on what you mean by the word, Miss Brandon," he replied, abstractedly. "It has a rather wide signification."

"I mean," she said, laying her pencil down, and still more serious, "that if you love any one very, very much, it is possible that they may come to you after death—just possible, you know," she added. "Don't reason me out of the idea, as I know you are going to do. I like to believe it."

"Then I won't say a word about it," he said, his face suddenly flushing; "but, in turn, I will ask you a question which is of far more importance to me. I have been afraid to say anything about it, for you are so much too good for me—but I can't keep quiet longer. Rosie, my darling, do you think you could—"

"Mr. Smithers, if you please, miss;" and at this most inopportune moment a lank young curate was ushered in.

Was ever anything more provoking? Rosie felt as if she could have cried with vexation, and the captain glared at him as if his coming were a personal insult. Mr. Smithers, however, being preoccupied and shortsighted, saw neither Arthur's frowns nor Rosie's blushes, but plunged into the account of school-treat preparations, the widows' tea, etc.

By the time these subjects were exhausted, the family party had collected, and any chance for a further *été-à-été* for the two was gone. Arthur stood pulling his mustache, and now and then furtively looking at Rosie, who drew diligently, though, it must be confessed, more to the detriment of her picture than otherwise.

"Have you any commissions for me in town, Mrs. Brandon?" he said at last, ruefully looking at his watch. "I have to go up to-day on business, but I only stay the night."

If Captain Slade would bring home a valuable brooch, which had been repaired, it would be so much safer than sending it through the post, and a line to the jeweler could be written in a moment. When the note was written, Arthur took leave of all Rosie's sisters in order, and then, coming to her, held out his hand with a wistful look. The soft little fingers were trembling and cold, but he felt sure they slightly returned his pressure; and he went away happier, though disappointed.

"Oh, Mrs. Brandon, what do you think?" exclaimed Miss Smithers, bursting, the next day, into the room where the good lady was sewing. "There has been such a dreadful railway accident! The train has been run into, and ever so many people killed! Poor Mr. Binks, and Mrs. James at the corner, and that good-looking young Captain Slade, and—"

"Captain Slade! how very shocking!" cried Mrs. Brandon. "We know him quite well, and—oh, dear! my diamond brooch— Why, Rosie, my child, what is the matter?"

For poor little Rosie, with a dreadful look in her eyes, and her lips white and parted, was standing close at hand. As her mother spoke, she made a step forward, and fell fainting. Miss Smithers departed, amid the general confusion, to remark confidentially to a friend or two that Rose Brandon had fainted; she had just left her in one. She always thought that red and white complexion really very unwholesome, though people admired it.

When Rosie opened her eyes again, in bewilderment that slowly grew to a dull, intolerable pain, she steadfastly refused to answer the questions that were asked her. "I want to be alone, quite alone," moaned the poor child, and so they laid her on the drawing-room sofa. How shockingly bright was the summer day now! though only a short time since the sunshine had seemed to accord so well with her happy heart. They closed the Venetian blinds, drew heavy curtains over the glass door that led into the garden, leaving it open that a breath of air might steal through the folds, and left her—to have a nice sleep, they said.

A nice sleep! What a mockery all the tender household sayings had been to her! None knew of her grief, for Rosie had been shy of speaking of her scarcely-found happiness. She

felt as if the past and future had been blotted out, as if nothing ever could happen again—ever had happened—but this one horrible event. And yet she wondered why she could not cry. Did she love him less than her pet canary that died last week? No, not last week—years, ages ago, when she was herself, and had a heart, instead of this leaden weight that did not feel, only pressed all the life out of her.

Oh, if she could die and go to Arthur! But she could not die. She would go on living for a length of years, and her youth would pass, and wrinkles come, and her pretty hair grow thin; and even her love would fade in the long years, only leaving her a sad and spiritless old maid. And poor little Rosie's mind wandered in these sad labyrinths of thought hour after hour, as she lay in the darkened room. One memory after another passed before her, each more full of pain than the other. Only yesterday she was sitting at her drawing, and saw him coming in from the garden through that very door, now so heavily curtained. She lived that scene over again in her mind, feverishly recalling every word and look. She had told him an old legend about the house they lived in, and then she remembered what she had said about spirits, and his look, and the half-spoken words. How she hated Mr. Smithers for interrupting them. If she could only have told one word of her love! but now Arthur would never know of it. Ah! if her belief were but true, and his spirit could come to her, and show her that "love was stronger than the grave."

All at once a sudden light broke on the darkness. She turned her heavy eyes; and there, there between the curtains, stood her lost love, in the sunshine, looking tenderly at her!

Rosie half-raised herself, held out her trembling hands, and cried, "Arthur, my love! you have come to me. I am not afraid; I am not at all afraid."

"Afraid of what, darling?" replied the phantom, in a tone of the greatest surprise. "Come to you? Of course I have—straight from the station. Have you a headache, that the room is so darkened?"

The last words were lost upon Rosie. He was kneeling by her, her head on his breast, and a torrent of tears was utterly spoiling the spectre's shirt-front. Gradually, with great difficulty, he learned the truth; and by dint of soothing and caressing, and laughing a little at her, the tears dwindled into an occasional sob, the color came back to the rosebud mouth, the light to the eyes, and Rosie was herself again.

"It was all that gossiping Miss Smithers," Arthur explained. "That family seems destined to annoy us. I had intended coming by that train" (Rosie shuddered, and had to be restored by a kiss), "but I found my business would not let me. I was vexed at the time, little thinking from what I was preserved. I mentioned to Miss Smithers by chance what time I should come back; and as I did not turn up by that train, she added me to her list of killed and wounded. Of course I hurried here directly I returned, and came in this way, hoping to find you alone. I was in dreadful suspense, and when I heard my darling's first words—"

"But I should never have said them," whispered Rosie, blushing very much, "if I hadn't thought you were——"

"A ghost," he answered, laughing. "I know that it was owing to a certain young lady's belief in apparitions that I was spared the torture of making an offer; for it is a torture to a shy fellow like me. Now, don't say a word more; but keep quiet, and get your nerves all right again."

Rosie pleaded to say one word, which was——

"I never cried at all about you, Arthur, till I found nothing had happened to you."

But he didn't seem to take that very much to heart.

According to the rules of fiction, Rosie ought to have had brain fever, and even to have furnished a touching death-bed scene; but all the effects of her fright on this unromantic young person were, that she did not get quite strong for a few days, during which time a great deal of Captain Slade's company was required to divert and amuse her.

The Misses Smith's Burglar.

THE Misses Smith were sitting in their little front parlor. There were three of them. Miss Parthenia, the elder, was past forty, and owned to that age without any attempt at equivocation.

"I have always been a mother to my sisters," she would say, with the air of a person who has made a great sacrifice for the well-being of others. "Our mother died when Tryphena was a baby, and I immediately declared my intention to devote myself to taking care of my two sisters. I have done the best I could, and have tried to be a mother to them. How I have succeeded, they will tell you."

And here Miss Parthenia would assume the look of a heroine who had abnegated self for the sake of doing good, and wave her hands in the direction of Charlena and Tryphena, who would respond, by a series of nods, to the truth of her statement.

Miss Charlena, the second maiden of the Smith family, was really thirty-five, but only owned to "about twenty-seven." Miss Parthenia gave the world to understand that for the sake of her sisters she had renounced everything else. She had never married, because she considered that her duty called her in another direction. At least that was *her* statement of the reason why, at her mature age, she was still Miss Smith. As Miss Charlena could not be "a mother to her sisters," from the fact that Miss Parthenia already held that responsible position, she declared that *she* had never married, and never should, because she saw so much suffering among the circle of her acquaintances, which was caused by the union of persons whose tastes and temperaments were so unlike—that "she feared to venture upon the sea of matrimony, and thought it best to steer clear of the rocks upon which other persons had run their bark."

This was her reason, practically expressed, if we accept her words as true; but I am inclined to think the *real* reason was because she "never had a chance."

"My thoughts are pleasant companions," she would say; "and while I have them I am content."

Miss Tryphena was about thirty, but never seemed to have any idea as to how old she really was. She had never given up the idea of marriage, as her sisters had, and was always on the

lookout for the "coming man." She was somewhat sentimental, and affected the style of innocent, unsophisticated young maidens.

As the Smith finances were rather limited, her sisters would have been as glad to have seen her married as she would have been to have been married. But for some unaccountable reason the "coming man" had never got along. She began to think he was remarkably slow—in fact, considerably behind time.

On this morning, as I said at the commencement of my story, they were seated in their little front parlor—Miss Parthenia very prim and erect, Miss Charlena engaged in manufacturing wonderful worsted articles, and Tryphena absorbed in a book of poems.

"I should think they'd be along before a great while," remarked Miss Parthenia, looking out. "She said she'd have to call quite early."

As you will see, they were expecting callers. Mrs. Brown—a friend living next door—had a visitor, a Mr. Job Green, bachelor, rich, and wishing he could find a wife, but dreading terribly to do anything about the matter of getting one, from an unaccountable fear of women in general. This item of knowledge had been imparted to the sisters on the day previous, with the additional fact that she—Mrs. Brown—intended to "bring Mr. Green over in the morning," to make him acquainted with them.

"I do really hope he'll take a liking to you, Tryphena," said Mrs. Brown. "He's rich, and you couldn't do better. I told him about you, and I think he's already interested, because he said he should like to get acquainted. I'll come over real early in the morning. Now, remember, Tryphena, and put your best foot forward."

Such was the state of affairs on the eventful morning. Miss Tryphena began to think that perhaps the "coming man" was at last about to arrive. At least, she hoped so. Figuratively she had her "best foot" all ready to "put forward," when opportunity presented itself for her to perform that feat.

"If you *should* marry Mr. Green," remarked Charlena, "I hope you'll take more comfort than most married people do. I should feel that I was running a great risk, if I was in your place."

"But you ain't, you know," responded Miss Tryphena.

"They're coming," said Miss Parthenia, who had been keeping watch of the street.

"Dear, dear! how my heart beats!" cried Miss Tryphena, in a flutter of excitement. "Is my bow on straight, Charlena?"

Miss Charlena answered, after proper investigation, that the "bow" was all right. Immediately after, the bell rang.

Miss Parthenia admitted the visitors, and was introduced to Mr. Green in the hall. She felt like taking him by the hand, and calling him a "man and a brother." If he should become her brother-in-law, it would not be quite so hard work to make the Smith income and expenses correspond.

"Come right into the parlor, Mr. Green," said Miss Parthenia, leading the way. "Mr. Green, this is my sister Charlena. And this is my sister Tryphena, Mr. Green," with a flourish of her long hands, as though she were pronouncing a motherly benediction upon their future happiness.

Mr. Green bowed, as did "sister Tryphena." He was a short, red-faced man, evidently very bashful, for he looked directly at the picture of "Mary Jane," on the wall, as he was introduced to Miss Tryphena, and wiped his face with a red bandanna when the ceremony was over, and gave a sigh of relief as he sat down.

"A beautiful morning," remarked Miss Tryphena, sweetly. "I had to watch the sky all the time I was eating breakfast, it was so bright."

"Yes, yes," stammered Mr. Green; "it was awful bright."

Miss Parthenia and her sister directed their attention quite exclusively to Mrs. Brown, and Mr. Green and Miss Tryphena were thus left to each other.

Miss Tryphena had to do most of the talking, for Mr. Green couldn't seem to think of anything to say except "Yes," and "Just so."

"Oh, you ought to see my paintings!" exclaimed Miss Tryphena, by-and-by. "They're in the sitting-room. Would you like to see them, Mr. Green?"

"Yes, I *should* like to see them," replied Mr. Green. "I'm fond of pictures."

"I keep them in the sitting-room, because they have a better light there," explained Miss Tryphena, as she led the way to that apartment. "Here's one I finished last week. How do you like it? I call it 'The Lovers.'"

"It's a purty," said Mr. Green, admiringly. "Is she sick?" he inquired, indicating the damsel in the picture, who was leaning upon her lover.

"Land, no!" said Miss Tryphena, with a giggle. "She's his promised bride, you know, and he's telling her that he loves her."

"Oh!" said Mr. Green, feeling rather uncomfortable over his mistake; "I see! I see!"

"And here's 'The Deserted Maiden.' You see, her lover left her, and she's all broke down about it. That's his likeness she's looking at."

"Sho!" said Mr. Green. "I want to know! Poor thing! poor thing!"

When Mr. Green brought his call to an end, he left with a decided feeling of admiration for Miss Tryphena in his bosom, also with very cordial invitations to "be sure and call again, and to make himself perfectly to home."

"Yes, do call again, Mr. Green," said Miss Tryphena. "I have enjoyed your society very much this morning. I don't very often like people when I first get acquainted with them, but I do like you! Oh!"—with a little shriek—"what have I said? Forget it, Mr. Green—do forget it! I am so impulsive!" And the lady blushed as much as she possibly could, though that was not much to speak of.

"I don't want to forget it," said Mr. Green, putting Miss Tryphena's blushes completely in the shade. "I'm—I'm glad of it!"

This effort to be complimentary and gallant frightened Mr. Green terribly, for he broke out in profuse perspiration immediately after making the attempt—his first one—and had resource to his red bandanna.

Mr. Green did call again. He called quite often. Miss Tryphena began to be sure that the coming man had "hove in sight," if I may be permitted to use a nautical expression, and congratulated herself accordingly.

Her sisters congratulated her on the impression she was making on Mr. Green, and it was not without some foundation for the belief, on Mr. Green's part, that they came to the conclusion that Tryphena was "as good as married." When a man of his age calls regularly on a woman, and begins to try his hand at making pretty speeches, and brings little nosegays, no matter if they are made up of marigolds and dahlias, it looks suspicious, doesn't it? I think it does, and so did the Misses Smith.

"I *hope* you'll never have cause to repent the step you are taking," remarked Miss Charlena, regularly once a day, as events went on. "But I fear—I fear!"

"Do shut up!" Miss Parthenia would respond. And considering that she was "the mother of the family," with due obedience Miss Charlena would comply with the polite request, and "shut up,"

though not without many ominous shakes of her head, and foreboding sighs.

"What's the use of trying to discourage her?" said Miss Parthenia. "She's old enough to know what she's about" (which assertion was true enough). "I have no doubt I should have done as she is about to, if it had not been for being a mother to you. I have tried to do my duty to you, and the fact that I have done that duty to the best of my ability must be my reward."

"I presume *she'd* like the chance," said Miss Tryphena, referring to Charlena, loftily and coldly. "She doesn't make any allowance for the yearning of two hearts that—that—two hearts like Mr. Green's and mine."

Mr. Green prolonged his visit to the Browns longer than he had intended to. He had almost made up his mind to ask Miss Tryphena to be Mrs. Green, but kept putting off the moment when he must offer his heart and hand to that expectant damsel as long as possible. It frightened him to think of it. More than once he had to use his red bandanna at the bare idea.

One evening the Misses Smith retired to their respective couches, not dreaming of the adventure that awaited them.

About eleven, or it might have been near to twelve, a terrible racket down-stairs woke all three of the Misses Smith. It seemed as if all the crockery in the pantry was tumbling down.

"Charlena!" said Miss Parthenia, in a shrill whisper, "are you awake?"

"Yes," whispered Miss Charlena. "What is it, Parthenia?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Parthenia. "I'm afraid it's a burglar. I'm going down to see."

"Oh, don't!" cried Miss Tryphena. "I wouldn't stay here alone for the world! What if he should come here while you are gone?"

"Get up and come along, then," said Miss Parthenia. "I'm not going to lay here and let him steal grandfather's silver spoons, and the forks, and the butter-knife, if I know myself."

And up Miss Parthenia got, and slipped on a wrapper, and her sisters followed suit, trembling and pale.

Meanwhile the racket down-stairs had somewhat abated.

"Are you ready?" said Miss Parthenia. "Come on, then!" and the three women tip-toed down-stairs—Miss Charlena and Tryphena, close behind their more heroic sister, hardly daring to take a long breath, for fear the burglar would hear them.

"Here's tracks," announced Miss Parthenia, as they reached the hall; "great, horrid, muddy tracks, going right toward the pantry. He's in there, as sure as you live! If I could only get the door shut, we'd have him safe."

"Don't!" whispered Miss Charlena. "We'll all be murdered if you try to do it!"

"Keep still!" commanded Miss Parthenia. "Hark! I hear him stirring! He's coming out! And see! He's going into the iron closet, and we've got him!" the latter part of which information was delivered in a shriek like a war-whoop, as Miss Parthenia darted forward and banged to the closet-door, and snapped its bolt into place. "There, Mr. Burglar, you're where you'll keep out of mischief a spell! Ain't you ashamed of yourself—trying to rob three unprotected women?"

"I hain't tried to rob nobody," answered a voice from inside the iron closet. "It's all a mistake!"

"Of course," said Miss Parthenia. "Charlena, you run for Mr. Brown, and we'll have him took care of."

"Mr. Brown ain't to home," said Miss Charlena.

"And, Parthenia," very solemnly, "I wouldn't dare to go there, if he was, and you know it, in the dead of night! I wouldn't step out-doors for anything!"

"Holler, then!" said Miss Parthenia. "Keep still in there, or I'll shoot you!" to the man inside the closet, who had commenced pounding on the door.

"Oh!" shrieked Miss Charlena, "he'll burst out, and kill us dead! I know he will! Oh, dear!" and she wilted away on the lower step of the stairs, and became a perfect picture of helplessness.

"You run to the window and holler, Tryphena!" commanded Miss Parthenia. "I hope you ain't such a fool as Charlena is! Oh, there's Mr. Green! We never thought of him! Holler to *him*, Tryphena!"

"Do listen to common sense, if you can!" came faintly through a crack in the door. Whoever was in there had been trying to make himself heard, but in vain. "I'm Mr. Green! I made a very great mistake by going into the wrong house!"

"Mr. Green!" exclaimed Miss Parthenia. "Do you hear that, Tryphena? Listen, and see if you call that Mr. Green's voice—and you should know, if anybody!"

"No, that's *not* Mr. Green's voice!" said Miss Tryphena, without any hesitation. "It's too grum for him! After what has passed between us, I could never be mistaken!"

"But I tell you it *is* Mr. Green!" came from the closet. "I've got cold, and that makes my voice sound odd! Let me out, for goodness' sake, and don't make a row and raise the neighbors!"

"Won't you hurt us if we let you out? and will you give us back the spoons and the butter-knife?" asked Miss Charlena, feebly.

"I hain't got any spoons, and I don't know anything about your butter-knife!" responded the prisoner. "I'll buy a butter-knife for each of you, if you'll let me out, though!"

"Perhaps we'd better trust him!" suggested Miss Charlena.

"I hain't no notion of letting him out!" said Miss Parthenia. "Are you going to holler, Tryphena, or not?"

Miss Tryphena replied that she "*was* going to holler," and, accordingly, threw up a window, and thrust out her head, shrieking:—

"Thieves! Murder! Help!"

The sound of her shrill voice penetrated the still air like a knife. She heard windows thrown up in two or three houses opposite, and renewed her cries for assistance, until she was certain somebody must hear where they came from, and hasten to deliver them from their awful situation.

The sounds at this juncture from inside the closet bore a striking resemblance to rather forcible language.

"Swear away, you wretch!" said Miss Parthenia. "It won't do you a bit of good! I hear some one coming now! We'll soon have you out of that!" And directly two men made their appearance on the scene.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins!" cried Miss Tryphena to the first one, "we've got the horriddest burglar in there! And he says he's Mr. Green! I'm so glad you've come! If Mr. Green was here, I should feel safe, perfectly safe—though, of course, you'll do as much as he would if he was here; but he seems more like a—like a brother, you know, as is natural, considering what relation he will assume to the family so soon," she explained, thus showing that she had no doubt as to what the result of Mr. Green's attentions would be, though I confess that such confidences seem to me to have been a trifle out of place just there.

However, as a lover was something new to the damsel, it is not to be wondered at that she should improve every opportunity to make people aware of the fact that the "coming man" had arrived.

"Have you got a club?" said Mr. Jenkins, preparing for action.

"Here's the poker!" cried Miss Parthenia.

"Capital! You take the coal-hod in the corner there, Jones, and we'll have the burglar out of his nest in no time! Get a rope, Miss Smith. We shall have to tie him."

Miss Parthenia brought a piece of broken bed-cord.

"Now," said Mr. Jenkins, "I'll open the door, and you be ready to help, Mr. Jones, if he should attempt to escape!"

Accordingly Mr. Jones took up his position near the door, with the coal-hod elevated threateningly.

"All ready," said Mr. Jenkins, and slipped the bolt. "Now, sir, come out of that."

"Yes, come out right away!" said Miss Parthenia, "or it'll be the worse for you."

"I'd a-come out a long time ago, if you'd a-let me!" said the person inside the closet, beginning to move, and making a terrible racket among the pots and kettles. "Women is such fools, and they won't never be anything else. Hang me if I ever have anything more to do with 'em as long as I live!" And who should step out of the closet but Mr. Job Green himself, covered with soot and dust!

"Oh, Job!" cried Miss Tryphena, making a rush toward him; "was it really you? I'm so sorry. Why didn't you let us know?"

"Didn't I try my best to?" inquired Mr. Green, evidently highly disgusted with the adventure. "But a person might as well talk to the winds as to a passel o' women when they're bound to make fools of themselves! They'll do it in spite of everything! I made a mistake, and thought this was Brown's house—they look so confoundedly alike! A purty muss you've made of it, a-raising the neighbors to take me for a burglar!"

Jenkins and Jones set down and laughed till tears ran down their faces.

Miss Parthenia looked mortified and mad.

Miss Charlena didn't look anything in particular.

Miss Tryphena looked lovingly at Mr. Green; but Mr. Green made for the door.

"You're not angry, Mr. Green?" inquired Miss Tryphena.

"Yes, I be!" said Mr. Green. "To think I made such a fool of myself! I'm glad I didn't make a bigger one! Catch me having anything to do with women again!" and he succeeded in eluding Miss Tryphena's grasp, and was off like a rocket before she hardly comprehended what he was about.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Charlena, from her position on the stairs, "you've lost him. See what a temper the wretch had! I was sure you never could be happy with him! I told you so, Tryphena! I told you so!"

"Shut up—won't you?" said Miss Parthenia, sternly. "And bring me the camphor—she's going to faint!"

And Miss Tryphena did faint; but even that failed to bring back her lost Mr. Green. She never saw his face again. By daylight he was steaming out of Bayfield, and has fought shy of women ever since.

Miss Tryphena is still young—still on the lookout for a husband. She often grows pathetic over the loss of her only lover; but that don't help the matter any. I'm afraid her tombstone will have the name of Miss Tryphena Smith on it when she dies, though, if she should live a hundred years, she will want it marked, "Aged 25."

All the blame of the adventure, which scared

the long "coming man" away after he had made his appearance upon the field of action, fell upon Miss Tryphena, who bore it like a rojan, remarking that she had tried to do her duty and be a

mother to them." But Miss Tryphena was, and is, of the opinion that she should prefer a husband's care to a mother's; but I fear she'll never get beyond the opinion.



THE MISSES SMITH'S BURGLAR.—"JENKINS AND JONES SAT DOWN AND LAUGHED, AND MISS TRYPHENA LOOKED LOVINGLY AT MR. GREEN, BUT HE MADE FOR THE DOOR."



ST. JOHN'S DAY, AT AIX, FRANCE.

St. John's Day, at Aix, in France.

ST. JOHN ~~THE~~ BAPTIST'S DAY, in June, is celebrated in many of the countries of Europe by bonfires. The custom has indeed died out in the cities, but still prevails in the rural parts.

It is one of the old pagan festivities adopted by the Church, and consecrated to honor the Precursor of Christ. Finding the people loth to abandon a holiday and its festivities, the early apostles of Christianity left them the fun, but made it a support to the faith they inculcated.

The worship of the Sun and Fire spread from the East with the human race; and at the begin-

ning of Summer, festivities in honor of Baal were celebrated far and wide.

Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," in his Caoiné over a Highland Chief, makes the mourner say:

"He was no sapling
Chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane,
In winter to fade."

This Beltane, or Baaltinne, was simply the Fire of Baal, and even now it is celebrated, under its old pagan name, in Ireland and Scotland, by bonfires on the sites of those primitive temples.

The Child Zachary, foretelling that his

son was "to give light to them that sit in darkness," made the application of the fires to him. Hence, the bonfires were blessed by the clergy, and the magistrate then lit the pile. Even beside Puritanic New England, St. John's fires blazed in the Seventeenth Century along the St. Lawrence, and are recorded as events of the time in the journal of the Jesuit Superior.

In some parts of France they cruelly put caged cats and other animals on the wood. Our illustration shows this celebration as still kept up at Aix, in Provence, where the schoolboys and students refuse to give up the sport; and, like our youngsters on the Mayday bonfires in cleaning time, leap through the fire—itsself, little as they think it, a pagan institution.

Fireworks, not without danger, form a part of the celebration, and even ladies throw these dangerous missiles from their balconies.

The festivities end with a pyre of Sardanapalus; but the king is not allowed to burn on the pile, he is carried off in flames, and plunged into the fountain of the Four Dolphins, opposite St. John's Church, a splendid monument of the Sixteenth Century.

Domestic Bliss.

COWPER inculcated a great moral doctrine when he exclaimed:

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall

There is an independence of feeling, a manliness of character, in assuming the position of the head of a household: the station intended by heaven for every man, in which alone he can apply all the powers of his mind, and fulfil all the capabilities he possesses. Here, he exerts new influences, and acquires a more steady position in society. He obtains greater respect, and his conduct and character exercise a far wider and more important sway upon the conduct and character of others. Then, look at the position of a husband and a father. Can you find happier relationships in the whole realm of society? Look at your home—not the cold habitation of a recluse, but the abode of feeling—the temple of love. Is there anything in the wide world more blessed than loving confidence? No one should be ashamed to open the treasures of domestic happiness, and show them to others. Delicacy becomes morbid and unworthy, when it prevents the action of moral good.

I had just returned from visiting a friend, suffering in the agonies of pain. He was reclining upon a couch, and there, at the head, was his young and lovely wife, watching every throb, smoothing his pillow, and sharing his pains! Is that a scene to be passed over lightly? As I passed along the road the other day, I nearly ran over a merry little fellow who was in eager haste running to meet his father returning home in the evening. I watched the intense delight with which that father clasped his darling in his arms, and pressed the kiss upon his little rosy lips. I thought of the happy home that man possessed—of the blessed comfort he must enjoy, in retiring after the toils of business to a little world of his own, where he could find the cheerful light of a warm fireside, and the more cheerful looks of affection from her, who stirred up the glowing coals when she heard his well-known foot-tread. Are these scenes to be trifled with or ridiculed?

Not long ago, I looked in upon a venerable friend of mine, and of my father before me. I was delighted with his calm and solid joy in the evening of life. He sat by the side of one who had been his companion in the forty years, who had mingled his sorrow with his own, and

shared in all his comforts; and now, in the sunset of existence, they were calmly declining together on the verge of the horizon.

Domestic happiness is enviable in every period of existence. It is highly honorable in early manhood, where a man has been compelled to use extraordinary means to obtain it; it is solid and lasting through the vexations and cares of life; it is peaceful and happy in old age. Its pleasures are really the offspring of spiritual unity—of

"Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence."

It derives lustre from its constancy, and loveliness from its purity. It increases by its possession. It fades not at the smiles of friends—it shrinks not at the cold frost of adversity. The more it is crushed by the pressing hand of misfortune, the more balmy is its fragrance, the more sweet are its enjoyments. As the stars in the firmament, it shines most brightly on the darkest night.

Beauty's Choice.

"Mr dear friend, Philip," said a decent young fellow, taking his cigar from his mouth, "this is a sad case. You love her, and so do I. She seems to have been fooling us in a rather ridiculous fashion, but still I do not doubt either of us would marry her, if the other was out of the way. Now, it is plain that she cannot make husbands of us both, and it is also clear that we are not fools enough to fight for her. Now, the most sensible course to take would be to go, present ourselves, and beg her to make her choice of us. That would be fair, honorable, and satisfactory to all parties concerned."

"That's very true, my boy, and I add, let us agree that the rejected man shall go away out of sight until he finds his passion cooled, in order that there may not be any difficulties on the score of jealousy. Do you agree?"

"Certainly, I agree."

"Then let us go."

They went out, arm-in-arm, as though bent upon a harmless stroll in the country.

They came to the house of the fair one, and were admitted to a drawing-room, the sight of which filled both with the most entrancing memories. The fair girl, a blonde, graceful as a lily, as bright as the sun, and as charming as a syren, was a little startled at beholding the two cards of these gentlemen at the same time. Her guilty little heart fluttered like a caged pigeon, but she rushed down to meet them, with the sweet smiles of an angel.

Her smiles soon changed to tears. The friend of Philip courteously and delicately put the case before her; and, be it said, to his everlasting honor, presented his friend's case with much more care and solicitude than his own.

Then the friend interposed, and pleaded warmly for the first speaker, until there was presented the strange spectacle of two handsome, moneyed, amiable, disinterested young men, each urging the other as a husband for the girl he dearly loved himself. But the girl looked from one to the other in bewilderment, through her weeping eyes, and thought herself, oh, such a fool! such a silly, positive, wretched fool!

It took but little time to exhaust all the young men had to say, they both feeling that to say too much would be worse than nothing at all. Then she tried to answer. She stammered, stopped, started again, and made herself utterly miserable. Then she got calm; then she cried again, then, finally, became still and pale, and seemed to be mustering resolution. It took some while to do it, but it was finally accomplished.

"I have been wicked to you both," she said, at length, "and I feel that you are both more honorable than I am, and that were I to become the wife of either, I should only continue the deceit I have practiced upon you both. You would discover me to be silly, frivolous, superficial, and almost heartless; so—so—I—love you both too much, and respect you both so much more, that I cannot submit either to a life of misery. I—forgive me, if you can—but—I will marry neither." She arose, gave each a beautiful hand, and then fled, sobbing, from the room, and disappeared.

The two young men left the house in silence. It was a long time before they could find their tongues.

"Phil," said the other, finally, "that girl is worth marrying, after all."

"Yes; I am certain of it."

"Well, then—"

"Well, what?"

"I propose we draw lots for her!"

"I don't mind. Let us be quick about it, for if I am to be the one who is to go away, I wish to know it as soon as possible, for I believe I love her more than I thought."

"Yes; and so do I."

A lottery was arranged. Three slips of paper were put into a box. The one which would declare the fortunate drawer was marked. Both drew at once. They looked at their slips with frightened eyes.

"I have not drawn it, Harry," said Phil.

"I have," said Harry, and showed it.

"Very well," replied Philip, with the ghost of a smile. "Good-bye, old fellow. I know she'll be true to you; and I hope, with all my heart, that you will be happy. I am going off within two hours. I am going on horseback to the railroad; and, as we agreed, you shall not see me again until I have forgotten my weakness. Good-bye, a thousand times! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Phil! Good-bye! God bless you!"

Meanwhile, the handsome girl had dried her eyes, and begun to reflect. She felt that she had not only done a foolish thing, in endeavoring to like two men at once, but she felt that she had made an equal error in losing both of them. She loved them—there was no doubt of that—and she also felt that she had greatly over-estimated her own wickedness, and felt she might be a true and honest girl, after all.

This pleasant view grew upon her, and she determined to retract. But in whose favor? Whom should she marry? Which of the two?

She could not tell. One was as good as the other. She would draw lots! She made two slips of paper; one she marked, "Harry;" the other, "Phil."

She threw them on a table, and shut her pretty eyes. She picked one up. She hesitated to look at it, but finally did so. It was the one marked, "Phil."

She clapped her hands, and then wept again. She would have done the same had she picked up the other paper.

She was a girl of action and energy, but this demanded thought. It would hardly do to summon a lover as she would a dressmaker; but, still, toward evening, she felt that it would be no harm to find the whereabouts of Philip.

Now, she had a trusty maid—a pretty, pert, wide-awake little miss, with a turn-up nose, and the wit of a dozen of her sex—and this maid went forth to hunt up the body of Mr. Philip. She asked, and was told he had left the town. She was dismayed. She sought further, and found it was true. He had been seen upon a white horse, going toward the distant railway, upon what was known as the South-road.

She hastened back to her mistress. She told her story. Her mistress, now bent upon her purpose, and with her thoughts filled with the image of the young man, became frightened and anxious.

What! Going away without a single word? Leaving her? Hiding away? Despair seized her. Then followed a strong flood of determination. She looked out at the sky. A storm was impending; it was growing dark, and thunder began to be heard in the distance. Black clouds overhung everything, and night was coming on. She ordered her horse.

Her maid stared, wondered, but obeyed. The horse was brought. It was black, strong, and filled with fire. The Beauty came down. She wrapped herself up well, and mounted, and dashed away.

Now, as fate would have it, Harry came to the house ten minutes after. The Beauty had gone away, said the ignorant girl, upon horseback!

Gone away! on horseback!

He went back into the town. A blacksmith said he had seen her go down the South-road upon a black horse, at full gallop.

He grew pale as a ghost, and as furious as an angry god. He also ordered a horse, and, despite the impending storm, he also dashed off down the South-road, at the utmost speed.

He had ridden a mile, when it became black as ink. The thunder rolled, and the rain poured.

The road was deserted, and was bordered by fields and woods. No lights appeared, and he was almost eaten up by fury.

On he galloped. He passed a five-mile post by the roadside. It became darker than ever, and the road was wide. Suddenly his horse swerved, and almost threw him. He looked up, but could see nothing, and yet he was passing Beauty, on her black horse.

He plunged on, and gradually left her in the rear, while she dared not to speak to him, not knowing who he was, and dreading a robber. He rushed forward. Four miles further, and a flash of lightning showed him Philip, upon his white horse, trotting slowly on in the mud and wet.

He shouted to him like a madman, and plunged forward with renewed anger and impetuosity. He came up to him, and raising his whip, was about to strike him, when Philip recognised his dim form, and called:

"What, Harry!"

At this instant the blow fell. It cut across his face, and the lash stung his neck.

"You are a traitor to me! You are a vile scoundrel! You are cheating me!"

Both leaped to the ground.

"Good God! you have struck me! Why! What!"

"She is following you, and you know it! You have persuaded her to fly with you, and cheat me. She is near you, and you have lied to me!"

They rushed upon each other with their heavy whip-handles, and struggled to beat each other down. The lightning burst upon them, their horses neighed with fright, and the water poured upon them.

"Phil! Phil! Phil!" screamed the voice of Beauty.

The lightning lit up the spot. Her horse dashed in upon the scene. Harry heard the appeal. It nerved him, and he struck his friend a blow. He staggered and fell. Beauty, with a shriek, leaped from her horse, and threw herself upon him to protect him. She did not know the other.

Phil recovered himself, and leaped up again.

"It is false. She is here, but I did not bring her. I swear upon my honor!"

Again a burst of lightning lit up the place. It was vivid, sharp; it struck. Harry uttered a

prolonged cry. Darkness came down again. They called him. He did not answer. They found themselves alone, and the sound of horses' feet broke upon the air.

"Phil, I came for you. He thought you were false to him. Will you—will you go back?"

They returned together. Some days after, a letter came from Harry, saying:

"I am blind. The lightning has ruined me. It was a punishment, Phil. I did doubt you, but I know all now. Can you forgive me? And ask if Beauty can. God bless you, Phil! I shall come to visit you soon, Heaven willing."

He came, but they drew no more lots.

Zale Birkenhead.

BIRKENHEAD was a miser, and no one attempted to deny it but Billings, the housekeeper. She would not hear a word of it.

"Dear Mr. Birkenhead is one of the best of providers," said she. "Such oceans of garden-trucks!"

Birkenhead was rich as well as miserly. That is, he owned houses and lands, had no one knew how much railroad stock, had quite a respectable bank account, and did a thriving business in the note-shaving way. Moreover, he held large properties in trust for non-residents, from which he derived—honestly, of course—a considerable income. Taken all in all, he was comfortably situated.

And he had a daughter—a very charming daughter, Marzalia by name—Zale for brevity—and therein lay his weakness. Zale or his gold, and Zale was the winner.

People wondered, Zale wondered, even Birkenhead himself wondered, and swore he never would be fooled again, not by a dozen Zales. And Zale laughed, showed her pretty teeth, and had her way.

"No—I say no!" thundered Mr. Birkenhead, his great lowering brows knitting together, and his little grey eyes snapping ferociously. "You can't go away to school, so let this be the end of it!"

Billings overheard his words, and pitied Zale. It was pity thrown away, for, the very next week, Zale went, just as she had been determined all the while to do; and Birkenhead swallowed his wrath, and footed the bills.

Zale stayed away until Christmas. Birkenhead said she had made wonderful progress. Had he not paid money enough to make any one progress?

But Zale learned one thing which was not taught in the regular course—a study that occupied all her leisure moments, and we fear, some that should have been given to her other lessons. But she learned it well.

Birkenhead never guessed it until one day the postman brought, with the other letters, one for Zale. He did not need his glasses to read the bold, masculine chirography, nor a soothsayer to tell him what the letter contained. It were better not to repeat the long and unwieldy words used on this occasion. Nobody but Birkenhead could have handled them.

Fortunately for Zale, she was not there during the heat of the opening wrath-burst; but she heard the mutterings, and saw an occasional flash, as vivid and startling as any that had passed.

As usual, Birkenhead was very firm, and declared, up and down, that no man by the name of Poor should ever marry Zale. And Zale was also very, very determined, and declared, as often as her father objected, that if she ever married any one, his name would be Poor, and Alec Poor, too.

For once the issue appeared doubtful. Even Billings became alarmed, and begged of Zale not to exasperate dear Mr. Birkenhead, for there was no telling what he might do.

Zale laughed—she always did when Billings attempted to correct her—and, going straight to her father, pleaded Alec Poor's cause as eloquently as ever.

Zale wrote to Alec, advising him how matters stood up at Birkenhead's, and he very obligingly offered to come up and right them immediately; but as his letters never went further than the open grate in Birkenhead's private room, he was obliged to forego that pleasure.

Zale was out of all patience at last; for that was not a very desirable correspondence, with scores of letters to Alec, and not one to Zale. She never doubted that Alec wrote. She even went so far as to believe that her father got the benefit of the epistles; and, to remove any little petty doubts she might have, she waylaid the postman, and got a letter.

Poor Zale! it was an unlucky move, and away up in the attic of Birkenhead's house she had ample time to repent of it. Not that she wanted to repent. We do not think she did; but, after all, it was the next thing to a defeat—a repulse which well might dishearten a veteran intriguer. Birkenhead knew it, and took all the credit due him. He was in ecstasies. He was very confident that Zale could not hold out long against such fearful odds, and had already decided that nothing short of unconditional surrender could be thought of.

Not so with Billings.

"It is all very nice, and very proper," said she; "but if that girl isn't plotting mischief, then my name isn't Nancy Billings, which has been with the Birkenheads nigh twenty year."

Birkenhead made light of her fears.

"Let her plot!" exclaimed he. "And precious little good it will do her. I'll keep her there until she is grey, before I'll let her marry that rascally Poor."

Soon after Zale's incarceration in her attic prison, there came to her father a letter literally covered with postmarks. It had a portentous look, and Birkenhead broke the seal with trembling hands. At the first glance at the contents, his face lighted up with pleasure. As he read on, a puzzled and somewhat anxious look stole into his face, and ere he finished the letter, he was evidently quite uneasy in his mind.

"Billings," said he, putting the letter aside, "did you ever hear anything of Wallrudden's marriage?"

"Wallrudden's? Never in my life, Mr. Birkenhead."

"Nor I, Billings. But he has been married some time, for he writes me that his son is coming to spend the Summer with us."

"Mercy! All Summer?"

"Well, you have it as I had it. It will increase expenses somewhat; but I cannot refuse, for the care of Wallrudden's property is worth having, Billings. I suppose the young man will look after it while he is here, but I've got the rents pretty well in. I wonder what sort of a chap he is? Do you know?"

"I'm sure I never could guess, Mr. Birkenhead. But when does he come?"

"There's the trouble, Billings. Nobody can tell whether the letter came from Egypt or the moon, nor when it was written. Wallrudden always was a bungler with his pen, but he has beat himself this time. But, Billings, we must be ready for him."

"I should think so. But it will be a nice thing for Zale."

"I don't quite see it, Billings."

"It's a wonder! I've been thinking of it ever since you told me he was coming."

"Well, out with it, can't you?" snapped Birkenhead, who detested mystery.

"And rather bad for Mr. Poor," continued Billings, following up the train of thought which the letter had set in motion.

"Come, come! what is it?"

Why, Mr. Birkenhead, don't you see that Zale would make him a good wife?"

"Make that rascal, Poor, a good wife!" exclaimed Birkenhead, white with rage.

"No, no, not that one," Billings hastened to say; "but Wallrudden."

"O—h!" ejaculated Birkenhead, jumping out of his seat, and ordering a mutton-chop for dinner.

Billings had said enough, so she left Birkenhead to his meditations, and went up to tell Zale of her new destiny.

"Who?" asked Zale, in surprise.

"Young Mr. Wallrudden."

"Wallrudden! such a name!"

And Zale burst into such a hearty laugh, that Billings was more than half inclined to be angry.

"You'll not feel so merry when he is your husband," said she.

"Wallrudden for a husband!" exclaimed Zale, not in the least frightened. "Why, Billings, just the name would be sufficient grounds for divorce."

Then followed another peal of laughter more boisterous, if possible, than the first, and Billings left the room in high dudgeon, muttering vengeance on Zale, and that young man by the name of Poor.

Poor Alec—or Alec Poor! the chance for a hand into the Birkenhead coffers looked decidedly slim, to say the least.

The day following the receipt of the letter, Birkenhead and Billings were both startled by the opening of the front-door, and the appearance of a stranger in the room.

"That's he," whispered Billings—"that's Wallrudden. Just like his father, for all the world."

Birkenhead was also very sure that he saw a resemblance, and he advanced, with outstretched hands, to meet the newcomer.

"Mr. Wallrudden, I presume?"

"Circumstances compel me to answer to that



ZALE BIRKENHEAD.—"YOUNG WALLRUDDEN AUDACIOUSLY PUT HIS ARM AROUND HER WAIST, AND WHEN SHE LIFTED UP HER BLUSHING, INDIGNANT FACE, SEEKING AN EXPLANATION, HE KISSED HER."

name for the present," was the unexpected reply; "but father and myself have decided to drop the strange cognomen at no distant day. It is repulsive in the extreme, and why any one was ever named Wallrudden is one of the mysteries that even old Time cannot solve. You got the letter, Mr. Birkenhead?"

"Yes, sir," replied Birkenhead, glad to escape the ordeal of replying to the first part of young Wallrudden's speech. "It came to hand yesterday."

"Only yesterday? How strange! But the mails are so uncertain. Don't you think so, madame?"

This to Billings; and the good soul blushed to the very roots of her auburn air, and wished to the land that she were young again.

"Extremely uncertain," she stammered; and then rather awkwardly made her way out of the room.

"If Zale don't take to that man, she's awful hard to suit," muttered the good housekeeper. "I'll have her right down there, for there's nothing like taking Time by the forelock."

Zale was thinking of Alec when Billings burst into the room, and she was not particularly well pleased with the intrusion.

"He's come, Zale."

"He? Who is he?"

"I should think you would ask!" exclaimed the discomfited Billings. "Why, Mr. Wallrudden, to be sure!"

"Oh! Wallrudden, eh? Well, what sort of a chap is he, Billings?"

"Zale Birkenhead—"

"There, Billings, I'll take it back. You know what I meant. Is he handsome?"

"The finest-looking man I've seen this many a day."

"I'm glad of it, poor man, said Zale. "With such a horrid name, he deserves some recompense."

"Wallrudden is not so bad. He is rich, too."

"Better yet, Billings."

"Well you may say it, Zale. But, come; he is waiting."

"No, thank you, Billings."

Billings stared. She did more; she grew red in the face, and that was a bad omen.

"You won't see him, then?"

"Thank you all the same, Billings, but I guess I don't care about it."

"Well, you *will* see him, Zale Birkenhead. If I have to bring him here!"

Zale laughed provokingly.

"I hardly think he will care to come here, Billings. If he should, you know there is a lock on the inside as well as outside."

"You wouldn't *dare*, Zale—you wouldn't dare!"

"Do not disappoint yourself, Billings," cautioned Zale, taking a key from her drawer.

"Then, Zale Birkenhead, we will break down the door, for I am determined that you *shall* see Mr. Wallrudden."

"And the prison-doors shall open—" sang Zale, while Billings sallied out of the room, locking the door with a sharper click than usual.

The above conversation was reported *verbatim* to Birkenhead, causing that worthy gentleman to make a host of threats, some wise, but more of them foolish. Wallrudden chanced to overhear it, and, after Birkenhead subsided, proposed a plan of his own.

"I am going away in the morning," said he. "Billings will inform Miss Birkenhead, and her door must be *accidentally* left ajar. Of course, Miss Birkenhead will take advantage of so good an opportunity to communicate with that—that—Mr. Poor; but I will take the responsibility of

preventing any letter from reaching that gentleman, for I shall not be far away."

"Capital!" exclaimed Birkenhead. And Billings echoed the praise.

The plan worked capitally, too. Zale was drawn into the snare. So soon as she saw that Billings had forgotten to lock the door, she hastened to make use of the time. Penning a short note to Alec, she donned her hat and shawl, and slipped noiselessly out of the room, down the stairs, and out of the house by an unfrequented door.

She had not taken a dozen steps, when young Wallrudden appeared in the path before her. Zale screamed, and turned to flee; but he audaciously put his arm around her waist, and held her; and when she lifted up her blushing and indignant face, seeking an explanation, he stooped and kissed her.

Zale screamed louder than ever, and struggled desperately, while behind the blinds of a window just above her were two persons acting more like crazy people than the sedate Billings and the miserly Birkenhead. They laughed, and shouted, and danced, and declared it "capital;" and when they saw Wallrudden bringing Zale back to the house, they repeated their strange antics, and snapped their fingers at an imaginary Alec Poor, waiting and hoping.

Wallrudden's audacity seemed for a time to be productive of no good, for Zale positively refused to leave her room again while Wallrudden was in the house. She did not adhere to her determination, however, for the very next time that Billings neglected to lock the door—Billings had grown very forgetful—she ventured out again. Wallrudden was on hand to welcome her, and ignoring the existence of such a personage as Mr. Alec Poor, he made love to her in a startling way.

The same scene was enacted almost daily after this, for Zale rather enjoyed this love-making. It was so charmingly original to be taken by storm. Not that she had forgotten poor Alec, but, you know, he couldn't expect her to forego all pleasures.

"It will be a match," said Billings.

"And he hasn't said a word about the rents," said Birkenhead.

"Nor Zale about that Poor."

"She'd better not. I knew I could cure her."

"Poor man!" sighed Billings, for there was a soft spot in her heart. She hadn't forgotten another man who came so very near changing her name to—well, it wasn't Poor.

Birkenhead paid no attention to her sympathetic mood, for he was reckoning, for the hundredth time, the expense of Wallrudden's visit, and the loss, should that gentleman fail to unite his destiny with the Birkenheads. The sum total was fearful—absolutely appalling, and the old gentleman trembled at the dread uncertainty.

But he was borrowing trouble; for, that same evening, Wallrudden made a formal demand for Zale.

Birkenhead was so elated, that he showed the predominant trait of his character, selfishness, by consenting at once, without so much as a thought of the injustice he was doing to Zale's first love, poor Alec Poor. He was not so sure of Zale, however.

"What does the girl say?" he asked, with an attempt at indifference.

"Zale is here," said Wallrudden. "She shall speak for herself."

"Well, out with it!" commanded Birkenhead, without looking up.

Zale, thus adjured, replied, quite demurely

"If you are willing, I guess I'll not object."

"Then, you have forgotten that Poor?"

"Oh, no, father; but I'll not wait."

"Sensible at last," muttered the old man.

"You might have waited until doomsday, and then lost him."

Birkenhead was no laggard. Anything in hand he always pushed to the utmost, and this wedding he was determined should not be delayed. And the young people offered no objections; so the wedding was set for the first day of the following month.

Time passed swiftly. For once Birkenhead opened his purse-strings. He could afford it—such a rich son-in-law, you know. Guests crowded the old house, servants trotting here and there to wait upon them. Zale was attired magnificently. Even Mr. Birkenhead ventured a new coat for the occasion, and Billings brought to light an old white satin, which she had kept hid away ever since that time when she came so very near being Mrs. Somebody that was not Billings.

Everything passed off pleasantly. Birkenhead was again in ecstasies. He realised that Zale was being married to Wallrudden, and the great weight thereby lifted from his mind made him giddy—top-heavy.

"Capital! capital!" he exclaimed, giving the minister scarcely time to tie the knot securely. "Capital! capital! Wallrudden, I congratulate you on the happy termination of—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Birkenhead," interrupted the happy bridegroom, "but you are laboring under a great mistake. My name is not Wallrudden."

"Not Wallrudden! What the dickens is it?"

"Alec Poor."

"Eighty-one meals, twenty-six nights' lodging, and not a cent to your name," sighed Birkenhead, "to say nothing of the wedding expenses. Wallrudden be cursed, and—"

"A blessing for Alec," whispered Zale.

He never got it, but he did get his hands into the Birkenhead coffers.

The Value of Work.

There is a Polish lady, the Countess of K—, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch or breastpin. Encircled by twenty precious stones, on the ground of a dark-blue stone, and covered by glass in front, is—what do you suppose? A portrait? No. A lock of hair? No. What, then? Just *four common pins*, bent together like a star! Why does she wear such a singular thing as this? Her husband, a Polish nobleman, was put in prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy of the Government. He was put into a dark, deep dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no light. He could not tell when it was day, or when it was night. He had no one to speak to; for no one was allowed to go near him but the keeper of the prison, and he was not allowed to speak to him. He had nothing to do. Days and weeks and months passed; and he was still in his dungeon. He was not brought to trial. Poor man! How miserable he was! He thought he would lose his mind. He felt his reason beginning to give way. Oh, if he only had something to do!

Feeling over his coat one day, he found four pins. And he wept for joy. But you say, *Four pins! And what use were they?* Why, he just took them from his coat, and threw them on the floor of his dungeon; and then he got down on his hands and knees, and felt all over the floor till he found them. And as fast as he found them, he threw them on the floor again. And could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him on his hands and knees, *groping in the darkness for his four pins!* It was all his work. And when, after six years' imprisonment, he was brought out and allowed to go home, they found him groping in the dark for his pins. And he would not go without taking his four pins with

him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do. And his wife had them made up into a breastpin, which she valued more than gold. They had saved her husband's life!

How Eggs are Hatched.

PEOPLE have an idea that the hen sits on the eggs for a certain time, and when the time comes for hatching, the chick bursts forth. There never was a greater mistake. The chick, until liberated from the shell by outside aid, is as incapable of motion as if it formed a solid with the egg, which it nearly does. You might as well enclose a man in an iron boiler, and tell him to get out of the shell without help. The chick grows on the inside of the shell, until at last the excrescence on the point of the beak of the bird presses against the inside of the shell, and bursts up a very small scale. Of course, when it does this, it, at the time, "breaks in that spot," the inside skin of the egg. This admits the air; in a short time it breathes and gets strength to cry loudly. The hen then sets to work to liberate it; she brings it forward under the feathers of the crop, and, supporting it between the breast-bone and the nest, begins the work of setting it free. She hitches the point of her beak into the hole formed by the raising of the scale by the chick's beak, and breaks away the egg-skin or shell all around the greatest diameter of the egg. The joint efforts of the hen without and the chick within then liberate the prisoner, and he struggles into existence, and gets dry under the feathers and the natural heat of the hen. All female birds, which set on their eggs to hatch them, have the hook in the beak strongly developed. Even the broad-billed duck and goose have those hooks specially developed, and with them they liberate their young. In Australia, where everything seems to be by contraries, it is the cock of the bush-turkey that hatches the eggs, and not the hen. It would be interesting to know whether the hook of the beak is better adapted for their service in the male bird than in the female. The hook on the beak of the ordinary cock of the common fowl is quite different from that of the hen—it is adapted for wounding in fighting, but not for hatching of eggs.

Chilean Costumes.

THE progress of the French fashions has in a manner banished from the world the old national and characteristic costumes by which the several nations were so distinctly marked. If there were always grace in these creations of Parisian medistes, it would be well; but ladies themselves all agree that the fashions of three years ago are horrid, to say the very least. The fashions, as we meet them in South America, especially in the interior towns, are of this stamp—discarded French fashions, and poor, at that. In church, however, the old Spanish dress prevails, and if the rebozo gives to our eye somewhat too much of a muffled look, yet the whole effect is graceful, ladylike and dignified. It marked the national type, and they do well to retain it in church, where, indeed, French bonnets and dresses are regarded as a sort of sacrilege.

The long trailing dresses, however, and the manner in which the rebozo cramps the arms, are terrible enemies in case of danger. Ladies are fettered in all their limbs, and when occasion requires the quick use of arms or legs, the poor victims are unable to extricate themselves, and contribute to their own ruin. In that terrible church conflagration, some years since, this dress was the cause of the great loss of life. Caught by

others treading on their skirts, and unable to use their hands easily, those in front fell, and others fell over them, so that a living mass barricaded the doors, keeping in those behind, to meet their dreadful fate. The latest papers speak of a shock of earthquake, in which ladies, rushing from the churches on Annunciation Day, were crushed down, for the same reason, many limbs being broken.

The men, as will be seen in the illustration, cover all with the universal poncho, a square

cloth, made rain-proof, with a slit in the middle, through which the head passes, and the poncho droops gracefully around. This garment was almost universal in the world in the olden time, and is the ancestor of the cope and chasuble of the Greek and Latin priesthood. The former is called, in Latin, *pluviale*, or rain-cloak; and the chasuble of the Greeks is a real poncho in shape, but so long, that, when the priest lowers his hands to his sides, his attendants have to raise the chasuble to enable him to extricate them.



CHILEAN COSTUMES.



LILLIE'S JEWELS.—“HE WATCHED HER IN SILENCE. SHE WAS JUST MAKING THE TÈA; THEN SHE STOOPED AND OPENED THE OVEN-DOOR TO LOOK AT THE BISCUITS.”

Lillie's Jewels.

CHAPTER I.

LILLIE DORSETT was a frail, delicate-looking little thing, with pale face, blue eyes, and soft brown hair, which, in the sunlight, looked as though it was shaded with gold.

She was an only child, and had, therefore, from her birth, been the idol of her parents' heart, petted, caressed, and shielded with the greatest care from the keen winds and rough storms of life.

Years had flown by; but care and sorrow were as yet utter strangers to her young heart. She was now nineteen, and engaged to one who was in every way worthy of her love.

Harry Price was a noble, generous-hearted fellow, of the highest moral character, and a most successful young merchant. There being nothing to prevent a speedy union, and he most anxious it should take place on his twenty-fifth birthday, that time was fixed, giving her only two or three months to make the necessary preparations.

The day arrived, and Lillie looked more lovely than ever as the blushing bride. Harry was justly

proud of her, although he was certainly a handsome fellow—handsome in every sense of the word. Every one acknowledged they were a charming couple, and in looks, at least, well suited to each other—she slight and fragile, he the very picture of health and manliness.

Never did a young couple begin life with brighter prospects, never did Fortune lavish her smiles more freely than she did upon them.

The first three years passed like a dream of perfect bliss—not even a cloud had hovered near to mar their happiness; but, alas! the hour of trial came—Fortune frowned.

Lillie noticed a change had come over Harry; he was either ill or unhappy, and she begged him to tell her the cause; but he assured her he was perfectly well, and laughed at all her fears. He tried to appear more like himself, but Lillie could not be deceived—she saw the cloud which now constantly hung over his usually happy face, the vain attempts at merriment.

She wondered what could be the reason; then she thought he had ceased to love her, that he had grown weary of her, had perhaps seen some one

he could love better. No sooner had the thought taken possession of her mind, than everything seemed to convince her of the fact, and she pined away until she was a perfect shadow; but at last the crisis came.

One day Harry returned home earlier than usual; he was very pale, and evidently deeply agitated. Lillie was quite startled at his strange look, and entreated him to tell her what had happened; but he seemed overpowered. He sank into a chair, and then clasped her to his heart. Lillie returned the fond caress, and whispered loving words in his ear; but instead of consoling him, they seemed to add to his woe, for he groaned aloud as though in agony.

"Harry, what is the matter? Don't you love me?" Lillie whispered, softly.

"Love you, my precious one—more than life itself. It is for your sake, darling, that I mourn," and he pressed her still closer to him.

"But what has happened, Harry? Tell me—tell your own Lillie!" she implored.

Harry looked sadly at her, and said:

"My poor little Lillie, how can you bear it? How can I ever tell you?" and he hid his face upon her breast.

She bent her head, and whispered gently in his ear:

"Harry! I can bear anything but the loss of your love."

"Bless you for those words, my sweet wife—that you can never lose; and if God will but grant me health, darling, you shall never feel the loss of that wealth it has been his will to deprive us of. Oh, Lillie! I am ruined—I have lost everything," and again he bent his head.

"No, Harry, not everything." She raised his head gently, and gazing fondly in his face, continued: "Not everything—you have not lost my love. Will not that cheer you, dear?"

"Yes, dearest one; but it is not for myself I care. I am strong, and well able to battle with the hardships of life. But that you, my birdie, should ever know this change, is worse than death to me."

"Oh, Harry! I can be happy anywhere with you. I do love you so much!" and she laid her sunny head upon his breast, and nestled closer to him. She seemed a mere child in his arms.

He kissed her fondly, and murmured, in a low, faltering voice:

"May God bless you, my own darling!"

Harry sighed as he looked at that girlish face, and felt how little she realized the great change that had taken place. It was too true; he was, as he had said, a ruined man. He had lost all; but he had failed honorably, and paid his debts to the last penny.

We say lost all, but there was still a small sum in Lillie's name. What was it? A mere nothing; besides, Harry intended it should remain in her name, and for her especial use.

During the evening Lillie, who had been for some time silent, looked up into his sad face, and said, at the same time taking one of his hands in both of hers, and patting it in a caressing manner:

"Harry, dear, don't worry. Come tell me all about it, and what you purpose doing. Of course we must give up this large house; but, there, do not sigh—we can be happy in a smaller one."

"Lillie, you are indeed a treasure!"

He then told her that he wished to see her father before he made up his mind; but he had had a splendid offer to go out West, and if he was as successful as he had every reason to believe he would be, he might return in a year or two a rich man.

"When shall we go?"

"We!" repeated Harry. "Why, you do not

suppose I would let my little Lillie be exposed to all the hardships? No, darling; I thought of leaving you in the care of your parents until my return."

"No; wherever you go, I must go too; but could not you get something to do in New York, Harry?"

"I am afraid not—at least, not anything where the salary would be large enough. There is a vacancy in the bank, which I feel pretty sure my uncle would give me; but the salary is only from twelve to fifteen hundred a year."

"And would not that be enough, Harry?"

"Why, pet, it would not more than pay the rent of a reasonable-sized house."

"I think it would be better than your going away; but, as you say, we had better see papa and mamma before we decide," and Lillie laid her head upon his knee, and was so quiet, Harry thought she must have fallen asleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day they both started to go and see her parents, and before long Lillie was wrapped in her mother's fond embrace.

Mr. Dorsett and Harry went to the library, leaving Lillie and her mother alone, to have a quiet talk; but they soon returned, wishing for Mrs. Dorsett's opinion, and after a long discussion, Lillie promised, if he still wished in six weeks' time to go, she would remain contentedly at home.

It was arranged for her father and mother to come the next day, when she and Lillie could together select anything they would wish to keep; she was then to return home with them, and the furniture was to be sold at auction.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorsett were not really very wealthy people; in fact, they had lavished so much upon their only child, that now, as Mr. Dorsett—whose health had given way—had retired from business, they could not render their son-in-law any assistance except offering them a home, which was gladly accepted for a short time.

Mr. Price's failure was now pretty generally known, and many remarks made, some about his childish wife. They wondered what he would do now with that helpless little doll beauty—a nice one to battle with hardships! but Lillie was unconscious of these speeches; not that it would have troubled her much, even had she heard them, and as for Harry, he loved her too fondly to care how he worked or struggled for her happiness.

He was certainly puzzled at Lillie's strange conduct—at her calmness. She did not seem like his little Lillie of old; a change had come over her, and yet he hardly knew how. She always greeted him with a cheerful smile, she was ready every evening to take her accustomed seat upon his knee, she wound her pretty arms around his neck, kissed him as usual, laid her cheek against his, and called him her darling Harry.

And yet he felt she had changed. One thing, she always seemed busy, and yet when he asked what she had been doing during the day, he never got any satisfactory answer; still, he could not be, angry with his little birdie.

Thus a month had passed away, when one evening Harry, returning home rather later than usual, was surprised by Mrs. Dorsett telling him that, "Lillie was not home."

"Not home! Why, where is she?"

"Not very far," replied her mother, smiling; "but I wish you would go for her, Harry. She left word for you to go if she was not at home."

"Where is she?"

"Have you noticed a very pretty little cottage on the next block?"

"Yes; I see it is let."

"Well, strange to say, it has been taken by a very dear friend of Lillie's, so you had better prepare to spend the evening there."

Harry started off, hoping Lillie would be ready to accompany him home, for he felt rather low-spirited. When he arrived at the house he glanced up at the well-lighted windows, and could not help wishing it belonged to him. "What a pretty, cozy little place!" he thought.

"Ah, Lillie! I should be far happier in a little cottage like this with you, than roaming away without you, darling," and he sighed as he thought of it.

At this moment the door opened, and his own beautiful Lillie stood before him. She took his hand and led him into the pretty little parlor, where a bright fire was blazing, making the room warm and bright.

Then, before he had time even to glance round the room, she threw her arms around his neck and gave him the usual kiss.

He was somewhat surprised, and said:

"Why, Lillie, what will people think of you?"

"Don't be bashful, Harry. There is no one in the room besides ourselves. Come, sit down and make yourself at home."

"Well, I declare, you seem to be at home," he said, smilingly.

"Yes, so I am," she replied.

"Where is your friend, the owner of this perfect little *bijou* of a cottage?"

"Have patience, and I will introduce you to her; but, do you really like this house so much, Harry?"

"Yes, I have admired it every morning as I passed, and wished I could afford to buy it," and he sighed.

"Oh, never mind, dear Harry; you will go away in about two weeks, and then, when you come back rich, we will buy just such a little house."

Harry did not answer, but he thought she talked very coolly about his going away.

Lillie, who was standing by his side, saw the change in his face. She smoothed his hair back, and then stooped and pressed her lips to his brow. "Come, don't be sad, dear Harry. Ah! there is the supper-bell, and do you know, my darling, we are going to have tea all alone? for I am to keep house this evening for my friend."

"Well, Lillie, you seem to have enough confidence. My pet is coming out in a new character!"

"Why, Harry, when I tell you who it is, you will not wonder. Why, I love her very much, and have known her ever since I can remember."

"Oh! I can guess who it is, then. It is your cousin Grace."

"Now, Harry, how did you guess? But never mind, I am hungry—I have been busy all day—so come."

She led the way into the dining-room, where the table was prepared for tea. The cold day had given Harry an appetite, too, so they both did justice to the meal, which had evidently been prepared with the greatest care.

"What a delightful little room! I declare, Lillie, if your cousin had consulted me, she could not have furnished it more to my taste!"

"Well, Harry, you may admire this house as much as you please, and love the owner of it, too, and yet I promise I will not be jealous."

"You little witch, you know, I should never love any one but you! What makes my darling look so bright and mischievous this evening? I do not think you ever looked better. That blue merino dress is very becoming. By-the-by, I think I have never seen you in it before."

"I should think not, for it is the first time I have ever worn it. I thought I might have a new

dress in honor of the day—do you remember what it is?"

"I think so. It is three years ago to-day since you became my own—"

"And twenty-eight years ago to-day since my Harry was born. I ought to have made you a birthday-present. Well, this is all I can give you to-day, Harry," and she handed him some papers.

He opened them and read them carefully.

* * * * *

"Lillie, dearest, what does this mean?"

"Only a birthday-gift for the best of husbands," Lillie's voice faltered, and she laid her head upon his breast.

Harry caught her in his arms. He tried to speak; but the strong man wept tears of joy.

Lillie kissed him again and again, and pressed his cheek affectionately. When he was calmer, she whispered, softly:

"Harry, you need not go away now. Say you will not leave your Lillie!"

"Leave you, my precious one! Never, darling! Nothing but death shall part us!"

For a long time they sat silent, both too happy for words; then Harry asked her to explain this mystery.

It was simply this: She felt he must not leave her—she could not let him go. And as she knew if he studied himself, he would rather live in a cottage than roam away from her, she determined it should be so. She had heard him admire this one, and as it was for sale, she made up her mind to buy it. As we have already mentioned, Lillie had money in her own right, but not enough to buy the house and furnish it. Still, nothing daunted, she determined to sell her jewels. They were very costly, and had been universally admired. She felt little doubt but that she could find a purchaser for them, and she was right. She soon sold them all, though, it must be confessed, at a sacrifice.

The next thing she did was to confide her secret to his uncle, and ask him to keep the vacancy in the bank for him; then she had the house cleaned, bought new but plain furniture, and went to work to make suitable dresses for her altered position in society. She had managed to have all ready for his birthday—the readers know the happy result.

When Harry awoke the next morning, he was surprised to find that Lillie had already gone down. He at once arose and soon followed; but she was not in the parlor or in the dining-room. Rather puzzled, he descended to the kitchen, where he was still more surprised to find his fair Lillie. There she stood, as lovely as ever, but instead of being attired in her elegant cashmere robe, she wore a pretty, neat calico.

He watched her in silence. She was just making the tea; then she stooped and opened the oven-door to look at the biscuits.

"They are baking very nicely, Mary. Do not forget to watch them—I am going up now to call Mr. Price."

She turned toward the door. Harry caught her in his arms, and carried her, a willing captive, up to the dining-room.

"Lillie, darling, you are too good! But why are you up so early, and in this dress, too?"

"Because I am tired of being idle, and now I have made up my mind to be a useful and industrious little wife. Don't you love me in calico just as well, Harry?"

"I love you more and more each day, pet; but I am so afraid you will overtax your strength."

"You need not fear. I never felt so well before in all my life. And, remember, sir, you must get up earlier, for I want you to help me keep my garden in order. What do you say to that?"

"Anything to please my precious one! Oh, Lillie! you are indeed an angel!"

While they were at breakfast a letter came from his uncle, offering him a position. He was overjoyed, for, as they would not have any rent to pay, the salary would be quite large enough—besides, anything was better than leaving her, the treasure of his heart.

Months have passed, but no cloud has marred their perfect happiness.

Lillie is no longer the delicate little creature, but plump and round and prettier than ever.

Harry grows fonder of her every day, and seems unable to show his gratitude enough. But she kisses him, and says that she only parted with a few valueless jewels so as to retain a gem worth all the world to her; for what would life be without him, or without his love?

Dead or Alive?

THE office of Eugene Tremouille was upon the first floor. It bore the sign, in gilt letters, "Eugene Tremouille, Medecin," and below, in smaller type, the words, "Inspecteur des Morts."

On a certain summer's day there stood before this door, timidly perusing these hazoned words, a young girl clad in the peasant costume of Normandy.

After some moments of silent hesitation, the girl knocked. There was no answer, nor did her second and louder summons meet with any response. After a little more delay she slowly opened the door and entered.

As the door turned upon its hinges it rang a bell in an adjoining room, and then the entrance closed itself. Never before had Jeanne Ardoise heard bells that rung without hands, and seen doors that shut without human agency.

Every moment she half expected to see some spectral form issue from the closed inner room. All seemed enchantment about her. She paused just within the threshold, fearful of crushing the lovely flowers that, to her untutored eyes, seemed strewn upon instead of woven into the carpet. The bronze bust of Hahnemann upon its bracket was to her the awful head of some decapitated giant. The statuettes she regarded as little white fairies, waiting, with wide opened eyes, to see them take flight through the open window.

So she stood, gazing and wondering, till an hour had passed. Then the fatigue of her long walk, and the faintness of hunger—for she had breakfasted only on a roll, and had trudged from far out in the suburbs that morning—combined to overpower her strength.

That she should sit down on one of those magnificent chairs of green and black was not to be conceived, nor yet on that lounge, the name and use of which were great mysteries to her. In front of the lounge, however, was a long rug of darker tint and poorer color and plainer design than the carpet, and on that she fixed her wistful eyes.

After much indecision, she finally ventured to tiptoe across the room and timidly seat herself upon this mat. Once in a position of bodily ease, her eyelids grew heavy, her head drooped languidly back upon the lounge, her pretty feet, in their coarse wooden shoes, lay all unheeded upon the crimson roses of the carpet. Jeanne slept.

This was the picture that met Monsieur Tremouille as he entered his office, after his morning round of professional calls. The sharp tinkle of the bell failed to arouse the sleeper. She only sighed heavily, and turned her head upon its resting-place. The action loosened her hair, and the long dark coil slowly unwound its length and fell far below her waist.

"Upon my word!" was the first muttered exclamation of the popular physician as he thus saw his consulting-room turned into a dormitory for a peasant-girl.

Even as he framed the words a deeper thought seemed to strike him. The frown upon his brow and the sneer upon his lip gave place first to an expression of astonishment, then of alarm.

He had taken off his hat when he entered, and still holding it in his hand, he stole gently across the apartment until he stood looking down upon the countenance of the intruder.

It was a young, innocent, and withal beautiful face he saw; but it seemed to give him no pleasure. On the contrary, his brow grew darker moment by moment, and in his blue eyes came a mingled look of aversion and resolution.

"Again," he muttered, bitterly.

After a while he stole softly into the inner room, and shut himself in. His visitor could not leave without ringing the bell, and, meantime, he could gain time for thought.

He sat himself down by the window, in his easy-chair. Before him spread the busy panorama of city life. His eyes saw the moving figures, his ears caught in all the din and babble of the street; but neither sights or sounds made any impression upon him.

He was living in the past. He was no longer in Paris. He was back in the sunny vales of Normandy. For all the hold the present had upon him—for all the use he had of his senses, he might as well have been a dead man. He sat with his elbows resting on the table, his chin on his hands, and his unseeing eyes staring straight and steadily into the busy street. It was full two hours before he moved. He sprang to his feet then with an inaudible curse.

Suppose Jeanne had gone! He had been so deep in thought, the bell might have rung unnoticed.

"Fool that I was, not to lock the door!" muttered the doctor.

He entered the outer room quickly, and with some noise.

The girl lay just where she had lain when he last saw her. Apparently she had not moved ever so slightly in her deep slumber. To see her face he had to walk around her sleeping figure, and as he passed around he regarded her with a sidelong glance of disgust and aversion.

When his eyes once more rested on her face he was struck with its whiteness and rigidity.

"Good heavens!" he whispered, hurriedly. "If she should be dead!"

His voice had a tone of alarm in it.

"Oh, if she should be dead!" he said again, and now he spoke like one who hopes, and yet fears to hope so much.

He ran to a drawer, and pulled out a little magnifying mirror, and, hastening back to the girl, he knelt on one knee beside her, and held the glass before her lips. He drew it away. *Not the faintest trace of vapor dimmed the glass!*

His eyes brightened. His breath came thick and fast. His heart beat loudly. He hated to touch the woman; but after a moment of irresolution, he put his hands upon the wrist and about the heart. There was no motion, no warmth! His own hands trembled so, he could hardly do the work. He rose to his feet. A bright look of exultation flashed over his face. He drew two or three long breaths, like a man throwing off a heavy load.

"She is dead!" he whispered. "I am sure she is dead!"

Again he held up the glass to the lips, as unsuccessfully as before.

"Yes, she is gone—at last!"

Her living or dying was of so much moment to

him that he still distrusted his own medical opinion. He continued to gaze upon the prostrate form with a curiously blended expression of hope and fear, of joy and doubt.

Another test suddenly occurred to him. He could not utterly repress the aversion he felt to touching the inanimate body; but he overcame it enough to again take the girl's hand in his own. It was cold, stiff and white.

Stooping down to a level where he could hold the hand between his eyes and the light from the window, he sought another proof of death. If the blood still ran in the veins, and the hand looked rosy against the light, then there was life latent in the body. If the hand was opaque, if the blood had receded from the fingers, then it was the hand of a corpse.

The physician held his breath as he slowly raised the rigid arm, and a mist seemed to blur his vision for one instant. It cleared away.

There was a pink flush to the very finger-tips!

The perspiration started out in great beads on his white forehead while he continued to stare in horror at this silent witness. Then he let go his hold upon the pulseless wrist, and the heavy arm fell back upon the body.

A deep groan broke from his white lips. He rose to his feet, and, standing a little way from the motionless figure, continued to watch it intently. The dismay faded out of his face, and a pondering expression stole over it.

After some moments spent in reflection, he appeared to come to a decision. He went to the seeming bookcase, put his fingers in the ornamental woodwork, and drew out a key. With this he unlocked the case-doors, and, opening them, revealed, instead of volumes, an array of neatly arranged drugs. He took down a large bottle filled with a colorless liquid. He opened a drawer in the lower part of the case, and took out a large sponge.

At this moment he glanced at the hall entrance, and, muttering a curse upon his own stupidity, he set down the bottle and sponge, and locked the outside door.

As he was about to saturate the sponge with the liquid, he paused, struck by a sudden thought, and quickly replaced the stopper in the bottle, and put the bottle on the shelf.

"The smell of the ether," he muttered, brokenly, "would tell all! That won't do!"

He pondered long and uselessly. His eye fell again, and with a glance of more intense hatred, on the still form on the floor. Ah, if that seeming death were only real! Yet who would believe, to look at that body, there was life in it? But he knew it.

If the catalepsy should be left to run its course unchecked—if no attempt was made to revive her, would she die? There was every chance that she would. How long before death would come? It might be hours—it might be days. In that case, he would have to account for her whereabouts, should he keep the girl till death came.

No. There was one thing imperative. She must die. Yet he must never incur suspicion. How did he stand now in the affair? He had come home from his professional duties and found this girl dying in his office. It was chronic heart-disease.

That was true, and a *post-mortem* examination would bear him out in it. True, he had been with her a couple of hours, but he would represent himself as working for her resuscitation.

She was, to all appearance, dead. No one but a medical man would know there was still life in that cold, stiff form. Would any medical man but himself see her? No. He was the *Inspecteur des Morts* for that district.

If that body, so lacking in vitality, should be

exposed to the cold temperature of The Morgue, death was sure. So she would be dead—dead and silent for ever—and she would be unsuspected. Nay, more than that. Would he not truly be innocent of her death? He was not certain she was alive even at this moment.

He walked up to the body. Suddenly it occurred to him that, if he had been engaged in resuscitating her for two hours, as he intended to affirm, she would have been laid upon the sofa.

With some trouble, for he was a slight man, and the dead body was a heavy weight, he got it raised, and laid upon the lounge. Then he stood looking down upon the sweet young face.

He was very grave. A common observer would have thought him sad. He was still weighing the old question—alive or dead? alive or dead?

"On my soul, I believe she is really dead!" he muttered. "But, no, I will not try another test. I would not wish to know. If she is dead—Well, I believe she is. Anybody would think so. I am not obliged to know it, even if there is a spark of life hidden in the seeming corpse."

He snatched up his hat, and went hastily out, locking the door after him.

Presently he returned, followed by two men in dirty blouses, and with a reckless, indifferent air clinging about all they said and did. They both stopped in the doorway, but the doctor hurried to the lounge, and bent over the body, touching it and looking intently into the face. He even held the little glass again to the lips.

He turned to the men, finally, with an air of subdued satisfaction.

"There is not the slightest doubt about it. The woman is dead," he said, in French.

Neither of the men spoke. They advanced awkwardly and hesitatingly to the body.

"Wait a moment," said one of the men.

In lifting the body the long hair swept downward even to the floor.

The speaker paused, and reverently gathering the thick locks together, he knotted them up in a clumsy fashion, and, picking up the comb from the carpet, fastened the coil. His companion looked stolidly on, expressing no emotion of any kind.

"That's her bonnet yonder," he grunted, nodding his shaggy head at the great white bonnet on the floor at the foot of the lounge.

The amateur hair-dresser picked it up, adjusted it tenderly and unskillfully, and then the men carried her out into the hall, into the street, and laid her in the dead-wagon.

The doctor, left alone, sat calmly down and wrote out the certificate of the death of an unknown woman, from heart-disease, on that present day. After that, all things took their wonted course in such matters. The dead body of a woman, laid out on a marble slab at The Morgue, was no unusual sight. According to custom, the clothes found on the body were hung on hooks above the remains, that the dress of the deceased might, if possible, aid in identification. But the coarse garb of the Normandy peasant-woman is too common in Paris to attract much attention.

Tremouille, turning that night restlessly on his bed, assured himself again and again that now all would go smoothly forward. Jeanne would never revive. In a day or two she would be carried out to a nameless grave. Her lips being sealed, his future life rolled out a fair and pleasant vista. No, he was not a murderer. He had done exactly what any other physician would have done. He had found a dead body, and he had sent it to The Morgue.

"But," argued Conscience, "it was not yet a dead body, and you knew it."

The sleepless man sat up in his bed, and whispered his answer to his own inner accuser.

"I am not guilty," he muttered. "I do not know certainly but the last spark of life had really become extinct before they carried her away from my office. In fact, I do believe she was dead even then."

He fancied he believed, because he wished to believe. Still, if all the nights to come were to be like this one, what a hell existence would become! How hot the pillow was! Who ever knew a bed so full of hard lumps? The sheets seemed to be lined with fire. He groaned and tossed till nearly morning; then he fell into a broken sleep, and dreamed Jeanne Ardoise came to him with a certain paper in her hand. He desired to have it. In other hands it would work his ruin.

"You shall have it presently," said Jeanne. "I will put it in your coffin with you."

Then the paper changed to a black snake, which, darting out from Jeanne's hand, struck its fangs in his side just over the heart.

He awoke with a groan. It was broad daylight. The noise of daily life was heard in the street. Unrefreshed, and with a premonition of coming evil that lay like a dull pain at his heart, he made his toilet, and sallied out to pay his professional visits.

Not far from his lodgings, while waiting at a crowded thoroughfare for the stream of carriages to allow him to cross the street, he was accosted by a man on the pavement.

"Are you ill—or were you up all night?" asked the man, after the first salutations.

Tremouille muttered some inaudible reply, and inwardly cursed the delay of the crowd.

"Eugene, see here!" pushing his way to the side of the carriage, and speaking low. "I wish to say a few more words to you in private before the betrothal. The papers are all ready, the lawyers say. Come to me to-night. Is it too much to ask?"

"No. Yes, I will come," lashing his horse furiously, and tearing down the street.

"Well, young blood is hot," philosophized the older man, and calmly resumed his walk.

This was the destined father-in-law of Tremouille. A rich merchant, but emphatically a *parvenu*. Money, however, was more necessary to Tremouille than rank. His own good blood had once run thin for want of money to buy sustenance. He remembered the experience well, and was guided by it when he thought of marriage with Mademoiselle Valois.

While the wealthy practitioner was going his professional round, a scene deeply concerning him was transpiring in another quarter of the city.

Two men, one a newly-admitted physician, and the other a medical student of great promise, were driving leisurely along in a light, open buggy, and earnestly discussing the subject of their last lecture—"The Presence of Life in the Human Body."

"For my part," said the professor, "I have no doubt that more people have been buried alive than we have any conception of."

"Yet, where there have been the greatest precautions taken, such as burying in open coffins placed in vaults, with bell-pulls attached to the wrist of the corpse, there have been but few—indeed, I believe no cases of reanimation," argued the student.

"They died from want of care, and from exposure. If the efforts at resuscitation had not been suspended, who knows what would have been the result in any case?"

"Still, medical men declared life extinct in all these cases."

"Bah! Do you suppose physicians omniscient? No! All tests have failed. I bring forth a new one.

I have even now placed it before the notice of that august body, The School of Medicine."

"I hope you may be famous—that your reputation may equal your energy."

"You are laughing. Well, laugh away; you cannot hurt my great discovery. As for myself, I do not care. I—"

"Well, you are a philosopher. But the discovery?"

"Now, you begin to talk sense. See here; behold how simple it is: you cannot raise a blister except upon living flesh. The failure is a sure sign of death."

"I should need much proof to believe that."

"Any time you will come to my surgery—Wait! here is The Morgue! I can prove my discovery this instant."

"Come, then!" cried the student, jumping to the ground. "Let us make these dead people useful. They can afford to help us carry out the experiment. They have plenty of time, and nothing else to do."

They entered The Morgue. Some idle sight-seers were staring through the grating. The two medical men passed hastily into the room where the dead were.

"Well, make your choice of a subject. I must be quick. I have a lecture to deliver at nine o'clock."

"Here is a pretty girl. Take her; perhaps she will live to bless your discovery."

"Scoffer and barbarian! Well, the girl be it, then. Here, my fine fellow" (to one of the employees of the place), "help me carry this body to another room."

The man, recognizing him, did as he was requested, and went away, leaving the body of Jeanne Ardoise in the hands of the physicians.

And all this time Tremouille was riding unsuspiciously about the streets of the city. The only chance he needed to dread was the very one Fate had used.

The professor procured a little wax-taper, lit it, and held one of the fingers of the woman just above the flame. Then he drew it away, and nodded to his companion to draw near. He lifted the stiff, cold hand with an air of triumph, and the student bent eagerly forward. The next moment a triumphant exclamation burst from the student, and a look of consternation overspread the countenance of the professor.

There was a tiny blister on the finger.

"How, now, about the infallible test?" jeered the student.

The professor rallied from his dismay.

"Well, then, the woman is alive," he stoutly asserted.

"Guillaume, don't be a fanatic."

The professor deigned no reply. He opened the door, and went out in search of an official. After a little time, he came back with all the information yet collected about the supposed dead girl.

Jeanne Ardoise. Found dead yesterday afternoon in the office of Eugene Tremouille, doctor, in Rue —, No. 60. Nothing for identification but a little slip of paper found by one of the men out there as it dropped out of her clothes somehow. It was the back of an old envelope. On one side was written her name, but the address was torn off. On the other side was the doctor's address.

"Did you see the papers?"

"Yes."

"Were the two addresses written in different style?"

"Yes, now I think of it, they were. Why?"

"What was the alleged cause of her death?"

"Heart-disease. See here, François, what in the name of reason do you care for all that?"

"Why, you say the woman is alive," sneered François.

"I say so, again and again."

"Prove it then."

The student strode out and had a look at the bit of paper, the former property of Jeanne Ardoise. He had been a druggist's clerk, and he had seen the writings of most of the prominent Parisian doctors. Tremouille wrote a peculiar, an unmistakable hand. François was ready to swear that the name Jeanne Ardoise, the original address of the envelope, was in Tremouille's writing. As for the doctor's office address, the student concluded, from the illiterate penmanship, and from the small, faint, irregular letters, that it was a peasant-woman's handwriting—probably that of Jeanne Ardoise herself.

"So he wrote to her. She copied his city address, and started in to find him. She died in his office, and he made out the necessary certificate, and she was quietly carried to The Morgue. Eh, Monsieur Tremouille?" mused the student. "Well, the professor says she lives. Ah, how glad Tremouille would be to see her revive! He has made out the certificate for an unknown woman. He did not know she had this bit of paper about her."

The student handed the paper back to the Morgue official, and returned to the inner room. There the professor had already begun his work of resuscitation. He had procured an assistant, and was busily engaged rubbing the body and trying to produce artificial respiration. He had also sent for a galvanic battery. Evidently his faith in his life-test was nowise abated.

"Has she yet cried, 'Oh, my preserver! take the life you have restored!'" queried the irrepressible François.

"I think there is a little warmth about the heart," gravely responded the professor. "Come here, you, and see."

"The first faint pulsings of thy virgin heart be mine!" cried the student, as he approached the corpse. After a moment's examination, his face changed. "*Ciel!*" he muttered.

He turned to the professor, who was watching him anxiously.

"Well?" said the professor.

"I vow to you I believe there is life."

The younger man tore off his coat, and enthusiastically joined in the work of revivification. In the course of twenty minutes there were faint pulsations at the heart. In half an hour the mirror showed traces of vapor when placed at the lips. Little by little the signs of vitality increased. At the close of an hour there was a feeble fluttering pulse at the wrists.

And just at this moment Doctor Tremouille entered The Morgue.

He looked all about, expecting to find the spectacle he longed and yet dreaded to behold. The dead were all about him, but the slab he had yesterday given an occupant was vacant.

"Here, boy! Where is the woman I sent here yesterday? Died of heart-disease."

"The woman, monsieur? Oh, yes! Monsieur means Jeanne Ardoise."

The doctor stared at him as if the words had paralyzed him.

"Who told you her name?" he stammered.

"It was I who found the paper, sir."

"The paper! What paper, fellow?"

"The scrap that fell from the woman's dress. Your name and address on one side; the woman's name on the other side."

The doctor staggered to a bench, and sat down.

"The gentleman is ill. Shall I bring a glass of wine or brandy?"

"Yes. Wait—where is that paper? Bring it me."

"Instantly, monsieur."

His brain was in a whirl. At the first mention of the paper his blood had seemed to congeal. Now it rushed thundering through his veins. What was on that paper? Had his dream indeed been prophetic?

In a moment the boy reappeared. The doctor snatched at the paper, read it once or twice before he could collect his thoughts to know its meaning. He drew a long breath, handed the paper back to the boy, and stood vacantly, intently staring at him. He was trying to comprehend the situation—to understand if he was in reality compromised.

"The brandy, monsieur?" offering it.

The doctor mechanically stretched out his hand and took the liquor. The next instant a wave of recollection rushed over him. The glass fell to the ground.

"The woman? Have they buried her?" he gasped.

"Oh, no, monsieur! She is reviving."

For one moment the doctor stood like a statue, cold, still and white. The next instant he seized the boy by the shoulders, and shook him till his head seemed set on a pivot.

"Dare you tell me she is alive? *Dolt!*" he cried.

"Is it that the gentleman desires to mingle calisthenics with conversation, or does the physician desire to continue his contributions to The Morgue?" placidly inquired the boy, when at last released.

"Where is she?" hoarsely demanded Tremouille.

The boy pointed in silence to an inner door. Tremouille strode to it, and dashed it open. There, upon a hastily improvised pallet, he saw the form of Jeanne Ardoise, and standing on either side of the bed were two men—strangers to him. As the door banged furiously back against the wall, they both looked up in surprise, and beheld the intruder glaring at them with a mingled expression of horror and rage.

At this critical moment Jeanne drew a deep, audible sigh.

"Good! Did you hear that, François?" exultingly cried the professor, in a low tone.

Tremouille, too, had heard it. The rage died out of his face and manner, and in its stead came a stillness of despair, far more terrible to behold. He advanced slowly to the foot of the pallet, and looked intently at the unconscious occupant. Of the other persons in the room he now appeared perfectly unconscious. The student alone recognized him.

"Am I addressing Doctor Tremouille?" he ventured to inquire, after a slight pause.

"I am Doctor Tremouille," speaking slowly, mechanically, and turning his intent gaze upon him.

"Allow me, Doctor Tremouille, to introduce to you Professor Raupelle."

"Delighted to have the presence of so eminent a medical man at the successful testing of my new theory for the discovery of life in cases where it is apparently extinct."

Tremouille bowed in silence. He seemed like a man in a dream. He was weak and dazed. All incidents appeared to pass before him without causing him any feeling. He was like a mirror—everything was reflected in his consciousness, nothing penetrated to his emotions.

"You look pale and weary, sir; take this chair. Allow me to explain my theory, and lay before you its singularly striking verification in this present case."

Tremouille listened in perfect silence. The student continued his labors over the reviving woman.

"Inevitably, sir, she would have been prema-

turally buried, had not the apparent corpse been tested by my new and infallible test," concluded the professor.

Tremouille leaned back in his chair, his eyes closed, his face white, his head resting against the wall behind him.

"Either she or I," he muttered, inaudibly.

"Pardon, sir—I did not understand." Receiving no reply, he continued: "I am not surprised at the excessive admiration evinced by so scientific a man for so valuable a contribution to the secrets of your profession."

He imagined Tremouille to be overpowered with awe and delight. In truth, Tremouille had lost consciousness at last.

Again Jeanne sighed. This time she slowly opened her eyes. The first object she saw was Tremouille sitting facing her.

"Oh, Eugene!" she exclaimed, with a flash of surprise and pleasure in her face.

The next instant she relapsed into insensibility. They were so absorbed in restoring her, that they never thought again of Tremouille until she revived and asked for him.

The professor looked around, looked startled as he saw the pallor and stillness of his face, and went to him.

"Why do you wish to speak to him?" asked the student, in a soothing tone.

He offered her a spoonful of brandy, and in administering it, he placed himself in such a position as to intercept her view of the other two men.

"He is my husband," she responded, simply.

"Ah! When were you married?"

"Two years ago."

"You came from Normandy?"

"Yes."

"You must not talk. Try to sleep."

Her eyelids closed softly over her eyes. She

turned her head, with its magnificent hair, slightly on the coarse pillow, and in an instant her quiet, regular breathing showed she slept the gentle sleep of health.

"Well?" said the student, when he could leave her and turn to the professor and Tremouille.

"He is dead," solemnly announced the professor, rising from his knees, and staring at the body of Tremouille, which he had lifted from the chair to the floor.

"Fear of detection! He came near causing her to be buried alive, you know."

"Oh, he, like every one else, thought her dead!"

"You say so, because of your test. Never would do to lessen the wonder of this advertisement. Nevertheless, it is a little singular that this woman, being his wife, unknown to every one, and he engaged to marry a rich girl—this peasant-wife should mysteriously die in his office."

"A mere coincidence. You are always imagining some tragedy."

"Well, anyhow, the girl is alive, and the doctor dead. I am afraid your test this time has burned our fingers as well as your patient's. Remember Mademoiselle Valois!"

"Bah! That means nothing. A girl with fifty thousand francs will not be left an old maid."

It is worthy of observation that the Latin word for *miserable* has been applied to designate an individual who possesses, but cannot enjoy. And well may he be called a miser, for of all men he is the most mean, and abject, and comfortless.

If life be a curious web, which each man and woman are obliged to weave, why should not thread of gold run through the woof?



DEAD OR ALIVE.—"WELL?" SAID THE STUDENT, WHEN HE COULD LEAVE HER AND TURN TO THE PROFESSOR AND TREMOUILLE. "HE IS DEAD," SOLEMNLY ANNOUNCED THE PROFESSOR.



TOM AND I.—“MY DARLING,” SAID RALPH, TENDERLY, “I LOVE YOU, AND ALL THE POWERS OF EARTH CANNOT PART US.”

Tom and I

Tom held the gate open, while I locked the schoolhouse-door, and dispersed my flock. I was teacher of the district-school at Clinton, and Tom Howard was my accepted lover. I may as well tell you this now as later. We had been engaged six months or so. I never knew just how it came about. We had known each other a good many years. I lived with Aunt Mary and Uncle Joe on the old farm, and Tom's farm joined ours, and his house was just across the meadow.

There were not many young people in Clinton, and Tom and I saw a good deal of each other. He waited on me to the few places of amusement that

there were to attend, dropped in two or three times a week and spent an evening; and, in the summer seasons, when I taught the school, he would call in a few moments at noon, or walk home with me after school, almost every day.

I never fell in love with Tom; but he was handsome, and the soul of honor, and well-situated in life, and I knew no reason why we should not get along happily together. So, when he proposed, I accepted him as a matter of course, and we drifted along as before. Tom wasn't a very ardent lover. But I was satisfied with the attention he gave me, and believed his heart wholly mine.

I used to laugh at the love-stories I read; that passionate love, that made the whole world beauti-

ful and overflowed the soul, and where the footstep of the lover would send delicious thrills through the maiden's heart, and so on, was all trash, I said.

I was sure I loved Tom very dearly, and his footstep never affected me in any way, and the world looked just about as it did before he proposed, for aught I knew. And so I set down all that was written and said about lovers as trash and moonshine, and lived on in my happy ignorance.

But, as I said, Tom waited at the gate, while I locked the schoolhouse-door. I put the key in my pocket, and walked down the path to the gate, and out into the dusty road.

Then I saw that Tom had a letter in his hand.

"Have you been to the office?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "And brought you a letter."

I took the missive from his hand, and studied the postmark, and examined the chirography, and turned it over and over in perplexity.

"I can't imagine who it is from!" I said, at length.

Tom laughed.

"I see but one way for you to find out," he said, "and that is by opening it."

I acted upon Tom's novel suggestion, and tore open an end, and looked at the signature.

"It's from Helen!" I ejaculated.

Tom looked up, and said, coolly: "Helen, of Troy, I suppose? I did not know you were holding a correspondence with her."

Then I remembered that Tom didn't know this Helen, so I explained:

"It is from Cousin Helen Brown, and she is coming down from Elmtown next week, to spend a month with us. And her accepted lover and future husband, Ralph Rivers, is obmuring with her. It is real romantic about her and Ralph. Their fathers were old chums, and thought they'd show their friendship for each other by betrothing their children in their infancy. And, strange to say, Helen and Ralph didn't object to it when they grew up, but are well pleased to have it so. She was real pretty when I last saw her, some four years ago. Ralph, I have never seen. I am so glad they are coming!"

"It will be nice," Tom said. "Clinton is a dull place, and such an addition to its society will be very acceptable. I shall look for some pleasant times."

"Yes," I answered. "And you must come over every day. School will close in two weeks, and I shall look to you mainly to entertain Helen until then."

"And what if I should fall in love with her, and elope?" he laughed.

"I dare you to!" I rejoined, gayly, as I ran up the path to Uncle Joe's farmhouse.

The week passed swiftly, and, one evening, just before sundown, the old stage stopped before our gate, and a lady and gentleman alighted.

"Cousin Helen!" I exclaimed, running out to meet her; and a pretty little fairy, all pink and white, and waxy—not at all like her name—put up her mouth to be kissed, and then turned me toward the gentleman at her side.

"Cousin Florry, Mr. Rivers. Ralph, Miss Davis," and I felt the firm pressure of a soft hand, and glancing up, met two dark, earnest eyes.

I liked him from that moment. There is something in the way people shake hands that always gives me an insight into their character. I liked Ralph Rivers.

We went up the path to the house, and Uncle Joe came out, and helped bring in the trunks; and the travelers were shown to their rooms, and I helped auntie about the supper.

In the evening Tom came. He was looking his best, and was the exact representation of a country Adonia. Brown, and red-cheeked, with his damp

chestnut-curls tumbled over his white forehead, and his blue eyes glowing, I felt real proud of him.

Cousin Helen looked at him admiringly, I saw, and I gladly left him to entertain her, while Mr. Rivers and I chatted over a new book he had recently purchased.

I had wanted to obtain it for a long time; but my thin purse and the long distance from book-stores had prevented, and now here it was within my reach.

Mr. Rivers noticed my eagerness.

"I am glad to find a companion in reading," he said. "Helen is not at all bookish, and will never touch my favorites. Too much wisdom and sense, she says, for her. I shall be pleased to lend you any of my books, and I have some excellent volumes."

And so we chatted on, while Helen and Tom sat on the sofa, seemingly much interested in each other. It was nearly eleven when we dispersed.

Helen and I shared one room. As I was brushing out my hair, and Helen was removing her *chignon* of blond braids, I remarked:

"I think Mr. Rivers very handsome, Helen, and decidedly agreeable. You must be proud of him?"

Helen yawned.

"Yes," she said, "he is very nice. But I presume I should appreciate him better if he hadn't been picked out for me. It would have been much more romantic to have fallen in love with him despite myself, than to know from infancy that he was my fate. However, I think my respected father made a very good selection, and am much obliged."

I was vexed at her nonchalance. Ralph Rivers was no ordinary man, I well knew, and she could not half appreciate him.

"I like Mr. Howard immensely," she said, after a moment's silence. "He is your lover—isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Engaged?"

"Yes, about six months ago."

"Well, he is splendid, I think," she said.

"Just like the hero of a story! So brown and manly!"

"Yes, Tom's a nice fellow," I answered, with a yawn.

Helen pinned up her own light hair in a knot, and then put her head on one side.

"May I flirt with Tom?" she asked, so innocently that I laughed outright.

"Certainly," I said. "Just all you please, if Ralph don't object."

"Oh, Ralph is a jewel!" she answered. "He never objects to anything of that kind, but lets me do as I please. And you may flirt with him, Florry, and then it will be even."

"Oh, thank you!" I rejoined, laughingly; "and now let us retire."

I made my excuses, and departed the next morning for my school. On the way I met Tom.

"That's right," I said; "be on hand to entertain Helen. Tom, you are a jewel."

"Much obliged," he rejoined, as he sauntered by.

Mr. Rivers came over at recess.

"I thought I would come over and see you back to dinner," he said, "and so came in time to visit your school. I am going to act as critic, too, so do your best."

He came again the following day.

"I am *de trop* over there," he laughed, in mock apology. "These young people seem utterly oblivious of my presence, and I am forced to come to you for entertainment."

"Do you feel the premonitory symptoms of jealousy?" I asked.

"Oh, no! Helen has unlimited privilege in that line. I am willing, if you are, in this case."

I don't know why, but this vague allusion to my engagement annoyed me, and I think my face expressed it. But I hastened to say:

"Indeed I am very glad that Tom can entertain Helen during my unavoidable absence. I think it is pleasant all around."

"So do I," Mr. Rivers rejoined, with decided emphasis, I thought.

He walked home with me from school, and we fell to talking about the books we had read, and in an incredibly short time we found ourselves at the gate. Helen and Tom were in the shrubbery, and he was twining a wreath for her hair, and standing very near her.

"You are a very fine-looking couple," I laughed, as we passed them.

"And so are you," retorted Helen. "You are nearer Ralph's height than I, and look much nicer at his side than I do."

And then, like a little simpleton, I blushed scarlet, neck and face, and looking up, met the dark, earnest eyes of Ralph Rivers looking at me so strangely that I retreated in confusion.

You see how we were drifting on. But what could we do but drift?

The days sped swiftly on, and school closed, and I was free to enjoy my friends' society, or rather Mr. Rivers's society, for Tom monopolized Helen.

You see, Tom had a tenant on his farm this year, and had time at his disposal. So we had equestrian rides, and boat rides, and rambles in the wood, and delightful times continually.

Helen and I stood at the hall window one afternoon, and suddenly a step sounded on the walk.

"Who is that, I wonder?" she said; and then, glancing at my face, added: "Oh, I know it is Tom, for you are blushing, as girls in novels do at their lovers' footsteps."

But it was not Tom; it was Ralph.

I didn't see why, but I had the absurd habit of late of trembling and flushing like a guilty thing at the sound of his voice or step.

I thought it all over one afternoon, as I stole out into the orchard by myself. Tom and Helen were out riding, but I preferred remaining at home that day. So, leaving Ralph in the parlor, reading, I slipped out to the orchard to think. And I told myself just this:

"This man's voice, step, glance, affect me as no other's ever has. I am only happy in his presence; he is above all others to me, and I love him; and I am the promised wife of Tom Howard."

And then I covered my face with my hands and wept. And just here a step sounded near, and Ralph Rivers bent over me.

"My darling," he said, tenderly, "I love you!"

And, without another word, he drew my head to his shoulder. I could not resist him. But after a while I said:

"This is wrong."

"No," he said, slowly, "for I love you and you love me. I never loved Helen, and I think you never loved Tom."

"No, no," I interrupted. "I never knew what love was until now."

"Then all the powers of earth cannot part us," he said, folding me to his breast.

Before we left the orchard, it was all planned. He would bring a carriage to the lane at ten; I was to slip out and join him. Half an hour would drive us to the parsonage, and another hour to the railway station in time for the train. I never felt so like a criminal in all my life as I did that night, when I met Tom and Helen at the supper-table. We were a gloomy quartette that even-

ing. Chatterbox Helen scarcely spoke a word, and Tom left us before dark.

Helen complained of a severe headache, and went up to her room. I went up softly half an hour after, and selected a silver-gray suit from my wardrobe, a few knick-knacks, bonnet, veil, gloves, and a thick cloak, to cover all. I brought them down to the parlor bedroom, where I could robe and depart without again disturbing Helen. The hours struck—eight, nine, ten. My heart beat upon my breast like a hammer, as I shut the door and slipped out. Ralph was waiting in the lane; and once by his side, I forgot my fear and remorse until we drew rein before the parsonage.

There was a bright light within.

"They have not retired, fortunately," Ralph whispered; "and—yes, there is a carriage at the lower gate. Company, mayhap."

"Oh, I hope not!" I said, as we ascended the steps.

A girl cautiously opened the door, in answer to our ring.

"What is wanted?" she whispered.

"The services of the pastor," Ralph answered, boldly leading me through the hall. "Is he engaged?"

"Well, yes, sir, for a moment, but most through now I guess," the girl said, awkwardly. "There is a couple being married, but I will see if it ain't most over."

And opening the parlor-door suddenly, the full blaze of its light fell upon us, while the solemn words of the marriage service broke the silence of the night.

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

And there, hand in hand, before the man of God, stood Tom Howard and his wife, Helen!

Ralph's hand tightened upon mine, and we stood in silence until the prayer had been made, the congratulations offered. Then the girl led us into the room.

"Sir, here is another couple as wants your services."

Tom and Helen turned then; and she grew white as death, and clung to Tom convulsively. But he whispered a moment in her ear, and a light broke over her face.

"You outstripped us," said Ralph, coolly.

"Yes," laughed Tom; "but you are in good time."

We didn't want a scene and an exposure before the pastor, you see. And then we were married, and the good man thought it all an arrangement to meet together, but we had been delayed. And we let the good soul think so. But we had a whispered explanation after.

Tom and Helen had planned it that afternoon, during their drive, it seems. And Helen thought we had come to denounce them at first, but Tom understood at a glance.

We didn't any of us take the train, but went home, and nearly frightened good Aunt Mary out of her senses. And Tom and Helen are very happy in their country home, while Ralph and I, in our more aristocratic residence, have never regretted our elopement.

John Smith, Jr.

Yes, that was my unfortunate name—if name can be called. John Smith, with the *junior* attached, to distinguish me from my paternal relative of the same hereditary appellation.

"John," said that respected personage, looking up from his newspaper, "how old are you?"

Now this question, which I have understood

to be distasteful to the fair sex—at least to that portion of it not in the very first bloom of youth and loveliness—had no terrors for me, so I boldly answered:

"Twenty-eight, sir, unless the family record belle itself."

"Don't be irreverent, John. Twenty-eight—*twenty-eight!* A pretty age for a fellow not to be married!"

"Married, sir!"

"Certainly," quoth my father, sternly.

"Twenty-eight—two years of thirty—and still unmarried. May I inquire whether it is your intention to remain a miserable, forlorn bachelor all your life?"

There was no shirking a subject thus pointedly presented.

"I—I can't say that I have any particular desire that way, sir," I stammered, blushing.

"Of course not," responded my father, decidedly—"of course not. I have a rather better opinion of your good sense, John. And now that *that* question is settled, it remains to decide when and whom you are to marry."

"Indeed, sir, I haven't an idea—I—I never thought—"

"I dare say not," quoth my father, sarcastically—"I dare say not; and so I have thought for you, John!"—here he sat bolt upright in his chair, and fixed his eyes steadily on mine: "John—I've got a wife for you!"

A faint gasp was my sole demonstration. The announcement came upon me like a sudden shower-bath.

"Yes, sir!" continued my father, exultantly. "A wife—and *such* a wife! Upon my soul, if I were only younger—if I were but twenty-eight!"

And my father rose and stalked energetically across the carpet. A sudden sense of relief came to me.

"You're only fifty-three, sir: and older men have married—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! How dare you hint such a thing to me, you ungrateful dog! The girl's for you, not for me—and a thousand times too good for you, as I must confess."

"May I inquire her name?"

"Clementina Brownson."

The murder was out. My father had but just returned from a visit to an old schoolfellow and college-mate, in a distant county—Bartholomew Brownson, Esq., and, as I had observed, had appeared uncommonly thoughtful and preoccupied ever since.

"Splendid girl, John. Just twenty; magnificent eyes and figure; accomplished—dashing—superb rider—and helms to a fortune!"

There rose before me for an instant a faint, fluttering vision of a sylph-like figure, with dove-like eyes and a sweet, timid voice—the eyes and voice of the doctor's daughter, Alice Boyne. I wondered to myself why I should have thought of *her* just at this moment.

"John," resumed my father, speaking abruptly, and so scaring away the timid vision.

"John, we talked it all over—Brownson and I, and—and, in short, my son, you're to go down to Fairview and see Clementina, and judge for yourself. Better go at once, for she's just home from school, and there'll soon be scores of rivals in the field. Take time by the forelock,

boy. You can't help liking the girl, if you've a particle of taste—such a fine, handsome, dashing creature. I confess, my son," continued my father, with a touch of pathos in his voice, "that I've set my heart upon this match, and solely with a view to your own good and happiness. If you're not pleased with the girl, or she's not pleased with you, why, there'll be nothing more to be said about it. However, she's got an idea on the subject, and, so far as I can understand, is fully prepared to like you. I dare say it will be your own fault if she don't. They will be expecting you down about Thursday of next week—a ball, or party, or something of the sort. There's the invitation."

And my father threw upon the table before me a delicately perfumed and enameled envelope.

On the Wednesday of next week, accordingly, I was, like a dutiful son and a gallant suitor, on my way to the stage-depot of my native town, having previously booked my name for a comfortable back seat. I was just in time, as "coachee" mounted the box.

"All full, sir," said he, looking at me with an air of compassionate concern; "brim-full and running over. You'll hev to take a place on the box, alongside o' me, I'm afeard."

"But I've a place engaged," I remonstrated. "John Smith, Jr.—booked yesterday, for one inside seat."

"John Smith, Jr.," remarked the listening clerk, musingly. "To be sure. That's the seat, sir—No. 6—and that's the gentleman himself; leastwise, *he* calls himself John Smith, Jr." And he pointed with his pen to a tall, florid, good-looking young man of about my own age, apparently, who lolled back upon the seat—my seat—very much at his ease.

"All right! Clear the way, there! Jump up, sir!" bawled coachee, and before I fairly knew how it was, I found myself perched aloft on the box, and rattling and reeling away over a rough mountain-road, all thoughts, save that of preserving my equilibrium and guarding my bones from danger, banished from my mind. Yet more than once during this three hours' drive I noted, with resentful bitterness, from my uneasy perch, the cheery laugh of Mr. John Smith inside, and the glossy tips of Mr. John Smith's boots, as they were thrust from the window in an attitude of luxurious repose.

Upon reaching the Lumley Junction, the stage-coach passengers dispersed—some rushing frantically off to the railroad depot, while others more leisurely pursued their way to the canal station-house. I was among the latter, and as we were to pass the night on the packet, took care to secure to myself a berth without delay by means of a good bribe to the steward. In fact, my bones, though young and strong, felt sorely in need of rest after their late violent exercise.

Having seen my valise deposited in "Berth No. 15," and feeling thereby secure in possession, I betook myself to the deck for a smoke before "turning in" for the night. Here I lingered, dreamily watching the clouds and the moonlit ripples, and thinking on my unknown inamorata, the "dashing" Clementina, and, *also*—if the truth must be told—on that *other* vision, though vaguely, until aroused by perceiving

that the last of the passengers was leaving the deck for the regions of repose below. Thither I now also betook myself, with a comfortable assurance of a snug berth in waiting for me, and a quiet night's rest—at least, such rest as is to be had on a canal packet-boat.

My eyes, already half closed in drowsiness, opened a little at sight of Berth No. 15. That was—yes, surely that was a man's figure comfortably stretched therein; that was a man's snore saluting my ears as I drew nigh, and gazed, in indignant amaze, upon the intruder, and then turned, in equal indignation, to the treacherous steward.

"I beg pardon, sir," faltered that disconcerted official, "but it's *really* not my fault. I particularly mentioned to one o' the boys that that 'ere berth was for Mr. John Smith, Jr. Didn't I, Daniel?" he added, reproachfully, turning to a waiter.

"Cert'nly!" briskly responded the individual addressed. "'Mr. John Smith, Jr.' was the very words; and that's him, if he knows his own name and ain't a impostor."

That was him indeed, as I now perceived—the veritable stalwart, florid, auburn-bearded young man who had before appropriated my place in the stage-coach, and was now depriving me of my legitimate night's rest. Howsoever, there was no help for it—remonstrance would have been useless, force even worse; and so, with one look of concentrated indignation at my namesake, I betook myself to a wretched den under one of the tables—the only unoccupied place—and there passed a miserable night.

At eight in the morning we reached Perryville, whence I was to take a private conveyance to Fairview, the residence of my prospective father-in-law, some twelve or fourteen miles distant. My first care was now to collect my baggage, consisting of a trunk, valise, and hat-box. The former and latter articles were easily found, but the valise had unaccountably disappeared. Half-an-hour previous I had myself deposited it—safely, as I thought—upon a bracket in the cabin.

"Buff leather valise, brass mountings, marked 'John Smith, Jr.'?" repeated the steward after me. "Why, that's the very article as Hawkins there took ashore along with the gentleman's overcoat and things."

"What gentleman?"

"Mr. Smith, sir—" John Smith, Jr.—him as Daniel give your berth to last night. I declare it's too bad, it is!" added the steward, sympathetically. "But," I overheard him continue, in a lower tone, to the bystanders, "such things can't be helped so long as folks *will* go by such a name as John Smith. Why, we've at least a score of 'em of that name registered each month, and a pretty rumpus they sometimes has along o' taking each other's baggage, and being called upon to pay each other's bills!"

All my search for and inquiries after the missing valise and the absconding John Smith were vain. No shadow of a clue could I gain as to their probable or possible destination, and so in despair I betook myself to a hotel.

What was to be done? The Brownson *fete* was to take place on this evening, and my trunk-case, with its indispensable articles—

my new vest and collars, bought expressly for the occasion, and various other matters equally important, were contained in the unfortunate valise, to say nothing of a letter from my father, which I was to present as an assurance of my identity. For, as I may here remark, Mr. B. had never beheld the son of his old friend, John Smith, Sr.; neither, indeed, had the fair Clementina, though upon this score merely I had vanity enough to feel but small uneasiness. Howsoever common might be my unfortunate name, my looks, I flattered myself, were by no means so common. And I knew, on authority of a cousin of mine, that the young ladies at Madame Madini's Classical Institute peeped from the blinds as I passed, and called me a "troubadour," and a "bandit," and a "love of a man," all by virtue of my dark eyes and curling black hair and mustache. Only little Alice—but pshaw! why was it that, ever since Clementina had been mentioned to me by my father, I had been continually thinking of gentle, dove-like Alice Boyne?

I will not weary the reader with a detailed account of my expedients in regard to the lost valise. Suffice it to say that, having, with much difficulty and considerable expense, substituted various indifferent articles of attire from the limited "shops" of Perryville, in lieu of the lost ones, I next proceeded to a livery stable, and there hired the most stylish conveyance I could find, engaging the same to take me to Fairview at five o'clock that evening. This done, I retraced my steps to the hotel, to dine, and for a refreshing siesta, in view of the prospective evening's festivities.

Punctually at the appointed hour I presented myself at the livery-stable. A man—not the man with whom I had made the engagement, but an under official—responded to my call, and looked considerably puzzled upon my demanding the horse and buggy I had engaged.

"Mr. John Smith, Jr.," muttered he, absently, scratching his scrubby head. "Certainly, that was the name, sir; engaged buggy No. 3 and the sorrel mare—but they've been gone nigh upon an hour."

"Gone! Who's gone? Where to?"

"Mr. Smith, sir—the gentleman as hired 'em. He came in an hour ago, in a despr't hurry, and called out for a conveyance to Mr. Brownson's place, Fairview. I asked if he was Mr. John Smith, Jr., and he said that was his name; so I had out the sorrel and No. 3 in no time, and they're off, sir."

My evil genius again! But I now really began to surmise that there must be some design in all this, and that the auburn-haired John Smith, Jr., was an impostor and a swindler. Gone to Fairview! What could be his errand there? And I determined to follow on as rapidly as possible, and forestall him, instead of allowing myself to be forestalled, as heretofore.

But, alas! we cannot always carry out our own designs, or mold our own destiny. My double having appropriated the "crack" conveyance of the place, and other vehicles being also engaged for the same destination, there remained to me but a miserable, worn-out gig and a still more worn-out horse, wherewith I was fain, perforce, to be content; and thus

accommodated, I commenced the final stage of my journey, not without feelings of considerable chagrin as well as ire.

The road was bad—country roads are always bad; the horse was slow; and after going a mile or two it began to rain—not a gentle rain, but a regular pouring-down deluge. We lay by for an hour or two under shelter of an old deserted log-cabin, and about dark resumed our journey, plunging through mud and mire, and jolting into deep ruts full of rain-water, until at length, with a sudden lurch, the miserable vehicle fairly tumbled over on one side, and deposited me in the very midst of the miry road.

Again, what was to be done? What *could* be done? There was no house between us and Fairview; the hostler who drove me declared that the vehicle must be mended before it could proceed, and that the horse was lamed by his fall; and so, there being no alternative, I was fain to tramp two miles through mud and darkness, and to present myself in this prepossessing style at the door of my lady-love.

The house was ablaze with lights. Conducted through a back passage-way, wet, muddy, woe-begone, I caught a glimpse through an open door of brilliant figures grouped about; and, as fate would have it, standing at that door was a tall, handsome, dashing-looking girl, talking with apparently much interest and some coyness to a man of fine-looking figure, whose back was toward me.

"Good gracious!" I heard the fair one exclaim, with a very natural start, as her eyes fell upon me furtively gliding past the door; and her companion, turning suddenly, revealed to me the laughing blue eyes and auburn beard of my evil genius—my double—John Smith, Jr.

"Who was that young lady?" I asked, in suppressed emotion, of the wondering servant who was showing me the way to some private apartment of the upper stories.

"That, sir! that was young missus—Miss Clementina Brownson; and the gentleman with her was Mr. Smith, sir—Mr. John Smith from —," mentioning the name of the town in which I resided.

"The villain!" exclaimed I, furiously, now thoroughly aroused. "I'll expose him—I'll have him arrested. Go and request your master, Mr. Brownson, to be so good as to come to me immediately. Tell him that—that—stay, here's my card."

The darkey hurried off, much wonder expressed in his open eyes and mouth; but he came not back; neither did Mr. Brownson make his appearance. I afterward learned that the card had not been received by him, and as it was now far advanced toward the "sma' hours," and already the roll of carriage-wheels proclaimed the departure of some guests, I concluded to retire for the night, and leave explanations and the settling of accounts with Mr. John Smith for the morrow.

On the morrow, however, I found myself in a very unwelcome plight for the settlement I had meditated. Worn out, weary, suffering excruciating headache and rheumatic pains in my shoulders, I was utterly unable to rise from my bed. And when, at an early hour before breakfast, Mr. Brownson came, wondering and

bewildered, in his dressing-gown, I was content to give a very simple and unimpassioned account of the whole affair.

The old gentleman's look of bewilderment changed presently to one of indignation.

"It is some scoundrelly plot!" said he, flushing up. "I see, from the likeness to my respected friend, John Smith, of —, that you must be his son; and for that other fellow, that impostor—stay, my dear sir, I'll soon find out the truth; and meantime consider yourself as entirely at home; and, believe me, there is nothing that I and—my daughter will not be glad to do which can in any way minister to your convenience."

Yet I noticed that he mentioned his daughter with a little just perceptible air of doubt or hesitation, and the thought at once flashed upon me: "Is it possible that she can already have fallen in love with this fellow, under the impression of his being the original John Smith, Jr.?"

Alas! it was even so. Without lengthening out a disagreeable story, it is enough to say that the explanation, which came presently in the shape of Mr. John Smith himself, looking very cordial, and not at all abashed, sufficed fully, and to all but myself satisfactorily, to account for the series of *contretemps* which I have here recorded.

Mr. John Smith, Jr.—my namesake—was really a very innocent and well-disposed personage. He had taken possession of the seat in the stage-coach, of the berth on the canal-*packet*, and of the buggy at Perryville, because they had been appointed him by the legitimate authorities (in the belief of his being the original John Smith), and in entire unconsciousness that he was thereby usurping the rights of another. It was not until finding my unfortunate valise among his baggage, after leaving Perryville, that he became aware of the fact that the property of another person had been innocently appropriated by, or rather, to himself, and upon this conviction he had hastened back to Perryville, where, failing to learn anything respecting me, he had, he apologetically said, ventured upon the liberty of opening the valise, in the anticipation of finding some clue to the owner. This he discovered in the address of the letter to Mr. Brownson; whereupon he had immediately proceeded, as already related, to the residence of that gentleman, to whom he announced himself by his proper name of John Smith, Jr.

"My dear sir, delighted to see you!" had been his greeting. "Been expecting you all the afternoon, and feared some accident might have occurred. Explanation and apologies? Oh, never mind explanations and apologies just now. Your room is all ready, and I shall be delighted to introduce you to my daughter and a few friends whom we are expecting this evening."

And so, without a moment allowed him for explaining his identity and his errand, Mr. John Smith had been hurried off to his room—to my room—and there left to muse upon the "situation." He made the best of it, and, strong in the confidence of social position and an unblemished name and reputation, duly presented himself in the parlors at the proper hour.

was introduced to Miss Brownson, who, under the impression that this was her destined bridegroom, accorded him a most gracious and winning reception. The result may be easily surmised. Mr. John Smith and Miss Clementina Brownson fell irrevocably in love with each other to the extent that, when the explanation of his mistaken identity was on the following day made, the case was for me altogether hopeless. Moreover, as it turned out that Mr. Brownson knew something of that family of Smiths also, and the gentleman himself found some acquaintances among his host's guests, there could be no reasonable excuse for turning him out of doors, and so he was requested to remain, which invitation he accepted. And for the two or three days in which I remained an invalid, he would come to my room, and sit talking in his frank, cordial, free-and-easy manner, until despite myself I came actually to like the fellow.

I went down-stairs on the fourth day, dreading a little the meeting with Miss Brownson, and resolved to take my departure on the day following. And the very first person I saw—the very first figure my eyes rested upon as I entered the drawing-room, was the slight, graceful form of Alice Boyne—an old school-mate, by-the-by, of Miss Brownson, as that young lady explained to me.

I didn't go next day. And when, at the end of a week, we finally took our departure from the hospitable roof of Mr. Bartholomew Brownson, I think it would have been hard to decide which was the happiest individual—I or the other John Smith, Jr. We have been firm friends ever since—as have our wives, Alice and Clementina.

Sleep and Death.

TO LOVE without fearing death, said Hufeland, is the only means of living happy, and dying at a good old age. People who dread death seldom attain longevity. If death presents itself to us under a repulsive and terrifying aspect, it is solely owing to our habits and prejudices having perverted our feelings. Montaigne justly said that it is the darkening the room, the faces full of grief and desolation, the moaning and crying, that make death terrific. Civilization, by investing death with the most lugubrious associations that it can conjure up, has also contributed to rendering it a most hideous spectre. It is the reverse with the patient. In nine cases out of ten it is not only a relief, but almost a sense of voluptuousness. Sleep daily teaches us the reality of death. "Sleep and death are twins," said the poet of antiquity. Why, then, should we fear death, when we daily invoke its brother as a friend and a consolation? "Life," says Buffon, "begins to fail long before it is utterly gone." Why, then, should we dread the last moment, when we are prepared for its advent by so many other moments of a similar character? Death is as natural as life. Both come to us in the same way, without our being able to determine the advent of either. No one knows the exact moment of his death. It is certain that death is generally a pleasant feeling. Lucan used to say that life would be more portable to man if the gods had not hid from him the happiness he would experience. Tullius Marcellinus, Francis Suarez, and the philosopher La Mettrie, all spoke of the peace of their last moments. Such are

the consolations which philosophy presents to timid minds that dread death. We need not say what much higher and loftier consolations await the Christian who is firm and steadfast in his faith, and has before him the prospect of eternal life.

A Scene in the French Revolution.

—The Bread Rioters in the Hall of the Convention.

DURING the French Revolution, there appeared one day upon the walls of Paris this programme of insurrection:

"INSURRECTION OF THE PEOPLE IN ORDER TO OBTAIN BREAD AND RE-CONQUER ITS RIGHTS.

"Whereas, the government inhumanly permits it to die of hunger—that the promises so often repeated are false!

"Whereas, every citizen is driven to envy those who die and are buried!

"Whereas, the government is a usurper, unjust and tyrannical, since it arbitrarily arrests, transfers from cell to cell, from commune to commune, and massacres in its prisons, any man with courage and virtue enough to demand bread and common rights—"

And so it went on in the same violent style. It did its work. Paris rose. The Convention was surrounded, and the members deafened with cries of "Bread! Bread!" "Down with the revolutionary government!" "Replace the Convention by the National Assembly!" "Seize the barriers, the telegraph, the cannon, and the drums!" "Bread, and the democratic constitution of 1793!"

"The Convention will die at its post!" shouted a member. Bourdon de l'Oise, another, accused the royalists of getting up the riot. In an emphatic discourse, Andre Dumont expressed the hope that the rich would pity the poor. The people were recommended to be calm and resigned.

These unsatisfactory responses angered them. "Bread! Bread! Bread!" they cried, in gloomy but menacing tones.

Dumont, taking the chair, ordered the intruders to be expelled from the Convention. They refused to move without a struggle, and were presently strengthened by a reinforcement of comrades brandishing muskets, knives, and bloody pikes, and followed by women in rags. "Bread! Bread! Bread!" The outbreak triumphed.

It was two o'clock. Feraud, a belated deputy, rushed into the Assembly. He had penetrated the crowd, but was quivering with fear—his garments hung about him in shreds. As he sought to climb to the desk, one of the faction pulled him back by his coat. Struck by one of the soldiers, the *sans-culotte* fired a pistol, and missing his intended victim, brought the unhappy Feraud down from his perch on the edge of the rostrum. The comrades of the murderer burst out into laughter and applause. They cut off the deputy's head, and stuck it on the end of a pike. They thought that the inoffensive Feraud was Freron, the chief of the *jeunesse dorée*—a terrible mistake for him!

"Meet force by force," said the president. A man came forward, bearing the livid head of Feraud, which he presented to Boissy d'Anglas, the president of the Assembly, saying that it was Freron's.

"Bread; the permanence of the sections; the arrest of all emigrants; the liberty of all patriots; the reusultation of the Constitution of 1793; a municipality at Paris; the recall of patriotic deputies; the arrest of all deputies who were not at their posts," were among the demands made, and reiterated by the mob.

But the Convention, though alarmed, was not terrified. Boissy d'Anglas had given orders to the troops, and, at last, the people retired before the artillery and soldiers of the Convention. Then the members, believing that the insurrection was quelled, decreed that all citizens should be called upon to defend the government; that all those arrested on charges of invading the hall of the Convention, and of seeking to intimidate the members, should be handed over to the executioner; that all the bells of the commune of Paris should be melted down and turned into cannons. Then the Convention had the hardihood to offer its condolences to the family of the unfortunate Feraud.

Its decrees had scarcely become law ere the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau again rose in arms. The rioters marched upon the Convention, preceded by formidable artillery. The *gendarmérie* joined it.

Other defections followed. It became necessary to obey the people, to repeal the obnoxious decrees, and withdraw the expressions of condolence.

Legendre rose among his fellow-members, and solemnly said, "Nature has condemned us all to

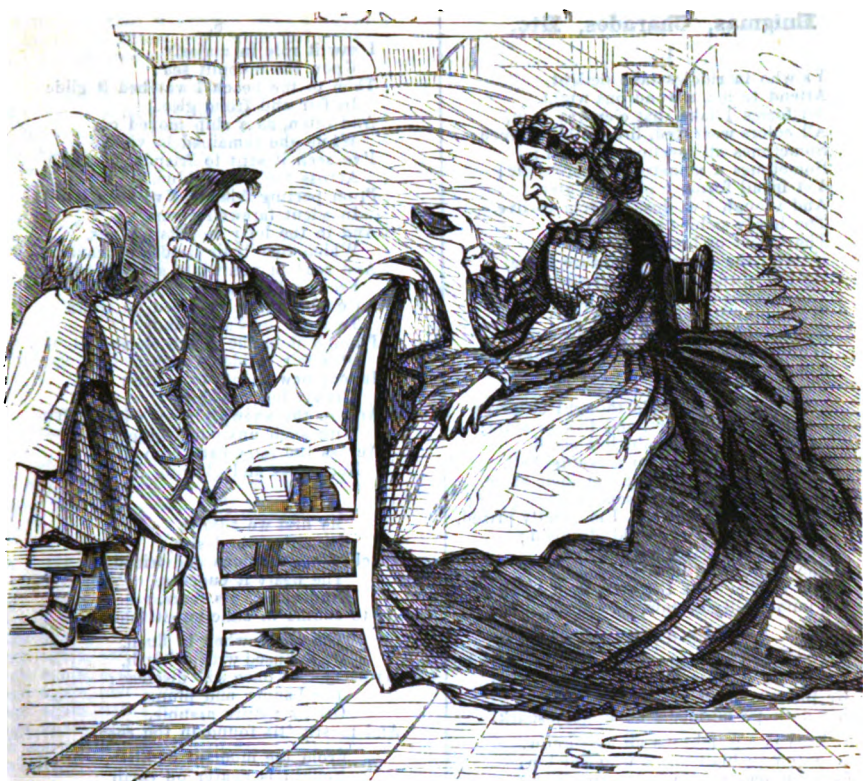
death. A little sooner or later matters not. Let us be calm. The best thing we can do is to be silent."

However, he was mistaken. The demands of the people were considered, and the hurriedly-formed committees promised shortly to present the organic laws of the Constitution of 1793. A deputation of six insurgents arrived, renewing the demands of the people the day before. "Hear the will of the people," said the spokesman. "The Republic forever! Liberty forever! Hurrah for the Convention, *if* it supports the true principles!"

Sports of Childhood.—A celebrated female writer thus pleads the cause of the little girl: "I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed—nor bow her over her book, till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever."



A SCENE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—THE BREAD RIOTERS IN THE HALL OF THE CONVENTION.



KNOWS ITS VALUE.

AUNT GRIM.—"Now, Tommy, if you will tell me the truth about that broken window, I'll give you this pear!"

TOMMY (who knows the value of truth).—"Oh, it's worth more than one pear. I'll tell you the truth if you will give me two."

Brothers in Law—The Judges.

The Complaint misers generally die of, is tightness of the chest.

Nurse.—"I cannot allow butter and jam, too, on your bread."

Master Alfred.—"It can't be extravagant, Mary, if the same piece of bread does for both."

"Are the jury agreed?" asked a judge of the court *attache* whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand.

"Yes," replied Patrick. "They have agreed to send out for half a gallon."

A Correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* records the following:

"A bright little boy about four years of age, son of a clergyman, was at your correspondent's house one evening with his parent, and I gave him a couple of five-cent pieces. He laid them on the table, and putting his finger on one, said:

"This one I am going to give to the heathen, and the other one I am going to keep myself."

"He played with them a while, till one of them finally rolled away and he could not find it."

"Well," said I, "my lad, which one have you lost?"

"Oh," said he, "I have lost the one I was going to give to the heathen."

Housekeepers are sadly demoralised; fruit is so cheap and plenty that they can-can all the day.

A Doctor's Motto is supposed to be patients and long suffering.

The following story is told by a Western journal, to illustrate the New Departure. A boy was observed watching for a woodchuck to come out of his hole.

"Do you suppose you can catch him?" said a passer-by.

"Catch him!" said the boy, contemptuously; "I've got to catch him, stranger; we're out of meat."

One Day, at the parade of his guard, the Emperor Paul I. of Russia was excessively indignant with one of his officers who was not a good horseman.

"Cashier him, and send him to his estate," said he to the commanding general.

"Pardon me, sire," answered the latter, "he is a poor man, and has no estate!"

"Then give him one!" exclaimed the Emperor, as he rode away.

This answer was not only original but imperial, for having been once uttered, the Emperor must keep his promise. The officer, therefore, was made possessor of an estate, in order to live in banishment upon it.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

Ys who in riddles take delight,
Attend to me, a wondrous sight.
All forms I take that e'er was seen,
All colors wear, red, brown, blue, green;
Sometimes all loveliness appear;
Sometimes a monstrous figure wear;
Yet in all forms I pleasure give,
And though I'm dead, I seem to live.
The hardy sailor views in me
The object of his phantasy;
He who the charms of nature loves,
My warm admirer surely proves;
The epicure's oft pleased to see
What gratifies his taste in me;
But to the lover I'm most dear,
Who brings his charming mistress near.
Not always am I prized alike;
This happens as the taste I strike.
Sometimes my value's thought so great,
I'm sought by peers, and live in state;
At others, it is deem'd but small,
I'm then consign'd to servants' hall.
The rich thro' me decrease their store,
And wealth I give to some who're poor;
When young and new, I'm greatly prized,
And generally, when old, despis'd;
Yet in some cases 'tis my age
The admiration doth engage.
One further hint I'll give, then know
I immortality bestow.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

His children at home are crying for bread;
To snatch it from its ocean bed,
He plunges from his fragile bark;
Let us hope he meets no hungry shark.

1. This is a weight we all well know.
 2. A Jewish high priest who fell low.
 3. A Russian sea, in southern clime.
 4. A flower often praised in rhyme.
 5. A missive come from friend or foe.
- Try what initials and finals show.

3.

The night was dark, the wind was strong,
As o'er the moor I trudged along;
Past went Boreas with my first,
The wind and rain were at their worst,
The night was black as coal.
At length, my second I espied,
And straightway unto it I hid;
'Twas in a room with sickness round;
Nearer I drew, and then I found
My second was my whole.

4.—LOGOGRIFH.

Complete, I stand above the crown,
Or on the scaffold lie;
When noble heads are stricken down,
And knaves are mounted high;
Behold, I fill the atmosphere,
I carry many an ill
To human homes, yet to your ear
I may be pleasant still.

5.

SQUARE WORDS.

Warm; to blot out; place of a surprise in the
Revolution; small bodies of land; a denier of
Providence.

6.

A Mahometan name for the Deity; a woman's
name; a boundary; living; thoroughly disliked.

7.

Balances; a kind of mortar; a girl's name; a
plant; another plant; worse than stale.

8.

I saw it ride in majesty
Upon the moonlit sea;
Then to the beach I watched it glide
In fair and frolic glee.
And often, as a ship moved on,
While she remained in view,
I've seen it sent to friends on shore,
Across the waters blue.
From parting friends, I've seen it oft
In silent farewell given,
And in the lofty mountain-pines,
Which rear their heads to heaven.
And see! in yon white scarf it comes
From gallant soldier's hand,
As on his prancing steed he spurs
To fight for Fatherland.
I found it in the silken sheen
Of a fair maiden's hair;
It lent new beauty to a brow
Already but too fair;
And in the snowy plumes which fell
With such unstudied grace
Across the fairy hat which hid
Her sweet and glowing face.

9.

My first we admire
In matron and sire,
In children, relations and friends;
The heart it endears,
And chases its fears,
As to soothe in affliction it tends.
The cheek when in flush,
Or suffused with a blush,
My second at once will disclose;
The banner and plume
Of its nature assume,
And mostly 'tis found in the rose.
From the moment of birth,
Nought is dearer on earth
Than my whole, I declare without fear;
And when from it torn,
We're dejected, forlorn,
And the smile must give place to the tear.

10.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Would you a good description read
Of Winter sport? I should, indeed.
In Tom Brown's "School-days" you can see
How Rugby's scholars played with glee.

1. Were I to say I'd seen Tom Savers fight,
Should I be doing aught that's right?
2. If, leaving Asia, due southeast you steer,
These lovely isles will presently appear.
3. A patriarch in a Jewish tribe of yore;
Search for his name in ancient lore.
4. Osiris taught this art in early days,
And Virgil sang of it in classic lays.

11.

LOGOGRIFH.

Entire, I am part of your frame;
Transposed, I am a weapon of war;
Behold and transpose, a French town I name;
Transpose, and school pleasure I mar.
Curtail, and I'm seen with the milkmaids;
Behold, and an article's left;
Once more, and of my precious aid
Mankind will be never bereft.

12.

Whole, I am a vial; behold, I am a trick; again
behead, I am custom; transpose, I prosecute;
curtail and reverse, I am a pronoun.

13.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

An insect; a number; concerning; to make a
great noise; a musical composer; a flower; used

by blacksmiths; what fishermen use; a consonant. The central letters, read down and across, will name a celebrated musical composer.

14.—CHARADE.

My first is a part of the face;
My second is lively and bright.
My whole, when it's gathered with care,
Is pretty and gay to the sight.

15.—DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

50 and enabe; 51 and asas; 0 and fuff; 500 and roer; 55 and eo; 601 and dora. The initials and finals name two Saxon kings.

16.

SQUARE WORDS.

Roman; to lessen; a sticky composition; an extract of rose; side looks.

17.

Shore; more aged; a girl's name; a Turkish name; to step.

18.—HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.

When the East wind blows over Jersey meadows, ague is sure to teem.

19.

When I am whole, a companion I appear;
Change my head, to an entrance I veer;
Change again, to a sweet fruit I turn;
Change again, and with hatred I burn;
Change again, and I turn to a head;
Change again, and to destiny I'm led;
Change again, and I'm reckoned very slow;
Change again, and I make the price low;
Change again, and I quickly will pall;
Change again, and I'm shiding at all;
Break up my first, transpose, and right here
Some horses, some food and a drink will appear.

20.

My first you'll find where the sullen sea
Breaks loud on the rocky shore;
My second a bridegroom gave to his bride,
As a sign of the love he bore;
My third, in the cities of the West,
Is smoked and dried and cured.
Put all three together, and the answer is secured.
My whole is a royal estate
Much talked about of late.

21.

My first is in sharp, but not in dull;
My second is in sails, but not in hull;
My third is in ocean, but not in wave;
My fourth is in child, but not in knave;
My fifth is in person, but not in boy;
My sixth is in play, but not in toy;
My seventh is in wound, but not in bruise,
And my whole is a tool in general use.

22.

I am in trade, and have a partner, too,
So on my sign my first will meet your view.
I called upon my second, alliance to propose,
When up my third like fury the little vixen rose,
My sad constitution, utterly beyond my best control,
Calls all with finer feeling to grant me now my whole.

23.

My whole from my second is made;
My first in my whole safe is laid;
Where my second I get,
You will see my first set,
From my whole, by the neat servant-maid.

24.

Whole, I can swallow a man; but many a man who is my whole beheaded, becomes the very reverse by swallowing my second beheaded.

25.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two classical Latin poets.

1. To attest.
2. A Shakesperean character.
3. A wanderer.
4. A city in Italy.
5. One of the architectural orders.
6. A city in France.

26.

Ne'er known before this present age,
We cross the land as lines a page.
Would you our initials and finals know?
Seek the words hidden in the line below.
In thy land, Italia, floweth the river Arno.

27.

SQUARE WORDS.

A human being; to think; measures of distance; concerning; homes.

28.

Stories; to stop; a machine; a chemical substance; prophets.

29.—PICTORIAL PROVERB.



ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN MARCH NUMBER.

1. In, sin, sing, singe, singer, singers, fingers, lingers.

2.

CORRA	CHNAT	G	ymnasti	C
OGRES	HALVE	A	rabi	A
BRUSH	ELLEN	M	irro	R
RESUM	AVERT	E	n	D
ASHES	TENTS	S	ucces	S

3.

4.

5. Cour-age, folli-age, herb-age, cabb-age, vint-age, saus-age, parson-age, peer-age, carri-age, marri-age, lugg-age, vicar-age, cribb-age, dot-age. 6. Pear, rape, reap, pare, aper; ear, Rae, are, era; par, rap; per, rep, pre; pea, ape.

7.

8.

9.

LADIES	GRANT	ARTIST
ADROIT	EULER	RIOTER
DRYDEN	ALWAY	TOMATO
IODINE	NEARS	ITALIO
MINCO	TRIST	SETIRA
STNOT		TROCAR

10. Ocean Cable, Cyrus Field—Oceanic, CivilitY, Endeav, AdieU, Narcissus, ChafF, Alibi, BribE, Level, Edward. 11. Syndicate. 12. Hare-bell. 13. Verona, Newark, Naples, Geneva. 14. Mare, are, mar, ram. 15. Drink, Ruins—DollaR, RouleaU, Iceni, NuN, KisS. 16. Echo, coin, hill, only. 17. Snow, nine, once, ween. 18. Bag, Bat—BeakeR, Aurora, GnaT.



In the land of wooden nutmegs,
And place called Soow-e-gan,
Dwelt the hero of my story;
Bashful, green-eyed, long Slick Sam.

A Somewhat eccentric lawyer, being engaged in defending a hard case, and not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding judge, remarked that he believed the whole court could be bought with a peck of beans. The judge, of course, took this remark in high dudgeon, and ordered the lawyer to sit down, and demanded of him an apology for this contempt of court, threatening him with commitment for the offence if he did not apologise. The lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked that he had said he believed the court could be bought with a peck of beans; that he said it without reflection, and wished to take it back.

"But," said he, "if I had put it at half a bushel, I never would have taken it back."

A Fellow was told that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink a quarter of a yard.

"Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"



He bought a horse on purpose,
And off you heard "ga-lang."
Which meant the same in other words,
I'm driving with Kiyan.



He traveled far to westward,
And there he met Kiyan;
A maiden of old China;
And thus new love began.

A few Nights since, at a late hour, the speaking-tube at the office-door of one of our popular physicians was used by some midnight wag, to the following effect: The doctor was in a sound sleep, when he was partially awakened by a "halloo" through the tube, and the following dialogue took place:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Does Dr. J—— live here?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Are you Dr. J——?"

"Yes!"

"Dr. Simon J——?"

"Yes, yes! what do you want?"

"Why, how long have you lived here?"

"Some twenty years; why?"

"Why don't you move?"

"If you stay there about ten seconds more, you'll find I am moving!" and he bounded out of bed; but the patient was heard "moving" down the street at a rate that defied pursuit.



He gave her silks and jewels,
Then sleeked her sleekish hair,
Then crawled around her slender waist,
And asked for hand so fair.



She gave a sigh, one mighty smile,
And her bosom heaved and throbbed,
Gave a riggle and a giggle,
Then backward on him bobbed.

"Why is it," said a teacher to a scapegrace, who had caused her much trouble by bad conduct, "you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?"
"Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

While trudging along one day alone, an American soldier met a Methodist circuit-rider, whom he at once recognised as such, but affected ignorance of it.

"What regiment do you belong to?" inquired the preacher.

"An Ohio regiment in Sherman's army. And yourself?"

"I belong," solemnly replied the preacher, "to the army of the Lord."

"Then, my friend," said the soldier, "you've got a very long way from headquarters."



His arms enrapt as he was too,
Drew her fainting to his kiss;
A smack resounding through the hills,
Spoke the agony of their bliss.



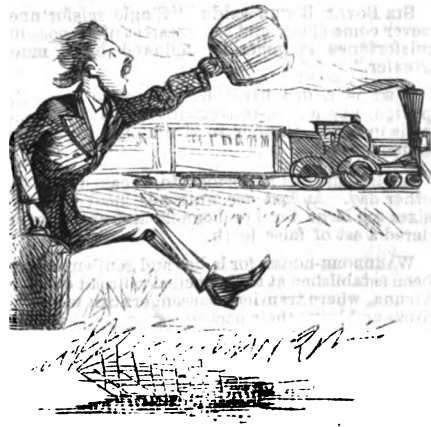
They were wedded in a chapel,
When she, turning, gayly said,
"I have husband fouree, darlin',
Now you makee five I wed."

"My Dear," said good, unsuspecting Mrs. Howard, "I think Mary is in a decline."

"In a what?" inquired the startled but unromantic husband.

"A decline, my dear—in a decline. You were far too stern with her in regard to that little affair with Mr. Young. Girl's hearts, my dear, are not like those of great rough boys; they are fragile things, my love—very fragile. Now, I have noticed that Mary acts very oddly; she eats nothing but pears, or apples, or something of that sort, and to-day, unobserved by her, I was watching her singular movements. A spasm of pain crossed her features—she stopped in her walk and sighed, my dear—sighed as if her heart was breaking," said the lady.

"Sighed, did she, and groaned?" said the husband. "Umph! Aren't you old enough yet to tell the difference between a breaking heart and an attack of indigestion?"



It was scarcely yet the morning,
When a drooping form was seen
Rushing towards the train a hollering,
"Is this ere car for Seow-e-gan?"

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A BAWL-ROOM—The nursery.

LONDON has had a bar-maid show.

A GOOD side-show—A pretty cheek.

THE raw material—Underdone steak.

PLEASANT checks in life—bank checks.

PENNSYLVANIA women—Non-explosive.

DEAR us a line, as the trout said to the angler.

JAMES PARTON is called a piece of Fanny Fern-ture.

MOTTO for sewing-machine—as you sew, so shall you rip.

WOULD you call an alderman a ghost if you saw him a-goblin?

THE mosquito as a public singer draws well but never gives satisfaction.

IT does not follow that a man who bolts his food will have the lock-jaw.

A YOUNG married lady of Louisville, Ky., is the proud mother of a babe born with two teeth.

THE World editor is considerable of an old Roman—he is continually mounting the Tribune.

TRUST him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.

CONNEXIOUS people have been expecting that a hen, which was setting on a dozen apples, would hatch a barrel of cider.

IN proof of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places, we may say that we have seen a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

AN exchange insists that "poverty is a blessing." If it be so it is a "blessing so well disguised" that very few are able to see the point.

A BISHOP of London having cut down a noble cloud of trees at Fulham, Lord Chancellor Bacon told him he was a good expounder of dark places.

A GENTLEMAN who thought his two sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, gave them the appellations of Nimrod and Ramrod.

SIR BOYLE ROOKE said: "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

WHY is a drunkard, hesitating to sign the pledge, like a half-converted Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the jug or not (Juggernaut).

AN Indiana girl undertook to break a colt the other day. At last accounts her head was two sizes too large for her bonnet, and she has ordered a set of false teeth.

WARDROBE-ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen have been established at the principal railroad depot in Vienna, where transient passengers can wash and dress and leave their packages.

WHY is the letter R very unfortunate? Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness, and misery, is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence or love.

"SHURE an' it waasn't poverty that drove me from the ould country," said Michael, the other day, "for my father had twenty-one yoke of oxen and a cow, and they gave milk the year round."

ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE—Learning the cost of a heavy feed.

IT is imagined that the polar bear considers his habitation an ice place!

A DRUNKEN ballet-master says he practices his attitudes at the glass.

THE way to train up a child in the way it should go—walk in that way yourself.

WHY is a hedgehog of vegetable origin? Because it is the offspring of a prickly pair (pear).

WHY will people persist in paying so much rent when they can get a house-maid for three or four dollars?

"I HAVE very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Smith; you look sleepy."

"Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night."

"Up where?"

"Up-stairs in bed."

IF you were the wife of your grandmother's uncle's cousin's half-sister, what relation would you be to your uncle's grandmother's husband, and how many?

"MY dear," said a young lady to her country cousin, "when you've been a little longer in London you won't be so green."

"Better green than withered!" was the retort.

"I THINK I have lost at least half a dozen husbands," said a coquette at Long Branch, "by putting on a bathing-dress; and I'll never do it again till my married future is secure."

"GRANDMA," said a shrewd child, "do you want some candy?"

"Yes, dear, I should like some."

"Then if you'll buy me some, I'll give you half," said Polly.

MRS. LIVERMORE is willing that men should do all they are inclined to do—the washing and ironing, cooking, etc., and only asks in return that women may have the same right to employ themselves as they see fit.

A BRITV of Schenectady girls have agreed to let their waists expand, and, as a consequence, corsets there are slow of sale. They discard hoop-skirts, also, and dress so as to display much ankle—all of which is sensible.

VOTER.—1. The "Tammany Ring" is a composition of brass and coin welded together by Swindle. 2. The word is not spelled Snokem, but Sachem. Republicans in office, after a Democratic victory, generally pronounce it Sack-em.

PROMPTER.—1. Lester Wallack is not the author of "Moes on the Rocks." Your error arises from the report that Treasurer Moes has the "rocks." 2. Byron's Man Fred did not furnish Beecher Stowe with her facts concerning Lady B.

IT is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

"WHAT are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy, who was idling about the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

IRREDEEMABLE bonds—Vagabonds.

A SEAMSTRESS's exclamation—A-hem!

FROST-FROST—The frost of seventy Winters.

WHEELS go best when they are thoroughly tired.

JUSTICE's courts are not always courts of justice.

A GOOD nursery man—The father of a large family.

IT ain't funny to be arrested for passing the "queer."

A THING you can't see through—A pair of leather spectacles.

MAY a turkey be said to be a ghost when it's not a goblin?

CANDLE-MUSE Day has been superseded by kerosene bust-ups.

WHAT many property holders can't do—Read their title clear.

SPIRITUAL rappings—An early call before the rum-seller is up.

WHEN is a man at West Point the youngest?—When he is a freshman.

WHICH has most legs, a horse or no horse? No horse, because no horse has five.

WHEN was Ruth very rude to Boaz? When she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

WHY is a pair of skates like an apple? Because they both have occasioned the fall of man.

IF a man bit off your nose, what would the magistrate oblige him to do? Keep the peace (piece).

WHY is an article in the ordinance of a fire company like a Sheriff's execution?—Because its by-law.

IF a Brooklyn girl of fifteen is worth a million dollars, what is a New York girl of eighteen worth?

NO PERSON ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is just so with bad habits.

WHY are composers very fortunate fellows? Because they can "set up" in business without a cent of capital.

WHEN there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

GOOD nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

IF Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are the four quarters of the globe, pray, what is Australia?—Oh! the *hind* quarter.

A TRAVELER writes home from Paris: "The word I have stood most in need of since my arrival here is the French for damn."

A PHYSICIAN wanted a note renewed, and, as a reason for it, said: "We are in a horrible crisis here; there is not a sick man in the town."

OVER the door of a cobbler's shop in Savannah, Ga., appears this legend: "Boots and shoes is made hear—ladies and shentlemens repaired. Kum in hear."

A DUTCHMAN who had served a term of six years in the Sing Sing prison, was one day asked if he liked the mush they gave him while there; says he, "You mean the ginger mill and water?"

QUADRAT says he don't mind the nakedness the the trees are putting on, but he notices the corn is shocked.

A DETROITER, who kept a flask of whisky with him on a shooting trip, struck a race-course in the suburbs on his return, and walked around it all night, wondering why he didn't get to town.

DON'T trouble busy editors. Quib stepped into the editorial sanctum this morning to ask what he had better write about.

"Write about!" growled the disgusted chief; "I think you had better right about face!"

IF a milkmaid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk from every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's age?

"I WISH I had your head," said a lady to her lawyer, who had just solved a knotty point for her. "And I wish I had your heart," responded the lawyer.

It was not long before the lawyer's head and the lady's heart went into partnership for life.

SOME fathers are too hard-hearted for anything. A man scolded his twelve year old son fully five minutes the other day because the child used his (the father's) best Sunday razor to open oysters with. We don't see how the razor could hurt the oysters, anyhow.

AN IMPATIENT AUDITOR.—While they were performing "Othello" some time ago at the Walnut, the actor who personated the jealous Moor demanded of Desdemona "The handkerchief! the handkerchief!" A green 'un called out, impatiently:

"Never mind the handkerchief; blow your nose with your fingers, and go on with the play."

INTERNATIONAL ABUSE.—Says Alphonso Karr on the above subject: "There is nothing so ridiculous as these insults bandied from one nation to another, these malevolent epithets which are applied to an entire people as if, forsooth, all the men in the country were made on exactly the same model, as if all our virtues and vices were submitted to the inspection of the custom house officers, and never passed over the frontiers!"

ELDER KNAFF, the great revivalist of religion down in Arkansas, when about to baptize a new convert, called out in a loud voice:

"Does any one know any reason why this man should not be baptized?" and to his great surprise, a long specimen of an Arkansas traveler shouted in response:

"See here, Mister Preacher, I don't want to interfere in that 'ere business of yours, but if you expect to get the sin all out of that old cuss you will have to anchor him out in the river over night."

AN ANCIENT HIBERNIAN was overheard, just after the late riot, bemoaning the sad loss of life which it occasioned:

"Be jabbers, dy'e mind now, there's Mick, and Pat, and Tim, and all the rist of the b'yes kilt. Och, it's a sorry day."

"Why, Paddy, you ought to be thankful you were not killed. Why should you be so troubled?"

"Och, 'pon me sowl but it does throuble me, for it's put an awful sight of extra wurck on me shoulders."

"Extra work?"

"Yis—dy'e see, them poor b'yes ivery one iv thim wus as good as tin votes, and now I've got to kape up the vote of me Ward meself. Instead of votin' tin times nixt election, be jabbers I've got to do the wurck of a dozen repaters in wan precinct."



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF LEAP YEAR.

M. W.—“Come, young man; I like your looks; you'll just suit me. There's a church handy, let's be married. No use kicking, young man; you're my affinity.”—(Exeunt like other husbands into church, mentally kicking.)

Shakespeare missed it sadly when he wrote: “All the world's a stage and all the people players.”

He would have an awful lot of supes and no audience, or place to stow any.

Tom Moore was more true and philosophical in saying:

“This world is all a fleeting show,
And most men deadheads in it.”

Appropriate Names.—The following names are, indeed, appropriate for the uses mentioned:

- For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
- For a general's wife—Sally.
- For a sporting man's wife—Bet-ty.
- For a fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
- For a shoemaker's wife—Peg-gy.
- For a teamster's wife—Car-rie.
- For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
- For a printer's wife—Em.
- For a druggist's wife—Ann Eliza.
- For a carpetman's wife—Mattie.

Sheriff Hall, of Pittsfield, Mass., was about to commit a prisoner to the lock-up the other day, and had just unlocked the door, when the prisoner ran away. The sheriff started in pursuit, taking no notice of a boy in the lock-up. The lad, seeing the door open, thought he might as well leave as to be hanging around there, and away he started. Hall, however, was too nimble for the boy, and when he felt the iron grip of the sheriff on his collar, he wilted at once.

“What are you doing out here, you young rascal?” said the sheriff.

“Doing? doing?” said the boy, trembling with fright at the stern officer; “I hain't doing nothing. I came out to help you catch that fellow. Which way has he gone?”

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

Charles Lamb's Habit of stammering sometimes caused him much embarrassment. On one occasion he was ordered to take a course of sea-bathing. Standing at the door of his bathing-machine, two stout fellows took hold of him and awaited his orders. Lamb commenced:

“Hear me, men! take notice of this: I am to be dipped—”

What more he would have said is unknown, for he began such a rolling fire of di-di-di-di, that as soon as he got out the word “dipped,” the impatient attendants exclaimed:

“Oh, yes, sir, we're quite aware of that,” and plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb was very indignant at their haste; but, forcing a tranquillity he did not feel, began again:

“Listen to me; once more I tell you I am to be di-di-di”—and then, with a burst of indignation—“dipped, I tell you!”

“Oh, decidedly, sir,” and down the stammerer went a second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation:

“Grant me pa-pa-patience. Is it mu-mu-murder you me-mean? Again and a-ga-ga-gain I tell you I am to be di-di-dipped—” now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man.

“Oh, yes, sir,” the men replied, “we know that—we fully understand it,” and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea.

“Oh, limbs of Satan!” he said, on coming up the third time; “it is now too late; I tell you that I am—no, that I *was* to be di-di-dipped only once.”

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THE THREE LOVE LETTERS.—“IN THE ONE MOMENT THAT HIS BACK WAS TURNED, BELINDA’S QUICK HAND PASSED DOWN INTO THE LINING, AND DETECTED A FLAT PARCEL.”

The Three Love Letters.

“Just one week to your wedding-day, Pauline, and here you sit, dissolved in tears, like Niobe! I don’t understand it at all! I thought you were the happiest little bride-elect in all the world!”

Pauline Moore’s boudoir was a little nook of fluttering white muslin, looped back with fillets of blue ribbon, with vases of fresh flowers on the dimity-draped dressing-table, easy-chairs covered with pale blue chintz, and a tiny white bed in the corner, over which a canopy of white lace fell like a snowy cloud. It was as pure and lovely as she herself—and that is saying a great deal, for Pauline Moore was certainly the prettiest girl in the village.

She was slight and graceful, with a great fancy for wearing white dresses, belted and trimmed with blue or rose-colored ribbons; but, then, white was so becoming to the blonde radiance of her eighteen-year-old beauty. Her eyes, of the deepest and most limpid blue, had an appealing light in them, that made you love her in spite of yourself; her hair, floating away from her low, pure forehead, was like a mist of glimmering gold, and her complexion was as delicate as a tinted seashell.

There are a great many pretty girls in the world, but comparatively few beauties, and Pauline Moore was one of the few—a fair, faultless beauty!

It was as Belinda Powers had said—she was to be married in just one week; yet here she sat,

among her flowers, like a pearl in its casket, weeping the passionate tears that spring from fountains far below our lighter griefs or trials. And her cousin Belinda, an apple-faced old maid of thirty-five, who believed in smiles and laughter, and the sunny side of life in general, stood stricken, as it were, with consternation, at the unwonted sight. "What is it, Pauline!" she urged. "Don't you love him?"

Pauline indignantly dashed away the bright drops from her wet eye-lashes.

"I love him as I love my own life!"

"Then, has he said or done anything to grieve you?"

"Never!" She was almost angry with plump, honest little Belinda, for asking the question.

"Has anything happened to postpone the wedding?" persisted Belinda.

"No!"

"Then, what is the matter? Come, little dew-drenched rose-bud, you *shall* tell me!"

And she sat down beside Pauline, imprisoning both the cold little hands in hers, and drawing the golden head tenderly down upon her shoulder.

Some people are born comforters, carrying consolation in their very touch and voice. Belinda Powers was one of these mesmerically gifted persons, and Pauline felt the soothing spell creeping over her, as her cousin's cheek touched her own.

"I *must* tell some one, or my heart will break!" she murmured. "Oh, Belinda, I have been so foolish, so wretched—yet, indeed I am not wicked! Do you remember, two years ago, when I was at school at Albany?"

"Yes."

"Well, it began then."

"What began?" questioned Belinda.

"The trouble—although I did not know it at the time. We were all silly children together, and the girls in my class were even more foolish and sentimental than I was; and they all thought it so splendid to be 'engaged,' and I was the only one of their number who had not a betrothed lover. And Gerald Monmouth, who was brother to one of the governesses and had met me occasionally at our receptions and exhibitions, was writing to me then, and persecuting me with his mad passion. In a moment of folly, I forgot my common-sense and the real dictates of my heart, and allowed him to draw me into a half engagement and whole correspondence. I only wrote him three letters, modelled upon the absurd nonsense of the other girls, and then something seemed to rouse me to a sense of my own folly, and I abruptly broke off the whole thing. I burned Gerald's letters, but he has mine yet, and refuses to give them up. He has never forgiven me for rejecting his suit, and—and last night he arrived here—"

"I know it," interposed Belinda. "He is a distant relative of your father's, and a reckless, dissipated scamp at that!"

"Ostensibly," went on Pauline, "he came to attend my wedding; but oh, Belinda! this morning he showed me those hateful old letters, full of promises and vows, and ridiculous asseverations of eternal love, and says that if I do not at once take measures for breaking off this marriage and renewing my engagement with him, he will place the letters in Everard's hands, even were it at the foot of the altar!"

"Oh, Pauline! he would never be so cruel!"

"You do not know him, Linda. He is cruel as the grave, and vindictive as a red Indian of old. Unfortunately, there are no dates to the letters, Everard will not know what a silly, unformed child I was when I wrote them, and Gerald will make him believe that I have played a false and treacherous part! He is so true and noble himself, that the least shadow on my name and cha-

racter would shock him beyond reparation, perhaps alienate him from me for ever! And yet, Belinda, I have not been really to blame!"

"My poor child, no!" was the soothing answer of her cousin. "I always knew that Gerald Monmouth was a scoundrel; but I never suspected him of such a deep-laid plan of villainy as this. Your whole life must not be blighted and overshadowed by his cruel plots!"

"But I am at his mercy!" breathlessly pleaded Pauline, with the red and white flushes following one another over her cheeks.

"As long as he has those letters in his possession, yes! But *we* must obtain them, Pauline, in some manner or other."

"Oh, Belinda, I fear that will be impossible!"

"Impossible is a long word!" said the old maid, shrewdly shrugging her shoulders. "At all events, we can try. Which is the room he occupies?"

"The one in the second story, looking on the south."

"Is he going out with the picnic party that is talked of for to-morrow afternoon?"

"I suppose so!"

Miss Belinda nodded. "Very well," she said, calmly, "that will be the first card I shall play. There are three letters, you say?"

"Only three, folded together in a small packet in a blank sheet of notepaper, and tied with narrow green ribbon."

Belinda Powers stooped to kiss the sweet, eager face, into which a vague expression of hope had already stolen, and left Pauline to herself once more.

"I'll be even with Gerald Monmouth yet," thought Belinda, with all a woman's ready partisanship, and keen relish for plot and intrigue. "He dare to threaten my little pure lily of a Pauline! I will teach him a lesson he won't be likely to forget immediately!"

And Miss Belinda, figuratively speaking, rubbed up her implements of warfare, and prepared for action.

It was nearly sunset the next day before the gay picnic party set forth for a sheltered spot in the woods, where they proposed to prolong their amusements far into the night, for a mellow full moon illuminated the dell, and the July air was at its balmyest!

Belinda Powers was not going. "There was too much to be done at home, with a wedding on the *tapie*," she said briskly; "and *she* was a working bee!"

So she watched them depart, merrily, down the lane, Gerald Monmouth walking familiarly beside Pauline, even though she was leaning on Everard Westlake's arm. And then she quietly went into the house, and proceeded straight upstairs to Mr. Monmouth's apartment, jingling, as she went, a bunch of tiny keys with which she was prepared to open desk, portfolio, or any other hiding-place in which contraband documents were likely to be found.

But Gerald Monmouth was no mean tactician. He had been in advance of her; his room-door was securely locked, and the key lay snugly in his pocket.

In vain Belinda ransacked the house for other keys; not one would fit; and she could not but feel herself, for the time being, baffled. She was too enterprising a general, however, to allow herself to be discouraged by one rebuff.

Nine o'clock in the mellow moonlight—and Belinda was out upon the lawn, surveying the premises, with the deliberative air of a civil engineer about to lay out a new line of railway.

"I can do it," said Belinda to herself. "The piazza roof is a little steep, and the trellis may be a trifle shaky, but I can do it, nevertheless."

And, like a plump, white cat, Miss Belinda climbed the slats of the old trellis, where the royal "Prairie Queen" roses were hanging their clustered bouquets of shaded crimson, scrambled nimbly up the shingled verandah roof, to the dire detriment of flounces, and confusion of ribbons, and sprang gleefully through the open window of Mr. Gerald Monmouth's apartment.

"What fun!" ejaculated the breathless heroine, extracting a box of matches from her pocket, and proceeding to light the lamp that stood upon the dressing-table. "I think I should rather like to be a burglar!"

And then commenced a search—a systematic search, well planned, and neatly carried out, which left no nook or corner uninvestigated. A slip of paper an inch square could not have escaped Miss Belinda's hawk eye. Under the pillows—behind the cushions—in every book, portfolio or box—even beneath the edges of the carpet, and among the folds of the curtains, did she extend her scrutiny; but no letters, save one or two from dunning creditors and brief business correspondents, did she discover. After nearly an hour's keen search, she was forced to pause.

"There are no letters here," she said to herself. "It must be that he carries them about with him. Well, he is keener than I had given him credit for being."

She bit her red lip, and frowned intently. This discovery complicated matters not a little.

Then she blew out the lamp, and departed as she had entered, leaving everything precisely in its original order.

"I will have those letters," said Miss Belinda Powers, "if I tear them out of his very heart!"

Ah, but how? That was the question! It was midnight before the picnic party returned, and Pauline Moore eagerly sought her cousin's apartment, to learn what success had attended her endeavors.

"No luck at all, my dear," said Belinda, with an odd little grimace. "But don't despair; I shall see you burn those letters yet. I've more ideas than one in my head, if I am an old maid!"

"But what are you doing, Belinda?"

"Folding blank sheets of paper to look like letters—you see I can't get the idea out of my head. Go to bed, little one, and don't dream about the three epistles if you can help it, for all shall yet be right!"

But nevertheless Pauline crept to her pillow with a heavy heart; the time was so near, now—so fatally near.

The next day proved to be one of down-pouring rain, with leaden skies, and roses all drenched on verandah and portico. In the library, Gerald Monmouth walked up and down the carpeted floor, with his hands behind his back, and a look of sinister satisfaction in the eyes which were fixed so abstractedly on the floor. Just beyond, Belinda Powers sat in the embrasure of the deep bay window, sewing. Suddenly she happened to glance up.

"Stop just here, a second, Mr. Monmouth, if you please; ah, I thought—it is a rip, and not a stray white clipping of thread."

"What do you mean, Miss Powers?" asked Gerald with a puzzled face.

"You have torn your coat. Wait a minute, and I'll fix it."

She stood on tip-toe, with her needle full of black silk, while Gerald tried to twist himself round to obtain a view of his own back.

"My coat torn!" he repeated in evident consternation. "And it's the only one I have here!"

"Probably you did the mischief at the picnic, yesterday," said Belinda, gravely. "Oh, pshaw!" with an air of annoyance. "I can't do anything, stretched up this way. Take off your coat one

minute, Mr. Monmouth, please; Joe's dressing-gown hangs back of the door, and you can put that on for an instant."

The astute Gerald Monmouth fell at once, and unsuspectingly, into the trap that was so artlessly baited. He slipped off the coat, and laid it on Miss Belinda Powers' lap, with a word or two of courteous thanks for her proffered kindness. In the one moment that his back was turned to possess himself of Mr. Joe Moore's gay cashmere dressing-gown, Belinda's quick hand had passed itself down the lining—had detected a flat parcel in the inner pocket ("for it's all nonsense looking in the outside ones!" she rapidly decided within herself)—had transferred it to her own pocket, instantaneously replacing it with three sheets of blank paper, folded to resemble letters, and tied as Pauline had described the momentous packet.

And when he turned toward her once more, she was neatly stitching up a rip that had never existed.

"There, I think it is stronger than it was before," she innocently remarked, as she gave back the coat to its owner.

"I am a thousand times obliged!" said Gerald.

"Oh, once is enough!" laughed Belinda—"and too much, if you only knew it, young man," she mentally added.

Like an arrow she darted up to Pauline's room, the instant she could make some excuse, concerning a needed spool of cotton, to leave the library.

"Light your wax taper, Pauline!" she cried exultingly. "Prepare the funeral pyres, for here are the sacrifices."

And she threw the little oblong packet into her cousin's lap. Pauline opened it, with a trembling hand, and eyes before which violet-colored blurs seemed to dance and swim.

"The very letters! the fatal witnesses!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears of joy. "Oh, Belinda, how did you obtain possession of them?"

"Burn them first!" said Belinda, imperatively. "We are not safe while they are in existence—and afterward I will tell you all about them."

And when a little pile of greyish ashes was all that remained of the three much dreaded letters, Belinda Powers described her sudden stratagem, and its complete success.

"I knew, if they were not in one place, they were in another, and it happens that I guessed just right," said the rosy old maid, while Pauline hugged her and kissed her, and showered upon her loving names, and cried for very joy.

That evening, when Mr. Monmouth sent up to inquire when it would be convenient for him to have an interview with Miss Moore, Pauline dispatched back the answer, "Now; this minute."

Somewhat marvelling at the promptness of the reply, Gerald obeyed the summons. Pauline was quietly awaiting him.

"Well, Miss Moore," he began, "have you decided?"

"I have."

"And what may that decision be?"

"To never see nor speak to you again!" she answered, with flashing eyes. "To defy you utterly!"

He smiled sardonically, pulling at his long moustache the while.

"You are bold, young lady—you will be milder, perhaps, when I show your husband that is to be the proofs of our olden-time attachment!"

Pauline looked him contemptuously in the face.

"You have no proofs!"

He drew out the packet, with a sneer worthy of Mephistopheles' self. "Have I not proofs?" he asked.

The next moment, his face grew deadly pale, as he unfolded the sheets and saw only a blank, unwritten surface.

"I have been robbed! tampered with!" he cried. "Who has dared to do this?"

Pauline laughed a sweet, scornful peal.

"The letters are ashes," she said. "Your plans are thwarted. There is a Right and Justice in the world, you find, after all!"

Gerald Monmouth turned away, with a face like that of a baffled tiger. He quitted the room without another word, and Pauline knew that she was saved!

Mr. Monmouth left the village that same evening, pleading unexpected business to his astonished host, and the wedding took place ungraced by his presence. And Pauline, in shimmering satin and orange-blossoms, clasped Belinda to her heart, whispering joyously:

"Dearest Belinda, I owe it all to you."

Mr. John Pounds, the Gratuitous Instructor of Poor Children.

JOHN POUNDS was born at Portsmouth in 1766, and, after being incapacitated by an accident from working in the dockyard there, placed himself under an old shoemaker, obtained an honest subsistence as a shoe-mender, and for thirty-five years was the occupant of a weather-boarded tenement in his native town.

After a time John Pounds took upon himself the charge of a feeble little boy, his nephew, whose feet were deformed. He effectually cured this distortion by an ingenious imitation of the ordinary mechanical means recommended by the faculty. His heart warmed toward this poor child, one of a large and poor family, and he became its instructor—a task which gave him great delight.

But he did not confine his exertions to his little nephew. He began to seek out pupils amongst the most neglected. His second pupil was the son of a poor woman, who was absent from home the whole of the day endeavoring to obtain her living.

Scholars soon became so numerous that his humble workshop, which was about six feet wide and eighteen feet in depth, could not contain so many as he would have willingly taught. Hence, he always preferred and prided himself on taking those whom he called "the little blackguards."

His biographer says: "He has been seen to follow such to the town quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato to induce them to come to school."

In the last few years of his life he had, generally, forty scholars under his instruction at one time, including about a dozen little girls, who were always placed on one side by themselves. Here he pursued his double labors, seated on his stool with his last or lapstone on his knee, and mending shoes, while his pupils were variously engaged, some reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing him their performances in accounts. Others were seated on forms, on boxes, and on a little staircase.

He taught the children to read from handbills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the "Rule of Three" and "Practice" were performed with accuracy.

With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious: he would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a

more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent, but he invariably preserved the attachment of all.

He took an enlarged view of the objects which education should comprise, and endeavoured to impart valuable practical knowledge to his scholars, teaching them how to cook their own plain food and to mend shoes. He was their doctor and nurse when they had any ailments; and when they were in health, he was not only the master of their sports, but the good old man made playthings for the younger children. He encouraged his pupils to attend Sunday-school, exerting himself to procure clothing for them, in order that they might make a creditable appearance. On Sunday morning they put on their dress at his house, and in the evening it was again restored to him.

Some hundreds of persons in all have been indebted to him for all the education which they had ever received at school; and, as a necessary consequence, many are now filling stations of credit and respectability, whose elevation poverty and ignorance combined would have prevented, even if these misfortunes had not consigned them to the prisons. It is said, "He never sought compensation for these labors; nor did he obtain any, besides the pleasure attending the pursuit, the satisfaction of doing good, and the gratification felt when occasionally some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in infancy. Indeed, some of the most destitute of his scholars have often been saved from starvation only by obtaining a portion of his own homely meal."

Mr. Pounds died suddenly on the 1st of January, 1839. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several successive days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and, not finding their friend, went away disconsolate. Nor was he unlamented by his fellow-townsmen. The services which he rendered to the ignorant and neglected children of the poor entitle him to a place among those humble benefactors of mankind whose deeds of goodness have been, like his, performed in a spirit of rare benevolence.

Pope Pius IX. was, in early life, the associate and warm friend of Tata Giovanni, who acted in Naples the part of John Pounds.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

I HAD finished my cigar, and was just stretching forth my hand toward the damp evening paper, when I heard a hasty step without my door, which opened simultaneously with a single knock, and Mr. Chief of Police Sharpe entered.

"You are here, Caldor? I am thankful to find you, without any vexatious delay! There is a cab waiting at the door. Are your things handy, that you can tumble a few necessities into a bag, and not be losing an instant of the fifteen minutes before the through night-train leaves?"

"What now?" I asked, ruefully, glancing around my cozy room, in which I had counted to spend a lazy evening, in blank dismay, yet at the same time rising mechanically, and beginning to collect together my toothbrush and the various belongings of the little traveller's dressing-case which had accompanied me on so many wanderings. "What is the case, and in what direction are you going to send me? The through train to Alaska or Florida?"

"Out West, old boy—further out than you've been yet on such business, I reckon. I can't say

it will began enviable situation, but the quicker you make your discoveries, the sooner you may leave it. It is about the mysterious disappearance of poor Fred Ordway. At last there is hint of a clue. You'll see by the minutes on this paper just what has come to light. The place is a poor, forlorn spot, not down on the latest maps; but I have hunted up the route for you. I give the case to you, because there is a dogged sort of perseverance about your character, which is just the thing needed in so blind and tedious an affair. If anybody can make anything out of it, you will. You'll do your best, I'm sure, without my telling you that the reward is munificent. If you needed any spur, and there was time, I would take you to see the pale, wistful face of that little girl to whom the poor fellow was engaged, I suppose. She came to me herself to-day. That's right; you will need plenty of warm wraps, I take it."

I had been listening sharply, for all I had been packing my light valise at the same time.

"Fred Ordway! is it possible there is a clue at last?" I answered, and wondered if he saw the mounting red, whose warmth stole from my cheeks to my very forehead.

I judged that he did, by his next observation:

"I forgot that you knew Miss Denton, Maurice.

Well, as I said before, I am sure you will make the best of this."

"I will, so help me Heaven!" responded I, fervently, seeing before me, instead of Sharpe's grizzled front, sweet Lulie Denton's young, pale face and blue eyes, mournful with the heavy shadow of Fred Ordway's unknown fate.

Half an hour afterward I was leaning back in the high-backed car-seat, looking out rather forlornly at the rapidly flying scenes of the lighted town, the dim, black water, the bridge, edged like a lady's diadem with pointed stars, and, presently, at the faintly outlined groves and fields of the country.

The train certainly was keeping up its reputation. The telegraph-poles seemed to double together as we whizzed by. Finding that it made me a little giddy to watch without, I turned my face away from the window, and languidly looked over the well-filled seats around me.

I did not see anything particularly striking or interesting. Most of the passengers were settling themselves into as comfortable a situation as possible for the long night's ride; and, however pleasing and agreeable they might have been under more favorable circumstances, the sleepy countenances I discovered all around me struck



JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER, TEACHING THE NEGLECTED CHILDREN OF PORTSMOUTH.

me as being more peculiarly plain and commonplace than usual.

For myself, I knew that sleep was yet a long way off. But I closed my eyes, and fell into a profound reverie, which transported my mind back to the town and into past scenes—to the very history of this Fred Ordway, for whose sake (no, not for whose sake—I was honest enough to say that to myself), but for whose fair betrothed's sake, I was now starting upon this wearisome, and, perchance, perilous journey.

He was a gay, brilliant fellow, petted in society, and fondly humored by his parents—one who carried off fortune's prizes as carelessly as if they were his undoubted right.

I had known him first as a schoolmate, and I believe we had begun there a sort of rivalry. I smiled mournfully as I recalled my taking away the prize for an essay, much to his amazement and indignation. Well, it was the only time. Everywhere else Fred Ordway had distanced me. The junior partnership of a staunch and honored mercantile firm had been the goal of my desires. I had worked faithfully, and planned judiciously—and the prize seemed almost in my grasp, when Fred Ordway took the notion that he also would be pleased with just that situation. His father's wealth, and his own wide circle of applauding friends, made the decision but a brief one. He had it, of course.

Well, well! poor fellow! It had been an unlucky thing for him. It was in travelling away in that interest that he had been overtaken by this terrible doom, whatever it might be, into which he had disappeared, and no sign been given.

He went away westward, and wrote, and drew checks at Chicago and St. Louis; then was heard from, following the new Pacific Railroad a little way on its lonely track, having rare sport with a party of gunners, with whom he parted at this little obscure stopping-place to which I was sent, and from which spot he turned his face homeward, and was thenceforward lost—dropped as it were into some dreadful, bottomless gulf, from which there was no voice or message. No single hint had come. Money had been poured forth like water. The best-trained police force of all the principal Western cities had been put upon the scent—but all in vain. Fred Ordway, heir to a noble fortune, successful merchant, pride and pet of society, darling of his parents' dotting hearts—and all, more and beyond all in my envious eyes, the beloved of sweet Lulie Denton—had vanished away.

It was a fearful fate. I said it over to myself shivering, as I rode on in the fiercely speeding train, and gave myself, heart and soul, to the task of elucidating the truth, whatever it might be—the more earnestly and determinedly, it may be, for my secret consciousness of the antagonism between us.

I need not delay to recount my slow and cautious approach to Sahara, as I shall call the forlorn, forsaken spot toward which our suspicions pointed. Suffice it to say that I carried my geological tools and books with me, and passed myself off successfully as a stray eccentricity, solely interested in the strata and deposits of the earth, and entirely oblivious and indifferent to the human life and everyday events going on around me. And yet I managed to investigate the vicinity, and examine all the townspeople thoroughly—and, while knocking out my specimens, to keep alert ears ready to catch all the gossip tossed to and fro from idle or careless mouths.

And I was by no means satisfied or encouraged. I only found out what was already known. Ordway had remained in the town, off and on, some three weeks on that last momentous visit, which was now six months and more ago.

The uncouth landlord with whom he boarded acknowledged that it had been a puzzle to him what kept so gay and, as he expressed it, "such a civilized man," so long in so uncongenial a spot. In answer to my apparently careless inquiries, he told over the half-dozen men in the place with whom Ordway had had any dealings.

One was an honest backwoodsman, as he called himself, drifted thus far from the Maine wood-lots. He had hunted with him, and was the last one who had seen Fred Ordway's handsome face in the town streets.

"He went off mighty chipper, as if he was greatly pleased at something or other, squire," said this man, lightly. "I seed him, jest as I was coming off the train, getting home from one o' my long tramps. He had his valise with him, and stopped to shake hands with me, and say good-bye. He said he shouldn't be in these parts for a long time again. I'll be blest, though, if I didn't think he had some of the womankind in tow, for I've seen a pink calico whisking round the grove yonder, where he used to walk so much, many and many a time; and the same gown went ahead into the same car with him."

That was a new idea, but I did not make much of it at first. What helped me more was a subsequent remark of the garrulous landlord.

"There's John Rolph. He knew the gentleman, too. I remember, now, Mr. Ordway said he was going to take a ride some night on the engine with him. Maybe he knows where the young man went to, if you want to see him for anything."

"On the engine?" repeated I, in some surprise.

"To be sure. Rolph is the engineer on the locomotive Reindeer—didn't you know that?"

And straightway I contrived to be lounging near where the locomotive Reindeer came in, and was run upon the turn-table preparatory to being housed. Rolph was a very different sort of man to what the landlord had led me to expect. I watched him narrowly all the while I was breaking open a fragment of boulder. There was none of the easy, careless good-humor which I had remarked as the characteristics of the townspeople of that wild region; but the expression of his swarthy face was set, fierce, self-absorbed. He jumped down from the engine, and left the fireman to run it into its place, while he walked to and fro, his hands folded behind him, his eyes cast down to the ground. When he discovered me, he gave a little start, nervously, and then cast one swift, searching glance over my whole person, and turned away again upon his soldier-like tramp. I rose from my stooping position, and sauntered toward him.

"Good-day to you, sir. So you run that fine engine there. A stirring sort of life, I should say. I think I should enjoy some of your common everyday experiences hugely."

He only gave me a half-surly nod in return. I talked on, however, carelessly, on a dozen topics, trying to detect a sign of interest in any one of them on his part. I might as well have talked to the stones. Presently he gave an impatient shake of the shoulders, and left me in the midst of a sentence, with that same indifferent, imperturbable expression of countenance.

Somewhat disheartened, I turned away; but, just then, I saw a swift flush rise to his cheek, his eyes shone, his whole face brightened, and he went eagerly forward. I smiled in triumph.

"The man is not invulnerable, after all. And, as usual, it is a woman," I soliloquized, and lingered to watch.

A rather tall woman, well enveloped in a voluminous cloak, which fell nearly to her feet, was coming down the little pathway which had been worn from what was called the street to the en-

gine-house. She was so muffled up in the cloak, and a woollen scarf wrapped round her head, I could not yet judge of her age or personal appearance. She walked, however, with a firm, easy grace of carriage rather remarkable in that region.

The engineer strode on to meet her; but, when he had reached her, stopped short, and stood hesitating, almost cringing I thought, and spoke in a singularly imploring voice:

"August, is it you?"

Tones sweetly melodious, and yet icy cold, responded calmly:

"Certainly, John Rolph, it is I. Have you anything to say to me?"

"Nothing particular—No!—that is—Yes!" stammered he.

She stood still, looking at him with a fixed, freezing eye, that might well disconcert him, though I was rather startled by its effect upon him, for he was taken with a fit of tremor which shook him as the ague might.

Now I had my first view of her face, for she put up her hand, and pushed away impatiently the woollen folds that hung about it. I was surprised to recognize the countenance of a fellow-passenger on the Chicago train, which had riveted my attention at the time, and haunted me ever since. A face singularly blending intensity of fiery experience and marble fixedness—like a corpse galvanized into impetuous life. The woman must have been very handsome once, the features were so perfect, the complexion so delicate; and it came over me with convincing force that it was not age which had taken away its bloom and brightness—that she must still only number a girl's years, though she had that strange look of having passed through her allotted vicissitude of humanity's experience, and come out on the other side, where joys or pangs of earthly chance and change could no longer stir a single heart-beat.

Well, she pushed back with one hand a heavy lock of glossy black hair, while she smiled upon this hapless John Rolph such a strange, deadly smile as made me, the indifferent stranger, shrink and shiver. For him, poor wretch, I did not marvel that his strong figure fairly reeled, as under a blow. He put up both hands to shade his eyes, while he cried, piteously.

"August—August Molineux, why do you look at me in that way? I don't see what has changed you so."

"Changed? why should I be changed, John Rolph?" returned she, in that same sweet, clear, yet deadly chilling voice.

He made an effort to rally, and went on querulously.

"How should I know why, August? I only know that you are like another girl—that you act very strangely. There's more than me notices it. The time was when you had pleasant words and pretty looks for John Rolph. It drives me mad to think of that time now."

"It must excite your wonder very much. Pray tell me wherein I am changed?" was her scornful retort.

"You know without my telling you. Everybody wonders what has come over you. Look at yourself now." And his voice rose, swelling with the anger or indignation of his reflections.

"What sort of mummery is this great black cloak, and that dreary black dress? Where are your pretty pink calicoes, that used to please you so much, and that set off your beauty so admirably? What would your father say to see you—your father who was so proud of you, and gave his blessing to my suit?"

She lifted her cold white face upward toward the sky.

"My father is dead and gone. I bless Heaven

for it every night on my bended knees. If he can look down upon us from that other world, he will see the truth as it is—as it is, John Rolph."

He tried to assume an air of bravado, but a shiver ran across his frame, while he replied:

"I don't understand you now-a-days, August. I don't suppose it is any use to talk, but I should like to see you dressed as you used to. You would not look so strange and pale."

She smiled bitterly.

"I have laid away my rose-colored dresses, and my rosy dreams, too, John Rolph; therefore it is fitting that my cheeks should be pale and my dress black. If you have said your say, let me go on. I have a message for Dave Green, the fireman, from his mother."

She swept by him without another glance; but he stood there like one rooted to the spot by a powerful spell—never moving or stirring till she had gone down to the engine-house, delivered her message, and taken the path to the street again.

When she disappeared, he drew one long, shuddering breath, passed his hand half a dozen times across his face, as if brushing off some invisible touch, and looked up across his shoulder at the sky with a starting blending of terror and superstition that was indeed a revelation to me.

I hurried away to follow the woman—the woman who had once worn pink calicoes, and now discarded them for black.

The backwoodsman had innocently put the clue into my hands. I needed no assurance of that. It was not a difficult matter. August Molineux was the daughter of one of the first settlers of the place—a man who had started for California overland, and dropped off the emigrant train at this wild spot, and never left it again. He had been dead scarcely four months. The neighbors said August's brain had been affected by the tragical circumstances of her father's death, for he had been instantly killed in the premature discharge of a powder-blast. They shook their heads when they spoke of her. She had sold the humble house and rather valuable piece of land belonging to it, and was boarding with one Mrs Green.

Mrs Green took boarders—such few as drifted to this forlorn place—which was a fortunate circumstance for me, and straightway I had an excuse for making a change, and was established in a little seven feet by nine feet room, looking down toward the railroad. I went out rambling over the monotonous track of the railroad every day, keeping up my character of geologist, and filling up my narrow quarters with the specimens I longed to throw into the first river I came to.

I did not come across Miss Molineux as often as I had hoped for. She seemed to be in the habit of wandering about alone; and of shutting herself up for days together, without fearing questioning or interference. But I improved the first good opportunity which came during the second week of my sojourn at Mrs Green's.

I came round the hedge silently one afternoon, and there was August Molineux, sitting in the shade. With her head uncovered and drooping low—her two thin white hands clasped, in a manner which showed the tension of muscle, across her knee.

I was struck with the remarkable grace of shape and feature. A wonderfully beautiful girl she must indeed have been in the bloom and brightness of happy youth. The great black eyes were fixed drearily upon the sky, but I could not read the story of their gloomy depths.

A sudden impulse came over me. I walked forward noiselessly—and, reaching over her shoulder, laid Fred Ordway's photograph in her lap.

"Miss Molineux," said I, in the most calm and matter-of-fact voice, "can you tell me if you have ever seen this gentleman?"

A cry like that of a wounded animal broke from her lips. She caught up the picture, kissed it frantically, and then held it under her clasped hands close against her breast. The icy mask she had assumed was for the moment swept aside.

"Ever seen him! Ever seen him!" repeated she, in a thrilling voice; and then, to my intense relief, burst into a flood of tears, murmuring—

"My own, oh, my own, my murdered husband!"

"Your husband!" repeated I, quickly.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Who are you, sir? What do you want?"

"I want to find Frederic Ordway, or to discover his fate and avenge his murder. You say he was murdered?"

"He was. Do I not know it? Oh, do I not know it as well as if I had seen it?" she returned, fiercely. "And is not vengeance the only motive left to me in life?"

"Then, our efforts should be united, and concentrated. Am I right in conjecturing that Rolph, the engineer, had something to do with the poor young gentleman's disappearance?" I went on, gravely.

She struck her hands together fiercely for the only answer.

"Can you give me any clue to work upon?" I asked again, after a moment's silence. "Is there any convicting evidence against him?"

"If I had it in my hand, do you think he would have remained thus long unhung?" she answered, bitterly. "He is the guilty wretch—the vile murderer! I do not doubt it for an instant, but I have no proofs yet that are strong enough for the law. But I will have them. I will have them."

"Let us work together," I said, respectfully. "I have come all this way from the East to discover the secret of his absence. Tell me your story, my poor girl?"

The large, dark eyes were on my face. What they found seemed to gain her confidence. She rose, glanced inquiringly toward the house, and answered:

"You shall hear it, sir; but wait until to-night. I will meet you here to-night, after the train has gone. It will be better for you not to seem acquainted with me. That guilty wretch is quick to take alarm."

And that evening I was in possession of all the facts. How deeply they touched my heart, no words of mine can faithfully portray. I looked into the very depths of this wofully blighted heart of August Molineux—a heart as richly fervid and passionately fierce as her name—and I knew, at length, the full extent of handsome Fred Ordway's villainy, although her tremulous words were only intended to convince me of his goodness and nobility. I thought of sensitive, pure-souled Lulie Denton with a pang of manly rage and grief. Well, well, he was dead and gone. I choked back my indignation at this remembrance.

This fervid August Molineux had met with Frederic Ordway at her father's house, where the hunters had come to lunch. She betrayed so innocently and eloquently just how the new, courtly ways of the handsome stranger had captivated her fancy. She showed so plainly how his wily arts had drawn her into stolen meetings and familiar intercourse, and broken up all the innocent peace and unconsciousness of her former life. She had given herself to him with the unreserving



A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—"EVER SEEN HIM! EVER SEEN HIM!" SHE REPEATED. "MY OWN, OH, MY MURDERED HUSBAND!"



A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—“A FIGURE CLOTHED IN GHOSTLY WHITE, WITH A HORRIBLE SKULL AND FLESHLESS, GRINNING FACE, STOOD THERE. JOHN ROLPH PLUNG UP BOTH ARMS WITH A SHRILL CRY OF DEADLY TERROR. ‘MERCY! MERCY!’ SCREAMED HE, AND GAVE A WILD LEAP.”

trust of a generous nature, and taken his word for her law—and, alas! for her gospel also. For his sake she had forsaken the lover encouraged by her father; had deceived that father, and cajoled all her home friends. But she was married to him. She averred that with a steady tone and a full, unblenching eye, as she held up her hand with the ring upon it. The proofs, to be sure, were in his keeping. I knew she believed it, and perhaps I did myself when she told me that on his last visit he had coaxed her into consent to go and live in Indiana. I guessed, as readily as if I had been able to read a written page, how he had become aware of the difficulties into which he had brought himself when his engagement to Lulie Denton demanded fulfilment, and suspected he was planning a way to free himself. And on this last visit, for it seems he had visited Sahara many times during the last three years, he had arranged to take her back with him and leave her in Indiana.

My Maine gossip was right—August was on the train. He left her in the car-seat, his valise by her side, and was going into the forward car with his cigar—so she declares. It was the last she saw of him. Uneasy at first as the train sped along and he did not return, she yet refrained from any inquiry, because he had cautioned her so vehemently against manifesting any interest in his movements. But when the wretched night was past, and still no sign of his appearance, she had worked herself into a frantic terror that could not be restrained.

The conductor, after her appeal, searched the train through. He laughed derisively at her fears that he had fallen from the swiftly-moving car, but looked a little uneasy as she pointed to the missing passenger's valise resting on the seat beside her.

“He has stepped off at one of the stations, and is left,” decided he. “Wait quietly until the next

train comes in and you will meet him. I will put you off, and send back word where you are."

Worn out with suspense, bearing also the pangs of a guilty daughter, fleeing by stealth from her old father's protection, poor August yielded herself to his guidance.

It is needless to say that no Frederic Ordway appeared. When she was sure of this, after having carefully searched every intermediate stopping-place, she returned to Sahara like one stunned by a terrible shock. Upon this came her father's violent death. After which, as she avers, for the first time flashed upon her a suspicion of the true solution.

John Rolph came to her, and asked for the fulfilment of her father's promise, that she would marry him at once. She turned away from him with an intense loathing that roused his anger, and in his fierce tirade of rebuke, he taunted her with pining for a man who had wilfully deceived and deserted her. There was a look in his eye which she declared she could read—direful as its revelations were.

"I know—I know as well as if I had been there," she said to me, in a low, horrified tone, "what happened to my Frederic. He was always fond of strange adventures. He went forward to the engine, as Rolph asked him; and he never came back. Don't tell me I have not enough foundation for the terrible idea. I know it. I have the assurance within me. And I shall yet obtain my proofs."

I went over the whole story thoughtfully after I left her—haunted all the while by the picture of her white face and hollow, despairing eyes. I made up my mind to the course before me. I must manage to get a ride myself with Rolph on the engine over that same ground.

When I told this to August, she approved heartily.

"Yes, it is what you must do. And you must somehow get yourself into his good graces. I am sure you will learn the whole. I feel it; I know it by some strange conviction that comes to me," she said.

To make friends with a man of Rolph's taciturn, melancholy temperament, was not an easy matter. I made little way until I one day carelessly remarked that he ought to marry a pretty girl up at Mrs. Green's. I thought he and that still, quiet August Molineux ought to suit each other. From that time he seemed to enjoy my company, and he talked freely about his hope of winning the obstinate girl's good-will to me—as if it was a relief to pour out his troubles to a sympathizing heart. I approached my plan gradually—talked about machinery and steam boilers, and the queer sensation it must give on a dark night to be tearing along, guiding the mighty creature's fiery heart. Then I spoke my wish to take a ride with him, on such a night, when he went down to meet the through train on the main branch. I detected a little nervous twitching of his lips—otherwise there was no sign of emotion, as he gave his assent, while stating that it was against the rules; but nothing would be said, he supposed, if he allowed it once or twice.

August Molineux knew of the arrangement and the time agreed upon, but she made little remark about it. Afterward I remembered that she was even graver and stiller than her wont, with a fierce, wild look in her great eyes, that should have warned me. I saw her, too, whispering with Dave, the fireman, when he came to supper that night. Still I had not the faintest suspicion of her intention.

It was not a pleasant evening. The clouds were fitting across the darkening sky in an ominous way, when I stepped up to the engine, which hissed and spluttered like an angry human thing.

Rolph nodded, and gave me a place close beside him; then bent forward, attending to his duties, and watching for the conductor's signal. Amidst the clanging echoes of the bell, and the puffs of escaping steam, we started away upon our iron pathway. I had not counted upon the weird, uncanny influences of the hour and scene. I could not realize that it was a veritable experience. It seemed to me that I was the prey of some wild nightmare.

John Rolph, with his swarthy face and flashing eyes, lighted up by the red glare of the headlight, seemed some fiend incarnate, and this plunging, furious creature, breathing flame and smoke, that was tearing on into the blackness, seemed some demoniacal creation of evil and magic.

I caught my breath with a little spasm—if not of fear, of vague awe and foreboding.

I looked up into the sky, longing feverishly to find a single star there, but all was blackness; and every now and then a chilled drop of rain fell sullenly. The earth, too, was shrouded by what seemed a thick, palpable veil of darkness.

"It is going to be a wild night," I ventured, startled at the sound of my own voice.

Rolph did not answer. It may be he did not hear; but it was evident, by his black and gloomy looks, that he also was overcome by the gloom of the scene. He only spoke to give directions to Dave—who had likewise, I fancied, an uneasy, distracted look, which I might have interpreted, had I detected the motionless figure hiding in the tender.

On we sped, and the wildness of the scene increased as the wind gathered strength and roared back to the puffs of the black steed which tore along the track.

My composure came back by degrees; and, when Rolph at length turned around to me and said, "It is a nasty night. I expect you'll repent trying the trip," I was ready to answer, coolly:

"No! oh, no! It is worth a great deal to obtain such an experience."

He sighed heavily, and went back to his post. There were but few stopping-places, and breaking up the train only occurred at rare intervals. The first thrilling sensations past, I gave myself to my task, and watched the face, lit up for me by the glaring light below. I saw the first nervous indications, and the quick glances cast over either shoulder, as we neared the last half of the track. The engineer looked now, indeed, like Lucifer. His eyes shone with a glare alike baleful and alarmed; his teeth were clenched into his pallid lips; his breath was hoarse, like that of his engine. Something moved him deeply. Now, too, I perceived that Dave had retreated out of sight, behind the tender's stack of wood, perhaps—but a taller, more slender figure, wrapped from head to foot in a black cloak, had come toward us.

John Rolph, with those glaring eyes peering forth into the darkness, heeded not the change. I heard a muttered oath escape from between his clenched teeth, as he let on the full volume of steam.

"We'll be over this spot in quick time," he said, shuddering, as a great drop fell upon his cheek.

"But you cannot escape me," spoke a horribly sepulchral voice. "You killed my body, but my spirit has come to haunt you—the spirit of Frederic Ordway."

He gave a wild cry, and turned toward the sound of the voice.

The black cloak had been dropped—a figure clothed in ghostly white, with a horrible skull and fleshless, grinning face, stood there, appearing, in the dimmer light of that darkened corner, to be

hovering in air. John Rolph flung up both arms with a shrill cry of deadly terror.

"It is true! It is true! I threw him off the engine down the cliff. Mercy! mercy!" screamed he, and gave a wild leap.

There was a heavy thud, a momentary jar of the powerful engine, and we were tearing on madly, but no engineer stood at his post.

Dave came leaping forward, howling with terror and grief. He managed to stop the engine, while I stood like one palsied.

The ghost confronted me, flinging off the sickening mask.

"You see, sir, that I was right," said August Molineux's dreary voice. "I think he has met his doom, and is beyond my vengeance. You know the steep cliff we have just passed—the track runs to its very edge. They talk all the time of putting some safety-barrier there. It will be too late to save him or me."

The train was stopped, and Dave had hurriedly explained to the conductor. All was confusion and alarm. We went back with lanterns, and found what was hardly like a human body.

Leaning there against the side of the tender, August Molineux listened, and heard the terrible result. She smiled, with a wild glitter in her eyes, when I came and besought her to go back to the passengers' car; but she shook her head resolutely. I went to beg the conductor's assistance; but, upon my return, nothing was to be found of her. Full of a horrible foreboding, I begged a lantern and went tearing and stumbling back along the track toward the cliff, quickening my steps to a run, when I discovered a white figure fluttering before me. I called upon her by name. I implored her to wait for me, but only a wild laugh answered me.

When I reached the cliff, no white figure was visible.

Alas! in the morning, with help from the nearest settlement, I found both the lifeless figure of August, and the bleaching bones of Fred Ordway, down there below the precipice.

I went back to the East that same week, and told over the terrible tragedy to two people alone—the chief of police and Lulie Denton.

The former's face paled with horror—the latter came up to me with a vivid blush, coloring even the fair white temples, as she said, indignantly:

"And I loved him, Maurice; but I will never give another thought to his false and treacherous memory."

And I do not believe she did. She became my wife within a twelvemonth.

Widow Jones' Cow.

WIDOWER SMITH'S wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones', and gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good-morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones; perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, nothin' no way, do you?"

"Well, there. Mister Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade, if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—then at the Downing cow—then at the widow again, and so on over the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith

could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That Downing cow is a fair creature; but——"

He stopped and glanced at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'ere short-horn Durham is not a bad-looking beast, but I don't know——"

Another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Doctor Jones bought her."

Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed, and they both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle; but I have known better."

A long stare succeeded this speech; the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out:

"Law! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were duly published, they were married.

How People Live Too Fast.

THE word "fast" has latterly obtained a peculiar significance as indicating a tendency to general high living and indulgence in sensual pleasures. A man of reckless expenditure, who indulges himself in all that can gratify his sensual tastes, is a "fast man" in the common sense of the term. This expressive adjective has also been applied to those who habitually risk money in games of chance, and has in some instances been coupled with the names of others who speculate in doubtful stocks.

We have come to the conclusion that sensual indulgence, exciting games of chance, or speculation in fancy stocks, are not the only ways in which men may live too fast.

Many a godly and devout divine is a fast man. Many an editor, lawyer, merchant, or scientific man, against whom no thought of suspicion exists as to the soundness of his moral character, is fast in as just, though not in so reprehensible a sense, as the man who wastes his substance in riotous living.

Fast living, in the sense of such living as shortens life, is a much more common evil than it is generally regarded. We have been an observer of faces and character for a long time, as we have had opportunity in our daily intercourse with men, and we believe that in the vast majority of cases it would be found that the rapidity of the pulse is above the normal standard. Every man's life may be measured by pulse-beats. He will live, accident excepted, to make a definite number of these, and his life will be shortened in proportion to the excess of work performed by his vital organs in a given time.

Excitement, physical or mental, is the cause of the rapid rate at which most people are living. The love for excitement is a vice, as positively evil in its effects as the love for strong drink, licentiousness, or gambling. It matters not what kind of excitement; all excitement is fast living, and begets a feeling of exhaustion in intervals of indulgence, which clamors for relief from some other form of stimulant.

Thus it is that the universal demand for artificial

stimulants has increased, until there is perhaps not one in a thousand who does not resort to something of this kind. Alcohol, absinthe, opium, hashish, tobacco, coffee, tea, or whatever else it may be, is taken to support the system under the effect of nervous prostration, and to supply in another form the excitement which it craves.

Now, all this is just the reverse of what should be the case. Instead of seeking excitement, health and long life demand that we should shun it. The natural, healthy condition of the mind and body is that of unruffled calmness. If excitements occur, they should be exceptional, not the rule of life. As soon as they become a necessity, there is a diseased state of mind and body, and the candle begins to burn at both ends.

The Broken Promise.

"A TOAST! a toast!" exclaimed one of a party of five gentlemen, at the Astor House, among whom was their friend, Captain Morrill, United States Navy.

In fact, the gathering was in honor of the captain, lately returned from foreign service, but expecting to depart again in command of a cutter bound to London.

The wine had been circulating so freely that he who spoke could hardly stand.

"I propose Laura Menton!" said one of the captain's warmest friends, bowing to the former.

The proposal was greeted with hearty applause. Laura Menton—a bewitching belle, and as good and pure as she was beautiful, was to be Morrill's bride.

He acknowledged the compliment with a graceful bow; but, as he raised the wine-glass to his lips, a troubled expression crossed his face.

The truth was this: Laura was devoted to the temperance cause, and, knowing her lover's social nature, and therefore his strong temptation to drink, she had striven hard to persuade him to let wine alone. He had again and again promised to comply with her wishes, but had been led to break his word many times.

Every time he broke it, the consciousness of having done so would affect him so deeply that he would *drink more* to drown his sorrow.

Laura was now in England, about preparing to return to America, from a visit to some London relatives. At his last parting with her in the latter city, where his vessel had stopped on its way home, the young lady, while, as usual, conjuring him to drink no more, had said, with strange earnestness:

"If you break your word this time, I know not why, but I feel as if some terrible evil will result from it!"

The words, which had sunk deep in his heart, had kept him sober all the passage home.

This meeting with his friends, however, spoiled his good resolution.

A week later he was bowling out to sea in his cutter. His officers were all a social set, and as the errand upon which they were bound was not a very important one, the captain thought it no harm to enjoy themselves with the good stock of Bordeaux, Bourbon, Burgundy, Port, etc., which they had not failed to bring with them.

One night, about six days out, the wind was blowing a gale. The captain, having left the charge of the vessel to a young and rather inexperienced midshipman, was below, in his cabin, with his other officers, enjoying himself over bottles of old wine.

"A dark night, captain," remarked the first lieutenant, laughing; "just the kind of one to enjoy ourselves as we are now doing."

"Aye, aye, Mr. Winton," answered Morrill, as

with unsteady hand he poured out another glass of wine, "but, somehow, I don't like the shrieking noise of the wind in our rigging to-night. It sounds unpleasant."

The captain shuddered, as he spoke, while his officers looked surprised.

"Of course I'm used enough to it," continued the captain, draining the glass.

Still the wind kept howling. The noise would seem to go with unearthly sound right through the creaking timbers of the craft.

"Ha! what was that?" exclaimed Morrill, suddenly rising with unsteady limbs, as a sort of scream seemed to run quivering along, right under his feet.

"It is nothing, sir," answered the first lieutenant, "but the grating of the mainyard in the slings."

"What a nervous fool I'm getting to be!" laughed the captain, hoarsely, sinking back in his seat.

More wine—more and more! There was laughter, there was shouting, joking and singing, down in the cabin of that storm-driven vessel!

And in the midst of it all was suddenly heard a long, grinding crash, that threw the revellers off their feet—that sent the cutter, half buried in the sea, upon her beam-ends, with shaking, cracking timbers and reeling masts!

Above the din rose the shouting of voices, the shrieks of women and men, the trampling of many feet.

Down into the cabin, holding to a rope, fell a mangled form headlong: the midshipman, Mr. Ward, who had been knocked over and badly injured by a falling spar.

"We've ran into—" began the poor fellow; but that was all he could say. His eyes were turned with an expression of half-reproach upon the intoxicated Morrill.

The latter, somewhat sobered, staggered up, with his officers, to the deck.

Through the gloom he could just make out a vessel—a brig—apparently sinking. Only the stumps of her masts remained, while, by the lurid light of her lantern, hung up in the mizen rigging, her hull was seen, half buried.

"Down helm! Back the mainyard!" howled Morrill, now completely sobered.

As his own vessel had suffered no damage except the loss of her booms forward, and the splitting up of her starboard bowrail, the men were enabled to obey orders.

Morrill was about lowering his boats, when he saw those of the other vessel approaching.

"All saved!" he thundered through his speaking-trumpet.

"All but one!" was the hoarse response.

Two of the boats were soon alongside, and their occupants aboard the cutter. The brig had, by this time, gone down.

"You said you lost one life?" said Morrill, in an agony of self-reproach.

"Yes: she took passage in our vessel at London; a *Miss Menton—Miss Laura Menton!*"

"What?" screamed Morrill, starting back as if shot. "My God, it is then the vessel in which Laura was bound to New York that I have run into!"

"She must have gone down in the brig," said his informant, "as we saw nothing of her after the collision, although some of the passengers say they heard her scream."

Just then the third boat, containing, besides its sailor crew, something white, came alongside.

The men mounted the gangway, bearing that white object between them. A horrible fear possessed Morrill. Snatching a lantern, he rushed to the side of the object, to perceive that it was a woman. The light of the lantern revealed the

pallid, beautiful features, the long, dripping hair, the closed eyes, and magnificent, but lifeless form of Laura Menton!

"Dead!" was echoed from lip to lip.

"Dead!" repeated Morrill; "and all my fault! Had I not been below, drinking, this could not have happened! I am Laura's murderer!"

Overcome by his terrible feelings, he fell unconscious to the deck.

When he recovered, he was in a delirium. There he lay, day after day, raving about his having killed Laura.

Gradually he recovered, but he was a changed man. The cutter had put back to New York,

where it arrived just as he was able to leave his couch.

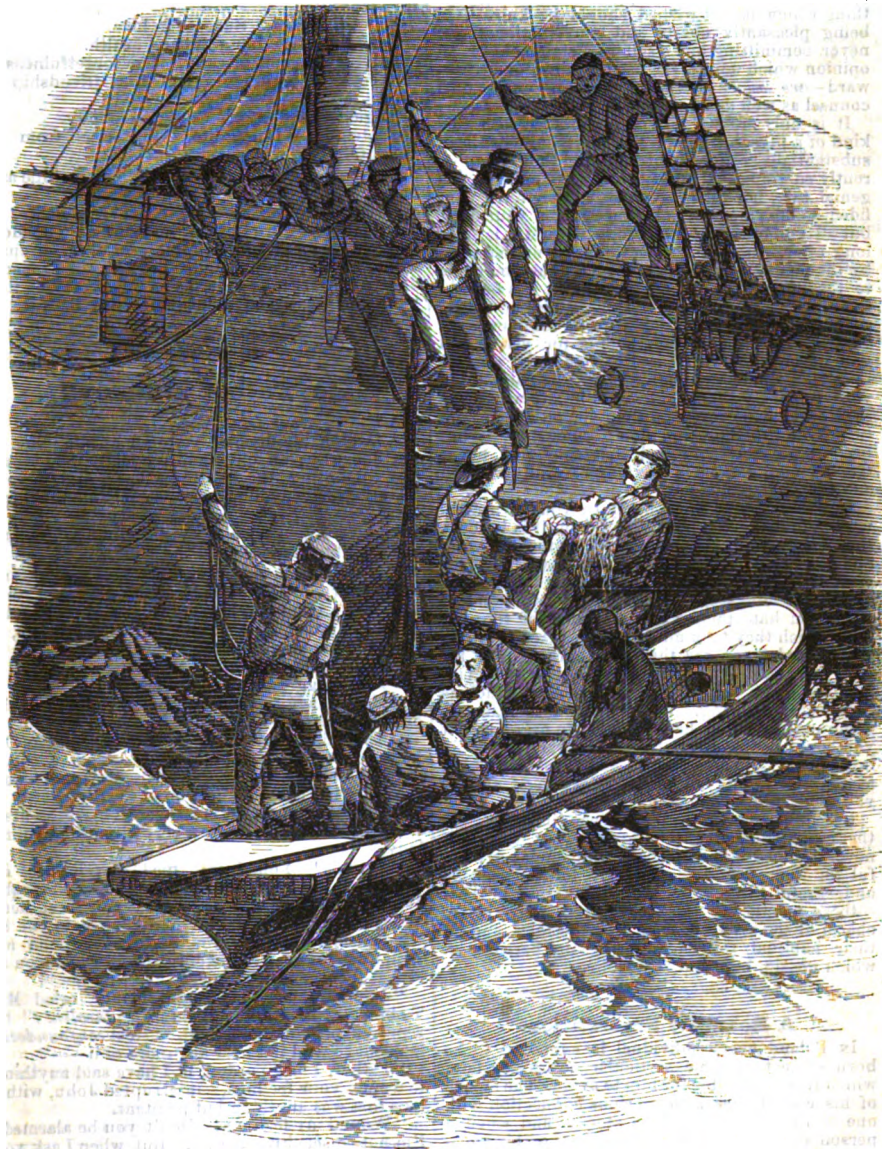
His misery was more than he felt willing to bear. He snatched a pistol, one morning, to put an end to his life, when he heard behind him a voice that thrilled him through and through.

He turned, to behold Laura Menton, as radiant, as beautiful as ever!

He opened his arms.

"Promise me!" exclaimed Laura, sobbing, "that you will never touch a drop of liquor again! Otherwise——" and she motioned him back.

"Never, so help me, God!" cried he, fervently.



THE BROKEN PROMISE.—"THE LIGHT OF THE LANTERN REVEALED THE PALLID FEATURES, THE LONG, DRIPPING HAIR, AND MAGNIFICENT, BUT LIFELESS FORM OF LAURA MENTON."

She felt sure he would keep his word this time, and flew to his bosom.

Explanations were, that she had been restored to her senses, after being brought aboard, but that the doctor had forbidden the good news being carried to Morrill, as, in his then state, the excitement might have proved too much for him.

Such experience kept him sober ever after. He made a solemn vow never again to taste of the vile stuff which had nearly cost his Laura her life.

The Art of Reticence.

BUT there is art, the most consummate art, in appearing absolutely frank, yet never telling anything which is not wished should be known, in being pleasantly chatty and conversational, yet never committing one's self to a statement or an opinion which might be used against one afterward—*ore celare artem* in keeping one's own counsel as well as in other things.

It is only after a long acquaintance with this kind of a person that you find out that he has been substantially reticent throughout, though apparently so frank. Caught by his easy manner, his genial talk, his ready sympathy, you have confided to him not only all you have of your own, but all you have of other people's; and it is only long after, when you reflect quietly, undisturbed by the magnetism of his presence, that you come to the knowledge of how reticent he has been in the midst of his seeming frankness, and how little reciprocity there has been in your confidence together. You know such people for years, and you never know really more of them at the end than you did at the beginning. You cannot lay your finger on a fact that would in any way place them in your power; and though you did not notice it at the time, and don't know how it has been done, now you feel that they had never trusted you, and have all along carefully avoided anything like confidence.

But you are at their mercy by your own rashness, and if they do not destroy you, it is because they are reticent for you as well as toward you; and perhaps because they despise you for your frankness too much to hurt you; but above all things not because they are unable. How you hate them when you think of the skill with which they took all that was offered to them, yet never let you see they gave nothing back for their own part—rather by their jugglery of manner made you believe they gave back as much as they were receiving. Perhaps it was a little ungenerous; but they had the right to argue that if you could not keep your own counsel you would not be likely to keep theirs, and it was only kind at the time to let you hoodwink yourself so that you might not be offended.

In manner genial, frank, conversational, sympathetic—in substance absolutely secret, cautious, never seduced into dangerous confidence; as careful for their friends as they are for themselves, and careful even for strangers unknown to them—these people are the salvation as they are the charm of society; never making mischief, and by their habitual reticence raising up barriers at which gossip, hate and rumor die.

A Beautiful Superstition.

IN Poland every individual is supposed to be born subject to some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connection with one of the known precious stones, and when a person desires to present the object of his affection with an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given, glittering with a jewel by which the fate of

that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a lady is born in January; her ring must, therefore, be jacinth or garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express "constancy and fidelity."

The following is a list of the different stones, corresponding to each month in the year:

January—Jacinth or garnet. Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst. This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure them peace of mind.

March—Blood-stone. Courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire and diamond. Repentance and innocence.

May—Emerald. Success in love.

June—Agate. Long life and health.

July—Cornelian or ruby. The forgetfulness of the curse of evil springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx. Conjugal felicity.

September—Chrysolite. Preserves from or cures folly.

October—Aqua-marine or opal. Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz. Fidelity and friendship.

December—Turquoise or malachite. The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; as the old saying that "he who possesses a turquoise will be sure of friends."

The Talbot Diamonds.

A BROWN-STONE front.

A fashionably-dressed young man standing in the doorway; an old man, in equally modern attire, mounting the marble steps; and a very plainly-dressed young lady passing on the pavement.

The young man bowed to the young lady, and she timidly acknowledged the salute.

The old gentleman took notice of the act, and turned very quickly toward the young lady; but saw only a trim, ladylike figure gliding gracefully down the street. He turned, quite impatiently, to the young man, and asked, sharply:

"John, who is that?"

"Miss Maggie Osborne, father."

"Miss Maggie Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "What do you mean, sir?"

"That the young lady is named Maggie Osborne," was the quiet reply.

"No trifling!" threatened Mr. Morton Talbot.

"Now, what is she? and who is she?"

"Your last question is answered. To the first, I will answer that she is a very charming young lady."

"Zounds! You insult me!" exclaimed Pa Talbot, in a rage. "Now, sir, once for all! What is that girl? Where did you meet her? What are her antecedents? What is she to you?"

"I declare, father, you quite overwhelm me with questions. Pray excuse me if I ask you to repeat them, one at a time."

"John Talbot, you are insolent!" cried Mr. Talbot, Sr., brushing past him. "Insolent!" he repeated, pausing in the hall. "Most *confoundedly* insolent! And if I hear any more of it—"

"Father, I beg pardon, if I have said anything to wound your feelings," interrupted John, with a face that was anything but penitent.

"Wound my feelings! Don't you be alarmed! I'm not so sensitive as that. But, when I ask you a question, I want an answer. Now, what is that girl?"

"I fear, father, that I do not quite catch your meaning," said John, with a distressed look.

"John Talbot, I'm ashamed of you—positively ashamed! And I'm growing angry, too! I am, upon my word! I can endure but little more—very little. Now, for the last time—is she respectable?"

"Father, you do me injustice."

"I don't know about that. To tell the truth, I wouldn't like to take much stock in your 'respectable' acquaintances. But, about this girl. What is her standing? There's no use asking about her money, for her dress speaks for itself."

"I am not so sure of that," said John. "I've seen her with wealth enough about her to make a dozen men rich—yet, she always dresses very plain."

"Does—eh? Eccentric, no doubt. But that makes no difference. You know what my wishes are, so you can banish all thoughts of Miss—Miss—Maggie—Osborne from your mind. As for your falling in love with every pretty face you see, I'll not have it!"

John was about to reply, but the look of consternation that became suddenly visible on Mr. Talbot's face checked him.

"What is it?" he asked, hurriedly.

"The diamonds—the Talbot diamonds!"

"What of them, father?"

"Gone! Lost!" gasped the old gentleman; "I took them, several days ago, to Sanborn's to be reset, and got them again—or thought I did—not two hours ago! I must have left them, after all. I'll go right back and see, for there's a fortune in those Talbot diamonds!"

HALF an hour later.

An elegant Broadway store.

Mr. Sanborn behind the counter, and Mr. Talbot, Sr., before it.

Mr. Talbot was puffing like a spent horse, for no grass had grown under his feet while hurrying back for those diamonds.

"My diamonds! The Talbot diamonds!" he exclaimed to the wondering Mr. Sanborn.

"Well—"

"Left them here?" articulated the exhausted Talbot. "Seen them?"

"Assuredly not, Mr. Talbot. You took them away with you."

Mr. Talbot shook his head.

"The girl! Where is she?"

"You mean Maggie?"

"I don't know whether it was Maggie, or Mary, or Betsy, or who; but it's the one I dealt with."

"You refer to Maggie Osborne, I presume," said Mr. Sanborn. "She left here soon after you went out, and will not be in the store again for several weeks."

"Maggie Osborne!" exclaimed Morton Talbot. "Gone, too! Depend upon it, she's got the Talbot diamonds!"

Mr. Sanborn stared in blank amazement, and mechanically gave Morton Talbot Maggie's address; and it was not until Talbot left the store that he fully realized the enormity of the crime with which his trusted employée had been charged. He promptly wrote to Maggie, offering sympathy and assistance, and declaring his belief in her innocence. And that was not all. With John Talbot's assistance, a search for the missing diamonds was instituted; but Mr. Morton Talbot knew nothing of it, and went on in his own way to recover the lost gems.

A low, steep hill. At the bottom a runaway horse and a wrecked carriage; half-way up, the insensible form of Mr. Morton Talbot, so far on his search for Maggie Osborne, or the lost diamonds; at the top, a comfortable farmhouse, and

a young lady just coming through the gate to Mr. Talbot's relief.

Help was near, and, with very little delay, the unfortunate Talbot was safely ensconced between two white sheets in the good housewife's spare bed.

His senses came back to him at last, and his first words were:

"What a tremendous hill!"

Then he bethought him of his errand, and startled the young lady in attendance by asking, abruptly:

"What would you do to a young lady, if she stole your diamonds from you?"

"Never having been the owner of diamonds, I cannot say," replied the young lady; "but I believe I should, first of all, get the diamonds."

"Sound!" exclaimed Talbot. "And that's just what I will do. By-the-way, do you know a person named Maggie Osborne?"

"I do."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Talbot, as though it were the strangest thing in the world. "Well, you are the first one. If I've asked one, I have a hundred, and nobody knew the little thief."

"The what, sir?"

"Thief! She stole the Talbot diamonds, and I'm after her!"

"Why! why! I'm astonished! I knew Maggie had a very taking way, but I never supposed she would go so far as that!"

"Nor nobody else," grumbled Talbot. "There's my boy, John, won't believe a word of it. He's after her—"

"Two after her? Poor Maggie! She'll be caught, surely!"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Talbot; "not about the diamonds; but he wants her for a wife!"

"O—h! that's funny, now—isn't it? Of course you'll not allow it!"

"Just let him try it!" replied Talbot, with a meaning smile.

"No, I knew you wouldn't. It would be scandalous. But you probably would not care so much if she hadn't stole your diamonds? Maggie is quite a nice girl, they say."

"Well, no. John has always been a good boy, and if he really liked a good, respectable girl, and wanted to marry her, I don't know as I should say much against it. But such a creature! Bah! John's a fool!"

"How curious. But if she proves her innocence— For instance, if you should learn that she had not touched your diamonds at all, and your son still wanted to marry her, you would not object? Of course you wouldn't."

"No, I wouldn't," replied Talbot—at the same time he was thinking, "I'll be safe enough, for there's not the least doubt of her guilt. And I guess I'll promise further, for I really like this girl. It won't do any harm, any way, to give her a good opinion of me."—"No, I wouldn't object," he repeated; "and more than that, I would give them a good setting up in life. I'm able, and I would do it, too."

"Thank you, father," were the words that came in answer to his; and, looking toward the door, he saw John standing there. "I overheard your promise, father," continued John, "and I think I shall be safe enough to set the wedding-day just a month hence."

"Humph! Don't count your chicks too soon. That Maggie Osborne never will be your wife."

"Not until she, or some one else, proves her innocence."

"You'll be in your grave long before that, boy."

"My demise will be speedy, then," said John.

something from his pocket. "See the
 hat! Mercy! What is it?"
 the Talbot diamonds, father."
 "Where did you get them?"
 "After getting the diamonds from Mr. San-
 , you changed coats, and left the trouble-
 gems in one of the pockets."
 "I found my carelessness!"
 "It's an ill wind——" You know the rest,
 I shall hereafter prize the Talbot dia-
 , for all they are worth. Your promise——"
 "I promise! I was only joking, boy. I never
 you should marry that Osborne girl. You
 think I was in earnest?"
 "Really, I thought of little else but the pro-
 That holds good yet, from the fact that we
 a witness to it. Don't you think so,
 e?"
 "Maggie! Not Maggie Osborne?" asked the
 gentleman, scrutinizing the young lady, who
 blushing and smiling very prettily.
 "Miss Maggie Osborne, father."

"Drat me for a fool!" growled Pa Talbot.
 "I'm a *blundering* fool! and a blockhead! and
 blind as a bat! I don't deserve anything better.
 Here, Maggie, take the Talbot diamonds, and
 John, too! I've not another word to say against
 it. And all I ask of you is, if you ever find a big-
 ger numskull than old Morton, Talbot, give him
 the diamonds, and ask no questions."

In human life it would seem as if suffering
 ought not to have been a part of the earthly
 course, but experience shows exactly another
 thing. If anything can be shown by the indica-
 tions and facts of nature, it is, that man never
 grows to a full man's estate without a certain
 degree of ministration of suffering; and that suf-
 fering is a part of nature, or it could not be un-
 versal everywhere, always having infallible signs
 and tokens of universality.

Mankind has been learning for six thousand
 years, and yet how few have learned that their
 fellow-beings are as good as themselves!



THE TALBOT DIAMONDS.—"AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEEP HILL WAS A WRECKED CARRIAGE, AND
 HALF-WAY UP WAS THE INSENSIBLE FORM OF MR. TALBOT, AND A YOUNG LADY WAS COMING
 TO HIS RELIEF."



THE FALLS OF TEQUENDAMA, UNITED STATES OF COLUMBIA.

The Falls of Tequendama, U. S. of Columbia.

ONE of the finest cataracts in the natural scenery of the Western World is the Falls of Tequendama, on the river Funza or Bogota, about twelve miles from the city of Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of the United States of Columbia.

As the river passes through the cordon of mountains southwest of the city and leaves the plains where perpetual spring reigns with all her wealth of anemones, jasmin roses, geraniums, and other flowers of the favored temperate zone, its current, as if maddened to leave so fair a land, rushes headlong on to the brink which overlooks the land of

the palm and the gayly-colored tropical birds beneath. The volume of water does not, of course, compare to that of Niagara or Zambesi, but when swollen by the torrential showers of the rainy season, it hurries along a mass of water, which plunging, as it here does, down a depth of seven hundred and ninety-two feet, amid precipitous rocks, in one vast sheet, broken into foam by the rocks, its fountains of spray and clouds of mist crossed and recrossed by rainbows, forms one of the most striking and grandest cataracts.

Spanish writers describe its grandeur in sonorous periods, and even less excitable travelers, like Humboldt, show how the grandeur and beauty of the scene impressed them.

The Tryst.

THE radiant sun-darts illumine the sky,
The West flames forth with crimson and gold,
The glories of sunset with myriad hues
Thrust mountain and valley and wold!
They fall on the stream, and it glows with their fire,
With new beauties they deck the wild flowers,
The Sun-god's last smile gladdens Nature's fair face,
And from Heaven, Earth borrows Eve's soft rosy hours!

Near the old ivied tower a fair maid lingers long,
No glance fond and true meets her own,
And twilight's enchantment exists not for her,
For she looks on its beauties alone!
No reflex of glory illumines her face,
To the song-bird's sweet lay she is dumb,
And the shadow of eve, not its light, fills her heart,
As she murmureth low, "Will he come?"

And lo! o'er the path 'mid the thick-leaved trees
A swift-coming footstep draws near;
Her question is answer'd, he stands by her side—
"I am here, my beloved, I am here!"
The mantling shades from her soul are dispers'd,
And as Earth glows with light from above,
So shineth her face still more lovely and fair,
As she looks on the sun of her love!

Mystica; or, The Ducal Crown.

THIS calm begins to take something the form of a spell. If a breeze doesn't spring up to-night, short commons will be the order of the day, and that won't suit you, Montara," and the speaker, a tall, dark man in a species of naval dress, glanced with a half-smile at his companion, who was leaning indolently over the side of the little yacht, gazing meditatively into the motionless and translucent waters beneath them.

Montara, a florid, elderly man, with unmistakable signs of *bonhomie* about his lips and eyes, started from his attitude of indolent enjoyment, and turned a countenance of real horror on his friend, who seemed to enjoy hugely these signs of dismay; and, as he lighted another cigar, his black eyes sparkled vivaciously—thus lighting up a face otherwise somewhat dark and sombre in feature and expression.

"By Jove! you're not serious, Cassilis?" ejaculated Montara; "but, of course you're not. You're such a fellow for frightening one. Give me a match, and don't jest on serious subjects. I'm sure nothing can be more delightful than this hazy atmosphere, and the almost imperceptible rocking caused by the swell; don't mar it all, pray, with your ill-timed and unsavory jests."

"Never more serious in all my life," rejoined Cassilis, handing him the required match. "We were only provisioned for a month, and we have been out two already. Pietro immolated the last of our poultry a week ago, and the poor fellow is in despair. He hid the state of the larder from me as far as possible, but this morning he was obliged to confess that his economic skill could go no further; and let me tell you, Montara, our situation is on the verge of becoming serious!"

Montara groaned. Truffles were a necessity of his existence, and *pâté-de-foi-gras* dear to his very soul; and here was a man plainly telling him that the hitherto admirable *cuisine* of the Ysatima was to be exchanged for possible starvation, and a certain curtailing of carnal luxuries which he had heretofore considered indispensable.

His dismayed gaze turned from the face of his friend, and wandered disconsolately oceanward—as though in hope of seeing its polished surface ruffled by the breeze which had become so necessary; while Cassilis paced up and down the deck, his hands plunged into the pockets of his round jacket, and his eyes fixed, in the vacancy of

reverie, on the blue wreaths arising from his cigar.

Some ten minutes had thus elapsed when Montara's mellow voice, uttering his name, roused the owner of the Ysatima from his day-dream; and in answer to the call of the former, he again approached the side of the vessel. Montara was gazing fixedly southward, and, directing the glance of Cassilis to a spot about an eighth of a mile distant, he said:

"Your sight is keener than mine. Just turn your glance on that object floating on the water, and tell me what in the name of wonder it is!"

Glad to vary the monotony of their becalmed life, Cassilis turned his glass on the spot indicated, and gazed at it long and earnestly.

As he looked, his bronzed face turned a shade paler. He dropped the glass and turned to Montara.

"It's a black, oblong box, with silver handles and mountings, as well as I can make out, and an engraved plate on the lid. It floats on the surface, and is drifting toward us on the swell. In fact, it is a coffin!"

Montara's eyes widened. His florid color paled visibly, and he turned a disturbed glance on the black speck which broke the dazzling monotony of the motionless waters.

He was constitutionally a coward; and the trappings and paraphernalia of death were indeed odious in his sight.

"And one can't even alter her course to get away from it," he said, dismally. "Couldn't we fire a shot into it and sink it?"

Cassilis shook his head impatiently.

"No! decidedly not," he rejoined; "there's only one course open—to bring it on board, shot it properly, and commit it again to the deep. What ignorance or carelessness to leave it tossing about thus on the surface of the ocean! Hallo, there! launch the gig!"

In answer to his imperious voice, three or four lounging seamen sprang up from a shady nook, where they had been dozing away the scorching hours of the midday sun; and, unaware of the object of the expedition, hastened to obey the orders of their captain, who, disregarding the remonstrances of Montara, entered the boat, and pulled away with the three men, whose brows began to lower as they observed the intention of Cassilis.

They were honest men and good sailors, but imbued with the superstition of their calling; and, had they not known well the inflexible determination of Cassilis, it is certain they would have declined being parties to the reception of the ominous waif on board the Ysatima.

On nearer approach, Cassilis perceived that the coffin was too short to be that of a man, and was indeed a most exquisite piece of work, being of polished ebony, curiously inlaid with silver; and he felt, as he assisted the men to lift it into the boat, that its contents were sufficiently light to be the remains of a mere child.

In deep silence the gig returned to the yacht; and, ere many minutes had elapsed, the little coffin lay on the deck, gazed at from a distance by Montara and the sailors, who would not willingly approach the dreaded object.

Cassilis regarded Montara with a cynical smile, and summoned the carpenter, who came forward with a reluctance he did not care to conceal.

"Thomson," he said, "open this with as little injury to it as you can; and some of you bring forward some heavy shot. Its presence shan't long terrify you, you pack of cowards!"

Thomson, with trembling knees, approached the coffin, and was about obeying, when the lingering remains of his courage fled; and, turning sullenly away, he handed his instrument to Cassilis.

"As you seem to be the only man on board not

afraid on it, why, I says, open it yourself, captain."

With a rather grim laugh, Cassilis seized the tool from him and proceeded to raise the lid—an operation which his unaccustomed hands did not accomplish without considerable injury resulting to the lid, which flew into splinters under the rather violent efforts he was obliged to use. He looked round at Thomson with a smile.

"Your obeying orders would have prevented the necessity of your making a lid in place of that which I have just smashed," he said. "A job you must set about immediately, if you wish to rid the Ysatisa of her uncanny guest before dark. I'd advise haste about your work."

He was kneeling beside the coffin, and, turning from the dismayed Thomson, he proceeded to carefully remove the shattered lid. In doing so, a splinter caught the white cloth beneath, and, dragging it up, displayed the remains which its folds had hitherto concealed.

The exclamation which he uttered had the effect of drawing Montara and some of the less superstitious of the men to his side; and a universal buzz of astonishment ran round the group at the sight which saluted their eyes.

The interior of the casket was lined with blush-colored satin, which threw a lifelike tinge over the little face resting in such lovely repose on the soft pillow, which was fringed and ornamented with innumerable seed-pearls.

The countenance and stature proclaimed the body to be that of a girl some twelve years old; and, to all appearance, it seemed in the enjoyment of the happy slumbers of youthful innocence, rather than frozen in the rigid sleep of death. The dark and extraordinary beauty of her face was heightened by the curious and costly character of her dress—a robe of purple velvet, bordered with ermine, and open at the throat, descended to the feet, which were covered with slippers of the same hue and material.

Her head was uncovered, save by the short, clustering curls which, in their glossy and raven luxuriance, harmonized so well with the rich olive of the face, but on her breast, clasped as it were by her tiny hands, there rested a small ducal coronet, composed of rare brilliants, which emitted a dazzling effulgence as the slanting rays of the setting sun fell upon it. The same device was embroidered in gold on the corners of her robe.

The peculiar golden haze of the atmosphere, the motionless ship, the silent glitter of the ocean, combined to render the scene one of weird and unearthly beauty; and as in a dream the group of men stood gazing into the coffin; while Cassilis, still on his knees beside it, surveyed the body and its mysterious surroundings with mingled astonishment and admiration, not unmixed with pity; for there was a pathetic expression round the closed lips that had not given place even to the sublime and awe-inspiring smile which usually visits the faces of the dead. The face and hands, too, were almost painfully thin and fragile, and it was evident that it was to some lingering disease this little tender blossom had bowed its graceful head.

He rose slowly from his knees, and, with a careful hand, replaced the white covering over the face of the dead child, motioned the gaping crew away, and, taking Montara's arm, walked toward his stateroom.

Montara's florid face wore an expression of extreme disquietude. Like many men of his stamp, superstition held strong though secret sway over a mind more remarkable for cunning than force; and he regarded as ominous of ill-fortune the reception on board the Ysatisa of a mysterious coffin and its contents. His real sentiments on the subject he desired to conceal from the keen and sen-

sitive eye of Cassilis, of whom he stood rather in awe; and, considering silence his chief security, he drew a cigar from its case; and, lighting it, puffed away vigorously, casting an occasional sidelong glance at the downcast, moody face of his companion, who, for his part, seemed equally disinclined for conversation.

In this manner they had paced once or twice up and down the deck, when Thomson, the carpenter, approached, tarpaulin in hand, and, with an air of considerable alacrity, remarked:

"Hain't I better set about that ere job at once, captain? The sooner she's overboard again, the better for the Ysatisa."

Cassilis started.

"Certainly!" he answered. "But I've determined on keeping the body until morning," and, without regarding Thomson's look of real dismay, he turned to Montara. "I must sketch the face Fate has so strangely cast in my way," he said. "It is by far the loveliest I have ever seen. Or, perhaps, Montara, I may trespass on your more skillful hand for this favor?"

Montara was an artist, and loved his art. His eye brightened as he pictured the faultless face transferred to canvas by his glowing brush; and, for an instant forgetting his fears, he gave a ready and even eager assent to his friend's proposition.

While Thomson slowly withdrew and reported to the men the unheard-of hardihood of their employer, Cassilis and Montara raised the little coffin from the deck where it had hitherto lain, and between them carried the light burden into the stateroom of the former, where they laid it on a couch in the full light of one of the small oval windows.

Montara, in order to avail himself of the lingering twilight, hastened to his own cabin for his drawing materials; while Cassilis withdrew, for a second time, the cloth from the face of the dead, and placed a second pillow under the little head, in order to bring the features more clearly into view.

A few moments saw Montara absorbed in his task; yet, as there never was a time that saw him more eloquent than when engaged in his favorite pursuit, he also found opportunity to speculate on the extraordinary circumstance of this dead wail having been left to float aimlessly on the bosom of the ocean.

"The child of a noble house, evidently," he remarked; "I dare say died while travelling for her health; and it's plain there was negligence or ignorance somewhere, or she'd not have been left to float hither and thither, at the mercy of the waves and winds. Poor little thing! Can't have been long dead, either!"

His quick eye and agile fingers soon reproduced on the paper a rough yet accurate likeness of the child, to be copied in glowing colors at his leisure; while Cassilis looked thoughtfully on, his dark face made darker and more pensive-looking than usual by the present painful mystery.

Montara completed his sketch, and turned to the window, in order to examine it more closely.

"How suddenly it has darkened!" he exclaimed. "It must be hours later than we thought!"

Cassilis lifted his head from his hand, and glanced at the sky. At the same instant a long, whistling sound broke the dead stillness of the atmosphere, and for the first time during many weeks the Ysatisa bounded in the water, like a whale when struck by the harpoon. There was a hurrying of feet; and, springing from his seat, Cassilis ran on deck.

The gale had come at length, and with a suddenness and fury almost appalling. The calm water was caught up into little spiral columns of a turbid color, and crested with foam of dazzling whiteness. The sun had sunk into a threatening-

looking bank of clouds, which had suddenly lifted their heads above the horizon, and everything predicted a fearful storm.

A rush of wind nearly drove him into the cabin again, as he emerged on the deck; and as its bracing breath fanned his cheek, the blood seemed to leap with renewed vigor from his heart to meet it.

Not so Montara. In a storm, his want of courage made itself painfully apparent; and at this moment his situation was pitiable indeed. Casting a terrified glance at his late object of study, round which his superstitious fears were again gathering, he made an attempt to follow Cassilis to the deck; but the wind dashed the swinging door against him with such force as to fling him back, stunned and breathless, into the cabin, almost against the side of the open coffin. As the vessel was now beginning to roll somewhat violently, he made no further attempt to gain the deck, but seated himself in a low chair, with his back to the hated coffin and its little inmate, on whose ducal crown and placid face the lightning was already playing.

Outside, the faces of the crew were nearly as threatening as the sky and ocean, and though they obeyed the orders of the sailing-master with alacrity, there was a sullenness about them which Cassilis did not fail to observe; and he overheard more than one muttered curse on his own temerity in bringing the ill-omened coffin on board the *Yasima*. He did not deem it necessary to take formal notice of the discontent of his crew; but, following an impulse for which he could never afterward account, he re-entered his cabin, and, taking his revolver from the stand of arms, secured it in the pocket of his dreadnought; and casting a contemptuous glance at the crouching form of Montara, who was staring into vacancy, with awe-stricken, lack-lustre eyes, at the little face in its narrow tenement, he strode into the air again, locking the door behind him.

An hour passed—two hours—during which the storm rose to a terrific degree of violence; and it seemed as though the *Yasima* was the sport of the very powers of darkness—Cassilis even imagining that the little vessel was doomed to destruction. With every stitch of canvas furling, she still flew through the water with the speed of a hunted deer; and, though there was doubtless plenty of sea-room for her, yet the fearful creaking and straining of her timbers fell on the ears of the sailors like the knell of Fate. To add to the terrors of the scene, the sky was of an inky blackness; and the red, danger-lights placed at the prow and stern, glared through the driving foam like the eyes of a demon.

A species of irresistible attraction drew Cassilis to the neighborhood of his stateroom as the night wore on; and, leaning against the door with folded arms, he gazed into the darkness, and surrendered himself to a train of meditation induced by the extraordinary events of the day.

Naturally of an impassioned and somewhat poetical temperament, his feelings were strongly roused concerning the mysterious and lovely little ocean waif which had so strangely connected itself with the *Yasima*; and the peril to the vessel and his very existence was forgotten as the moments thus passed; although it was with considerable difficulty that he could maintain his position, so violent was the wind and the motion of the yacht.

The din and turmoil of the elements had become deafening; yet, ere long, human voices, in low yet earnest conversation, struck the ear of Cassilis, and recalled him from the reverie into which he had been plunged.

One or two words which reached him caused him with clenched teeth to draw in his breath, lest he should lose the rest; and with an instinctive

movement he placed his hand on the revolver with which, early in the evening, he had armed himself.

He could faintly distinguish a knot of some four or five dark forms gathered close at hand; and his brows blackened and lowered, as the full drift of their conversation became plain to him.

"Tell 'ee what," said a growling voice, which he had no difficulty in recognizing as Thomson's. "It'll go hard with the *Yasima* if that 'ere coffin ain't chucked overboard a sight quicker nor it came up, and if the captain ain't agreeable, why, I say, chuck *him* after it, mateys."

The proud, passionate blood of Cassilis sprang to his face like the leaping flame of a furnace. He clenched his muscular hands, and braced himself more firmly against the door. Another voice spoke.

"Save a sight of trouble, though, just to slip it overboard on the sly—for the captain, when he's set on a thing, ain't to be moved by man or mortal."

Thomson swore approvingly.

"Let's make a quick job of it, then," said one of the others. "I seed the captain at the other end, afore we comed up. When it's over and done, he may storm as much as he likes; but he can't fetch the thing on board the *Yasima* again."

"It's in his cabin, lying on the sofa," said Thomson, as the men groped their way toward the spot where Cassilis stood. "I seed it afore dark, as I was passing the open door."

He was now so close to Cassilis, that his outstretched hand came in somewhat close contact with the other's cheek.

This was all that was required. Launched from the darkness like a thunderbolt, the iron hand of Cassilis descended on his head, and drove him backward against his next companion.

"Mutinous dogs!" he shouted, in a voice ringing above the storm. "Back, every soul of you, or some of your lives will be the forfeit. Back, I say!"

"Well! will you chuck that 'ere thing overboard or not?" roared Thomson, thrusting his face quite close to that of Cassilis, and clutching at the handle of the door to maintain his hold, for the vessel rolled more violently than ever.

Cassilis construed the act into an intended forcing of the door, and flung himself on Thomson with the strength and ferocity of a tiger. Then commenced a violent struggle, for Thomson was intoxicated with terror and superstition, and the fierce pride and determination of Cassilis were fully aroused.

Had the conflict been but between these, it would have undoubtedly resulted in favor of Cassilis, but Thomson's companions threw themselves into the strife; and, though Cassilis shouted for help, either through design or from the noise of the storm, his cries were unheeded. He could not draw his revolver, and in the space of a few moments he was dragged from the door, and, while three or four of the men flung themselves on him, Thomson began kicking at the door, in order to force it from its fastening. The fragile locks burst open, and the door flew back with a crash, while at the same instant a broad glare of lightning, like the sudden flame of a huge torch, threw a momentary illumination into the interior of the cabin.

A horrid cry burst from Thomson, and was echoed by his companions; while even Cassilis felt a sensation of sickening terror, as his rapid glance took in the scene thus revealed.

On the floor lay the body of Montara, with white, senseless face upturned; and beside it stood the dead child, with dark, wide-open eyes,

and lips parted, as though to give utterance once more to human speech.

Then again darkness, the roaring of the sea, and the wild sighing and sobbing of the wind.

"Mother," said Cassilis, throwing down the morning journal, and approaching the little round breakfast-table, at which two ladies were already seated, "by-the-way, that Spanish fellow, Duke d'Alqual, asked yesterday for leave to pay his respects to you at an early date. I presume you have no objection to forming his acquaintance?"

"Oh, certainly not!" replied Mrs. Cassilis, raising her soft, sweet eyes from the rosy *shades* over which she was presiding. "I have seen him once or twice during our drives, and I must confess that he is one of the most distinguished-looking men I have ever seen. Not the most prepossessing, however!"

"What do you say, Mysta?" said Cassilis, turning with a very bright smile to the young girl seated at his mother's side, a creature so rarely lovely, that no imagination, however glowing, artistic, and refined, could add one grace to the noble outline of her form, one charm to the dark splendor of her face.

"All beauty compassed in a female form.

Such eyes were in her head,

And so much grace and power breathing down

From over her arch'd brows, with every turn

Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,

And to her feet—"

There was no necessity that she should turn her head in answer to his question, for her dark, luminous eyes were fixed on him from the moment he spoke. The rose deepened in the transparent olive of her cheek, as his quick, bright glance met hers. She smiled softly.

"Your friends must needs be mine, Arthur."

The bronzed face of Cassilis softened in every line as he glanced at her.

"Thanks! my Queen of Roses and Beauty!" he said, playfully, as he seated himself at the table. "But this Spanish Don is no friend of mine—a mere acquaintance of yesterday indeed."

"Yes, I never remember to have heard you mention having known him," said Mrs. Cassilis—a little, pretty, blonde old lady, as unlike her dark, fiery son as could be.

"Arthur, just draw that curtain; the sun is blazing into Mysta's eyes."

Cassilis rose, and drew the amber-satin drapery across the window, shutting out the smooth lawn, illumined with the prismatic rays of the setting sun, but bathing Mysta's face and figure in that subdued golden glow which suited her dark and radiant loveliness. The whole of the little apartment seemed full of a quivering fire, and had evidently been furnished and decorated to suit the southern beauty of the young girl—indeed it was her boudoir in which the little party were then assembled.

The scene is in France, some four miles from Paris, on a road leading to a celebrated forest; and the house a villa owned and built by Cassilis, justly considered one of the "lions" of the neighborhood; and the visitor to Paris, who has not witnessed at least the outside beauties of Bagatelle, cannot be considered to have accomplished his purpose.

Some six years have passed since the occurrence of the opening scenes of our story; years which have been fraught with less of change to Cassilis than would have been the case with the generality of men, for he had a *physique*, both mental and personal, which altered but little under the touch of time. He was now in his thirty-eighth year, and the approaching winter had been settled as the period for his marriage

with his ward—Mystica Cassilis, as she was called—who had been announced to the world around them as a distant relative of his own. Her eye and tastes had been principally consulted in the architecture and internal arrangements of Bagatelle, and the erection of a fairy palace—half Moorish, half Italian—was the result.

She has not as yet made her *début* in society, and though reports of her beauty are rife, the seclusion in which she has hitherto lived has prevented the curiosity of the many concerning her from being gratified. With a feeling which, though not exactly jealousy, bordered on it, Cassilis had never permitted the visits of gentlemen at Bagatelle, confining his reception of such guests to his bachelor establishment in the city, and his proposed introduction of the Duke d'Alqual to Mrs. Cassilis and Mystica surprised them not a little.

On her part, Mystica was well pleased to view the world from the sheltered shrine in which she dwelt. There was a sweet reserve in her character, which would have made it impossible for her to enter into the turmoil of the brilliant society in Paris, of which Cassilis was a leader, with that zest which one might have expected from her varied accomplishments and brilliant and expansive mind. She would have graced a throne—yet her thoughtful eyes would ever have turned from her jeweled canopy of state to the blooming roses growing round the stately yet secluded portals of her home.

Cassilis rose and looked at the clock.

"Ten minutes past ten," he said. "Come, Mysta, the morning shadows are still on the lawn, and you haven't fed your peacocks yet."

Mysta, a stately, yet girlish figure in her sweeping white morning robes, rose, and, providing herself with a *bonne bouche* for her gorgeous favorites from the breakfast-table, pushed back the amber curtains and joined Cassilis on the lawn, whither he had preceded her; and together they walked into the full tide of the sunshine, while Mrs. Cassilis watched them musingly from her shady seat, smiling softly to herself as the ringing laugh of Cassilis, mingled with the lower and more musical mirth of Mystica, reached her ears; for, though, like Tennyson's Maud, "she was tall and stately," a very queen among women, the girl had the happy gaiety of a child, and, in her society, the brighter lights of the character of Cassilis came into full relief.

She had sat thus musing for some short time, when a servant entered and presented her with a little white card, on which was engraved "Duke d'Alqual," which Mrs. Cassilis had hardly read, when a black shadow fell athwart the table at which she was still seated; and, looking up, she encountered the piercing black eyes of the duke, who through some mistake had followed the servant immediately into her presence.

He was a tall, slender man, with a dark, malignant beauty of feature which an artist might have seized for a rendering of the face of the fallen archangel. Indeed, I think Gustave Doré has, somewhere amid his multifarious works, such a countenance. The same wicked, awful grandeur, the same seeking, fascinating, poisonous eye, whose baleful glance seems sufficient to taint the soul with evil—an eye which seems to gloat over the ruin and desolation the hand of its possessor has worked.

Mrs. Cassilis was startled; but she was, at the same time, more than moderately well-bred. In fact, her grace of manner was not mere superficial gilding, but that exquisite burnish which pure gold receives from constant use.

She received his apologies and explanations of his visit, which were intended for Cassilis, and concerned some shooting party which Cassilis had

promised to join; and then, directing his attention to the little group on the lawn, proposed that they should join her son and his betrothed.

It had so chanced that Mystica was totally unknown to the duke, and his eyes followed eagerly the direction of the white hand of Mrs. Cassilis.

Surrounded by some half-dozen brilliant-plumaged peacocks stood Mystica, her head a little thrown back, her lips parted in an arch smile, and the full sunlight pouring over her uncovered head and beautiful face. Beside her stood Cassilis, laughingly fastening a damaak-rose in the shining coronet of her raven hair.

There was not needed one light, one flickering shadow, to complete the beauty of the living Idyl—yet it was not admiration, but something very different, that held the duke's glittering eyes fixed on Mysta's glowing and unconscious face.

Mrs. Cassilis had preceded him to the open window which gave access to the lawn. She had paused, holding back the curtain for an instant, and now turned her head in order to beckon him to join her. *He was gone!* The apartment was empty, and when, overwhelmed with astonishment, she advanced to the door of the room, and looked into the corridor, it was empty also. On the floor lay his riding-whip, its ducal coronet glittering through the gloom, and on the table shone his card—otherwise Mrs. Cassilis might have doubted the evidence of her senses, that he had ever been there, so short had been his stay, and so mysterious his disappearance.

The peacocks were fed, the rose secured in its dainty resting-place, and, arm-in-arm, the happy lovers were sauntering toward the shadows of a contiguous alley, leaving the old lady a prey to considerable uneasiness, and exceedingly mystified by the extraordinary conduct of the duke.

The duke raised his eyes, which glittered like balls of fire so in an ivory mask, and fixed them on those of the man who stood opposite to him—a small, slender, servile-looking creature, whose beady black eyes were fastened searchingly on the agitated countenance before him. He leaned one hand lightly on the table, and the other he kept thrust into the bosom of his coat, much as a cat sheathes her claws to prevent them doing an unconscious and useless mischief. There was much of the feline faculty in his whole appearance—from the sharp-pointed white teeth to the greenish lights in the round eyes, and the supple litheness of the slender figure.

The duke sat in an easy-chair, the crimson velvet back of which threw into startling relief his pale face and burning eyes. The room was an apartment in his own hotel; the hour, a little later in the day on which he had paid his first visit to Bagatelle; his companion, his secretary and confidant, Miguel del Santos. The door of the chamber was locked, and a heavy curtain drawn across it precluded the possibility of eavesdropping, and showed that the conference in which they were engaged was one of importance.

"You dread Tersita having played you false?" said Miguel, inquiringly. "Nay, that is a simple impossibility; there were too many witnesses, and their stories corroborated each other too well. Nay! nay! put *that* idea from you; believe me you have nothing to dread."

The duke uttered a sharp interjection. He moved uneasily, and put his hand to his forehead.

"You did not see *her*," he said. "I tell you, Miguel, that if the grave ever gave up its dead, *she* stood before me this very day. Stop! I know what you are about to say. An illusion of the senses. Why, man, the sun was pouring down its brightest light upon her, and the glow of corporeal health dyed her cheeks. Her lover stood

beside her, and from her living hand *she* gave bread to the living creatures at her feet. Pahaw! Talk of illusions to sickly girls and puny dreamers, not to me!"

The tone of the duke was passionate in the extreme, but Miguel returned quietly to the point.

"Stay," he said; "let us recall the circumstances of her death, and then reflect whether you are not really a prey to your own excited imagination. The child the duchess left to your guardianship sickened and wasted with some strange disease, which baffled the skill of the most learned doctors of Madrid. As a last resort she was ordered a sea voyage; and, attended by her mother's nurse, Tersita, and other servants devoted to the interests of the house, she set sail, and, dying on the voyage, was—mark me!—buried at sea! The sea never yields up its dead! Therefore, my lord duke, take courage. Enjoy the possessions left you by your dear cousin, and banish these phantasies of your brain."

During the speech of his secretary, the pale face of the duke had turned livid, and purple rings had appeared round his flaming eyes. His breath came in short, dry gasps, and his fingers, blanched to a deadly whiteness, clenched convulsively the damp hair hanging over his forehead. His eyes fixed themselves, in a blank, yet horrid stare, on the immovable face bending calmly toward him, and large beads of perspiration started to view on his face. He tried to speak, but the sounds died away hoarsely.

Miguel turned to a small stand at the other side of the apartment, and, pouring out a considerable quantity of cognac, handed it to his employer—and, as the duke eagerly swallowed it, watched him attentively.

Almost immediately it produced its effect—relaxed the rigid muscles of his face, and restored some tinge of color to his ashy cheeks. He handed the glass to Miguel, and leaned back in the chair with the air of one who has just awakened from an exhausting and horrible nightmare.

Miguel replaced the glass on the stand; and, by the time he had returned to his former position, the duke had recovered his usual appearance and manner. He waved his hand to the secretary.

"Beat yourself," he said. "We must have some further conversation on this subject; for, though reason presses on me the truth of your arguments, there is something within me eternally urging me on to doubt—and dread of, I know not what. To-day that haunting terror assumed tangible shape; for in all solemnity I swear to you that these eyes have seen the Duchess Inez in the flesh."

The tone of mingled awe and conviction in which the duke spoke had some effect on the clear, cold mind of Del Santos. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully with his open palm, and his eye bent itself meditatively on the leopard-skin at his feet. He evidently began to place some faith in the extraordinary statement of his employer; who, on his part, watched him with the air of one who expected advice, and was prepared to rely on his assistance.

Presently Miguel raised his eyes again to the duke's face.

"If I could see this girl myself," he said. "I am not likely to let my imagination bear me into the shadows on its wings—and there is that in the faces of the house of D'Alqual which is unmistakable. Am I likely to see her at places of public resort? At the opera, for instance?"

The duke shook his head.

"She lives in strict seclusion," he answered. "I never saw her until to-day."

"That is not of material consequence," replied Miguel. "I dare say I can manage to see her

without much difficulty. But, supposing my present doubts solved, what then?"

A sullen cloud spread over the eyes and brow of the duke. He looked furtively at his companion; then his shifting glance moved away. He made an impatient gesture, which Miguel received as answer sufficient—for, with a sinister smile, he inclined his head.

"Yes! there is time in plenty to form our plans, duke, if any such be necessary. In the meantime, let your mind rest content. There is no labyrinth of difficulties so intricate that you and I cannot find the clue to it. Let your memory of what has gone before encourage you for the future."

As he spoke, he glided toward the door, and, disappearing behind its velvet drapery, the duke was left to the companionship of his own fears and thoughts.

The weather during the summer of which we write was extremely sultry, and the nights, in place of bearing coolness on their wings, seemed to wrap closer round the earth a more stifling mantle of heat, rendering it imperative that every available means for free ventilation should be used. Even in the suburbs of Paris, in the open country, the heat was intense; and the broad moon looked down through a shifting haze upon motionless woods, fields of ripening grain and drooping flowers as prostrate in the still and silent night as though some wizard's spell had been breathed over them.

As we have said, Bagatelle was of a somewhat Moorish style of architecture, and every door and window was furnished with what appeared to be a lattice-work of gold, but which was in reality formed of wrought iron, gilded—for the environs of Paris were by no means free from the depredations of burglars, and the riches of Bagatelle were somewhat celebrated.

In the winter these lattices were unused, but during the summer months they gave ingress to the breeze, at the same time preventing any intrusion on the privacy of the inmates.

The moon had not yet lifted itself above the trees when a dark figure glided up one of the numerous alleys leading to the villa, and, with many a watchful pause, made quickly but cautiously toward the house, directing its steps to a portion of the building from the windows of which issued a brilliant illumination, falling far out on the dewy lawn and over the fantastic knots of gorgeous blossoms scattered here and there over its velvety expanse.

The falling spray of several *fals d'eau* sparkled in it like showers of diamonds, and, tinkling into their marble basins, made nigh musical, and the graceful forms of white peacocks perched on the airy fretted-work of the balustrade of a terrace close by, gleamed ghostly on the confines of its glow.

The sound of a harp, struck by a master-hand, accompanied by the rich and powerful tones of a man's voice, swept a golden tide of melody out into the night.

Issuing from the alley, the dark figure stealthily approached the nearest window, and, keeping as much as possible in the shadow, peered into the apartment, through the wide lattice, with eyes which took note of the minutest details of the scene within.

The apartment was large, with a lofty, dome-shaped ceiling, from which hung a chandelier of rock-crystal, bearing numerous wax tapers, which shed a soft and mellow glow into every corner—while, directly beneath it, a marble sea-nymph tossed aloft from a rosy shell a shower of sparkling spray, which descended again in a glittering

shower on the beautiful, laughing face and exquisite form.

The walls were of a deep rose-pink, richly arabesqued with gold, and the floor was of white-veined marble of a most exquisite polish. There was but little furniture in the apartment, but here and there lay mats of gorgeous dye, looking like the petals of some rare exotic scattered by some tyrant wind on a field of snow.

With her feet resting on one of mingled gold and crimson, close to the fountain, sat a young lady, sweeping her slender fingers over the strings of a magnificent harp, and on her the beady eyes of the unseen spy were immediately and intently fixed, inattentive to the form and features of him who stood at her side.

The lady was Mystica Cassilis, and her dark and extraordinary beauty was heightened by the charmer of her toilet. A crimson velvet bodice, laced with gold, and fringed and embroidered with pearls, displayed her slender grace, whilst a flowing robe of white fell in soft folds round her as she sat. A coronet of damask-roses entwined her burnished hair, and her neck and arms were clasped with twisted strands of pearls.

The light shone full on her, and the face pressed against the lattice-work turned livid, but its eyes, with unflinching steadiness, continued to gaze at her as though enchained; and, until her fingers released the strings, and the deep voice at her side melted into silence, the prying, glittering eyes of the stranger at the lattice never for an instant quitted her charming face. Then, and not until then, he turned and, with tiger-like stealth, retraced his steps in the direction whence he had come.

"I acknowledge, duke, that you are indeed right," said Miguel's soft voice, close at the duke's ear. "I have seen her and recognized in her the Duchess Inez; but why trouble yourself, even seeing that such is the case? They evidently possess no clue to her identity, and thus far you are safe."

The duke started violently, and turned his pale face on his secretary—who had, unheard, entered the room with his usual soft and stealthy step, and spoke so close to his ear that his breath ruffled the nobleman's hair. He sprang to his feet.

"Safe!" he cried. "Safe! and the very sea having yielded up its dead. No! never again! though the earth closed over me fathoms deep, though the very rocks cleft themselves to shelter me!"

"Hush!" entreated the secretary, glancing round him in alarm. "Not so loud. Walls have ears, my lord duke."

The duke was violently agitated. He lacked one qualification, and the need of that alone prevented his being supreme in wickedness. He was a coward. The courage which boldly pursued his wicked plots to a generally successful termination dwelt in the puny person of his secretary.

Controlling himself with a violent effort, the duke, as we must still call him, resumed his seat; and Miguel, leaning in his old position against the table, related in as few words as possible to result of his nocturnal visit to Bagatelle.

Cassilis sighed, and, rising from the table at which he had been seated, paced slowly up and down the shadowy solitude of his library, his eyes bent on the ground, and his contracted brows proclaiming that his meditations were not of a pleasant cast. An air of uncertainty, very much at variance with his usual quick determination of manner, hung over him.

Writing materials lay scattered on the table, and beside them a small iron-bound box of pecu-

liar shape, the lid thrown back, disclosing a lining of velvet, and the subdued glitter of jewels.

A pen was dashed down, as though in sudden irresolution, on a sheet of paper bearing the words "My dearest Mystica," and several torn pages bore evidence to the fact that Cassilis had made more than one effort to commit the thoughts disturbing him, whatever they were, to paper.

The hands of the silent clock on the mantel-piece pointed to the hour of midnight, and the fire glowing redly in the grate showed the weather to be colder than when last the reader visited Bagatelle. In fact the winter was rapidly approaching, and with it the time appointed for the marriage of Cassilis and Mystica. Indeed, at that moment her wedding garments were lying in her wardrobe, and the white roses and jasmine which were to bloom in her bridal bouquet were unfolding their buds in the neighboring conservatory, from which stole a faint and delicious fragrance and the dreamy murmur of a fountain, but for whose softened tinkle a silence profound as the grave reigned over the villa, between the walls of which Cassilis was at that moment the only waking creature.

Contrary to his previous determination, he had been forced to make his intended marriage public property, as the Duke d'Alqual had demanded of him Mystica's hand in marriage, after persecuting the young girl with his unwelcome attentions. Of course his demand was refused, and the duke immediately left Paris, to the intense relief of Cassilis, to whom his undulating grace and dark, serpentlike beauty were positively repugnant. Besides, of late, a peculiar change had taken place in Mystica—which, with the jealousy of a lover, he attributed to the influence of the duke, and thought that his absence would cause its removal—but, on the contrary, the shadow seemed deepening over her sunny spirits; and frequently he met her dark eyes fixed on him with an expression of wistfulness and doubt, which grieved, and at the same time puzzled him extremely.

Hitherto her mind had lain open to his gaze as fully as that of a child, and the change filled him with dismay. As his marriage approached, the idea suggested itself to him that it was only just that he should reveal to her the mysterious manner in which she had been in the first instance consigned to his care, but some feeling, inexplicable to himself, seemed to withhold him from such a step. This feeling was, though unsuspected by him, jealousy; and the course of reasoning the hidden prompter suggested to him was this:

"She remembers nothing which occurred previously to that fearful night. I have used every

means to discover her parentage, and failed. She is mine, wholly mine. Why may not things remain as they are? Why disturb her happy life with doubts and longings for the parents she has lost, yet whom she might imagine alive and still mourning for her?"

It was while musing thus that he paced up and down the silent room; and gradually the quiet of the hushed night influenced his troubled mind, and he began to take a calmer view of the affair. Looking at the subject from every point of view, he decided to let matters remain as they were; and, approaching the table, he lifted the sheet on which he had commenced writing to Mystica, in order to fling it on the burning coals, but paused in the very act, with eyes dilated and suspended breath.

A sound had suddenly reached his ears, and as suddenly died away. Not one of those inexplicable noises which break mysteriously on the lonely watcher, chilling his blood and quickening the beat of his heart with terror, but an everyday sound—the clang of a door hastily closed, either by a sudden breeze or a careless or hurried hand.

The jar and vibration reached him where he stood, and, flinging the paper again on the table, he walked to the library-door, and, opening it cautiously, looked out into the dimly lighted corridor.

It was perfectly quiet; and, after listening for some moments, he was about retreating, satisfied, into the library, when the sound of a vehicle, driven at full speed along the stony highway running not far from the villa, startled him anew.

It was not, however, an unusual noise at that distance from Paris; and, dismissing any recollection of them from his mind, with a smile at his own unwonted nervousness, he returned to the library.

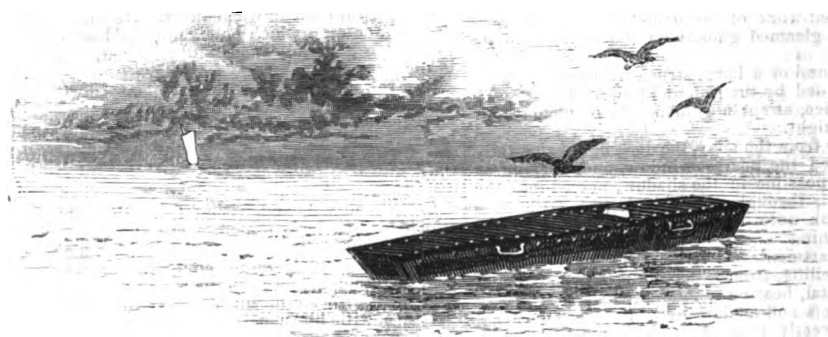
He again seized the unfinished letter and flung it into the fire—not, however, before he had kissed the beloved name with more than loverlike fondness.

His next proceeding was to draw the iron-bound box to him; and, after looking thoughtfully at its contents, to lock it securely with a small key which he took from a ribbon tied round his neck; and then, having raked the burning coals together, he dropped the key into their midst, and watched it as it slowly melted into a rough, unshapely mass under his eyes.

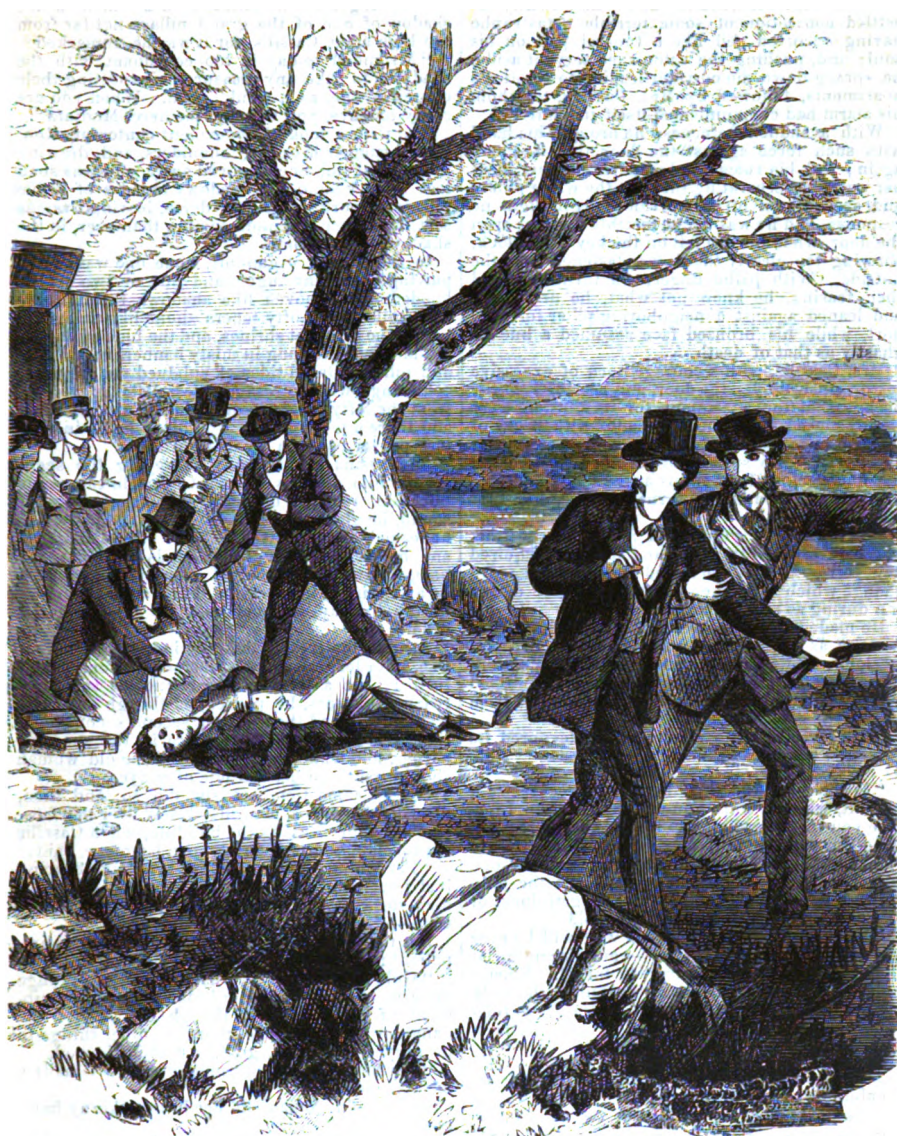
When this was accomplished, he drew a sigh of relief, and said, softly:

"So I solve my doubts. No living eye shall again look on the contents of this casket—not even mine."

He then lifted the small, yet heavy box to a



MYSTICA; OR, THE DUCAL CROWN.—"IT FLOATS ON THE SURFACE, AND IS DRIFTING TOWARD US ON THE SWELL. IN FACT, IT IS A COFFIN!"



ONE OF THE DUELS.—"SPLENDID, MY DEAR FELLOW!" SAID THE CAPTAIN, EXULTANTLY. "NEVER SAW A BETTER SHOT. NOW, QUICK, WE MUST FLY!"—SEE PAGE 268.

kind of safe built in the wall, and, depositing it therein, locked the massive doors, and, having thus rid himself of the presence of a haunting care, he flung himself into a low chair close to the fire, and, lighting his meerschaum, sank into a reverie sufficiently pleasant in its nature to banish the lingering lines of care round his lips and eyes.

Cassilis, on the following morning, opened the conservatory door, and, after glancing round its bowery space, closed it again, and returned, with some disappointment in his countenance, to the breakfast-room, where his mother was seated behind the breakfast equipage, and Mystica's empty chair was placed in readiness for her.

She had not yet made her appearance—an altogether unusual circumstance, as it was her custom to spend a considerable time previous to the morning meal in attending to her floral treasures in the conservatory, assisted in her dainty task by Cassilis. But this morning they waited in vain for her light step in the corridor, and, as no message came explanatory of her delay, Mrs. Cassilis directed a servant to inquire of her maid if mademoiselle preferred breakfasting in her own apartment.

In a few minutes the man reappeared, and, with some alarm in his face, informed Cassilis that Finette was not to be found, and that mademoiselle's door was fastened, and all was silent within.

It afterward recurred to Cassilis how swiftly the settled conviction of some terrible catastrophe having occurred fell like a funeral pall on his soul; and, pushing the astonished servant aside, he sprang down the corridor leading to Mystica's apartments, followed by Mrs. Cassilis, to whom his alarm had communicated itself instantly.

With a sudden fierceness he brought his hand with such force against the door that it shook again; and his voice, loud and peremptory, sent her name reverberating through the white pillars and arched roof of the corridor. It brought no response, and he was about forcibly dashing open the door, when his eye fell on the key in the lock, showing too clearly that it was fastened from the outside. With pallid fingers he turned it, and then, fearing, he knew not what, he drew back and leaned against a neighboring pillar for support, while his bronzed face assumed a hue as ghastly as that of death.

Mrs. Cassilis, with a courage born of excessive terror, pushed open the door, and peering into the darkness of the apartment, for its shutters were rigidly closed, threw up her hands with a cry of terror as she perceived that the room was empty, and Cassilis only sprang forward in time to catch her unconscious form in his arms.

When Mrs. Cassilis returned to life, her first words were:

"Arthur, have you found her? Is she safe, that you are beside me?" and her eyes acquired new terror as they perceived the awful, haggard change which had taken place in the face of her son during so short a period.

He made her no answer, but smiled in such a manner as withers the heart to look at in those we love; and, placing a note, in Mystica's well-known writing, in her trembling hands, he walked silently from the apartment whither she had been conveyed.

With feverish haste Mrs. Cassilis devoured its contents, which ran thus:

"When you find this, I shall be secure from pursuit, which I warn you will be useless. I forgive you the deception you have made me the victim of for years; but in needing to pardon, I cease to love. Another day will see me the bride of one who has restored me to my own, and the only favor I beseech of you, is total forgetfulness of one whom you will never again behold.

"Your kindness to the ocean waif will be ever a pleasant retrospect to me—your deception it shall be my faithful endeavor to forget. Finette accompanies me to my new life, but is the only feature of the past which I can find heart to tolerate. For the last time, Mystica bids you farewell."

Thus it came about that desolation fell on the inhabitants of the villa.

* * * * *

Some six months later, two travelers stood a little on one side of the porch of the Cathedral at Madrid, watching the crowd slowly dispersing, after the celebration of mass in honour of some one of the numerous saints under whose especial patronage that city delights to consider itself.

Their object was to obtain a quiet view of the gorgeous interior of the edifice, and when the last black mantilla had swept past, and the last lofty *hidalgo* had disappeared into the fire-and-gold of the outer air, they slowly made their way into the vast building, and commenced taking a leisure survey of its beauties, enthusiastic on the part of the elder man of the two, whose lively, florid face, and rather portly person, were in decided contrast with the dark, melancholy countenance, and wearied air of his younger companion, whose eyes seldom raised themselves from the ground.

Throwing himself listlessly on a bench in the shadow of one of the grand pillars not far from the high altar, Cassilis, for it was he, remarked:

"My mood to-day is too consonant with the shadows to take any pleasure in inspecting their chosen abode, as it would seem. When you are ready to leave, you will find me here, Montara."

And with a look of benevolent contempt, Montara shrugged his portly shoulders, and, drawing forth his sketch-book, moved away, and was soon lost to view amid the shadowy arcades of noble pillars supporting the lofty dome, leaving Cassilis seated, blacker and more sombre than ever, in the shadow of the pillar.

In the distant organ-loft, some one was softly playing a dreamy fugue, and one or two black-hooded friars moved like shadows through the dim building. Lofty tapers shone like pale stars before the different shrines, and the blue vapour of the incense still hung in misty banners round roof and pillar. Broad tides of subdued yet gorgeous colouring swept across the tessellated pavement from the lofty windows of stained glass, and here and there a more devout worshiper knelt in solitary prayer before a favorite shrine.

As Cassilis sat dreamily surveying the scene around him, a low, yet earnest voice, in eager supplication, reached his ears, and, aroused by the sound, he glanced round the pillar against which he leaned, and perceived a shrine of the Madonna, and before it, with uplifted hands and eyes, and pale, shriveled lips parted in what appeared to be an agony of intercession, knelt an aged woman in the holiday national costume of the lower orders.

At first, motives of delicacy induced Cassilis to rise, in order to leave the woman's orisons undisturbed; but as one or two connected sentences reached his ears, he paused, as though uncertain what to do, and then, after a second's consideration, seated himself once more in the shadowy corner, and waited patiently until the old woman should rise from her attitude of prayer.

It was some time ere she did so, and then, drawing her black mantilla closely over her face, she was about leaving the building, when Cassilis approached her, and, in her own language, said:

"Pardon me, but I could not avoid overhearing just now your earnest appeal for assistance in dire necessity. I am a stranger, yet if gold can—"

But the old woman interrupted him with an impatient movement of her wrinkled hand.

"Gold!" she said. "Why, senor, I can plunge my arm to the shoulder in broad sequins any moment of my life. But though one is not the daughter of an *hidalgo*, there are other things to be prayed for besides gold." Cassilis bowed.

"Pardon," he said, turning away. "I made a mistake, senora."

But the old woman laid her brown skinny hand on his arm.

"Stay," she said; "perhaps the gracious Madonna has sent you in answer to my prayer. There is other help instead of gold, and your face is honest. Senor, you are not a Spaniard?"

"I am an American," said Cassilis, wonderingly. "If I can assist you in any way—"

"An American!" interrupted the old woman, joyfully. "The Madonna has indeed answered my prayers. Stay, good senor! I will open my heart of hearts to you; but not here, where at any moment we may be observed. Come this way!"

And, pulling at his sleeve, she drew Cassilis after her to a retired spot some distance from the shrine of the Madonna, and where they were completely hidden from observation.

When, some time afterward, Montara returned to the pillar of rendezvous, Cassilis was gone; and, after spending a considerable period in search-

ing the building for him, the artist was obliged to return to their hotel without him, not without serious misgivings concerning him, as Madrid is not a city in which one can lose sight of one's friends with perfect indifference.

"Oh, Tersita! do you think he is to be trusted? Are you certain that he will not fail us?" And the young girl turned her dark eyes imploringly on the wrinkled face of the old woman, who, with folded arms, stood regarding her with a smile of triumphant complacency.

"He promised to be there at the appointed time, on the word of a gentleman, my star!" said Tersita; "and if there is honor in the world, it lies in his eyes. So smile, my lamb, and trust in him and me, and the blessed Madonna who sent him to us. He won't fail us."

The young girl sighed. She did not find it so easy to place implicit faith in the word of a stranger as her unsophisticated nurse. But dependence on him seemed her only chance, and, with a strong effort, she put aside her doubts, and after musing a moment, said:

"But, Tersita, how am I to escape from the house? You know that I am a close prisoner. Look at these windows!"

They were hung with rose-colored silk and filmy lace, but as heavily barred as the detention of a giant.

Tersita smiled again.

"You shall walk boldly out through this door, *senorita*," she answered, "as boldly as you will walk in again when you come to claim your own, which will be an early day, now. Why, my duchess, had we any one outside to give us help, the doors would have been open to you before this! And now, listen to me."

Drawing a chair close to the couch of her young mistress, she whispered to her long and earnestly, while the former listened with rapt attention to the energetic words of her old nurse.

Her eyes sparkled, and a vivid glow banished the pallor from her olive cheek. She clasped her slender hands, and raised her large eyes upward; and her lips moved, as though in silent prayer. Hope had once more dropped into her heart, like a bird into its nest, and was trilling a song of happy omen in its resting-place.

Tersita rose at length.

"Now, my beautiful one," she said, "array yourself like the sun, so that you may dazzle the eyes of Satan, when he comes in answer to your summons? And do not be too cheerful, duchess, or you may ruin all. I shall go now, for I have much to do ere night. I must first to your cousin, maledictions on him! and then, if all goes well, to my daughter Ysabel, in whose clothes you must escape. Fare you well, my little queen!"

She left the apartment, locking the door carefully after her, and leaving her young mistress in a state of nervous anticipation, mingled with a feverish delight.

The apartment in which Mystica—for it was she—was confined, was a small, oval chamber, in the rear of the immense pile of building which formed the city residence of the Duke d'Alqual. It looked down some sixty feet into a paved court, adorned with fountains and orange-trees. It was sumptuously furnished, and was at once boudoir and dressing-room, while an open door gave a glimpse of a second apartment, like the heart of a lily, white and gold.

Mystica was much changed—she was much more fragile, and there was a settled melancholy in her beautiful eyes, which even the prospect of liberty before her could not utterly dispel.

It seemed incredible to her that he from whom she had been so treacherously torn had made no

effort to discover and save her. She little dreamed of the forgery which had struck him so cruel a blow in leading him to believe her flight a voluntary act. His engagement-ring still sparkled on her finger—a cluster of diamonds surrounding a ruby heart, on which his initials were engraved. It had never for an instant left her hand, but now, as its glitter caught her eye, she drew it off, and, passing a slender chain through it, concealed it in the bosom of her dress, and then, remembering the advice of Tersita, she proceeded to make an elaborate toilet; after which, with a throbbing heart, she seated herself beside her lofty window to await the course of events.

The duke had come and gone. He had from her own lips received the promise that she would become his wife the next evening, and, intoxicated with his triumph, he did not observe the extraordinary nervousness and excitement of her manner, nor the grim satisfaction in the brown face of Tersita, whom he believed devoted to his interests.

A ring—the pledge of their betrothal—fit for a monarch's ransom, glistened on her finger. Could he have seen with what loathing she flung it from her as the door closed after his retreating form, his step had not been so assured—his air so triumphant. Let her once become his wife, his ill-gotten possessions thus secured to him, and what did he care that her heart was bleeding to death of its wounds? He hated and dreaded her with a terror and malice inconceivable; once she had miraculously escaped from his murderous designs, and though the will to destroy her was not wanting, an inexplicable feeling that her life was and would be secure from him, staid his hand more than once, when during her imprisonment her obstinate refusal to become his wife had threatened to baffle his plans.

Now success was about to crown his schemes, and no warning shadow fell athwart the assured and brilliant future he saw stretching before him.

Cassilis looked up and down the square impatiently. The moon was rising, and the high walls of the lofty buildings threw dense shadows more than half way across the open space, and where they lay most opaque, a carriage was drawn up, beside the driver of which Cassilis was seated.

"It's time they were here," he muttered. "I hope nothing has interfered with the old lady's plans. By Jove! it's a pretty adventure for a man of my time of life to find himself engaged in."

Something like a smile for an instant dispelled the melancholy of his face, which, however, gathered again like a heavy cloud over him, and, leaning back in his seat, he was about to lose himself in reverie, when two female forms emerged from the opposite side of the silent square, and made their way with hasty steps toward the spot where the carriage was drawn up.

They were in the costume of the lower orders, and their black mantillas were drawn completely over their dark faces.

Cassilis sprang from his seat, and, exchanging a hasty salutation with the taller of the two, he handed them into the carriage, and, closing the door, resumed his seat beside the driver, who urged his horses into a gallop.

"She's fainted," said Tersita, as Cassilis appeared at the door of the carriage, on their arrival at the hotel at which Cassilis and Montara were staying; and with a thrill, inexplicable to himself, Cassilis raised the slender form in his arms, and hurried with his light burden past the gaping waiters, and up the stairs to his own apartments.

in the first of which Montara was seated beside a table, on which refreshments were laid out.

He evidently expected them, but glanced with astonishment at the black-robed figure lying so motionless in the arms of his friend.

"Just like a woman, to complicate matters by fainting," he said, as Cassilis laid her tenderly on a couch. "No strength of mind, nothing but nerves and nonsense in the whole sex."

"Pshaw!" said Cassilis, busying himself in pushing back the heavy mantilla from the unconscious face. "Such remarks come with a very bad grace from you, who are more nervous than any woman I ever met. Here, Senora Tersita, you had best attempt to—"

He sprang to his feet with a cry that rang through the apartment, for, looking straight up into his, were the dark eyes of his long-lost Myrtica.

* * * * *

At a late celebrated exhibition of paintings in Paris, one portrait drew daily thousands of gazers.

It was a painting by the famous Montara, of a woman, dark and beautiful as a tropical night, dressed in the snowy robes of a bride, beside whom, on an ermine-bordered cushion, lay a small ducal coronet, and whose name and title were given in the printed catalogue as "Inez Cassilis, Duchess d'Alqual."

The pseudo-duke, struck with terror at the escape of his prisoner, committed suicide; but not before he had signed a confession which, with the evidence of Tersita, and the proofs brought forward by Cassilis, was sufficient to reinstate the young duchess in her possessions.

Antiquity of the Penny.

The penny is a coin of vast antiquity. Its familiar copper shape, as may be generally known, is a comparatively modern alteration of the silver form in which it was known to our forefathers.

In the curious, though whimsical little work called "An Essay on the Roman Denarius and English Silver Penny," it is shown to be derived from the Greek *drachma*, of *Ægina*, which has been traced to a date six hundred years antecedent to the Christian era. The *drachma* was afterward coined, not only in Greece, but in Sicily, Syria and Persia. The same coin, under the name of *denarius*, was struck by the high consular families during the Roman Republic, and by the emperors. The author of the work just quoted states that it must have been a *denarius* of Tiberius to which Christ drew the attention of the Jews when answering their questions as to the lawfulness of paying tribute. He also mentions a very interesting circumstance respecting the Aureus, or larger gold coin of the Roman emperors—namely, that in 685, under Justinian II., one was struck with a head of Christ, giving him the usual placid countenance, with a full round forehead, and ringlets hanging down each side of the face, and the beard parted below in the middle.

From Rome, the *denarius* was transferred to Saxon England, in 650, being there coined by the Kings of Kent, Mercia, and the other departments of the Heptarchy. Under the name of penny, and comparatively rudely executed, it was kept up by the Saxon, Spanish and Norman dynasties, in succession, and was the chief coin in circulation down to the reign of John.

David I. is the first King of Scotland that is known to have issued the penny. In this kingdom it continued to be coined till the reign of James IV.

In the course of its existence from Roman times to the present, the penny has been gradu-

ally reduced much in bulk. In the day of the Republic, it weighed from two pennyweights ten grains to two pennyweights thirteen grains. In the reign of the Emperor Trajan, it weighed barely two pennyweights two grains. The later emperors reduced it nearly one-half; and the earliest Saxon specimens weigh less than a pennyweight. The penny of Edward IV. was fifteen grains; that of Henry VIII., ten grains; and that of William IV., seven grains.

One of the Duels.

SOME years back, the bar of this city boasted the possession of a number of juvenile limbs of the law, who, not being blessed with an over-proportion of patronage as regards the business in which they had but recently embarked, thought proper to wile away many hours, partially tainted with dust from "the books," in the conception and consummation of practical jokes, to which the members of the legal fraternity rarely failed to fall unsuspecting victims. As these incipient barristers were sons of rich parents proud of their progeny and anxious to give them a fair start in the world, they not only occupied handsome offices, well stocked with square feet of legal learning, in the shape of calf-bound volumes, but were amply supplied with a fund of ready money, which the neophytes represented to their confiding parents as being absolutely indispensable to enable them to keep up that assumption of respectability without which their visions of future greatness were doomed to become vexatious delusions.

As the knot of pseudo-advocates had chiefly graduated from city colleges, it was not to be expected that they, in accepting service beneath the banner of the law, had entirely discarded their habits of conviviality which had been acquired beneath the tutelage of *alma mater*; on the contrary, several among them, after emerging from the musty dens of Pine, Nassau and Wall streets, sanctified by their pretence at daily labor, made as strong pretensions to social fastness as was consonant with the color of their professional cloth. Consequently, the more prominent of the group, after the shades of evening had fallen, were habitual frequenters of an uptown saloon, in one of whose parlors was located a billiard-table, duly and exclusively patronized by these junior barristers, upon the plea of physical practice being conducive to the health of gentlemen of sedate habits. And as the exercise was comparatively violent, the nervous system of the players required stimulation; hence each game logically demanded a drink all round, augmenting in intensity in geometrical progression as to the number played.

Among the more recent admissions to the bar, who ventured to congregate with this confraternity of briefless attorneys, was a gentleman more generally called "Wash," he having been honored with the cognomen of the Father of his Country as a prefix to that borne by his parents. Still this could not be called his Christian name, for the simple reason that Wash was a Jew of the deepest dye. Although really a clever fellow and a personage of some wealth, our friend was unpopular with his companions, chiefly on account of his penuriousness, and of an awkward habit of vaunting his own praises. Besides, being the best player of the coterie, it proved next to impossible to extort even a drink at his expense, while he never failed to be about when the remainder of the "all around" chanced to be on hand. In view of Wash's qualifications and propensities, it was determined to make him the victim of an expensive practical joke.

In those days the code of honor ruled supreme among all styling themselves gentlemen, an affront of any description being considered ample cause for hostile meetings, in several of which well-known members of the bar had participated. Public opinion, so far from being antagonistic to dueling among persons of reputation, indirectly favored the habit; and, hence, taking advantage of Wash's weakness, the conspirators of the juvenile legal confraternity determined to seize upon the code of honour as the medium for their jocular demonstration. One among them, the very antipodes of Wash in habits and character, a polished lawyer and affable companion, immensely popular with the bar and recognized as a leader of fashion by "our first families," both on account of his good looks and his financial expectations, volunteered to play the rôle of their champion for the occasion. Charles D—, the son of an eminent merchant, a whole-souled fellow and most agreeable gentleman, full of wit, fun and frolic, was just the man to carry out the views of the conspirators, so they hailed his proposition with intense gratification, so much so that more "drinks all around" commemorated the event than at any period of the members' legal existence since the hour of their advent to the bar.

A few nights after ratification of this compact, as Wash, in the presence of a crowded assembly of excited spectators, was playing a game of billiards against the crack shot of the conspirators, for the customary wager of "drinks all round," the playing ran so even that, for the first time in the memory of his associates, our hero ventured upon an admission as to the possibility of his being beaten. However, annoyed by the jeers of Charles D—, who had constituted himself fugleman of a body of railers, greeting each of his misdeeds with a volley of sarcastic applause, Wash nerved himself for the work of conquest, and played so steadily and coolly as to place the odds in his favor so that one decisive stroke would have terminated the contest. Just as he was upon the point of making this crowning shot, after poising himself in a most scientific position, Charles D—, arising from his seat, crept noiselessly up behind the anxious player, and, by a dextrous twist of the handle of the cue, sent the ball whirling into a corner-pocket. Wash, aware of something wrong going on behind his back, turned around sharply, and confronted his brother lawyer face to face.

"Did you do that?" inquired Wash, angrily.

"Yes, I did," returned Charlie, composedly.

A roar of laughter from the assemblage greeted this frank avowal of the guilt of the offender, which augmented as the lawyer added in a sarcastic tone of voice:

"I wanted to see you pay for drinks all round for the first time in your life."

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed Wash, gnashing his teeth, as his face turned white and purple alternately.

"That was my intention exactly," responded Charles, calmly.

"Then you'll pay for it," ejaculated Wash, threateningly.

"Not for the drinks!" interposed the lawyer, sneeringly.

"No, sir, for the insult!" continued Wash, excitedly, and he threw himself into a boxing attitude, his eyes glaring fiercely.

"No fisticuffs!" "Fight like gentlemen!" bawled out the entire crowd, rushing between the expected combatants—when, before he could deliver a blow, Wash found his arms in the grasp of half a dozen pretended friends, all of whom, with singular unanimity, shouted in his ear:

"Challenge him, Wash, for the honor of the bar!"

"If you want the satisfaction due to a gentleman," interposed Charles D—, drawing from his pocket an elaborately decorated piece of paste-board, "here's my card."

"You'll hear from us in the morning," quoth one of Wash's most intimate friends, suggestively, "that I promise you."

"I, for one, will be on hand," said Charlie, in a sarcastic tone of voice; and, lifting his hat to the company, he walked majestically out of the room, leaving the injured party surrounded by a host of sympathetic friends.

"What shall I do with that fellow?" inquired Wash, somewhat recovered from his angry humor, as he put on his coat.

"Fight him, of course!" responded a chorus of voices.

"With pistols?" continued Wash, after a moment's reflection.

"He insulted you—you must challenge him," quoth the spokesman of the coterie. "It's your only course."

"The thing must be wiped out in blood," chimed in a second member. "If you don't fight, every lawyer will out your acquaintance."

"But, then, I promised my mother—" remonstrated Wash.

"What's your mother got to do with it?" interposed a third, "when your honour and that of the whole bar is concerned."

"I've a friend in the army who'll be your second," volunteered another of the coterie. "He's a prime fellow, I tell you; fought six times, and killed all of his men."

"That's the chap for you, Wash," quoth the first speaker. "Bob will send him to you the first thing in the morning."

"Much obliged to you," said Wash; but the words almost choked him, as the memory of the duelist's performances in death-dealing flashed upon his nervous brain.

Wash went home, but not to sleep for many hours, as alumber refused to console him under the circumstances in which he found himself placed. Despite his self-vaunted courage, he was emphatically a coward at heart; and hence he cogitated as to any possible means of escaping from the dilemma thrust upon him. "Possibly," thought he, "Charles may apologize at the last hour;" and, deluded by this pleasing phantasy, Wash tumbled off into a series of fitful dozes, in the course of which he dreamt that he had been shot dead, buried, and brought to life again mysteriously.

Wash was awakened during his thirteenth attack of the nightmare by the announcement that a military gentleman was down-stairs waiting to see him upon important business. Wash dressed himself, and found in the parlor a personage in half-dress uniform, who presented him a letter of introduction.

"Happy to make your acquaintance—hope it will be of long duration," quoth the man of war, dusting his boots with a rattan cane; "but, then, my dear friend, I have had so many dearest friends cut off in their early prime."

Wash trembled at every joint at the mere mention of a sudden demise, as he had not fully recovered from his last nightmare, and, therefore, he interrupted his visitor to suggest an "eye-opener."

"I have heard of this little affair," quoth the son of Mars, after disposing of his dram, and peering around cautiously to detect any chance of being overheard, "and it gives me pleasure to serve you. The last man I seconded, sir, was stupid, very stupid—didn't obey my orders, and the consequence was, that he was shot right

through the heart. I hope and trust for my credit you won't do the same."

"Not for the world," responded Wash, as a cold shiver ran over him at the icy coldness with which his visitor spoke of his friend's death.

"But he acted nobly after burial, though," continued the military gentleman; "he left me five hundred dollars in his will. Infernally small sum; but, as I was hard up, it came tolerably acceptable. And now, sir, to business."

At the dictation of the experienced duelist, Wash, after many essays, contrived to indite a formal challenge, addressed to Charles D—, and committed it to the son of war for delivery, who, after perusal, pronounced it to be in strict accordance with the code of honor.

"My dear sir," said the soldier, as he shook hands, "it is not my general custom to convert myself into a postman, but on occasions like these I make it a rule to do anything to oblige a friend. By-the-way, as I intend to hurry the job to a speedy termination, you may as well amuse your spare hours in drawing up your will." And, with this remark, the military gentleman took temporary leave.

Wash went to his office the same morning, and was surprised at the congratulatory visits of several eminent practitioners, who commended the dignity of his conduct in sustaining his personal honour as a part and parcel of the bar. The egotistical vanity of the poor fellow was flattered, and he felt truly proud of himself until the moment arrived when he set about the task of drafting his own will. Had the document been designed for a client—and Wash boasted a couple of good paying individuals of that description—he would have accomplished the work with a right good earnestness, and with a celerity to correspond; and, perchance, had there been a legacy devised to him in the instrument, he would have had no objection to its going to probate instant; but the idea of a lawyer's writing his own will with a loaded pistol pointed at his head, even in imagination, struck our hero as seriously resembling a dying poet composing his own epitaph. Nevertheless he braced himself to the work by taking the largest-sized sheet of legal cap, and inscribing the same with the significant words, "In the name of God. Amen. I—" but further than this he could not proceed; so, laying down the, to him, fatal pen, Wash resigned himself to a meditation, which was broken by the entrance of his martial second, who entered rubbing his hand gleefully.

"All right, old fellow," quoth the captain, with an exultant manner. "I told you I'd bring the matter to a head right off, and I've done it. That Charlie's a regular brick, I tell you; and we came to terms directly. He don't stand on trifles, but let me have it all my own way. You are to fight to-morrow at sunrise, at Red Hook, just down the bay, at twelve paces."

"Twelve paces!" interrupted Wash, nervously; "eighteen is—"

"That's according to the old code—exploded, my boy," rejoined the captain, authoritatively. "We fight according to Tipperary."

"What's Tipperary?" inquired the challenger, musingly.

"Until one or the other is killed," returned the second; "to be sure something was said about the old code, but I didn't entertain it."

Wash moaned inwardly, and cursed his second mentally.

"Then again something was said about an apology."

"And what did you say to that?" demanded Wash, tremulously.

"I wouldn't hearken to it for a second," replied the captain, placing his hand upon his heart,

proudly; "says I, 'Gentlemen, my men's come upon the field on a point of honor; he has received an insult which can only be washed out by blood.' I was determined upon that point, you see, and so they swallowed all my propositions and terms, Tipperary and everything."

"That fellow will prove my murderer," muttered Wash between his teeth, while his entire frame quivered like an aspen leaf.

"You don't mean to say you are afraid?" inquired the captain, as he noticed his principal's trepidation; "if so, speak the word."

"Not at all," responded Wash, as a fresh fit of ague came over him; "but don't you think the weather chilly for this time of the year?"

"Maybe," resumed the captain; "but never mind that—we have warm work before us. I got the doctor—the jolliest fellow out, a regular army sawbones; it will do your heart good to see him take a ball out, he's so neat about it. So, wide awake, my boy, for we'll call for you in our carriage before sunrise—t'other party will take a small-boat, but we must have a carriage."

"Why a carriage?" interrupted Wash, but very meekly.

"A useful idea of mine," said the captain, smilingly. "It will serve as a hearse for the deceased, or a means of escape for the survivor, should such a thing have the good luck to exist."

And, after numerous admonitions as to his conduct on the field, the captain took leave of his principal, who retired to his own home, there to spend his last hours in pious seclusion.

Notwithstanding that the appointed hour for the meeting had been settled for sunrise, the day was somewhat advanced before the vehicle, containing Wash, his second, and the doctor—the one carrying a formidable pistol-case and a five-pound bag of freshly-run bullets, and the other superintending the conveyance of a collection of surgical instruments, ample enough for a hospital—came in view of the locality designated.

"I'm afraid we'll be too late," insinuated Wash, regaining courage as the prospect of an indefinite postponement broke upon him.

"Don't be uneasy on that head," interposed the second. "By the Tipperary code, sunrise means any hour before sundown. They'll be on hand without fail, you can stake your life on it."

Wash groaned, for he conceived his life to be already at stake.

When the carriage finally halted, Wash, upon descending, observed upon its top a long deal box, to which he called his second's attention, whereupon that worthy whispered in his ear:

"Don't say a word, my boy; that's another useful idea of mine; that box contains"—and he smiled grimly—"the coffin!"

What was Wash's astonishment, when, assisted by his gallant second, he reached the group surrounding his antagonist, to find not only Charles and his second, but a very large collection of the legal fraternity, in which the junior members predominated. Not a select few, as he anticipated, but a general concourse of familiar faces—of well-known practitioners; of friends and of foes; of men who evidently regarded this death-scene as a festivity, for they were munching sandwiches and emptying pocket-pistols with undiminished hilarity and merriment. Wash felt disgusted at such trifling behavior, and withdrew to a retired part of the field, while those interested arranged the preliminaries, and the doctor spread upon the ground, first a winding-sheet, and then a series of sanguinary-looking implements, extending in a row full a yard in length.

"Wash, my friend," said the captain, speaking in a serious tone of voice, totally at variance with his habitual manner, "I am most afraid that you are a doomed man; yet all depends upon your

nerve. I have just now learned, my friend, that you are the victim of a murderous conspiracy. You see that crowd of lawyers there; they are all in the plot. These men, Wash, are jealous of your talents and genius, as they know you will, should you live, be at the head of the bar; so they have trumped up this affair to kill you off."

"Is it possible?" quoth Wash, horrified at the cool conspiracy.

"But, my dear friend," continued the captain, encouragingly, "thank God I have it in my power to save you; only have nerve. Charles D— is a dead shot, and it is arranged to shoot you through the brain between the words two and three. Luckily I give the word, and when I say 'squat,' fire and drop down on your haunches, and the ball will pass over your head. You understand—and upon your compliance hangs your life."

After explaining more explicitly the plan of escape, the gallant captain conducted his principal to his post, amid a deathlike silence, broken only by the washing of the waves against the shores of the Hook, for the spectators had withdrawn to a respectful distance, and thence watched the progress of the combat in an apparently speechless state of suspense.

"Are you ready?" said the captain, in a tone of command.

"Ay!" responded Charles, with all the coolness imaginable.

"Fire!—one—two—squat!—three!"

True to the advice given him, Wash, although in plenitude of nervous trepidation, upon hearing the word "squat," discharged his pistol in the air and dropped upon his haunches, but losing his balance through celerity in the operation, his feet glided from beneath him, and left him sprawling upon his back on the turf.

"Only a flesh wound," said the doctor, picking up the fallen hero.

"Prepare for a second shot," quoth the captain, after congratulating Wash upon the happy performance of his part.

In accordance with the captain's demand, a second exchange of fire took place; but this time Wash, at the word "squat," merely dropped upon his knees, and rebounded to his original position with the elasticity of a cork.

"Splendid, my dear fellow," said the captain, exultantly. "Never saw a better shot—now, quick, we must fly."

"Fly? what for?" inquired his principal, in perplexity.

"You've shot him clean through the heart;" and the captain pointed to the prostrate form of Charles D—, with the surgeon bending over him, and his entire front covered with blood.

"Oh, Heavens!" moaned Wash in anguish, "have I killed a fellow-creature? I must go on my knees to ask his forgiveness."

"Not a word," said the captain, authoritatively; "we must fly until the affair blows over; come along to Jersey's shores."

In a few minutes, Wash found himself unconsciously forced into a small-boat, and propelled by the arms of a couple of stalwart watermen toward the opposite waters of the bay. Once or twice he cast his glance upon the scene of the fatal duel; and, to his horror, perceived a mournful procession of persons, bearing the body of his antagonist toward that very coach which had served to bring him to that field of action.

Landed upon the Jersey shore, Wash sought an asylum with some farmer in a secluded quarter, whence, according to the captain's instructions, he daily marched, in agony of mind, some twelve miles to the nearest post-office, in the hope of receiving some epistle, conveying intelligence as to his fate. His patience and exercise were in a

measure rewarded, for letters came to him, under an assumed name, announcing, first, that Charles was mortally wounded; subsequently, that he was expected to recover, and finally, that he was in a convalescent condition.

Wash underwent expatriation for over three weeks, when, upon his return to the city, he was informed that he had been the victim of a practical joke. His second proved to be a comic actor, tutored for his part; his surgeon, a house-carpenter, whose instruments were the tools of his trade, while the pistols were shown to have been devoid of ball, and the blood, covering his adversary's shirt-front, appertained originally to a deceased calf. Wash has since eschewed practice, both of the law of the land and of the code of honor.

Universal Dissatisfaction.

How often do we see persons who wish to be taken for what they are not. The boy aspires the man; the man affects the ways of boyhood. The sailor envies the landsman's lot; the landsman, for pleasure, goes to sea. The business man who must travel from town to town, and from country to country, dreams of the day when he will be able to "settle down;" the man of sedentary occupation grieves over the thought that he has to vegetate like a cabbage in one spot, and sighs for the time when he may travel. The town-bred youth hails with joy the morning in which he is enabled to get out where he can breathe pure air and ramble among green fields; the country lad is all wonder and admiration when he first sees the rows of town gas-lamps tapering away in perspective like beads of gold, and he is excited by the blaze of gas which pours from the windows on the road. Your fine musician would like to be a great painter, your wit a dignified philosopher, your philosopher a wit, able to set the table in a roar. Even an oyster, if we could enter into the feelings of an oyster, would wish to put forth fins and have a fine flexible tail, and sail abroad to see the world, while the traveled fish looks with an eye of envy on the oyster as one who lives without work—a fish of independent means, who has got a fixed position and a good strong house of its own.

A Marriage in Bohemia.

On the evening before the marriage, there is a peculiar feast held—the nuptial eve in Germany, being styled the *Pötte-Abend*, the literal meaning of which is the "noisy evening." The bridesmaids then bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase, to the house of the bride, and to present her with it on that occasion. A feast usually accompanies this ceremony, to which all the friends and relatives are invited.

While this feast is going on inside the house, the townsfolk bring out all the old broken crockery, pots and pans they can collect, and throw them one after another at the door. The noise thus made by the smashing of the several articles is considered to be prophetic as well as symbolical of the disturbances likely to ensue between the couple in after-life.

Previous to the hour fixed for the wedding, the space immediately in front of the altar is covered with tall green shrubs, and the floor strewn with fresh flowers, which are arranged into patterns all the way to the principal entrance. At the same time, the richer friends send whatever plate they may happen to possess—the borrowed silver articles being one and all set out so as to make as great a show as possible on the communion-table itself. A carpet is laid down on the spot where the bride and bridegroom are to stand.

The costumes usual upon such occasions with the rich are low-necked ball-dresses and dance-wreaths for the bridesmaids—such ball-dresses being made of muslin, net, or tulle, and of the showiest possible colors; while the bride generally makes her appearance in a flimsy white silk, with a broad strip of white net streaming down from the back of her myrtle wreath. With the middle class, however, it is usual for the bride to be married in black silk, while the bridesmaids are attired in low-necked ball-dresses made of cotton print.

The ceremony itself is of the briefest possible description, the service proper consisting merely in the clergyman asking each of the parties whether they intend to take the other for his or her wedded partner for life; then the betrothal-rings are changed, and the religious part of the ceremony ends with the curtest prayer for the happiness of the couple.

The marriage rites concluded, the happy couple, and the groomsmen and the bridesmaids, as well as the relatives and friends present on the occasion, return in open carriages, festooned with oak garlands, through the town—the ladies without any other covering than the wreaths on their head—to the house of the bride's father, where another feast ensues.

The Movable Chapel of the Roman Campagna.

THE fertile plain known as the Roman Campagna has for centuries been rendered uninhabitable by the malaria arising from the adjacent Pontine Marshes. Roman emperors, Gothic kings and Sovereign Pontiffs have alike endeavoured to reclaim these marshes, and we are

now told, with great parade, that Victor Emmanuel is to do it at once. It is doubtful whether he will make even a respectable failure for history to record. Large reservoirs at the foot of the mountains, with lateral canals to intercept the waters from the mountains, will probably prove the only means of reclaiming them.

Now the cultivators descend from the neighbouring highlands and till the soil, hastening the harvest with all speed, and flying from the pestilential vapours of early autumn.

To enable the population to attend divine worship, the clergy follow them as their work requires; a little car contains the altar and space for the priest to stand, and when it is drawn to the most convenient spot, the buffalo is unyoked, the front opens, the priest dons the vestments required, and the mass is celebrated under the blue sky, and heard as devoutly by the simple, honest peasantry as in the greatest work of Italy's noblest architects. The sketch which we engrave is from a very meritorious painting by *Emile Lévy*.

To Make Imitation Coral Hanging Baskets.—Take old hoops with the covering on; bend and tie in any shape desired; tie with wrapping-twine, with ends of the twine left one-fourth of an inch long; cover the basket when formed with knots or ties about one inch apart all over the basket. Then take one-half pound of beeswax, melt it in a shallow pan, stir in enough Japanese vermilion to get the color you wish, then roll the basket in the melted wax until it is covered completely. We have one made in this way, that has hung exposed to the weather for two years, and is still as good as new.



THE MOVABLE CHAPEL OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.



THE AGATE CROSS.—“HE THEN PICKED UP A SPADE, AND PROCEEDED TO FULFILL HIS DREAD TASK, AND AS HE ADVANCED WITH HIS WORK, A FIGURE AROSE FROM THE DARKNESS BEHIND HIM, AND, MOTIONING HIS COMPANION TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OPENING IN THE PARTITION, STOOD QUIETLY WATCHING.”

The Agate Cross.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD been in New York about two weeks, devoting the principal part of my time during the day to business, but my evenings, and occasionally an hour or so of the afternoon, to seeing the sights, good and bad, of that great city. All of

the principal theatres and other places of amusement, all the finest buildings, Central Park, and (shall I say it?) the most gorgeous gambling-houses, billiard-rooms, etc., had been visited by me. Broadway in its everyday business-like garb, and Broadway in its brilliant evening costume, with the starry radiance of gas-jets from the halls of pleasure shining above it like a tiara of diamonds on the brow of a belle, had each been the object

of my attention, and afforded me a world of pleasure.

My business in New York was about finished, and I had made my arrangements to start by Saturday's steamer for home—and, determining to devote the intervening three days to pleasure, had already made an engagement with a friend to witness a billiard match that evening. Having myself just learned to handle a cue with a slight modicum of dexterity, I (as is natural, I believe, to a novice) considered myself a judge of good playing, and expected to derive considerable pleasure in witnessing the trial between artists in the game.

Fortifying ourselves for the expected excitement with a good dinner, we proceeded to the billiard-room, on the upper part of Broadway. I was hardly pleased with the arrangement of the place, for I am always averse to descending into the bowels of the earth; but when I had descended the steps and reached the room, which was some distance back, I had no faults to find. It was elegantly fitted up and contained two fine, handsome billiard-tables.

We took our seats, and watched the artistic game through, and, after discussing its merits, were just going to leave, when my friend Charlie noticed several persons going through a door at the end of the room, and impulsively proposed finding out what was going on in there. I agreed, and with an air of assurance we opened the door, walked in, and discovered it to be a gambling-room, of which the billiard-room outside was the respectable shell for this rotten kernel within.

It was smaller than the billiard-room, but large enough for a deal of mischief to be transacted in. We did not remain there long, for we did not like the aspect of the occupants, only stopping a few moments to notice the style of game in progress, and then left the place entirely. Charlie walked with me as far as the hotel, and then we parted.

When in my room I discovered I had lost my gloves, or left them in the saloon, and as they were fur-lined and trimmed, I considered them worth the trouble, and determined to stop in and get them the next morning. All the next day, however, I was kept busy by the unaccountable absence of one of my packages of goods, and it was not until the morning after, when the package was found and shipped, that in passing up Broadway the gloves returned to my mind, and I proceeded to the saloon.

I did not much expect, after that lapse of time, to recover them, and it was possibly quite as much curiosity to see the place by daylight as anything else that took me down the steps and into the saloon. There were only a few in the lunch-room as I entered, and they seemed to be in an excited and eager discussion about something, so much so, that I passed unnoticed and entered the billiard-room.

Faugh! what a smell of stale tobacco and liquor, and what a dirty, disorderly place! Confusion and riot seemed to have reigned there. Chairs were upset, the floor strewn with fragments of broken glass, and altogether a more disgusting change from its gaslight brilliancy could scarcely be imagined.

My gloves were not there, and, without pausing for thought, I passed to the inner room, and as I stepped over the threshold, placed my foot on something hard. I stooped and picked it up, and as it was too dark to see what it was, I lightly dropped it into my outside pocket until my return to the billiard-room, and stepping forward, as my eyes became accustomed to the twilight, and daylight streamed through the open door I had left, I distinguished a terrible something stretched upon the long table.

With an exclamation of horror I started back,

as I recognized it to be the ghastly corpse of a man, with a yawning knife-wound in his throat, from which the blood had settled upon the table, and another similar wound in the region of the heart. Petrified, I gazed upon it as though the victim of a terrible nightmare, imprinting indelibly on my memory the fearful sight. The next moment the sound of feet hurrying toward me roused me to a sense of my own danger, and, with a bound, I cleared the space between me and the open door, and closing it softly, had only time to pretend to be searching among the cushioned side seats when a man entered.

Keeping my back to the new-comer until he had almost reached me, I thus had a short time to recover my self-control, and turned toward him. He was a dangerous-looking person. His savage black eyes had no mercy in them, and I felt the necessity of a desperate effort at concealment, so, with a light laugh, which sounded frightful to myself, I said, in answer to his uncivil question of what I wanted:

"Why, I was so green as to think I might find my gloves again. I was here night 'fore last at your great billiard match, and I felt sure I left them somewhere hereabout. You haven't seen nothin' of them, have you?"

I looked up at him with the simplest face I could assume. How I blest my stars *then*, for what had often mortified me before, that I was, as Charlie and others said, "the greenest-looking specimen for one that had brains." The man looked at me with a shrewd, suspicious face, and once he reached out his hand a little toward me in a way that made me shiver, for the thought crossed my mind that he had a weapon in his sleeve, and also that I had entered the place alone, and was unarmed. With my nerves strung for the emergency, I endured his gaze without flinching, and coolly ejected the tobacco saliva from my mouth, as I turned and walked with desperate calmness out of the room; but I keenly listened to his footfall coming after mine, to detect if it drew nearer.

I could not quite endure to the end. I felt that if I did not once more face him, and see that all was right, that when within reach of the door I should not be able to restrain the eager impulse to spring through it, and thus betray my knowledge of what was behind me. To have done that would, I knew, be death to me, and I was quite sure, as it was, that I would be carefully watched during the remainder of my short stay in the city.

I turned again to the man, to speak I hardly knew what, but with a grunt "Good-day" he turned on his heel, passed again through the room we had just left, and I heard the clicking of a door-key at the other end immediately after. I did not, you may suppose, await his return, but briskly left the place, and it was with a gasping sigh of relief that I emerged into the open air, and hastened to my room at the hotel to consider what I should do in the matter.

I had not time to do much, for the vessel sailed in a few hours. I could write to the Chief of the Police all about the circumstances, state where the body lay, urge expedition, and leave the rest in his hands. I did so, put the letter in the hotel post-box, and, a little easier in my mind, took my satchel in hand, and wended my way down to the steamer. Here I locked myself into my state-room, and endeavored to take a little rest before dinner. But I could not. In taking off my overcoat, something from the pocket of it fell to the floor with a ringing sound, and I suddenly remembered the article I had picked up near where the corpse lay. I now discovered it to be the handle of a slender dirk, broken off short at the blade. Two initials were on it, A. W., and it was

stained with what I knew to be human blood. Vividly again arose before me the face and form of the murdered man.

Every little minutia stood out boldly before my excited mind's eye. I remembered distinctly his various articles of dress, peculiarities of style, etc., things to which I had hitherto given no thought, and which I had seen unconsciously.

But I particularly remembered one little circumstance, which, even in the midst of my horror, had impressed me peculiarly. From the wound over his heart, which evidently mostly bled inwardly, only a slender red line of blood ran downward in a curve, and settled in a little pool upon the table. In this pool, upright and steady, supported by the chain it depended from, was a peculiar-looking agate cross. It was of an odd shape, surmounted with gold, a single ruby in the centre, which, as the sunbeams from the open door struck it, looked like a fiery red eye, the deadly witness of the terrible deed, while the position of the cross itself, in the very heart's blood of the victim, seemed to say, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." My thoughts were becoming too horrible, and I endeavoured to shake them off, but in vain. The pale face, staring eye and ghastly wound in the throat returned to me every moment. I almost seemed to hear the drip, drip, drip of the blood to the floor.

I could not endure it, and I arose from the bed upon which I had thrown myself, and from sheer restlessness drew my diary from my pocket and wrote an account of what had passed, with dates, descriptions, situations, etc., as accurate as possible. Then, upon the impulse of the moment, I attempted a rude sketch of the murdered man as he lay upon the table, and of the cross in its singular position. Upon the opposite page I drew a representation of the man who had followed me into the room, and whom I unaccountably looked upon as the assassin.

I am considered a somewhat skillful draughtsman, and the resemblance in either case, although perhaps not artistic, was such as to make me desire never to see those pages again; so, with a couple of postage-stamps, I sealed over the edges of the leaves, and put the book, with the dirk-handle, at the bottom of my trunk.

We had a pleasant, prosperous journey, and in the confusion consequent upon our arrival, the unpacking of so much merchandise, and the happy reunion with my loved ones and friends, the affair slowly and gradually slipped in my memory.

CHAPTER II.

I found that Divine Providence had kept all my dear ones from harm during my absence. Prosperity had attended my business, and all had been well—Ah! I mistake. I said all, but I should have made one exception, which we, in the absence of a genuine calamity, were pleased to consider a great misfortune. My little Alice's governess, whom we all regarded very highly, was taken ill, and, one week prior to my return, obliged to give up teaching. We all sincerely regretted her loss, but it could not be avoided, so we were forced to seek another. We sought among the advertisements; we ourselves advertised; we inquired diligently among our acquaintances, but could find no one who seemed suited to take Miss Munson's place. My wife was almost in despair, and disposed to think that fate had served her hard in depriving her of our friend just at this time.

A month passed away, and she sat sewing on a little cap (too big for a doll), in her sewing-room, one gloomy morning, her seamstress the recipient of all her trouble in getting a governess, when the door-bell rang, and presently the housemaid

announced a lady in the parlor to see the missis. Here was another trial, for my lady, being out of sorts and ailing, considered everything a trial. "Te have to leave her embroidery and go down-stairs was too bad; besides, she was not dressed to receive visitors, and did not know whether it was worth while to change her dress or not. She wished Jane had told her who it was. Well, she supposed she might as well go first as last." So the cap was tossed into the basket, a clean handkerchief selected, and madame descended. When I returned home to dinner in the evening, I was met with smiles, and an—

"Oh, Robert! I have at last got a governess for Alice, and such a nice one. She is a perfect lady, but so sad, and—and—"

I interrupted her with a hearty laugh and a kiss, and inquired where she had run across this paragon, and if she thought she could teach any better for being "so sad, and—and—"

"Well, but now, Robert, stop teasing, and be sensible. I declare, I won't say another word about her, but leave you to judge for yourself. She is coming here at six o'clock to see you."

"All right, Mary. And now let us have supper, for I am afraid I shall be too severe to her sad ladyship if I see her while in my present hungry state."

At six o'clock she came. We had just finished dinner, and, with my evening paper and slippers, I was just enjoying my—ahem—toothpick (I don't smoke), when the girl announced, "Mrs. Whitlock."

"She is a widow, then," I said to myself, as I arose and went to the parlor.

Seated in one of the easy-chairs was the lady, who arose as I went forward to greet her. I commented silently as we conversed. Not above medium height, of a lithe, graceful figure, and with a complexion like pure Parian marble. Not a shade of color tinged her cheeks, and but lightly her lips, yet she was perfectly healthy-looking. She had large, full, dark eyes, and wavy hair which fell low on her forehead but away at the temples; small, white, even teeth, and dimples at the corners of her mouth when she smiled, which was seldom; but, oh! "so sad," as my wife had said, when serious. I found her very intelligent, and had no doubt of her ability to teach little Alice; but I hesitated a moment about engaging her, having always wished our little maid to have cheerful, happy companionship. I resolutely banished the thought, however, as unkind, and hoped that, as probably misfortune had produced the look, our happy home and friendly feeling toward her would, after a time, banish it. So the next day she entered our house, and became one of the family.

As the weeks went on, Alice became very fond of her; my wife considered herself fortunate in securing so great a prize, and I, busy among bales and bundles down-town, thought little about it, except that I noticed that, as time wore on, instead of growing more cheerful, she seemed to me to become more vexatiously gloomy. I remarked the same to my wife; but she repelled the idea with spirit, and declared it was all my imagination.

"Mrs. Whitlock was a jewel of the first water. She had seen a deal of trouble, and, of course, could not be gay immediately; but she was always gentle and patient, and so persevering. In fact," Mary continued, in a lower tone, "I should not like to be the one to do her an injury, for, good as she is, I think, if her anger was once aroused, she would be just as persevering and patient in accomplishing her revenge as she is in everything else."

I dropped the question, for if Mary was satisfied, of course I might be, for she had a far better

opportunity of studying and knowing her character than I had.

A few weeks after the above remarks, we had a little social tea-party. Only about a dozen in all, and all of them very old friends. Business was dull at that time, and I came home early in the afternoon, and had a good social chat with our friends. After supper almost everything possible was discussed, jokes laughed at, anecdotes related, and at last, by imperceptible degrees, we got talking about my last season's trip.

For the first time I related the sight I had seen in the gambling-saloon, and my own danger. My wife turned white, while a visible shudder went through the listeners. Why I had never before spoken of it was beyond my explanation, except that I could not bear to recall the shock I had received. For a little while the conversation was all about horrible incidents and accidents, and then, as by a sort of tacit common consent, we went back to the gay and lively, forgetting the unpleasant as speedily as possible.

My wife, however, did not regain her colour, and glancing casually at Mrs. Whitlock, I saw her turning the pages of a book of engravings, upside down, with compressed lips and a scarlet spot on either cheek, while her eyes, as she looked up, were no longer sad, but hard and glittering. I wondered at the change, and finding she was observed, she closed the book, left the room, and only returned as the company were bidding us good-night. As we returned to the parlor, Mary gave vent to her excited feelings by clutching me tightly and exclaiming:

"Oh, Rob, you never shall go to that dreadful New York again!"

I laughed, and soothed her to the best of my ability; but she pressed me with questions until every little incident was extorted, even to my act in attempting the portraits. I was foolish to tell that, for I knew, or might guess, what would follow.

"But, Rob, dear, where is the drawing you made of them? Let me see them—do!"

"Not for worlds, Mary," said I, nervously. "I never want those leaves opened again to recall my horror. As soon as I reached home I locked the book in the secretaire down-stairs, and have never touched it since. Don't ask me to do so now, for I cannot. I should have burned it long ago, but for that feeling of repugnance."

We were all silent a few moments, and I felt Mrs. Whitlock's eyes again like coals of fire glowing upon me, and feeling uneasy under her gaze, I arose and retired to my room, where I was soon asbed and sound asleep. Once during the night I aroused to a dreamy half-consciousness, beset with a sort of horror. I thought I was again in the billiard-room on Broadway, and the dead man had moved. I seemed to hear his garments rustle, but, with half-awakened sense, I argued the thought away.

"Dead men don't move. That is the proprietor going back into the other room. He has locked the door of the room where the corpse is. I heard it click."

At this point I awakened fully, and with sudden thought sat upright in bed. Had I really heard the door click, or only dreamed it? I listened intently, while I endeavored to peer through the darkness. Quiet, perfect quiet, reigned, and after a few moments I again lay down. It was only a dream—and was I always to be subject to a renewal of that fearful scene? I was vexed with myself for my pusillanimity, and shut my eyes much as a naughty child threatened with punishment would do, and went to sleep again.

It was after our usual hour when we arose the next morning, and as we entered the breakfast-room I was surprised at seeing nothing of either

Mrs. Whitlock or Alice. Summoning the maid, we sent her up to call them, but she quickly returned with dilated eyes.

"Mrs. Whitlock is not there, ma'am, and Miss Alice is sitting up in bed dressing her doll. I found this letter on the dressing-table, so I brought it down."

She handed me the letter, and lingered around to gather news, but I dismissed her to attend Alice, and, breaking the seal, read aloud:

"Sir: I am committing an act which you may consider unpardonable, but which an irresistible fate calls upon me to do. You have all been kind friends to me, and I am very, *very* grateful to you for it. I cannot make up my mind to lose your good opinion, even through a misunderstanding, therefore I am going to tell you unreservedly the sad reason of my unceremonious departure, and to do so, I must go back a little, to the time before I knew you. I was the happy wife of George Whitlock up to one year ago. Then he left me, to visit New York, as you did, on business, expecting to be gone not longer than two months at the utmost, but—he never returned. Vainly have I watched and waited for tidings of him, until, last night—for I never doubted his truth nor his love for me—your adventure and description of the murdered person awakened a sickening dread in my mind. My husband wore such a cross as you described, and I did not think he could be tempted to part with it. It was an heirloom in the family, and said to possess the mysterious power of criminating the assassin, should the wearer be foully dealt with. I could not rest. I *must* see and satisfy myself with the pictures in your memorandum. I waited until all was perfectly silent about the house, and then quietly crossed the hall to your room. I had the good fortune to find the door unlocked, so I entered, and felt my way cautiously to where your clothes lay. I carefully abstracted your keys, and, making my way down-stairs, struck a light, and searched the secretaire. You see I hide nothing. After a short time, I found the memorandum with the leaves bound together. These I quickly tore apart with trembling hands, and found, as my heart had before told me, that the victim was indeed my beloved husband. I think I must have fainted, for I was unconscious of time from that moment, until the clock striking two aroused me to my work. I now go to avenge him, for I recognised in the other face *his unsuccessful rival for my hand, his enemy and murderer, and his cousin*. Forgive me that I take with me the important leaves of your memorandum and the dirk-handle. I need them in my revenge. Adieu. May you be blessed for the inspiration that has given this valuable testimony to me, and for all your kindness to the unfortunate JULIE WHITLOCK."

"P. S. Do not distress your kind hearts fearing I want, for I am wealthy. I did not become your child's governess from need of money, but in the hope of hearing something of my lost one through one who was in New York at the same time, and returned in the same boat that George was to have returned in. I have done so, alas! But the information has only made my misery more assured. I live but to avenge my husband." J. W."

In blank amazement we stared in each other's faces. My wife first recovered herself, and, with a sob, said:

"Poor, poor Mrs. Whitlock—how shocking!" but I arose silently from the table, and left the house. It was too earnest a subject to be commented upon, and I hastened to the privacy of my office to consider what best could be done to aid the unhappy widow.

Greatly I feared the danger which I knew she

would encounter, alone in that great city, with such a purpose, and I could not content myself to leave her unaided or unadvised. I rang my bell, and sent for my partner, to confer with him. He had been one of our party the evening before, and heard my story. I now related to him the sequel to it, and expressed my fears for Mrs. Whitlock's safety.

For an hour we sat talking and planning. No boat was to leave until the next afternoon, and we decided to try and find her, and, if possible, prevail upon her not to risk herself amid so much wickedness—to offer our willing services to act as her agents in bringing the crime to light and avenging her husband's cruel death. We separated for that purpose, but met again in the evening with disconsolate faces, having been unable to discern the least trace of her. We had visited the several vessels about starting for the North, but no such person had taken passage in any of them. We had inquired for her at every place where we had thought it possible for her to be known, but with no success, and disheartened, we again met to discuss proceedings.

For a week we continued our inquiries, and then reluctantly gave it up. We could hear nothing whatever, nor discover the slightest trace of her. Like a meteor she had vanished suddenly and completely from the horizon of our home.

CHAPTER III.

THE steamer Kioeko, from Havana, had just arrived at New York, the plank was thrown out, and a steady stream of passengers passed over it into the great thoroughfare. All sorts and all classes, rich and poor, gentle and simple, alike poured forth to mingle with the turbulent tide of the city. The haughty don and the sinister exhibitor of hand-organ and monkey jostled each other unceremoniously, while the light-hearted, blue-eyed, busy New Yorker, more eager than either to place his foot again on home-ground, brushed hastily past, and was lost to view.

Among the last to leave the vessel was one whom we will follow as he leisurely takes his departure, having waited until the crowd was gone. He was decidedly Spanish in appearance, having a clear olive complexion, dark eyes, and an abundance of dark curly hair, together with a mustache so heavy as to completely hide his mouth and redeem features which otherwise would have been effeminate.

He was of a slender figure, plainly and neatly dressed in black, and bearing tokens of refined habits in every motion. Quiet and retiring in his manner, the fierceness of his keen black eye yet made him seem one well able to take his own part in the battle of life.

He beckoned a cab, and, pointing to his baggage, sprang in, and was driven rapidly to the — House. Here for days he kept himself in the utmost retirement, going out only at night-fall, and returning late at night. A very peculiar young gentleman the attendants at the hotel thought him, never noticing any one, and just minding his own business too much for their complacency or pockets. He was registered as Don Julian Estange, remained nearly a fortnight, and then left.

Two months after he took his departure from the — House, the proprietor of the billiard establishment No. — Broadway received a visit from a person whom we recognize as Don Julian, and from the cordial manner in which he was received, it was evident that the visitor was a welcome one.

"Ah, good-evening, Mr. Estange, good-evening! I hope you have thought favorably of our

proposition. But walk into our private office, and we will talk it over."

One hour Mr. Albert Whitlock and Don Julian Estange were closeted, and when they came forth the latter had advanced a sum of money for the use of the establishment and become a silent partner.

He had been for some time a constant visitor to the place, and his apparent ready means and calm impenetrability to the attractions of the table, beyond an unconcerned risking of occasional sums upon the chance of another throw, had suggested to Mr. Whitlock that as a partner his financial help would greatly benefit them.

As they passed through the saloon, the proprietor's face wore a pleased look, but the Spaniard, even while smiling, had a singular expression, and it seemed as though the cigarette upon which he so earnestly drew was used only as a cover to hide some carefully concealed expression.

A boy handed to Mr. Whitlock a delicately perfumed note, and, apologizing to his new partner, he tore it open, and, oblivious of the sinister, scrutinizing gaze bent upon him, read it in amazement.

"COUSIN ALBERT: I presume you have long ere this heard of the singular disappearance of my dear husband. I have almost entirely given up hope of ever again seeing him; still, it would be a consolation to me to be assured of his whereabouts, and to know, if possible, where he lies. For this purpose I have taken up my residence in this city, and being an almost total stranger, send to let you know of my arrival, that I may feel a little security in the presence of a relative, and, I hope, derive aid from him in my purpose. Forget old grievances, like a kind friend, and come and see me. I saw you on Broadway yesterday, but you had a Spanish-looking gentleman with you, so I passed on. I shall be at home to-morrow afternoon at four.

Your cousin,

"JULIAN WHITLOCK."

A flush of triumph crossed his face as he read the billet and its signature, and with clinched hands and set teeth he muttered:

"Once more, Julie: and this time, were *legions* to oppose me, *mine you shall be*, and woe and destruction to any (as to the first) who crosses my path."

The next afternoon, in carefully arranged costume, he was ushered into Mrs. Whitlock's cozy little parlor, and, after a few moments' waiting, greeted with smiling courtesy.

Never had she looked lovelier. Her half-mourning robes set off to wonderful beauty her Parian-like complexion, and, as if to show that she was not entirely inconsolable, a few small pink roses, natural ones, were placed in the bosom of her dress, adding just the tinge of color which she needed. Her dark hair was cut short and arranged in clustering curls around her small, well-shaped head, making her appear almost girlish.

There was no trace of sadness in her face now. Smiles and dimples occasionally flooded it in sunshine as she chatted with her visitor, recalling some reminiscence of old-time frolics, and if the subject chanced to embrace her lost husband, with a sharp effort it was quickly changed, and nothing but a momentary drooping of the eyelid and a spasmodic breath gave token of her feelings.

Albert Whitlock—always in love with her—striving and hoping against hope with his cousin, hating him with a deadly hatred at the altar, and never, even after their marriage, able to cast out from his bosom his love and hate, met her again free, with a gratification and exultation he did not attempt to conceal.

He became immediately a regular visitor in her

parlor, and she received him with a favor which intoxicated him. The bad, wicked man of the world became a very child in the hands of this siren.

She alternately petted and caressed or rudely rebuffed him, as her pleasure or *tactics* led her, and, feverish with hope or chilled with doubt, but more and more madly in love as the days flew on, he urged his suit upon her with vigor.

Although seeming at times to reciprocate his passion, she, however, steadfastly refused to bind herself in any way to him until she could be satisfied that her husband no longer existed.

"Bring me," she would say, "some positive evidence. Find me the agate cross, which I know he would never part with alive; and 'tis not likely he would be consigned to the grave with his watch and chain (to which it was attached) upon him. Discover for me his fate, what befell him, or where he lies, and then we will talk of the future. But I shall never marry again until I have the agate cross in my possession. Evil would befall me were I to do so. Upon my wedding-day I solemnly promised George that, were he to die first, I would carefully guard the cross until his brother became of age, and then pass it over to him, with its history, as the rightful owner of the heirloom."

With fierce contending emotions he would be obliged to take his departure. Too well he knew where to obtain the article demanded; but at what a price!

Knowing the pretended qualities of this cross, he had not dared to leave it above ground, and the same grave or pit held at once the body of his murdered cousin and the agate cross. It was not far that he would be obliged to go to get it, for the vault of his billiard establishment held that and many other secrets, but it was an act requiring no small amount of courage to look again upon his victim, and worse than all was the dread presentiment that the unearthing of the blood-eyed avenger (as it was sometimes called) was signing with his own hand his doom.

During this period of bewildering, almost crazing uncertainty, it was fortunate, perhaps, that, reckless about the business himself, his silent partner, Julian Estange, seemed to have acquired a sudden taste for it. He was making himself acquainted with all the plots and plans of the establishment, and perseveringly, but in an apparently careless fashion, making himself familiar with all its history.

Standing aloof in quiet reserve from all the *roués* and gamblers connected with the place, he yet seemed to hear and carefully note each careless retrospection uttered under the impulse and excitement of the moment.

Under some plausible pretext he dismissed two of the inferior attendants, and himself supplied their places with others, who were eyed with jealousy by the rest. No one, however, dared murmur, for Don Julian was at the time omnipotent, money being more than ever necessary now in the time of the senior partner's unsettled state, and Mr. Whitlock would hear nothing against his partner, and himself treated him with the utmost suavity.

At first, in his desire to gratify and conciliate in every way so valuable an addition to his establishment, he had invited him to accompany him to the house of his inamorata, but had been put off with an apology until some future time; but that time never came. Mrs. Whitlock having expressed enthusiastic praise of his personal appearance (having, she said, seen them together in the street), his old enemy, jealousy, was aroused, and the invitation never repeated.

Every day the same hour found him punctually at the widow's, and as she never allowed him to

remain over a certain length of time, he was fain to content himself before the time in anticipation, and after it in retrospection.

Time wore on, and the two new men supplied by the new partner became less obnoxious to the other attendants, for, although at times their suspicions that all was not right would be aroused by some singular act on the part of one or both of them, yet they managed, by a cordial, hearty goodfellowship, to secure the general good opinion of their associates.

Don Julian Estange also gained complete control over his partner, winning his confidence on every point, even to his hopes and fears regarding the widow. Much valuable time was spent in detailing to his patient listener the obstinacy with which Mrs. Whitlock (or Julie, as he called her) persisted in demanding proof positive of her husband's death, and in complaining querulously of her exacting spirit.

To each and all Don Julian's reply, couched in different forms, was the same: "Find the cross, then, and satisfy her. That, surely, is no tremendous task to accomplish." At which he would "Pish!" and "Pshaw!" twist uneasily in his seat, and glance askance at his partner, to see if he had any hidden meaning.

Once, indeed, Don Julian intimated that, perhaps, the widow had applied to the one who could best tell her of the cross, and, for a moment off his guard, Albert Whitlock cast a shrewd, almost conscious look in reply, but immediately recovering himself, left the room hastily.

But fretting and fuming remedied the matter not one whit, and at last, wrought to desperation, he told Julie he would find the proof she needed or die in the attempt, for he would not live longer without her.

A flush of exultation crossed her face, but she smiled sweetly, and whispered lovingly:

"Then, Albert, I shall be happy. Ah, hasten the time when I can call you mine!"

In a delirium of passion at her words, he turned to clasp her to his heart, but she was gone. She had evaded his grasp, slipped out of the room, and, hurrying to her own private one, locked the door, and with wild eyes and distorted features, raised her hands, and again repeated:

"Ah, hasten the time when I may call thee mine—for vengeance, vile man! No mercy! ha! ha! Already I seem to have thee in my power. With my trusty aids at the billiard-rooms, and I here watching you, 'twere indeed strange if we miss or go astray."

Pale and haggard Albert Whitlock became during the ensuing week. Having determined to unearth the cross, he yet could not nerve himself to the frightful task, nor could he endure the questions and taunts which he knew he must meet and answer at the widow's if he presented himself there, so with unwonted self-denial he remained away.

Don Julian Estange was his constant companion during these hours, and sorely was the miserable man tempted to repose a confidence in him which he knew would place him in his power, and which, if betrayed, would be so disastrous to himself.

Saturday of the week came, and conscious of the uselessness of postponement when he had decided to act, he resolved that the next day, being Sunday, should see the dread task accomplished, and as the place would be closed and the attendants away, he could depend with certainty upon no interruption.

Far into the night of Saturday, and into the small hours of Sunday morning, the *habitués* of the place lingered, held by the fascination of their games. Drunkenness and vice had full sway. The heedless youth, beguiled by the glitter of the place, entering without a thought of the net

spread for his unwary feet, left with pockets materially lightened, but with a heart proportionately heavy, and the professional gamblers carried away with them much that should have gone to make other homes comfortable.

But the end came. The last tardy lingerer departed, and, weary and footsore, the attendants extinguished the blaze of light that had been so attractive, and, with their week's work ended, gladly sought home and bed.

All had gone but the two partners and the two men last hired by Don Julian, and as the partners came out of their private office, whither Don Julian had called Mr. Whitlock for a moment's conference, the two had also disappeared, so, locking the office, they bade each other a civil good-night and separated, Mr. Whitlock taking the keys of the establishment with him.

For an hour all was silent and dark in the rooms which had before been the scene of so much excitement and sin; then a faint glimmer of light penetrated the cracks from a door to a dark closet in the furthest apartment.

It opens slowly, and a man's form appears indistinctly in the faint light. He listens intently a few moments, and then, turning on the full blaze of the lantern, speaks a few words fearlessly, and a comrade steps forth.

It is Don Julian's two men, but they now display the badge of their office as city detectives on their coats. They speak.

"Well, Joe," said the one who first appeared, "we are all right, I guess, and as we have only a few hours remaining of the night, we had better make ourselves comfortable as soon as possible. I guess we both of us had a sort o' catnap in that cubby-hole we've just left, for I feel kinder drowsy now. He will not come 'fore morning, I know, so I propose taking a moderate nightcap, and finding a soft cushion to hug the rest of the night."

"Agreed, matey," was the laconic response from his companion; and as they seated themselves at one of the tables with decanter and glasses before them, he continued: "But how in the name of wonder can you be so sure he is coming to-morrow, when here we have been waiting and watching this two months and more? Don Julian seems equally positive, but perhaps he has a good reason for his—"

"Oh, pahw, Joe! You're not much better than a novice, after all your experience. Put this and that together, man, like a woman does the seams of her dress. Takes a good many odds and ends to make a whole garment. See how moody and fidgety he has been for days past. Then, he's never been nigh the widow since Tuesday, to my certain knowledge, nor won't go, neither, till he can take satisfaction with him, which won't be soon, to my thinking. And the fellow's too big a coward to come here in the night-time. Let's see—what's it, Shakespeare, or Lord Byron, or Webster—somebody says about conscience making cowards of us all? Well, that's him—Whitlock! So, you see, there is no time left for him but Sunday, when the place is closed. As to being sure that the body is in the building—why, Joe, the man's a downright fool. He's told on himself a score of times in actions, besides which he had no chance to get the body out of the house. It was seen early in the morning, and had to be got out of the way 'fore the night-crowd come along. I could go this minute almost to the spot, only I want to catch the rascal in the act. You see, 'twould save the trouble of a power of evidence. That dirk-handle with his initials on it, A. W., and those pictures, go a long way, especially with the evidence of the man that took 'em. Fortunately he's in town again, and can't leave without our knowledge and permit. I've got a nabby

watching him. So I hope a few days more will finish this little job for us, and break up this den of infamy. I say, though, Joe, we had better look around down-stairs, and see where we can hide ourselves when the time comes, so as to see without being seen. Bring the bracelets along. We must have them handy, for I expect he'll be a pretty desperate customer at the end."

Rising from their seats, they carefully replaced decanters and glasses, that no evidence of their presence might destroy their plot, and, lantern in hand, wended their way down-stairs to the vault. It was a large place, most nicely masoned and finished off, in compartments for the various kinds of fine liquors.

At the further end of it was, however, a portion for which there seemed to be no use. It had been roughly boarded off, as if for a receptacle of old lumber, but had not been applied to any apparent purpose, as the boards of the partition reached to the roof overhead, which was quite low, and the cobwebs hung in thick festoons all over it. Indeed, any one not having his attention called particularly to it would have said that the vault terminated at the partition, and as it was of course very dark (being the sub-cellar), it would have taken a pretty close scrutiny to have awakened the idea in any one's mind that a vacant space existed behind that apparent side-wall.

The two detectives conversed together in a low tone, as they looked searchingly around for a suitable place to stow themselves. They decided to separate, but be where they could signal each other, and after choosing their respective positions, as near the partition (which they suspected as being the place) as possible, they started to return to the upper rooms.

Joe, looking at his watch, found it was four o'clock, and, suggesting that they had better hurry up or they would have no nap at all, he had placed his foot upon the first step ascending, when they were startled with the sound of a foot-fall overhead.

With a muffled "Whew! so soon!" they swiftly and silently sought their hiding-places, and, carefully shutting the dark lantern, awaited the development.

Slowly and stealthily the footstep approached overhead. Nearer—nearer—at last a light flashed at the head of the steps, and the ghastly face of Albert Whitlock looked down.

A moment he paused hesitatingly, and then came down the steps with a hurried movement, and, without giving himself a moment's time for thought, never doubting his security from observation, went direct to the partition, and, setting down his light, easily slid five or six movable boards from their places, and laid them against the others. He then picked up a spade, which lay just where it had been dropped when last used, and proceeded to fulfill his dread task. Twice he started at the fancied sound of something clinking, but again, with large beads of perspiration standing on his pallid face, went to work.

A half hour sufficed to bring him to the vicinity of the object of his search, for the body was not buried very deep, and as (with his back turned to the rest of the cellar) he advanced in his work, a figure arose from the darkness behind him, and, motioning his companion to the other side of the opening in the partition, stood quietly watching.

So intent was the guilty man now, and so nervously excited with the dread of seeing that dead face, that he thought of nothing else. At last a sudden desperate effort sent the spade apparently under the shoulder of the still covered body, for the upheaving of the implement turned and lifted the face of the corpse (which had been buried

face down), with its dead eyes staring full in view of his murderer.

With a shriek, he started back, to be clasped in the firm embrace of the detective. Overcome by the awfulness of his position, and yet hardly realizing it was mortal hand that held him, he for the first time in his life swooned away to utter unconsciousness.

The two officers, taking advantage of his quiescent state, securely handcuffed him, and then, as he began to regain consciousness by their efforts, procured a glass of wine for him, and led him up-stairs to await the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD again been a sojourner in the great metropolis for a few weeks, and having concluded and shipped my business purchases, had again a short time to devote to pleasure. This time, however, I was contented to enjoy myself amid scenes of innocent and harmless amusement.

No great billiard matches tempted me now. My fright had cured me of that completely, and had indeed implanted within me a most decided distaste for the game.

I was not at all curious with regard to low life, *that is, underground life*, and was satisfied with knowing only so much of the world as was intended to be public for the eye and ear of everybody, and that in broad daylight.

Gaslight, with its brilliancy, had lost its attractions after nine o'clock, and I was contented, as it was possible for me to be away from home and loved ones, in the presence of kind and cordial friends and in the higher classes of theatrical amusements.

Edwin Booth received a large share of my enthusiasm, in fact, so large a portion, that I had scarce any to spare for other artists or entertainments. Lester Wallack's "*Rosedale*" was having a great run at that time, and I enjoyed it exceedingly, especially the beautiful moonlight effects; nevertheless (*never* to my shame, be it spoken) I was homesick—wholesomely homesick after wife, Alice and—the new baby, and looked forward anxiously to the day the steamer was to start in which I had secured passage.

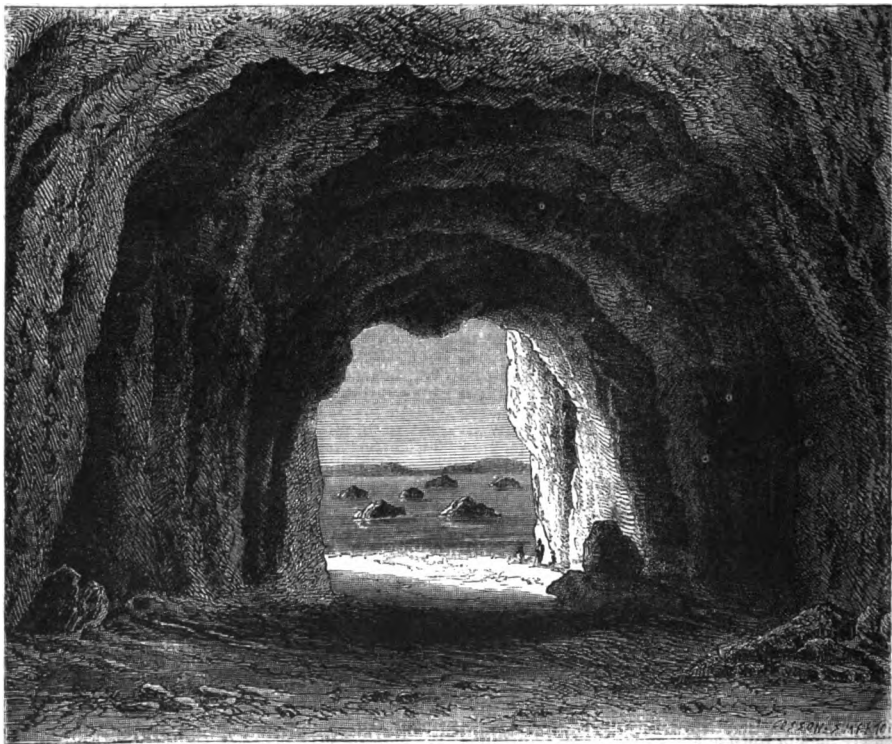
The last day before the one on which I was to start for home (Monday) I spent in hunting up little nicknacks for the children's pleasure, and in purchasing a handsome gift for my wife, and, with my bundles under my arm, was wending my way to the hotel, when a light touch on my arm arrested my steps.

I turned, and saw an officer with the well-known star on the breast of his coat, who requested me to accompany him.

Very strongly tempted to rebel, I yet restrained myself, and in as dignified a manner as possible suggested to him that he had mistaken the person, to which he replied by telling me I was only wanted for a short time, and showed me his warrant for detaining me.

Useless all resistance; so I followed passively where he led, and was surprised to be taken, not to a prison, but to a neat brown-stone house up-town, ushered into a parlor, and requested to be seated.

Here I waited but a short time, when a gentleman entered who introduced himself to me as Lawyer D—, and expressed regret at being obliged to use so summary a proceeding toward me, but stated as the reason that he had only



A VISIT TO THE NORWEGIAN CAVERN AT TORGHATTEN.—SEE PAGE 282.



HUNTED UNTO DEATH.—“AS SHE NEARED THE WOODS, IN THE SHELTER OF WHICH SHE HAD SEEN SEAMAN DISAPPEAR, SHE HEARD A SINGLE PISTOL-CRACK, AND, BREAKING THROUGH THE BUSHES, SAW CLARE SEAMAN LYING ON THE SOD, SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.”—SEE PAGE 288.

within a few hours discovered my intended departure the next day, and he desired me to see and testify with regard to certain articles and papers which he had in his possession.

He first handed me a note, which to my surprise I discovered to be the one which I had written to the Chief of the Police so long ago. I told him my knowledge of it, and at his request related

my adventure, which he rapidly committed to paper, and gave me to sign. He then showed me the leaves of my memorandum which Mrs. Whitlock had taken, and the dirk-handle, all of which I identified.

Half an hour's conversation with him removed our reserve, and he told me of the manner in which they had entrapped the assassin of George Whitlock.

Mrs. Whitlock was ill, confined to her bed, he said, for the time, by the excitement she had undergone, but, having no doubt that she would be better by morning, she requested me (as the vessel did not sail until three o'clock, P. M.) to accompany her to the cell of Albert Whitlock, in the morning, at nine o'clock, A. M. I, of course, expressed my perfect willingness to do so, and then, as the lawyer said I was at liberty, arose to take my leave, leaving, however, a message for Mrs. Whitlock, expressive of my sympathy, and stating that, if I could benefit her in any way, I would be happy to postpone my journey.

The next morning, promptly at the time appointed, I made my appearance at the house of our quondam governess, and was received again by Lawyer D—. I had only waited a few moments, however, when Mrs. Whitlock entered, and expressed her gratification at seeing me. She inquired after my wife and little Alice, as in politeness bound, and then suggested starting immediately for our place of destination.

She looked pale and worn, and dark circles were around her eyes, bearing evidence that sleep had not visited her for several nights; but she was calm and ladylike, as usual, and told me herself, in a quiet, subdued tone, of the arrangements and preparations that had been made for the interment of her husband's body on that same afternoon in Greenwood.

The cross of agate she had already sent to her husband's brother, as she had, she said, a presentiment that she should not live long to take care of it. She smiled wanly as she told me this.

We took a close carriage, and were driven to the prison where Albert Whitlock was confined. Here we were detained a short time, and then admitted to his cell.

As we entered, he was sitting with his head bowed upon his hands. He took no notice of our entrance, not even lifting his eyes, until the voice of his cousin Julie aroused him.

"Albert," she said—"Albert, this afternoon the body of your cousin and my dear husband, whom you foully murdered, is to receive a Christian burial, and I cannot follow him to the grave without having first expressed to you my forgiveness. Tardy it is, but for the first time since I discovered his death, and the cruel manner of it, womanly feelings again have a place in my bosom. What I am to-day, is what I was when you first knew me; what I have been since I arrived in New York, as the sworn avenger of his blood, is beyond even my own comprehension. I sometimes think I must have been insane, in my mad craving for your destruction. But the evil is done, and vain would be my wishes to undo it. Forgive me, now, the evil I have done you, as I forgive you the deed which has wrecked my happiness in this world—perhaps my hopes of the next."

"Forgive you, Julie!" he hissed, rather than spoke. "Forgive you, for making use of my idolatrous love to your person to destroy me—for mocking me with a false love—never! By what base arts you have made yourself mistress of my secrets I suppose I shall never know. I have discovered that the two detectives were in your employ, and they may have been the partial means of your knowing; but much that has aided to entrap me into my present position could have

come only from my vile partner, Julian Estange. I was obliged to admit him into some of the secrets of the place, but what connection he can have with you or your emissaries, perhaps (sneeringly) you had rather not have known. If I only had the rascal in my power— But he knows how to take care of his precious, delicate self. He has not, and will not, probably, come near me while—"

"He is here," said Mrs. Whitlock, coolly, and, taking off her velvet round hat, disclosed her dark curling hair parted to one side, then taking from her satchel a heavy black moustache, she raised it to her face, and Don Julian stood revealed, all save the dark swarthy color which had been effected by the stain from the root of a herb.

The prisoner started to his feet with an oath, gazed at her steadily and silently for a moment, then a singular smile broke over his face, disclosing his white teeth gleaming like those of some wild animal, and he said:

"Julie, you are an admirable strategist, but I believe the surprise has unnerved me, and I would beg to be excused from further company this morning. Before you depart, though, Cousin Julie, I will shake hands with you, in answer to your request of a short time since."

Deceived by his manner, Julie dropped her mask and went toward him with outstretched hand.

He grasped it, drew her nearer, and then, with one quick motion, drew a concealed knife from his sleeve and plunged it into her heart. She fell to the floor, and as we, overwhelmed with horror, rushed forward, he repeated the action upon his own person and sank beside her.

Julie was dead, beyond all hope. Albert lingered a few hours in utter silence. No question, no request could make him speak one word, until, as he drew his last dying sigh, it sounded like: "Forgive—Julie!" The tragedy of three lives was ended.

A Visit to the Norwegian Cavern at Torghattan.

ENGLISH and American tourists have pretty well scoured the continent of Europe, with Egypt and the Holy Land; professed travelers go further, while few, either tourists or travelers, seem to visit Norway. A few gentlemen, for sport; some daring "Unprotected Female," to give us a lively account; but that is all. Yet for wild, picturesque scenery, the country is truly remarkable, the people hospitable to strangers, and life full of new forms and characters.

The coast abounds in grottoes and caves worn by the elements, with long, narrow gulfs and rocky points. The most imposing cave perhaps in the world is that through the superb rock of Torghattan, one of those at Lyse Fjord, where, on its solitary isle, it towers nearly a thousand feet in height.

The tunnel, or cave, through this rock is wonderfully regular. The entrance on each side is about three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and the arched entrance is on one side two hundred, and the other, one hundred and twenty feet, from the ground to the ground measured on the arch. It is nearly nine hundred feet long, the sides polished, and straight up to where the arch springs.

Seen through this immense telescope, the little islets, the shoals, and the white-crested waves, form a spectacle of incomparable beauty, especially when the sun lights up the whole landscape.

In a promontory on the Lyse Fjord is another cavern, which is the scene of one of the greatest meteorological wonders known. When at Sta-

vanger we visited this Fjord, a deep cut between massive rocks. One thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, in the face of the wall, on one side, is a cave, yawning over the abyss.

Our old Norwegian host had put off the visit for several days, but at last came in with beaming countenance. As he pulled us into the dark canon, to use a Western term, we looked up at the rocky sides, and he pointed to the opening high above us. Just then the wind whistled as it rose almost to a gale, and as we looked, amid a rumbling like distant thunder, from out the yawning gulf burst a dazzling flash of lightning, as if from a thunder-cloud; but, unlike that, it spread out as it advanced whirling, shrank, expanded, and finally streamed away, like an aurora borealis, toward the northern wall of the Fjord; a fearful clap of thunder followed, and, as it echoed in the long gallery of rock, seemed like a continued cannonade.

Men have ventured to climb up to and penetrate within this remarkable cave, but we shrank from it; nor would the toil have repaid us. The task is one of difficulty and danger, and when accomplished, there is but the bare cave, with its rocky walls rent by the lightning.

This is not the only Lightning Cave in Norway; but, though tempted, we did not visit the Troldegeol, or Mountain of Prodiges, satisfied with our visit to the Lyse Fjord.

Hunted Unto Death.

Two individuals stood together under the trees beside a rancho on the outskirts of a Texan settlement. One, a young girl in the flush of youth and beauty, with glorious dark hair and speaking eyes, and the other, a young man in the garb of a Texan ranchero. A dark-browed, heavily-bearded man, with a look in his face which was not apt to win the confidence of his kind. He was standing with his right arm thrown across the saddle of a beautiful mustang of a coal-black hue, with only one white mark to relieve it, and that was a single white hoof.

"So you cast me off, do you?" he said, savagely. "I warn you to be careful. It isn't that I threaten you, Madge Wilson, because I could do you any harm, if I tried; but there are those you care for who may be made to suffer."

"What do you mean, Clare?" she said, in an eager tone. "You know that if I loved you, or there was any hope that I ever could love you, I would not tell you to leave me. It is better so, Clare Seaman, far better. You have been a good friend to us; and I am only surprised that you should care for a volatile, trifling girl such as I am."

"I came too late, it seems," he replied, preparing to mount his horse. "Clare Seaman is not a fool, and can see who has done this wrong; James Tracey."

The sullen hate with which he spoke the name could proceed only from an intensely bitter heart. He stooped, and tightened the heavy spur upon his right foot, and then bounded into the saddle.

"Don't think that I shall forget this, my girl," he said. "James Tracey; yes!"

"Why do you repeat his name?" she said. "Surely he never wronged you."

"That is as I choose to take it," replied the other, quietly, as he soothed the mustang, which was eager to go. "If I think he has done me wrong, and you do not, it is only because we have a different opinion of the young man. Good-day."

He rode hard for two hours, and at noon halted at a tavern in the little settlement, where he fast-

ened his horse, and went into the barroom. There he remained over an hour, drinking freely and boasting of his prowess. Half a dozen men who were in the barroom, drinking, smiled, and whispered among themselves that Clare Seaman was "full" to-day. After a while he rose, and went out to the green in front of the house, where a party of young men were "pitching quoits." Among them was a tall young fellow, with an open, jovial face, who took the lead in the sport, laughing boisterously when he made a good pitch.

"Hullo, Clare!" he cried. "Come and pitch. I can beat any man in Texas to-day."

It was James Tracey, the young man of whom Clare had spoken so bitterly to Madge Wilson.

"You can't beat any one, Tracey," replied Seaman, in a surly tone. "You think too much of yourself in every way."

"Do I, Clare? Well, it don't matter, as long as I can beat. I always did like to win at everything I undertook."

"You may win too much for your own good, one of these days," replied Clare, fiercely. "You had better take care."

"I see," said James, replying to a whisper of one of the men. "I did not notice it before, or I would not have asked him to pitch."

Seaman snatched up a pair of quoits, and challenged Tracey to a game.

"I don't know that I care about it," replied James. "I've pitched a good while, and some of the other boys want a chance."

"Not they don't. You said you could beat any one in Texas," roared Seaman. "Don't be a sneak, whatever you do."

"I don't pitch, Seaman," replied young Tracey. "Take some one else."

"Do you mean to say that I am not in a fit condition to pitch?"

"I say nothing about it, except that I will not pitch with you," replied James.

"Do you think I am drunk?" shouted Seaman.

"Dare to say it, and you will never see another sunset."

Without speaking a word the young man turned to leave him, Seaman following, gesticulating fiercely, and holding the quoits in his right hand.

They were circular in form, flattened upon one side and spherical upon the other, with a hole in the centre, weighing together nearly eight pounds. He held them with the flattened sides laid together, his hand passed through the centre; and, as he came opposite his horse, to the horror of all he lifted his hand and struck two rapid blows at the defenseless head of Tracey, who fell bathed in blood. Before a hand could be raised to stay him, Seaman had cut the lariat which bound his horse to the post, and was away at full speed, bending forward to escape a shower of pistol bullets which leaped after him; for nearly every man in the party carried a weapon. But, by great good fortune, not a shot touched him; and he thundered out upon the prairie, going like the wind, though he felt that for some reason the mustang did not seem to bear his weight as easily as he usually did.

While some ran to get out horses for the pursuit, others lifted James Tracey, and carried him into the house, where a doctor was called in to look at the wound—an old man, who had learned what he knew of surgery while riding with the Rangers in the Mexican wars, and who shook his head as he parted the curling hair of the wounded man, who had been the pride of that section for all that was manly and strong, true of heart and ready of hand.

"Away, boys," said the old man, savagely. "Hunt down the murderer, and give him frontier justice. You know how."

In ten minutes every available man was in the

saddle, and on the trail of the flying murderer, each one eager to be the man to bring him down.

"S'pose we catch him alive, Jake?" said a young man, who rode by the side of the grizzled ranger who had taken charge of the affair, and who had served through all the Texan wars, under rare Ben McCullough.

"Take him alive? No need to do that, I reckon. But if we *do*—" He touched significantly the coil of lariat which hung at the pommel of his saddle.

Meantime the flying man began to understand that there was something wrong with his horse. He faltered in his pace, and staggered under the weight of his rider. Bending forward, Clarence Seaman saw a line of blood behind his shoulder, and a small round orifice from which the dark tide was slowly streaming. One of the bullets had hit him, and, just as they reached the verge of a great wood, he fell, nearly falling on his rider. Seaman bounded to his feet, and buried himself in the thicket, just as the foremost of the pursuers came in view. It was impossible to force their horses through the thicket; and, dismounting hastily, they took their rifles and broke through tangled brake and thick underbrush, stumbling over logs fast going to decay, splashing through stagnant pools and running brooks—eager, remorseless, as man is apt to be when he hunts human game. For this was the game they sought to-day—a panting, pale-faced wretch running desperately onward, caring nothing for the brambles and low hanging branches which tore the skin from his face, and left long, ragged furrows upon it. Behind him and on each side rose the shouts of pursuing men, and their tones spoke nothing but desperate hate. It was a wild country, in which civil law had very little hold. The men who committed crime within their borders suffered punishment at the hands of that most stern of all magistrates, "Judge Lynch." This was the law of Texas in '56, and, in the herding districts, this is the law of Texas to-day.

"Hunted like a beast of the forest." The man paused a moment in a sheltered dell, worn out, and gasping for breath. His wild eyes roved from side to side, hoping to find some avenue of escape, yet hearing those wild cries and stern commands from his many foes. A hundred men were in the woods armed to the teeth, and ready to shoot him down at a moment's warning, each eager to be the one to execute judgment upon him! He had almost reached the open prairie; but when there, what hope was left for him? Without a horse, he would be speedily brought to bay by his pursuers, who followed him so savagely.

He went on at a rapid pace, and, just as he reached the edge of the cover, he heard the rapid beat of coming hoofs, and his heart sank within him, for he feared that some of his enemies had made the circuit of the woods, and cut him off from the plain. Then he decided that but a single horseman was here, and, if he could strike him down and take his horse, escape was yet possible. Now that blood was on his hand he did not hesitate to shed more, and the hand with which he grasped his bowie-knife did not tremble, as he waited for the coming of the horseman. Creeping cautiously forward, he could see the form of the horse, now standing motionless at the verge of the thicket, and, rising suddenly, he sprang out with uplifted knife ready for a blow. Why does he hesitate and stagger back, covering his face with his hands? It is no grizzled ranger who stands before him, but Madge, with pale face and wild eyes, regarding him with a mingled look of horror and pity.

"Oh, Clara, Clara, how could you do it? Your hands are red with the blood of your brother, and like Cain you must wander forth alone."

"I didn't mean to do it," replied Seaman,

hoarsely "The weight was in my hand, and I struck him before I thought. Have some pity, Madge; it was for your sake I did it."

"For mine, Clara Seaman! James was to have been my husband, and I loved him dearly, and now he lies dead, and his murderer is before me, and I ought to give him up to vengeance."

"Do it," replied Seaman. "I can't resist anything you may choose to do, and I have not the strength to run. Give me up, and let them kill me."

"Keep silent; give me a moment to think, or I shall do as you say."

She remained a moment with bowed head, and then sprang lightly from the saddle.

"Take my horse," she said, "upon condition that you leave Texas for ever. Do not thank me, for I do it not for your sake, but for the sake of the man you have murdered, and because I think that you will suffer more than if your pursuers cut you down to-day. James Tracey would have done as I do."

He sprang into the saddle, and rode hard until he placed a thick island of timber between him and the woods which yet shrouded his enemies, while Madge turned back, sick at heart, toward her home. On the way she met a negro boy riding at the top of his speed, who pulled up as he saw her.

"Oh, Missie Madge; got good news. Massa Tracey he no die, doctor say."

Madge turned deadly pale, and was not able to speak for a moment, and then laid her hand upon the bridle of the horse, nerving herself to do it.

"Get down, Pomp; I want this horse. Don't hesitate a moment."

The boy sprang down, and she took his place, and rode to cut off the pursuers of Clara, who had already emerged from the woods, and were scattered over the plain. She remembered that she had left in the holsters of her saddle an elegantly mounted pistol, loaded. As she neared the woods, in the shelter of which she had seen Seaman disappear, she heard a single pistol-crack, and, breaking through the bushes, saw Clara Seaman lying on the sod, shot through the heart. Hemmed in by his enemies, hopeless of escape, he had committed the crime for which there is no atonement, and lay dead in the short prairie-grass.

Years after, when James Tracey and Madge were man and wife, they stood together on the spot where they made the grave in which Clara Seaman slept. And above it a little marble slab bore his name and age.

The Mill of Sans Souci, Prussia.

SANS SOUCI was the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, where at one time gathered around him the most brilliant literary *coterie* in Europe, till quarrels and petty jealousies, from which even the heroes of war and letters are not exempt, broke up the circle.

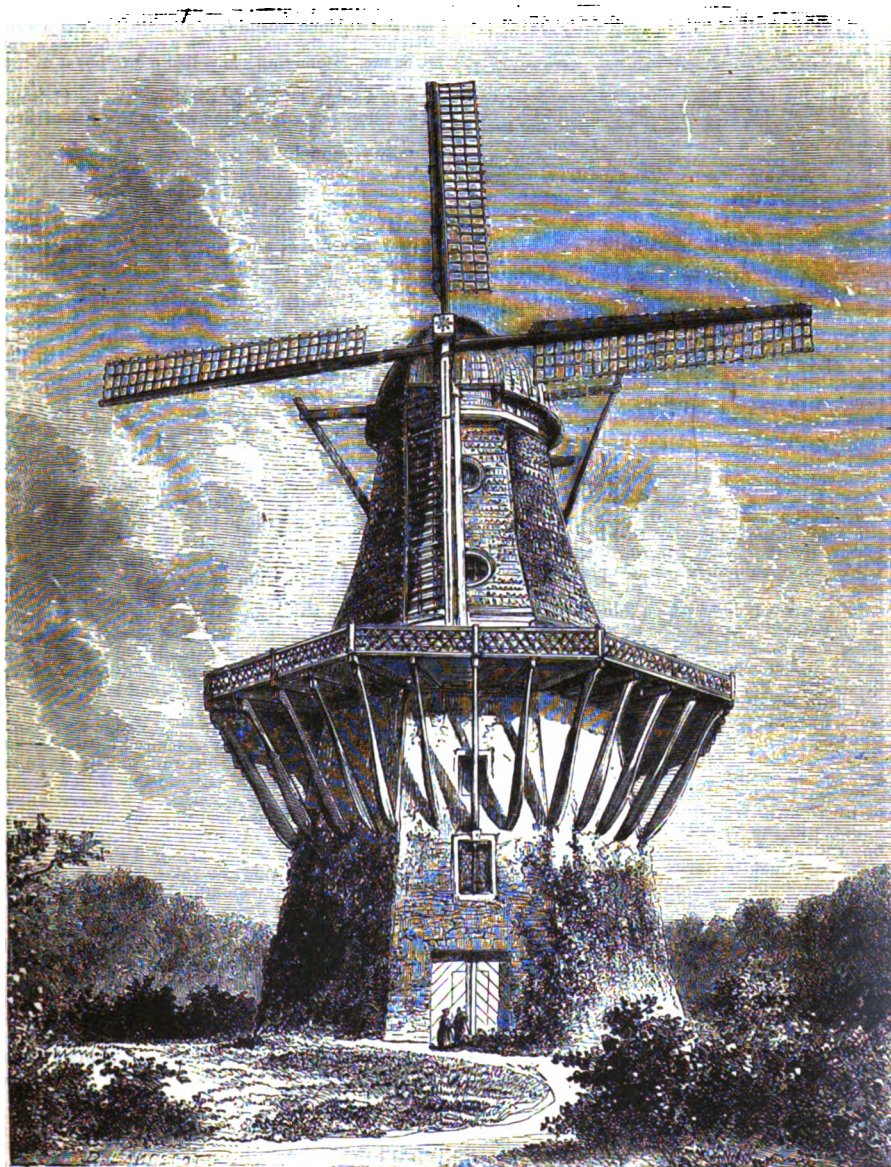
All was here simplicity itself. The king lived with no state whatever. At night a corporal and four grenadiers came to guard it till daybreak, and this was all the sign of pomp to be seen. One day a stranger whom the king had invited arrived at Sans Souci, entered, but found nobody—so he knocked at a door. A little man dressed in blue quietly opened it—Frederick himself. On another occasion the king, preserving his *incognito*, showed a tourist over the grounds of Sans Souci, and received an offer of money from the delighted traveler.

Of all the anecdotes of the place, the most famous is that concerning the mill. The view from the gardens was marred greatly by an old mill. The king resolved to buy and demolish it;

but, to his annoyance, the miller objected. It had been his father's and his grandfather's, and he wished to die as they had done—owner of the mill. So he refused point blank to sell. The king raised his offer, and as this failed, his temper rose. He threatened to take it without paying. At this the miller drew up. "What! take my mill! You might if there were no courts of justice in Berlin." This settled it. The king laughed to think that in his reign there was such confidence in the integrity of the judiciary, and, turning to his friends, he said: "We must change our plans. Neighbor, keep your own: your answer is a good one."

Historians have endeavored to give the anecdote authenticity; but perhaps the best corroboration is in the fact that the late king of Prussia, finding the mill in a state of decay, and the miller's descendants poor, rebuilt it at his own expense, and secured it to them.

We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please, for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a flaw in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our injury.



THE MILL OF SANS SOUCI, PRUSSIA.

My Queen.

Oh, put back the curls of your purple-black hair,
My pearl, my jewel, my dark-eyed queen,
And nestle in mine your dear little hand;
My pearl, my jewel, in all the land
'Tis the shapeliest, comeliest one, I swear,
The shapeliest, comeliest, ever was seen!

Mollie is stately, with faithless blue eyes,
My pearl, my jewel, my dark-eyed queen,
And Maggie is winsome and debonaire;
Yet haughty are they, and fickle as fair;
But you are the soul of truth, I ween,
The soul and the heart of truth, my queen!

Come lay your head on this bosom of mine,
My pearl, my jewel, my dark-eyed queen,
And speak to me once with those lips like wine,
And look at me once with those eyes of thine;
By the Prophet, I swear that those eyes divine
Are the tenderest eyes that ever were seen!

Do not think of the time when the roses were red,
My pearl, my jewel, my dark-eyed queen,
How I caught to my bosom your beautiful head?
"Oh, love me a little—a little!" I said.
Did you trifle and say what you never could mean?
You made me the happiest mortal, my queen!

Our Robber.

"WELL, my dear, shall we go?" There was a dreamy light in mamma's eyes, and a pink flush on her cheeks, sure sign that she was thinking of the happy, care-free days when she and this friend, who was so anxious to have her present at her silver wedding, were all the world to each other. "To think that Carrie has been married twenty-five years! It does not seem possible. Dear Carrie! I wish it were so we could go."

"Why, what is to hinder us from going, pray tell?"

"Everything, John; we should have to be away at least a week, and what could we do with Sue and the house."

I watched the light fade from her face, to be replaced by the usual careworn expression, and vowed she should have this one pleasure her heart craved.

Now, when I undertake a thing I accomplish it at all hazards; so, in spite of mamma's protestations and misgivings, I had the satisfaction of seeing her and papa *en route* for B—the next morning.

I sent for Madge, my "dear familiar," and what with our riding, visiting, and entertaining company, the time passed quickly. Greatly to our surprise we found ourselves elevated to the position of heroines. It was considered a wonderfully brave thing for two young girls to stay alone, of their own free will and accord, in a large house, with no protector save a cowardly negro boy and an old dog. Our house was very large, sadly deficient in locks, and we had no near neighbours—none nearer than the village, two miles distant. Dan and two servant-girls, with ourselves, constituted the household.

But Madge and I, at school, had the reputation of fearing nothing; certainly we had not thought of fear in this case. I confess I secretly examined papa's stock of firearms, after hearing the gossip, and smuggled several of the necessary nuisances into my room, besides coaxing Watch to sleep in the kitchen—to Ann's great disgust.

The week was half over when we took a fancy to drive to the village, and indulge in the luxury of shopping. Madge suggested that we should call for some valuable jewelry I had left for some slight alterations.

As we entered the establishment, my attention was attracted by two men who were staring at us

most impudently. Mr. Ernst was an old friend of ours; we chatted with him some little time.

"So you are the head of the household, Miss Sue. I'll warrant you double-lock all the doors, and start at every noise in the night. Isn't it true, Miss Madge?"

Madge indignantly disclaimed such weakness on my part, assuring him that the doors had a chronic dislike to being locked, and we were strangers to anything so weak-minded as fear.

"A thousand pardons! I might have known you were brave as a regiment of men. When will your father return? What! not until Saturday! Well, you are two courageous young ladies."

Just then I turned my head, and there I saw those two men seemingly absorbed in the jewels displayed in the case. Such a queer feeling crept over me. Something impelled me to boast of my skill in shooting.

"It wouldn't be safe for burglars to visit us. You know papa drilled me well in the use of firearms."

"Sure enough. He does persist in declaring you are proficient in that accomplishment. I had forgotten that. Pray don't expect me to make a raid upon your jewel-casket now."

All through town those men followed us, until I grew nervous as a witch. Madge did not appear to notice them, and I was ashamed to speak of it lest she should laugh at me.

We had company until late that evening. It was eleven when the last guest departed. Madge was in the library looking for a book, when I heard a stealthy step on the side porch. I flew to the door, as it flashed upon me that it was unlocked. I had hardly got it fastened when I felt the knob turn softly. I ran to fasten the hall-door. As I did so some one came running over the porch, up the steps of the piazza. The door was wide open. Now I distinctly remembered closing it after bidding my friends good-night. My hands shook so that I could scarcely turn the key. Every moment seemed an hour to me. Stealing softly into the parlor, I parted the curtains, and looked out.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and there, crouched in the corner of the piazza, right by the door, I could plainly see a man evidently expecting some one to come to the door. I recognized him as one of the men who had annoyed me so in the village, and my heart stood still as I thought of the open door. Might not the other one have entered the house by it? I trembled from head to foot at the thought.

I glanced into the library. Madge was humming a song, and looking so happy that I had not the heart to disturb her, but went quietly down to the kitchen alone, bent on arousing Watch to the emergencies of the occasion. I never knew before that the house had so many doors and so many dark nooks. At every one I expected that wretch to step out and seize me. I was sure some one was close behind me going downstairs. My heart leaped into my mouth. But, no; it was only the rustling of my dress. Watch was always my most obedient servant, and he seemed to understand what was wanted of him. The moment I opened the door out he darted, with such a savage growl, that I was half afraid of him myself. A series of yelps, then a scream and an oath, told me that Watch had found his game. I could hear them rushing through the shrubbery. Presently there was a great noise, more oaths, and I knew the man had fallen over the wall in the back-yard, which raised it several feet from the garden.

Frightened as I was, I could not help laughing. I knew Watch would be faithful, so I no longer feared the outsider.

My chief desire now was to reach my room, that had a strong lock.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked Madge.

With a laugh I bade her wait until we were in our room before she made me tell a long story.

The door was open, and as I reached the head of the stairs the moonlight showed me distinctly in the large mirror the reflection of a man hurriedly secreting himself in the wardrobe.

Frightened nearly to death, I stood a moment uncomfortable what to do. There wasn't a room in the house where we would be safe. I thought of the three revolvers hidden in the bureau, and decided to "beard the lion in his den."

It happened that Madge and myself were expert in the use of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet; it had served us many a good turn, and I resolved it should now.

Madge was in an unusually talkative mood—talked incessantly as she unfastened her long hair. I never saw her look more lovely. I managed to attract her attention, while with my fingers I said:

"Man in the wardrobe. Saw him. Keep quiet. Three revolvers in the bureau. Guess we can take care of him."

Every particle of color left her face, but her voice did not tremble as she continued the conversation, talking brightly, just as she always did. Then, with her fingers: "What shall we do?" Aloud: "Sue, don't let us go to bed yet; this moonlight is too bewitching not to be enjoyed."

"Can you use a revolver?"

A shake of the head for answer.

"I ought to write half a dozen letters. If you are not sleepy, I will write; you can read, you know."

"But you did not tell me what that fearful hubbub was?"

I told her the whole story, laughing as I told it, and making her laugh.

"I tell you what it is, Sue, I saw two men in the village—"

"Why, Madge, did you notice them, too?"

"Yes, but, provoking thing, you never 'let on' that you saw them, so I didn't dare say a word about them. I was sure, though, that they were going to give us a call."

"Well, Watch will teach them to consider their ways, and be wise; they won't dare come again to-night."

All the time I was racking my brain for a plan whereby we might escape the danger. Finally, I settled upon this: we must have Ann with us—she was a host in herself.

At three o'clock the stage passed along with passengers from M— for the early train. We must manage until then, and get assistance from the stage.

This I imparted to Madge; she volunteered at once to call Ann. Kissing me quietly, she glided away.

Ah me! such long minutes as those were, while I was alone with that wardrobe. Once the door opened a wee bit, then closed again. Would they never come? Maybe they had deserted me. Just then Madge appeared, and, holding her watch before me, showed me she had been gone only five minutes.

Ann came soon, making a great racket, as she always did.

"Deed and she wasn't going to stay down there! What with the beast of a dog and Jenny's snoring, she couldn't sleep a wink."

We teased her, and had as much fun to all appearances as we would have had under the most favourable circumstances.

Only twelve o'clock!

"I shall be gray as a rat, if this monotony continues much longer!" telegraphed Madge.

As for me, I had a perverse desire to go to sleep.

Madge commenced reading aloud. I yawned so

ominously, that, frowning savagely upon me, she tossed the book across the room.

As minute after minute passed, with no sign of life within the wardrobe, Ann's face settled into incredulity, and I fully expected she would investigate matters for herself. One o'clock!

Out stepped our man with a gallant bow.

"Excuse me, ladies; but your wardrobe is uncomfortable; and, as you seem determined to sit up all night, I couldn't afford to wait longer."

Ann walked to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key.

There was an instantaneous display of fire-arms.

"You see we are prepared for you," said I.

He turned pale, and, being himself unarmed, was for a moment completely nonplussed.

Don't think he had very much faith in our ability to use our weapons, for he did not hesitate to rush at Ann with a chair, evidently intending to make our number one less. By this time my nerves were perfectly steady, and I gave him a gentle "reminder" in the arm, so that he was in a measure helpless.

I don't like to think of the hours that followed. The fellow was a coward, and yet he kept us on the alert all the time. We insisted persuasively upon his confining himself to one corner of the room, but we could not prevent him from hurling at us every available thing within his reach. A cologne-bottle was aimed at my head with precision. A scream from Madge warned me, and, throwing up my arm to ward it off, I received an ugly cut on the wrist. Nothing more serious happened.

By-and-by his curiosity overcame him, and he gruffly questioned us, asking how we knew he was in the house, how long we had known it, closing his cross-examination by pointing at Ann, and graciously inquiring "how that old fool came to blunder up there. You're deep ones," was his comment. Holding up a bottle of chloroform, he said, admiringly, "There's the thing that would have quieted you down, if you'd given me half a chance." Half after two!

Madge looked at me, and simply saying, "You need Ann more than you do me," unfastened the door and disappeared.

I believe the house was haunted. At any rate, dozens of times I heard mysterious footsteps, upstairs, downstairs, everywhere. Verily, a whole legion of spirits must have been abroad.

I could not keep still. My nervous promenade up and down the room attracted the man's attention. He laughed, tauntingly, and complacently informed me that it was "his opinion I'd give out pretty soon."

Ann watched me anxiously, knowing that my slender stock of strength was almost exhausted.

Away off I caught the rumble of the stage.

Ann read the news in my face, and grew jubilant.

Nearer and nearer it came. Soon I could hear voices in the yard. A short delay, and the door opened noiselessly, admitting half a dozen men!

I have a faint remembrance of being led from the room—of hearing Madge and myself lauded to the skies for our bravery. Then, there was a blank.

When I became conscious, Madge and a stranger were with me. I remembered having seen him directing the arrangements which were made for the disposal of the prisoner.

Proud Madge, who had a haughty contempt for tears, was crying nervously, just like any other woman.

Meeting my gaze, the gentleman smilingly said:

"You are Miss Sue Banks, I am sure."

Slightly amazed, I acknowledged my name.

"Have you not heard your cousin Will speak of Harry Nelson? I am he."

Impulsively I sprang up, and, grasping both his

hands, commenced to say—I don't know what, for suddenly I found I was "acting the weeping willow," as Madge used to say.

I had heard Harry Nelson's praises sung constantly for the last three years; and, as I was Will's favorite cousin, I did not doubt but that Mr. Nelson was pretty well acquainted with me.

He left the next afternoon, returning in the evening with Aunt Julia and Will, so we really had an enjoyable time to the end of the week.

I shall not tell all that happened before papa and mamma returned. This much you may know. Harry was in the library with papa a long time the day they came home, and I found Madge wearing an elegant ring on the "engagement finger."

She said, apologetically:

"Will and I have known each other so long."

Never mind what became of the two villains—I have not seen them since that night. If you would like to hear this same story "with variations," you have only to visit our village. Before you have been there a day, you will have heard it half a dozen times.

A Truth.—He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.



OUR ROBBER.—"THERE WAS AN INSTANTANEOUS DISPLAY OF FIREARMS, FOR HE DID NOT HESITATE TO RUN AT ANY WITH A CHAIR."



WHY I AM AN OLD MAID.—“ESCORTED BY MY FATHER, I REACHED ALICE ONE COLD, RAINY NOVEMBER EVENING. SHE WAS LIVING IN A LARGE, LUXURIOUS HOUSE.”

Why I Am an Old Maid.

HATTIE. I have often thought of my promise to write out for you this chapter of my heart-history, and have as often dreaded to. Sometimes I have

felt I should take a strange comfort, now that am all alone, in telling you the great sorrow of my mother, Alice Leonard, and myself, bore together in this dreary world.

I will write it for you here, as it lies in my mind.

never to be effaced till God shall make me forget, for joy in another, the sorrows of this life.

"My darling! I have to give you up. I have to go away from you and let you think me the very worst you can imagine me, for all explanation I can give you. Last night my duty was clear; my path was shown me, and I must walk in it till God, in mercy, lets me go away from all the horror that enircles it. Marie, darling! remember that I loved you so that I spared you; and that to-night the greatest happiness that could befall me would be to never see to-morrow's sun."

So talked my lover, his face pale as death, as he stood at the garden-gate, my hands gripped almost painfully tight in his—so tightly, that he frightened me. But I loved him dearly, vehement as he seemed this evening—half-wild. I knew some awful trouble must have come upon him, and, loving him as I did, upon me, too; and, with tears, I begged to know what it was; then I tried to comfort him—to let him feel that if it was anything that earth could bring him of sorrow or shame, I would be his loyal friend to the end. But, no; he grew wilder and wilder. Suddenly he exclaimed, in a passionate tone:

"I can't—I can't tell you; it is killing me. Good-by, Marie! Remember, I loved you so, I spared you."

And he rushed away in the summer darkness, and left me leaning, half-fainting, on the garden-railing.

There was no rest or sleep for my eyes that night. I reviewed the evening over and over as I paced the floor till the weary morning came, and with it my accustomed round of duties. I performed them mechanically, his words going on and on in my mind, as they had been going on all night, in a sort of chant: "I loved you so, I spared you." Oh, what did it all mean?

They moved near us from New York two years ago—Rick, Alice and their mother, Mrs. Hamilton. Rick was at college, and only came home at vacation the first year, but Alice and I had fast become inseparable friends, first through an illness that Alice had, during which my father attended her. That drew our families together, and ever since we had been so happy together, and my happiness was complete when dear, noble Richard gave me his love and troth so heartily, while Alice was in an ecstasy at the fairy-story turn the whole thing had taken, fulfilling her wildest dreams of eternal friendship and connection between the two families.

Oh, if I could only see Alice!

Toward night my long agony of mind began to tell on me. My mother saw it.

"Doctor," said she to father, "look at Marie. She looks as if she had a fever."

He turned his dear, keen eyes on me a moment—my precious old father!—and then linking his arm in mine, he led me out for a turn in the garden.

"Well, Marie, my girl, what's amiss with the little woman? Have Rick and she been quarreling? You are such a high-spirited couple, that I imagine you'll be having lively times* in your house when you two get settled down. I've always been telling you your love of fun, and so on, would lead you youngsters too far, and you'd quarrel. Tell me all about it."

And he drew me near him on a garden-seat, and sat, cigar in hand, to listen to me—smiling cheerily on me.

It was too much. I burst into tears, and began to sob hysterically.

"Why, my child! my poor girl! Hush! What is the matter with Marie?"

And he stroked my hair, as I lay on his breast, and patted me into quiet, as he used to do when I was a tiny girl; and thus I told him my fears and

anxieties—what Rick had said, and how very strange he had appeared. Father sat in silence. Looking up, I saw his face very dark and set.

"Stay here, pet. I am going to see Mrs. Hamilton."

"Oh, father, don't! Perhaps Rick wouldn't want it!"

And I clung to his arm. He reassured me, with a strange, quiet manner, saying, coldly:

"Marie, it is my duty. No daughter of mine is to be trifled with."

And he went away.

I paced the garden-walk an hour or two. Mother called me, and I answered, "Presently." I was suffering too much to stay under any roof. The stars in God's quiet sky, the fragrance of the garden, its stillness, all soothed my excited mind. It seemed an age before I heard footsteps. By-and-by the garden-gate clicked to, and I sprang forward. I fancied I saw two figures. It might be Richard with father. But, no; father was alone—so very quiet and grave.

"Oh, father! father!" and I stole to his side.

"My poor girl! my poor darling! Rick is a noble fellow. He was quite right. You must try and forget him. I will take you away from here. God alone knows how my heart aches for you both!"

Then he muttered, half to himself: "It's his mother's fault. She ought to have told me. But it was too hard for her, I suppose, to interfere and make him miserable. She hoped for the best, I suppose." He turned to me again.

"Rick can never marry. Can you bear what I have to tell you—what, with great difficulty, I learned from his mother. Rick's father and uncle are in an insane asylum. His father has been there nearly twenty years. Richard has had two slight temporary attacks of the same disease. They were before he came here. He only knew what was the matter with him, and about his father, from some letters he happened to read the evening before he saw you. His mother said they got misplaced, and fell into his hands accidentally in sorting an old desk. They were from the physician in charge of his father at the asylum.

"He has made up his mind that he must spare you, and the excitement and agony of feeling he has passed through has nearly thrown him off his balance, even so soon. He would not see me at first, but I hope I have soothed him a little. He is ill."

"Do not give way like that, my poor child! Be brave for his sake, for I promised you should see him, and assure him of your sympathy. He did not wish you to know about it; but now it seems to give him the greatest comfort to fancy you will love him still, and be like a sister to him, and that he may see you, and feel sure of your love, even if you can never be his wife."

I flew directly, rather than walked, to Mrs. Hamilton's, with my father, whose heart was with us both.

Oh, my poor boy! my poor Rick! how he must have felt last night, when he was trying so nobly to keep his secret! I would be brave. It was not for me to flinch from the burden which was yet to lay so much heavier on his shrinking shoulders. I would do anything in the wide world to comfort him.

As I knelt by his side in the sick-room, I told him eagerly that I did not care; that I would never be afraid of him; that, if he would only fulfill his promise and make me his wife, I would always be at his side; and it would be my greatest comfort to know that he would feel, when the dark hour was coming on, that some one was near him who loved him, and would stay with him to the end.

He gazed on me with melancholy eyes, clasping

my hand to his breast, while tear after tear slid down his pale, convulsed face; but his steady answer was:

"No, my darling! Your father agrees with me. I am right. I love you too well—yes, I love you too well!"

My father was sobbing like a child. "God bless you, my Marie!" exclaimed Rick, suddenly. "My poor love! my poor love! Doctor, take her away, quick! I cannot bear it! Oh! my little wife! my Marie!"

And he stooped forward and kissed my hands, my hair, my bowed face—long, burning kisses—and then turned his head away, as my father took my half-fainting form in his arms and led me out. "Oh, this is bad!" said he, anxiously. "I thought you would both have more control. It was worse for him than if you had staid away."

But I was too paralyzed with grief to heed his professional worrying.

That night was a blank of suffering to me, and for two days I was completely prostrated. When I felt as if I could speak, I asked for Richard. My father shook his head.

"My darling child! you must submit to God's will. You are making it hard for Richard, for yourself and for your father, who loved you before you ever saw Rick."

"Forgive my selfish grief, dear, dear father!" and I clasped his faithful neck as he leaned by me. "But what of Rick? Oh, tell me of Rick!"

They are going to New York again, to be near their old family physician, for Richard is rapidly getting worse. The shock of the discovery, with all it entailed, has been too much for him. He might have remained well for years. Women are such fools!" he muttered, aside. "She might have burnt her letters. I don't know but it is best, though, as it is. All we can do for the poor fellow is to pray for him, and hope for the best. He sent this note for you the day after you were there. They went yesterday afternoon. Courage, my little Marie!" and he kissed me and went away.

With trembling, feeble fingers I tore open the little note, in the dear, familiar hand:

"MY MARIE: In my heart, while I retain any consciousness at all, you will remain my love—she who was to have been my wife. I loved you; don't forget it. I shall know you even in the awful darkness that is stealing on me so fast. Pray for me, darling, that God be tender and pitiful as He is called, and will release me soon from this hell on earth, and let me rest. And in the new life that is coming to us in heaven, darling, 'there shall be no night, no sorrow or crying, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' Is not that what is written of heaven? Oh, my darling! there we shall be happy once more. If we never meet here again, He will pity us and let us see each other there. Pity me, my wife, my love, that we have to part now."

"Yours, forever and forever, RICK."

Oh, what was life to me after that! Alice had promised to write, so my father said, but no letter came for six months. We did not know precisely where they were, but I need not say Richard, the dark future before him, the suffering which I might not share save as I suffered and prayed alone, all lay upon my heart, till it seemed as if it would stifle it forever. One thought only gave me any wish to live. I did not want to die and leave him here. I would not die till I knew his living agony was ended, if I could help it.

At last came a letter from Alice. They were in France, trying what a change of air and scene would do for my poor boy, hoping, if possible, to rouse him. But they described him as slowly failing. He never asked for anybody now. He

never seemed to sleep. He never spoke or smiled. She portrayed his sufferings in a way that tore my heart, in its cruel minuteness, while yet I craved to know all. Alice did not seem to know what it was to me or to him, but in the midst of their sorrow, she was very tender and pitiful of me over what she called my "disappointment." My God! *Disappointment!*

Another six months, a year—three passed, and then came another letter from her. It was dated from New York city. She wrote, poor child, to know if I were still there; if so, she wanted me to come to her. She was alone. She said her mother died in France, and, poor Richard, she couldn't tell me about him. Oh, if I would only come to her!

She could not tell me about Rick, and I suffering with and for him all this time!

She was Rick's sister, and alone. He would have wished me to go to her. Then, too, once there, I would make her tell me all.

Father approved of my going, with a sad, gentle look. As I asked him, he looked up in my thin, worn face, while he said:

"Poor pet, you cannot suffer more than you have, and it may perhaps comfort you. I think Rick must be at the asylum."

Escorted by my father, I reached Alice one cold, rainy November evening. She was living in a large, luxurious house, for Mrs. Hamilton had been wealthy, and one of those who needed not to toil for their daily bread.

Alice greeted me with a perfect rapture of manner, poor child. She was greatly changed and aged since I saw her last. We talked late that night; but my poor Rick, I could not speak his name, and Alice, I saw, avoided it. I could not bear it any longer. Just as we parted for the night, I asked:

"Richard, Alice—what of Rick?"

She turned pale and shook her head, while her eyes filled.

"Marie, dear, he is never any better or any worse. He is in the best of hands all the time. He is long past remembering you or anybody—at least we think so, for he never speaks. I will not tell you any more, for it will only pain you for nothing," and with a sad kiss we parted.

I could not sleep that night; the room allotted me was on the corner—a long corridor running either way from it, one down a wing, the other to the front hall. A fire was burning in the room, and the flames danced cheerfully on the wall and the bed-curtains. I lay watching them, and my thoughts were busy with the past and with Richard. I wondered if it could be that I was never to look upon his poor face in this world again. I tossed over in bed restlessly, with a sigh exclaiming, "Ah, poor Rick!"

The heavy curtain at the foot of the bed shook; a tall, bent figure stood partly revealed between me and the fire, in the attitude of listening intently, its back turned to me; glancing beyond, while the blood seemed stiffening in my veins, I saw my chamber-door set open wide. I was certain I locked it. The figure must have just come in. Could I have slept and not been aware of having done so? It must have been so. All this, in a second of time; with the next I tried to scream. It was useless. It died in a husky sob, without reaching my parched, quivering lips. The figure heard the sound. It glanced eagerly round the room.

"Who called me Rick? I thought she was here!"

Dashing at the fire, it shook the brands apart, and a bright light illumined the room.

The minute it turned, it saw my face. With a joyful cry it sprang forward. I saw a thin, pale face, and great, hollow eyes, with long, gray

locks hanging round them. A hand like a claw hovered over me.

I looked into the great, bright eyes that glanced inquiringly into mine—glowered into them! And then I must have fainted. I saw Richard. When I regained consciousness, some one was crouching on my bedside.

My heart seemed bursting with an agony of terror. I lay and struggled within myself. Why fear him? It was Richard, and the morning would soon be here now.

The fire still burned brightly. He had broken up a chair, and laid it on to keep it blazing. I could see a piece of the back standing up in the grate.

However I could lay as I did and notice details, passes my comprehension. I expected death; but as I lay and looked at the bent, neglected form, the lank gray locks, the pallor of the half-averted face, and thought of the handsome Richard I loved, my courage came back with a flood of pitiful, tender feeling for him.

He had closed the door, and seated himself quietly. Perhaps he recognized me, and would not hurt me. I was just going to address him, to end my suspense somehow or other, when with restless, peevish motion, he tossed back the gray locks, and, throwing his arms up, locked his hands over his head, muttering to himself:

"She is dead! She is dead, but she is mine!"

I caught the glitter of a chain! Strange to say, the sight inspired me with anger instead of fear. How could they have manacled that poor gaunt skeleton? Poor Rick! And unconsciously I moved.

Quick as lightning his eye was on me again, and he sprang up with an exclamation of great joy, and softly bent over me. I tried to look calmly into his eyes, for I had often read of the power of the eye with mad people. I even tried to smile. His poor pale face was radiant.

"Marie! Marie! are you alive? I thought I had found you too late;" and with his fettered hands he softly stroked down my hair from my face. "Oh, my darling, you have been so long coming! Where have you been?"

"Sit down, dear Richard, for I am ill."

He knelt gently by my side, but his face still shone with the rapture and surprise one sees sometimes in the face of a happy child, while his eyes seemed to devour me. And as I looked in the poor haggard face, my fear fell away from me as a garment.

I remembered how in my wild, girlish love and sorrow, I had promised never to be afraid of him, and always to love him, and my heart was smitten with a great pang as I thought how far apart we had been since that time. I held out my hand to him impulsively. He closed it in both of his, looking at me so sweetly and gently that I could hardly believe him a madman. He spoke again:

"I see how it is! You are dead, and so am I. This is beautiful! 'No more tears, no more crying.' What was it, Marie? You know. And my head aches so—while it seemed as if you would never come, and I could only walk, and walk. I have no friends; they all persecute me. Alice is gone, and mother, too. They are cruel to me—strange men! See what they did to me, darling!" And appealingly he held up the poor lean wrists, on which the heavy cuffs were locked. "And I heard them say I knew no one. They lied! I watched the door, days and days, to see you come in. One of them dragged me away from it, and I struck him; that's what they put this on for!"

And he shook his chain, while a scowl of rage and hate transformed his face into a demon's, seemingly. And all this while he was kneeling by me in the firelight—hasty steps coming toward

us, up the wing corridor. He sprang to his feet in a fury, and began to shout at the top of his voice.

"Come, Marie! Come, love! Help me take this off! Quick! quick!" And new his eyes fairly blazed, as he caught my arm. "They are coming! coming! They will take me away from you—they won't let us alone! Come!"

And he fairly dragged me off the bed, and on to my feet in the room, as three men burst in. They seized him, and wrenched his grasp from my arm. More steps came rushing up the front hall, and as I reeled rather than walked aside from the fierce struggle, Alice ran to me in her flowing night-wrapper, and clasped me excitedly in her arms.

"Did he hurt you? Oh, Marie! are you hurt? How horrible! He frightened you awfully, I know. My God! they just missed him! Such stupidity."

The keepers carried him off, struggling and tearing like a wild thing, my poor Rick! while he called to me with bleeding lips and frantic eyes to "come, too," and, finally, reaching out his chained hands to me with a groan, he sank passive in their arms; but his great black eyes dwelt on me, as he was carried across the threshold, with an appeal in their agony of madness and suffering that nearly killed me! And I slid from Alice's arms on the floor, half insensible, as they disappeared.

When I recovered I was in Alice's bed, while she sat sobbing by me.

"What is it?" said I. And, trying to smile, I sat up and reached out my arms to her. "Don't cry, Alice! I am glad I saw Richard. He didn't hurt a hair of my head. Why didn't you tell me he was here, though? It would have been a great comfort to me. I will see him every day now, and—"

Alice interrupted me with a cry of horror.

"No, no, Marie! it will be as much as your life is worth! He has awful paroxysms sometimes—he wouldn't know you again."

"But he did last night, Alice," said I, commencing to dress; "and I believe I can comfort poor Rick a little. I shall try."

"Never with my consent!" said poor Alice, pale at the thought. "If you come to any harm, it's at your own responsibility. It is God's mercy he didn't kill you last night! One of his keepers carries a dreadful scar he gave him, and will carry it to his grave, and—"

She was interrupted by a low knock at the door. The old physician entered.

"Alice," said he, "your brother seems to have undergone a strange change. I hardly know what to think of it; either we must look for the worst, which I fear is likely, or there is a glimmer of hope of his final restoration to reason. He is very quiet and weak. He begged me to call Marie," bowing to me. "Your friend, I presume he means, Miss Alice. He insists she is here, and must come to him with you; but I presume she is hardly able, after the great shock of last night, to venture in—"

I was on my feet, and half way out of the room before he finished talking.

"Thank God," my heart kept crying, "that I am here!"

Alice went with me, trembling with apprehension, and clinging to me as if I was to be sacrificed.

We reached Richard's door, at the further end of that wing corridor. As I looked round at the padded walls and grated windows in the inner room which we entered, my heart misgave me. What would be the effect of my face upon him, if he should be sane enough to recognize me as of this world? But one look at him quelled all my

fears, and I flung myself on my knees beside him, sobbing aloud!

He was as sane as any of us. He lay there with a face like an angel's, so white, so sweet, so far beyond earth's littleness and sufferings for evermore.

My poor Rick—rather, happy Rick! He was apparently unable to speak, but the happy smile in his dark eyes, and the quiver of his poor feeble hands as he tried to raise them to me, spoke volumes.

We lifted him up against the pillows. The doctor handed him a glass of medicine, but he smiled and shook his head.

"Something to keep your strength up," urged the doctor.

He gazed up at him a startling look from his hollow eyes, and drank it without a word. He dropped his hand gently on poor Allie's bowed head. She was crying silently, with her face hid.

"My faithful one—my poor Allie! where is mother? I've been sick a long time, have I not? And where has Marie been?" and he looked earnestly at me.

"Never mind, Richard; we are here now, and we will never leave you again."

"Do not! Stay here, both of my dear ones," he whispered.

And then he seemed to faint—his lids closed. Alice gave a cry of agony.

"He is dying, doctor!"

"Will he not speak again?" I whispered.

The doctor shook his head with a solemn look, and poor Alice fell in a long fainting-fit—the excitement and mingled terror and joy of the night and morning had been too much for her. And the thought, he was going like that, was the last blow.

They carried her to her chamber, and the watchers stole round me, hither and thither, softly; but I never moved or took my eyes from that poor still face, with the gray locks tossed on either side of it.

An hour passed—another, and a clock somewhere struck. The great eyes unclosed, and no longer, but shining up into my face with a glorious smile of recognition, of happiness—not of this world, but of another, already seen across the border-land. He tried to reach me his other hand.

"I'm going. Come, Marie!"

The lids fell—the tired head straightened back on his pillow, and with his dear face turned to me, Richard fell asleep in that sleep—"He giveth His beloved."

Alice was brought, and as we kissed the pale, smiling face of dear Richard, amid our tears we thanked God for releasing him and taking him to that happy land he talked of and wrote about to me.

Hattie, you do not wonder that I never cared to marry. I wait to see dear Richard, where all earth's sorrowing hearts are made happy, and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The Two Velveteen Jackets.

CHAPTER I.—THE "DOUBLE" OF HENRY BARELYFFE.

ALL the world of Baden—I mean all the world of the strangers of Baden—assembles itself in the gambling-rooms, the disappearance of which the world in question will shortly deplore. Can you blame it? We may become too proper, after all. If you take away the valleys, involving thereby the enervation of the hills, what becomes of the landscape?

All the world of Baden assembled itself in the gambling-rooms of that famous, or, rather, no-

torious town, one beautiful night in the eventful year of our Lord 1861. There were peers and peeresses, commoners and their wives, ex-ministers of various nationalities, and ex-members of committees, more strongly excited then than ever they were on the occasion of a near division upon the estimates; there were young men who had cause to hate the law of primogeniture, and young men who had cause to venerate and uphold it; there were handsome women in splendid apparel, and ugly women not a whit behind them in the matters of diamonds and costumes *à la mode*, all as self-possessed as if their characters had not been cracked and flawed as a porcelain relic of the days of William and Mary.

No man, no woman, among them all, by reason of name or fame, or peculiarity of person or dress, attracted the slightest attention, unless from some cautious idler, who kept his heart and brain in his pocket, and who could afford to throw a vacuous glance at a beautiful or a rage-convulsed face.

The ministers took their seats at the table without creating the least semblance of the stir and hum that would have greeted them elsewhere; the members of divers committees passed each other in the *salons* without a look of recognition; Castimonia, leaning on her husband's arm, escaped Lothario's stare; Lascivia, blazing in rubies, diamonds and gold, sat at the side of Candidus, the first-born, and never essayed a solitary wile; and—wonderful to see—women in brilliant berries swept through the rooms, and omitted, in quite a number of instances, to exchange a depreciating glance at each other's attire.

Henry Barelyffe, tourist by his uncle's grace, experienced some embarrassment as he entered the portals of the gigantic "hell," and heard the murmur of the human Phlegethon within it. It was not that he wanted the self-possession that is born of familiarity with the world and its ways, but he happened to be handsome, and the consciousness that his good looks unaccountably escaped the general notice disconcerted him.

He felt somewhat as a man might feel, who in the act of sitting down, finds that some joker has secretly taken the chair away. In fact, his beauty was his *appui*, as it is with many a decent fellow of his age.

The quick, low, monotonous words of the croupiers, as if they had conveyed a direct reference to himself, completed the overthrow of his tottering *insouciance*; and in order to avoid the attention to which he had looked forward as his due, he instinctively joined a crowd of lookers-on at the first table, round which sat the usual congregation of players and embryo players.

He could see the marked cloth, and the money lying about, and the rakes on the table, and the croupier skilfully dealing his cards, and the faces of those who were playing; and in the interest with which these inspired him, it presently befell that he forgot his embarrassment, turning about at a tap on the shoulder with a face as cool as you please.

"Pardon me, sir," said a well-looking gentleman, with a slow bow and a pleasant smile. "Will you allow me to ask you, when, where and how you succeeded in borrowing my personality?" and the gentleman eked out the meaning of his question with certain graceful gestures, whereby Henry came to understand, at last, that the gentleman very closely resembled himself—not only in feature, in form and height, but in dress—so closely, indeed, that the genius of play was baffled for once, and half a dozen lookers-on kept their eyes on the two, and off the table, for perhaps as many seconds.

Both wore braided velveteen jackets, pepper-and-salt pants, and round-topped hats; each had curly, auburn hair, an oval face, large brown eyes, red-

dish mustache, and a fine red and white complexion; each carried a cane and an eyeglass, and each smiled, so much to show his teeth as to express any sense of pleasure.

"It's a remarkable circumstance," said Henry, examining from top to toe through his eyeglass the reflection of himself. "How about the names, though?"

"Mine is Grandison," said the stranger, producing from the prettiest of cardcases the plainest of cards.

"Not Sir Charles?"

"An unworthy namesake only."

"Well, mine is Barcliffé. I haven't got a card with me."

"Of the Barcliffés of Thornshire?" inquired Mr. Grandison, with an appearance of great interest.

"Ralph Barcliffé's nephew," said Henry, mentioning the head of the family in order to enhance his own importance. "You know the Barcliffés—eh?"

"I know one branch of the family—the Merri-
sons."

"What! Know Kate Merri-son, of Warne's Dyke?" exclaimed Henry, with a suffused face.

"Ah! sets the wind in that quarter? I spoke unadvisedly when I said I *knew* the Merri-sons. I met mother and daughter at a ball in London once, and I heard a great deal about them and the Barcliffés from my hostess."

"But, I say, the likeness, the resemblance—didn't they notice it?"

"I believe not. When we are not dressed alike, it is not so striking, I believe. But what the deuce put it in your head to dress as I do? It's the most extraordinary coincidence."

"By Jove! you're right. Grandison? Grandison? What county does the family belong to—eh? I think I heard the name at Squire Thornton's meet last season."

"It's not an old family," returned the stranger, with a very perceptible sneer. "Richardson was the founder of it, I believe."

"You're a joker—eh? One of the bitter sort?" said Henry.

"Mellifluous wit, and all that sort of thing. Do you play?"

"I lose a napoleon now and then."

"Let's lose one or two now?"

"Willingly. Have you any imaginary rule of your own?"

"No."

"Nor have I."

They took their seats, and decided on the special spot they would occupy, determining to win or lose in company.

Mr. Grandison pushed lazily forward to their destined place three or four pieces of gold, and Mr. Barcliffé followed suit with three or four more, which he drew from a leather bag attached to his tourist's belt—a plethoric bag it was, too, full to its apoplectic throat of napoleons, within a precious lining of *billets de banque*.

Was it the reflection of the aureal glitter that showed itself momentarily in Mr. Grandison's eyes? Or did the sudden coruscation owe its origin to the same emotion that produced an involuntary curve in his white, plump fingers?

Agreeably to that gentleman's suggestion, they had placed their ventures on the lines so as to share the fortunes of four compartments, and, for once, the arrangement was favoured by fortune, or the croupier.

The original ventures and their winnings were allowed to remain on the lines. This time they lost, and the inexorable rake of the croupier hauled in the bonny dross.

"Now for supper," said Henry, rising.

Mr. Grandison rose also, with a sneer on his

face, until the man he followed faced about in a supper-room, when the sneer was replaced by the most engaging smile.

The two sat down.

"I have drunk too much already," said one, with the feeble resistance of good nature and strong health.

The other, a travelled man of wit, was a brilliant talker, and, on this occasion, he exerted himself to the utmost, displaying an audacity of *persiflage* that had about it the fascination that the conversation of Satan himself might be supposed to possess.

His companion listened with the excellent grace of naive wonderment, and with increasing interest, so that he ate mechanically, and, having satisfied his hunger, began to drink mechanically. Glass after glass disappeared down his unconscious throat, producing no visible effect beyond increasing the fixity of his gaze and attention. At the laughable point of the twentieth story, with a faint movement of the lips, he fell forward with his face among the plates and glasses, and so remained undisturbed by his *vis-à-vis* or the considerate waiters.

CHAPTER II.—A BRACE OF CONFIDENCES.

MR. HENRY BARCLIFFÉ, dreaming that Hercules, with a sledge-hammer of appropriate weight and size, was driving a teppenny-nail into his sinclup, and that Sir Charles Grandison was protesting against the proceeding in the most moving terms and most graceful attitudes, woke to find that some one was knocking at the door of his room, and that his head was in the state generally known and described as splitting.

"Come in," he said.

A fine type of the rogue entered—a spotless, suave man, with a stoop in the back, the result of much bowing and scraping.

"Messié is possibly awake?" he inquired, in his orthodox Parisian French.

"I am awake. What do you want?"

"A gentleman desires to see messié."

"What gentleman?"

"The gentleman who accompanied messié home this morning."

"Show him up."

The fine type of a rogue retreated to the door in such a way as to give Barcliffé a full view of the back of his head, and disappearing, presently reappeared, ushering in Mr. Grandison, whose forehead was up, and whose sly smile was in his face, before he entered.

"You are a nice fellow!" were his first words.

"I am ashamed of my resemblance to you, and find my only consolation in the fact that the similarity extends no further than the *physique*."

"What have I done?" demanded Henry, making a faint attempt to reciprocate the other's sense of fun.

"Why, in the first place, you left me, drunk and incapable, in the supper-room, at the mercy of the waiters, who are all thieves; and, in the next place, you left me for the gambling-rooms, where you kicked up an awful row, offered to fight the croupier for a napoleon, and lost, as I understand from one of the lookers-on this morning, a whole mintful of money."

"The deuce I did!" exclaimed Barcliffé, with no feigned dismay in his face; and he examined his leather bag, which was under his pillow.

Not a napoleon was left, and of the *billets de banque*, only one remained, and that was for a small amount!

"As soon as I got sober," resumed Mr. Grandison, "I thought of you, and after a great deal of questioning and searching, I found you in the retiring-room of the croupiers, stretched on a form,

without your coat, which it seems you took off to fight one of the establishment, who returned good for evil by preserving the garment for you. When you were sufficiently roused, I made you put it on, and accompanied you to this hotel."

"My diamond has gone, also!" groaned Barclayfe, with a rueful look at the little finger of his right hand.

"You are not a philosopher, Mr. Barclayfe," asserted Mr. Grandison, putting on his gloves.

"Hang philosophy!"

Mr. Grandison shrugged his shoulders, showed his teeth to himself in the glass, and began to hum a tune.

The fine type of a rogue at this point of the interview put his head into the room.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, messieurs," he began, with another view of the top of his narrow head. "I beg ten millions of pardons," he repeated, with a view of the nape of his neck, and of the blades of his shoulders, "but—a messié wishes to see messiés."

He made quite a pause after the conjunction, and then, with a sweet smile on his disordered lips, brought out the substance of his errand in a piercing whisper.

"Who is he?" demanded Barclayfe.

"A messié employed at the salons."

"Show the thief up."

The new visitor might have heard the uncourteous words, for no sooner had the door closed on the fine type of a rogue than it opened on a finer—himself: A sleek and a stout and a round man, with a fat, white face, and a slow and a solemn delivery—a man with a tremendous stomach and a corresponding watchguard—a man whose appearance bespoke him a croupier and nothing else on God's earth.

"Monsieur was playing last night," he said, addressing himself apparently to the valance of Mr. Barclayfe's bedstead.

"I was playing the fool last night—yes," snorted Mr. Barclayfe. "What of it?"

"Has monsieur missed anything?"

"Seven hundred francs," was the reply.

"Monsieur, I am aware, lost some money last night," said the croupier, after a pause, with raised eyebrows; "but I am not speaking of that. Has not monsieur missed a trinket?"

"Yes; a diamond ring."

"Exactly. I have it," said the croupier, placing it on the dressing-table. "Monsieur, not being quite himself last night, would have quarreled with me because I would not permit him to stake this bauble. I have now the honor of wishing messieurs a very good morning," and the croupier bowed slowly and ponderously to each gentleman, bestowing a solemn wink on Mr. Grandison as he passed out into the passage.

Henry leaped out of bed.

"I'm going back to Thornsire," he stated.

"And I," said Mr. Grandison, yawning, with a toothpick in his mouth, "I'm going to the Eternal City."

Mr. Barclayfe mentally devoted him to the eternal devils.

CHAPTER III.—A LINK IN THE CHAIN.

GUY YEARNING, landlord of The Rag and Norfolk Howard, a house of entertainment of as bad a reputation as himself, was dividing his interest and attention between the evening's topic and the muffled-up stranger in the dark corner, serving his customers at the same time with mechanical exactitude and dispatch.

He was a little, broad man, with an ugly red face, and monstrous ears, like fans—the friend, it was suspected, of all the thieves and poachers in the neighborhood. His house was the resort of

itinerants, and of the locality's black sheep. Nevertheless, Guy Yearling, a Church and State man, had a vote, and found no difficulty in obtaining every year a renewal of his license.

There was little to satisfy the landlord's curiosity, and much to feed it, in the manner and appearance of the muffled-up stranger, who had accepted Guy Yearling's statements respecting the weather and crops with barely perceptible nods, and without the slightest appearance of interest; and who, since the landlord had given up the attempt to engage him in conversation, had remained in the dark corner aforesaid, with his broad-brimmed felt hat over his eyes, drumming a tune on the table with both hands, and apparently contemplating the pewter measure before him. He was keeping time to this refrain, which he had been repeating for an hour or more with the same monotonous murmur and tapping:

"I'm ten hours before him—at least ten hours before him—ten hours at least before him."

"He's a lab'rer as has been sick," thought Guy Yearling, removing his pipe to think it. The landlord could see, under the table, a pair of heavy, mud-covered boots, such as agricultural laborers wear, and the lower part of a white face under the jealous hat, thence his conclusions. The rest of the stranger's appearance conveyed nothing of themselves, being the felt hat and the upper part of a buttoned-up pilot-coat. "But he don't act like one, somehow," reflected Yearling, after a pause, knocking his former hypothesis down with the stem of his pipe.

As for the evening's topic, which engaged, as has been said, a moiety of the landlord's attention, it embraced, so far as they were known, or supposed to be known, the character, personal appearance, antecedents, present circumstances and prospects of one Ralph Barclayfe, a landed proprietor of the neighborhood.

"I knowed him afore you, Bill," put in Yearling, addressing a little, red-eyed yokel, who had ventured to express an opinion adverse to the general sentiment, "and I knows him better nor you. I knowed him afore he ran away, and a devil he was, too. Didn't he break old Barkeley's collar-bone?"

"That were a haccident," asserted the little man.

"It weren't a haccident. He ran his mare agen him, 'cause old Barkeley had told him as how he'd sooner let his daughter keep company with the devil than with such a mon as him. A fine mon were old Barkeley. And didn't he bring William Guerney's daughter to shame? You mind of Susan Guerney, Ben?"

"Ay," growled Ben, a middle-aged foreman.

"Well, she died i' t' hospital, she did. And I knowed him," continued the landlord, "after he come back, an' that's three years ago come Michaelmas."

"So it is," said Ben.

"And I've knowed him ever sin'," resumed the landlord, with the emphasis and air of one who advances a clincher.

"So you have," growled Ben, and the company generally echoed him, casting oblique glances the while at the little man, who buried his face in his pewter pot, to hide the expression of his sense of defeat.

"His nevy aren't a bad un," growled Ben, after a pause.

"He moightn't be," said the landlord, dubiously. "I'm ten hours before him—at least ten hours before him, before him—ten hours at least before him," hummed the stranger, shifting his hat so that the landlord, who stood with his back to the fire, caught a full view of his face.

"I'll be hanged—" exclaimed Yearling, under his breath.

"They say as how t' old squire were very like his brother Ralph," growled Ben again.

"He were that—in everything but heart," assented the landlord. "It's a great pity as how t' old squire had no children."

"Where were Ralph all t' time?" inquired the little man, with a diffident manner, as though properly sensible of his questionable position.

"Some say as how he were in Australey, an' some as how he were in Amerikey."

"He were in Amerikey," answered Yearling. "He were married in Amerikey, and he had a son in Amerikey, an' his wife ran away, an' his son robbed the Government an' were put in prison. Served old Ralph right, and he hanged to him. He's such a coward now that he won't make a will—afraid of going to his last account if he calls t' lawyer in."

"But how do you know?" demanded the little man, throwing himself into the breach again.

"How do I know?" repeated Yearling, with a look of supreme contempt. "You're a fool, Bill. How do I know?"

"T' blue member, Sir Roger Coverdale, as old Ralph stood agen, two years ago, said t' same thing," put in Ben, turning his back on the little man. "He asked us if we wanted a thief's feather to represent us up i' Lundun."

"So he did, Ben," said the landlord, approvingly.

The stranger emptied his pewter pot, yawned, stretched himself, hoisted a bundle of some size over his shoulder, rose and walked out of the adjacent door into the night.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord, looking round with the stem of his pipe on the palm of his left hand, "if that there man weren't Ralph's nevy himsen, it were somebody danged loike un."

"Old Ralph's nevy dressed loike that!" exclaimed the little man, contemptuously.

"It were, mebbe, some one loike un, Guy," growled Ben.

Yearling darted one wrathful glance at the extinguishable little man, and fastening his eyes on a ponderous fitch of bacon, smoked his pipe out in silence.

The little man looked round timorously, and finding little to encourage him in the stolid faces of the company, walked softly out of the room, whistling tunelessly, and cracking his fingers. Presently he returned.

"Mebbe you're right Yearling," he said. "Any-way, he turned round by t' blacksmith's, on t' road to Thorn Manor."

CHAPTER IV.—THE FLY AND THE WEB.

THORN MANOR, the residence of Ralph Barcliff, and of the nephew he had taken into favor, was a large brick mansion, full of gables and turrets, and coped and roofed with gray, moss-relieved stone. It stood in a well-wooded and well-watered park of some extent, every rood of which had belonged to the Barcliffes since the date of their settlement in Thornsire, the first Barcliff, who was known in his day and afterward as Bloody Barcliff, on account of certain sanguinary doings on the Spanish Main, having purchased the estate and built the house thereon in the reign of that vicious and ugly woman whom it is customary to speak of as Good Queen Bess.

The distance between the last house within the township of Thorn and the main entrance of the grounds was seven miles, a distance that Tom Bellamy's fast-trotting mare covered in less than forty-five minutes, with a clumsy gig behind her, and heavy Henry Barcliff in the gig.

With the natural reluctance of a man who has to confess that he has proved himself a perfect fool, if not worse, he had lingered and loitered on the way from Baden to Thorn, missing a steamer here and a train there, until he found himself in Tom Bellamy's inn, where he dismissed his vacillation with singular dispatch, and consistency, refusing, although very hungry, to eat a morsel, and scarcely taking time to drink the health of burly Tom.

He drove out of Thorn at a racing pace, and kept it up on every level stretch of road, pulling up in the stable-yard with a suddenness that almost brought the mare back on her haunches.



THE TWO VELVETEN JACKETS.—"WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO ASK YOU, WHEN, WHERE AND HOW YOU SUCCEEDED IN BORROWING MY PERSONALITY?"



JACQUEMIN AND LA MIGNARDE AT THE NATURAL TUNNEL NEAR LANGON, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 299.

"You had a long walk, sir?" said the groom, touching his hat.

Henry stared at him, flung an oath of impatience to the wind, and strode into the roomy kitchen, in which his uncle's steward was assisting the head-gardener to sort a drawerful of mixed seeds.

"Your uncle is late this morning, Master Henry," said the former.

There was an absence of surprise in his manner that produced its presence in Henry's.

"We kept breakfast waiting for you, sir."

"For me!" exclaimed Henry. "I never wrote."

The steward peered at him over his spectacles, and returned to his occupation without a word of explanation.

"Isn't my uncle up?"

"No. I did not see you this morning, Master Henry, or I should have asked you if he left any orders with you overnight. Did you walk to Thorn?"

The repetition of this question filled Henry with an unreasonable anger.

"Are you all fools?" he demanded. "I came from Grantham by the four o'clock express this morning, and I reached Thorn at a quarter to eight."

He was very red in the face, and appeared greatly excited.

The steward started, dropped a handful of seeds, and approaching his young master, bowed and begged to precede him into the breakfast-room.

"Breakfast be hanged!"

"It will do you good," said the old man, who had come to the conclusion that Henry Barcliffe

was either drunk or mad. "And would you like a fire in the room you occupied last night, sir?"

This was too much. Henry ran out of the kitchen and down the passage, and dashed up the broad staircase in a fury. The steward and the head-gardener looked at each other.

"There'll be a quarrel if the old man sees him like that," affirmed the former.

A hoarse, loud cry reached their ears, and bore such prophetic terror to their hearts that they made with one accord for Ralph Barcliff's suite of rooms, followed by half the servants of the house.

He sat in his arm-chair, close to the head of his bed, the nightly glass of brandy-and-water half-emptied on the little table before him—sat, and answered no question, and would not be roused by shaking. He had been a magnificent old man, so far as health and strength went—one of those grand old ruins that seem ignored by time; but there was little evidence of that physical magnificence about him now. His broad shoulders had fallen in, and his face, that had been coarsely handsome in life, was ugly in the distortion of a violent death.

"Did he complain of illness last night, Mr. Barcliff?" asked the steward, with trembling hands and a white face.

It was Mr. Barcliff now with all of them. Even in that awful presence, they could not overlook the fact that Henry was his uncle's presumptive heir.

"Did he complain of illness last night, Mr. Barcliff?" repeated the steward, who had served three Squire Barcliffs in his time, and had liked the last one least of all.

"I didn't see him last night," replied Henry, hoarsely, with a dazed look, and after a pause.

The doctors came—three of them—from Thorn.

"Tetanus," said one.

"Or strychnine," said another, pointing out a tiny heap of white powder which had been dropped close to the half-emptied glass of brandy and water.

"Send for Jackson," said the third.

Jackson, the Superintendent of the Police of Thorn, rode at a break-neck gallop to the Manor, had an interview with the doctors and another with the steward; and then, for an hour or so, devoted himself to sauntering about the house with his hands in his pockets, after which he winked thoughtfully at himself in a pier-glass, drank half a tumbler of brandy with Mr. Barcliff, and rode at a break-neck gallop back to Thorn, returning to the Manor before nightfall in a dog-cart, with a policeman at his side, and a warrant in his pocket. And before midnight Henry Barcliff was staring at the wall of a cell, with a face as white and as blank as it; and before midnight it was known all over Thorn that two small packets of poison—one of strychnine and one of arsenic—had been found within the lining of his velveteen jacket.

CHAPTER V.—THE EFFECT OF A DISAGREEABLE TOPIC.

THE steward of the Western World having carried his last dish aft from the galley, rang his bell, whereto the cabin-passengers of that famous old "liner" sat down to the first of a long series of meals, with appetites that the *maladie de la mer* had not as yet affected.

They had gone on board at Gravesend on the preceding night, and the vessel was now under way, with a dead fair wind behind her. In these days of steam, passengers are not often found in the cabin of a sailing vessel, such as adopt that mode of travel being generally invalids, to whom

time is no object, and the pure, invigorating atmosphere of the ocean a last resource.

When the cabin-passengers of the Western World, with an unanimous readiness that would never have shown itself on shore, had compared notes over night, it was discovered that all, according to their own statements, were in need of sea air; and that only two out of their number, which was seven, had the slightest appearance of being in a bad state of health.

Mr. Macgruder, a middle-aged Scotchman, with thin face, a thin body and a thin mind, coughed frightfully, and ate with an ominous voracity; and Miss Macgruder, his sister, a spectral spinster, with a most unghostly air of being afraid of everybody, was evidently in a fair way of dying of his verbal brutality and her dependence on him. But Miss Gleason, Mr. Percival and Mr. Dunn were quite provocative of envy they looked so well. Some exception might have been taken, truly, to the appearance of the latter gentleman, on the ground that his eyes were bloodshot, and that his purple flesh overlapped his old-fashioned black cravat; but he was deep-chested, broad, tall and muscular, and seemed to have a most excellent temper, which is seldom the accompaniment of feeble health.

Mr. Percival was tall and stout, too, and carried himself with rather a soldierly air. He had neither whiskers nor mustache, and when he smiled, which he did very often, his fine feminine teeth and smooth red-and-white face made him look like a woman with her hair cut short, frizzed, and parted at the side. He seldom looked at you, unless your head was turned away, but he could talk very well on almost any subject, and was the first to propose champagne. A man of craft and poise, you might have said—as treacherous and as deep as the ocean.

Miss Gleason was the finest type of a brunette I ever saw. Her face had made her a favorite forward before her little foot had touched the deck. Of the medium height, an indescribable style of carriage made her appear taller or shorter, just as you happened to see her. Now she was all winning grace and confidence; now all fire and self-assertion; and now all haughty composure. She could look a rudeness down magnificently, and there was a change in the manner of Mr. Percival's address before he had exchanged a dozen words with her.

"You are pensive this morning, Mr. Percival," remarked Mr. Dunn, in a somewhat thick voice, and with a slow expansion of his fine chest. "Are you in love, or are you contemplating the commission of a murder?"

By means of his stereotyped smile, Percival had shown his teeth at the first question, and had parted them, as if about to speak; but, at the second, the smile left his lips, and he glanced, swiftly and stealthily, at his fellow-passenger's face, which was now bent over a beefsteak, and then at Miss Gleason, who had been watching him over her buttered toast, and who, being caught in the act, exhibited some embarrassment.

"Contemplating murder," repeated Mr. Macgruder, in his broad Scotch. "There's more contemplative murder than you think for—contemplative aggravated murder, as parricide and matricide and fratricide, and commit such murders with impunity, by assisting disease, for instance."

Miss Macgruder winced. Her brother accused her twice or thrice a day of designing to bring about his death, in order to inherit his money.

"It must be love," resumed Dunn, raising his head again. "The contemplation of murder could never involve such abstraction."

"A queer association," said Percival, at length. "Love and murder! Not at all; they generally

go together, I believe, to judge from the criminal columns of a newspaper. Mr. Percival, you'll find that coat too heavy for this warm weather."

"It's just the thing for the sea," said Percival, unbuttoning his braided velvet jacket. "I put it on this morning for the first time, and shall wear it to the end of the voyage."

"Talking of coats, gentlemen," put in Miss Gleason, "have you read of the famous Thornshire murder?"

"Haven't much interest in that sort of thing," said Percival, taking his cup from the steward with such a trembling hand that the cup rattled in the saucer.

It was noticeable that, from that moment, Miss Gleason kept her eyes fixed on Dunn, and Dunn kept his fixed on Percival, while Percival glanced from his wristbands to his rings, from his rings to his almond-shaped nails, and from his nails to his cup, and so back again.

Two packets of poison were found in the lining of the prisoner's coat," said Miss Gleason.

"But the defense is that the coat wasn't his, because it hadn't an inner pocket on the left side," said Mr. Dunn; "and what's more, the tailor who made the supposed murderer a suit of clothes before he went to Baden, claimed the pants and vest in which the prisoner appeared before the local magistrates as of his manufacture; but the coat he declared to be of foreign make. That isn't in the papers, though."

"Curious affair," said Percival, with a face like milk.

"Very," assented Mr. Dunn. "Bother murders! I hate the subject. Miss Gleason, you were not aware that I am a conjuror—that I am familiar with legerdemain from its Alpha to its Omega?"

"I was not, sir," answered Miss Gleason, with a shade of haughty indifference in her tone.

"Well, if you will permit me, I'm going to prove that I am more than a match for Anderson. Mr. Percival, I'll bet you a bottle of champagne that there's a lock of that young lady's hair in one of the pockets of your jacket."

"I never bet," said Percival, breathing heavily, with the glare of a hunted beast in his eyes.

"It's stitched with red silk to the inner side of an inside pocket, just over your heart."

An inarticulate sound proceeded from Percival's blue lips, and his right hand involuntarily sought the fatal pocket.

"And I'll bet you another bottle," continued Dunn, "that that lock of hair once grew on the head of a lady whom you never saw at a ball in London—Miss Merrion, of Warne's Dyke, who sits there."

And with a fierce cry of triumph, the man-hunter sprang on his doubled-up prey, bearing him to the ground and handcuffing him with professional dispatch and precision.

Miss Macgruder fainted away, whereat her brother considerably flung the contents of several saucers in her face, and thereafter betook himself to coughing until she recovered consciousness, when he found breath enough to ask, in a waspish tone, if it was absolutely necessary for her peace of mind that he died there and then, or whether she would not object to grant him a further respite of a week or so.

"You might have escaped," said Mr. Dunn, stirring the prostrate wretch with his foot, "although the police of every port in London had Henry Barcliff's portrait in their hands. Why, when I caught sight of you, two days ago, in the London Docks, if you hadn't put your hand over your mouth, covering the place where your moustache used to be, thereby rendering, in spite of your dyed hair and dress-suit, the likeness more striking, I shouldn't have taken a passage in the

Western World for myself and that young lady. That velvet coat will hang you, my man—that and Guy Yearling's testimony. Why, I began to think you weren't the man, till I saw the coat. You'll never turn up in California as the missing heir-at-law. Let's have a look at Miss Merrion's love-tokens."

And stooping over his prey, he unbuttoned Henry Barcliff's jacket, and turning the pocket inside out, displayed the lock of raven hair stitched to the lining with red silk.

"Thank God!" murmured the young lady. "I shall take him back liberty and honor and love!"

The three went ashore with the pilot.

The paricide made no attempt to deny nor palliate his guilt. He stated that he had left America with the deliberate purpose of obtaining recognition and money, or of killing the father that had disowned him. Having some cash in hand on his arrival in Europe, he had yielded to his gambler's instinct, and proceeded to Baden before essaying his contemplated coup. There he saw his rival, of whom he learned much from a Thornshire tourist who knew the family. Wishing to be introduced to his cousin, in order that he might injure him, he had conceived the fantastic idea of making their decided resemblance to each other still more striking, and to that end had purchased a suit of clothes corresponding in appearance with those worn by Henry. His action thereafter depended rather on the evil inspiration of the moment than on any wording of a prearranged programme.

Ushered into the presence of his father as Henry Barcliff, he had met the paternal wrath with cool insolence; but, finding out from something Ralph said that the will which was to disinherit him was not as yet in existence, he had affected to make an abject appeal for money. That appeal the old man contemptuously granted, going into an inner room to fetch bank-notes to a considerable amount. During his absence the strychnine was dropped into the glass.

The paricide was found dead in his cell the night before the morning fixed for his execution. Some convulsion of the soul had killed him.

Jacquemin and La Mignarde.

AN EPISODE OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

I HAD ONE morning taken the six o'clock train from Bordeaux, and was whirling away toward Langon, when at Barsac station, the tenth on my route, the fancy seized me to get out and make the rest of the way afoot. A Bordeaux neighbor, who was traveling in the same compartment, offered to see to my baggage and have it sent to the Cheval Blanc Hotel, where I intended to put up.

The locomotive would have taken me to Langon in twenty-five minutes. I calculated that I should accomplish it in three hours, and expected to reach my destination at noon; so I did, but it was noon of the following day. But I did not long follow the highway that ran parallel to the railroad.

I had not counted on the heat, which, even at that early hour, became intense, and I sighed as I thought of my umbrella. But, plucking up courage, I looked about me, and saw beyond the vineyards a bit of woodland that suggested shade and coolness.

It was a good walk to reach it, but there was no shelter nearer—the scattered houses along my way being all closed.

On reaching it I paused, to cool off gradually, and then took my seat at the foot of an oak.

Without knowing it, I was over the natural bridge, or tunnel, rather, near Langon.

The woods covered two hills separated by a deep natural cut, in which a road wound, evidently well worn by use; then a mass of rock joined the two hills above, covered by earth enough to continue the wood by bearing sturdy trees; while the road passed beneath the rocky bridge through a natural tunnel some hundred paces in length.

Unconscious of this, I sat by my old oak, fast yielding to the sleepy sensation produced by heat and exercise, when I was aroused by voices that seemed to come from under me.

Leaning over, I saw the mouth of the tunnel, and two women there spinning with the old-time distaff, and talking, evidently of home troubles.

"Ah!" said one, "my boy drives the foundry-oxen for the last time to-day—he has given notice to the foreman, and is bent on enlisting. So Jacquemin will leave me to-morrow, if not to-day."

"Well," said the other, "your case is hard; but boys are boys, and can take care of themselves; while here's my Mignarde going to service at Saint Morillon farm, where the mistress is the hardest in all France, and in a year poor Mignarde will be old and broken down!"

"But why let her go? Mignarde has always been so gentle and obedient."

"What can I do? Can I keep her when she tells me, 'I can't live long, mother. Would you rather see me die before your eyes?'"

"Oh, the crazy children! How they do make themselves and all around them unhappy. Jacquemin says that if I don't let him go, I will see him crushed under the ox-cart with its load of stone, over in the tunnel there."

"Now, I will tell you the reason of it all," said the girl's mother. "My niece, Veronica, told me to-day all about it. Mignarde is going to kill herself with hard work, because she dare not trust your son. You know he was a pretty hard boy."

"Well, he has reformed. He has not quarreled or got drunk for more than a year, and he has had temptation enough, mercy knows!"

"Wait a moment. Jacquemin is going off because Mignarde will not speak to him. Now, Veronica has learned this from both, and she has just taken Mignarde to the spring in the wood, and will keep her near the mouth of the tunnel till Jacquemin comes back with his load of ore for the foundry. She has arranged with him the sign whether Mignarde has forgiven him. If, like Veronica, she carries her water-jar on her head, it is to be a sign that she cannot trust your son, and will not forgive him; but if she carries it in her hand, then Jacquemin will know that, when work is done, he can come and ask my daughter's hand."

"You will see me at your house to-night," said Jacquemin's mother.

The other shook her head.

"I wish it were so; but I do not believe it. Mignarde is good, but hard to move when she has made up her mind."

Just then I saw a cloud of dust rise in the road, and increase as it approached the tunnel.

The two women crept out of sight to watch unseen, as he drove his team in.

"Oh, how I wish I knew what the result will be!" said one. "If I could, I would climb over and see!"

I had become so interested, that, without thinking, I called out:

"Wait! I will tell you in a minute how Mignarde acts!"

Without minding their cry of astonishment as I rose up above them, I ran across the natural bridge, and there on the other side were the two

girls. One was arguing, reasoning; the other standing in a sort of sullen obstinacy.

I had no difficulty in identifying Mignarde—"good, but hard to move."

Beside each was her water-jar.

Out of the tunnel came the ox-driver's dog, barking with joy, and then turned to wait for his master.

The oxen were not yet out. The two cousins rose. Each put her water-jar on her head.

"He is too good for you!" I heard Veronica say, distinctly.

The oxen appeared, massive, stalwart fellows, with the peculiar cloth or blanket used in those parts. Jacquemin was goading them on.

Again I turned to look at the girls.

Veronica stood as before, with her jar aloft; but Mignarde had yielded! Hers was held in her hand!

Not a word was said; but Jacquemin tossed up his hat, and with unclouded brow went on. The two girls remained talking, and I hurried back to announce the result to the two mothers.

On their invitation I went to the village. Jacquemin's mother insisted on my staying till her son came home.

He came with his two heavy wains, each drawn by three pair of oxen, all with gay branches tied to their horns, while a bunch of ribbons fluttered from his own hat.

I witnessed the asking for Mignarde's hand, was at the engagement-supper, and left them next day under a solemn promise to be back at the wedding.

And that is how I came to see the natural tunnel at Langon, and lost a day in my journey.

The Mysterious Necklace.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

OF all the beauties who thronged the court of Louis Philippe in the years immediately preceding the revolution which resulted in the establishment of the late empire of Louis Napoleon, none attracted more general attention than a fair Russian, the wife of a certain Count Petroff, who had recently arrived from Russia.

This lady, who was much younger than her husband, was not more remarkable for her beauty than for a prevailing air of melancholy which, even in the gayest scenes, never departed from her. She was never seen to laugh, and her mingling in society at all was evidently due, not to any desire or inclination of her own, but to the commands of her husband, who always accompanied her whenever she appeared in public, and whose face, cold, inscrutable and fixed as marble, betrayed the existence of some terrible secret which weighed equally upon the mind of both husband and wife.

There was one singular circumstance connected with the countess, and this was that she wore about her neck a gold chain to which was attached a plain steel key. The chain was in the form of a necklace, and fitted close to her neck. There was no clasp to it, but the ends were riveted together in such a way that they could not be separated except by breaking the chain.

This singular necklace the beautiful countess wore constantly, and it was plain to all who met her in society that the chain was never removed from her neck. This fact, taken in connection with the other fact of the comparative worthlessness of the key, caused people to speculate upon the unusual ornament; and it came to pass that, after a while, the countess became known throughout Parisian society as "the Lady of the Key."

Was there any story connected with the count-

ess and her singular reserve? Yes—a terrible story of misfortune, of revenge and remorse. That story I will now proceed to relate, as it gradually became familiar to the society of the French capital.

Count Petroff and a young Russian lieutenant of Lancers were both suitors for the hand of the fair lady, who subsequently became the wife of the former. It was the old story of love and poverty on the one hand and riches and dislike on the other, with parental influence thrown into the scales in favour of wealth.

The tears and protestations and prayers of Adelaide to her father were without avail, and the sequel came about as naturally as it has followed in thousands of similar cases.

Adelaide became the wife of the count, but the woman's heart went with the rejected lieutenant of Lancers.

After the marriage, Count Petroff conducted his young bride to a country-house which he possessed in the vicinity of Moscow. There he sought by every means to win the affection which he well knew had not been given to him at the altar. But,

however he endeavoured to make his wife feel that love for him, he never succeeded in causing her to forget the lieutenant.

It was under these circumstances that the count one day went upon a visit to Moscow, leaving the countess at the country-house.

The business that had taken him from home would require his presence at Moscow for two or three days.

Upon the day after his departure, while the countess was promenading in the garden in front of the chateau, the sound of bugles in the distance caused her to approach the gateway that opened upon the high road and to stand there, waiting for a regiment of dragoons, which she saw approaching, to pass.

As they came nearer, she knew that the soldiers were Lancers. Their bright helmets and breastplates glittered in the sunlight, and in the cloud of dust which arose from the feet of their steeds gayly waved the streamers of crimson and gold. The colors of the streamers were those of the regiment to which the former lover of the lady was attached.



THE MYSTERIOUS NECKLACE.—“LOOK THE CLOSET, ADELAIDE,” SAID THE COUNT, “AND BRING THE KEY TO ME.”

Scarcely had the countess made this discovery when the head of the column drew near to where she was standing, the bugles playing a merry cavalry march.

As the troops trotted past, the countess looked anxiously at the faces of the officers. "Was Alexis among them?" she thought.

The answer to her thought was soon given in the presence of the young lieutenant himself, whom she detected among a group of officers as they rode by.

The eyes of the countess were fixed eagerly upon the form of the lieutenant. She yearned for one look of recognition from him. At that moment he turned his gaze toward the gate and saw her.

As she bent her gaze downward, with a modest blush suffusing her lovely features, the lieutenant raised his helmet and saluted her. It was only for a moment; and when she next looked up, her former lover had disappeared—lost in the confusion of the passing Lancers.

Through all that afternoon, strains of the bugle lingered in the memory of the countess, linked with the thought of the lieutenant, whom, so unanticipatedly, and after a parting of so many months, she had seen in the morning.

From the gossip of one of the servants, she learned that the regiment was on its way from Moscow to garrison a town about one hundred miles away, and that it was to take up its quarters for the night at a village about four miles distant from the chateau.

The sun had sunk in the west, and the countess, thinking of the event of the morning, sat dreamingly in a room that opened upon the terrace of the chateau. Through the open door, the soft air of July came into the apartment, bringing with it the fragrance of the flowers from the garden. No light was in the room, save that which came from the declining day.

Suddenly a footstep broke in upon the silence. She turned to look in the direction of the open door, and at that moment, emerging from the terrace, Alexis entered the chamber:

He went up to the countess, who sat motionless with surprise, and took her hand in his.

"Pardon this intrusion, Adelaide!" he said, in a low voice. "I saw you this morning as we passed the chateau, and I have left my regiment to see you, even if for one brief moment of happiness!"

"Why have you been thus rash, Alexis?" exclaimed the countess, looking around her in terror. "Do you not know that I cannot, *must* not, see you again? The servants are all spies upon my actions. Would you ruin me and destroy yourself by coming here?"

"I know, Adelaide, that I have acted incautiously," returned the lieutenant; "but the sight of your dear face recalls the past to me so forcibly, that I could not resist the impulse to see you once more. Perhaps this will be the last time that we shall meet."

"Alas, Alexis!" murmured Adelaide, "it *must* be the last time. Return to your regiment at once. Leave the unhappy Adelaide to her seclusion and her sorrow. Cease to think of me. Love another—wed her and be happy, Alexis."

"No, Adelaide; I can never forget you. The cruel decision that separated us, and which made you the wife of another, cannot obliterate from my mind the thought of my love for you. Upon this dear hand, which I once hoped would be given to me in marriage, let me imprint the kiss of constancy!" Alexis bent and held the unresisting hand to his lips for a moment. For that little instant did the countess surrender herself to the thought of her useless love.

The silence that ensued was suddenly interrupted by the countess.

"Hark!" she exclaimed, in a terrified whisper. "I hear footsteps! What if it should be the count returned from Moscow! Do not delay, Alexis! Leave me at once, and farewell!"

She half pushed the lieutenant toward the door—the only means of egress from the room. But as they approached the threshold, the footsteps sounded nearer. The countess pointed to a closet in the wall of the apartment as she exclaimed:

"Here, Alexis, is a place of concealment. Enter it quickly!"

"But this would look as if I feared to meet the person approaching," replied the young man, with a flush upon his face.

"For *my* sake, Alexis—quick! There is not a moment to spare."

The lieutenant hesitated no longer. He entered the dark closet, and the countess swiftly closed the door. When that was done, she turned, to see the indistinct form of her husband standing on the threshold.

"You return suddenly," said the countess, controlling herself by a strong effort.

"Yes, Adelaide. And somewhat unexpectedly, I am afraid," he replied, significantly. "Why did you so hastily close the door of that closet as I entered?"

"It was open, and I closed it. That is all, count."

"Is the key in the lock?"

"Yes."

"Then lock the closet, Adelaide, and bring the key to me."

With tottering steps the unhappy countess did as the count commanded. When the key was in his hand, the count called loudly for his valet, and when the latter made his appearance, he directed the britzka to be got ready for a journey, and also an additional carriage to be prepared for the servants.

In the interval that elapsed before the announcement was made that the carriages were in readiness, not a word was exchanged between the count and the countess. He sat near the door, looking out into the twilight with a fixed and resolute stare; she, with her face buried in her hands, reclined upon the sofa in a state of horrible suspense. Although the count had given no evidence of any knowledge of the presence of the lieutenant in the closet, Adelaide well knew that he was not in ignorance of that fact. The question that agitated her breast, and which distracted her mind with torturing doubts, was as to what was the purpose of her husband in securing the key of the closet, and in ordering the carriages. But her doubts were soon solved.

"The carriage is ready, my lord," announced the valet, making his appearance at the doorway.

"Let all the servants get into the large carriage upon the instant. No preparations are needed. Have the britzka brought here. When I start, let the other carriage follow me."

"What means this, count?" asked the countess, in trembling tones.

"It means, Adelaide," he replied, coldly, "that we are to go to Paris."

"At once—with no preparations for the journey?"

"It is my pleasure—yes."

As he spoke, the britzka was brought to the door. He handed the countess politely into the vehicle, and then took a seat beside her. Then, at a word from his master, the coachman whipped up the horses, and the britzka drove rapidly away, followed by the carriage containing the servants.

At the top of a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant from the house, the count ordered the coachman to stop.

"I have forgotten something in the house," he

said to the countess. "Keep this key, and await my return here."

As he spoke, he strode away in the direction of the chateau.

A prey to the most agonizing reflections, as she conjured up a thousand visions of what might transpire in the chateau, the countess awaited his return.

He came at last, his face somewhat paler than when he had gone away, but as determined in its expression as when he had left her.

As he approached the *britzka*, the countess looked out toward him, and as she did so, a piercing scream broke from her lips. Her gaze had fallen upon the chateau, and to her horror she saw that it was wrapped in flames from basement to attic. The building was of wood, and burned like tinder.

"Oh, Heaven! what have you done!" she exclaimed.

"I have avenged my insulted honor, madame," was the freezing reply. "If any one should suffer from this, remember you hold the key that bars escape!"

The countess heard no more. The dreadful consciousness that the unhappy lieutenant had fallen a victim to the count's revenge deprived her of her senses, and she fell back in a fainting condition.

When she regained her consciousness, she found herself lying upon a bed in a room of an inn. The count had reached a village about ten miles away, on the road to Moscow, and had caused the countess to be carried to the inn.

As, in the first moments of her returning reason, the countess gathered her senses about her, she felt something around her throat. She placed her hand to her neck, and found a chain clasped about it. To the chain was attached the fatal key of the closet.

"That chain shall never leave your person, madame," remarked the count, who was standing by. "During your unconsciousness I caused a locksmith to come and rivet the chain about your neck. Let that key be hereafter an ever-present witness of what has occurred to-day."

The unhappy lady wept, protested her innocence, and pleaded with the count; but in vain. He was inexorable, and sternly ordered her to prepare to proceed upon the journey.

When they reached Paris, the count, as has been before related, carried his wife into society, still with the witness-key hanging about her neck. Once the wretched woman attempted suicide, in order to end her grief; but the count said that, if she should make another effort to destroy herself, he would tell her relatives and the world the story of the key. From that moment the suffering woman submitted to her fate.

A few years ago the count permitted the countess to retire into seclusion in a house near Paris.

Within the last few weeks the revengeful husband has died, and the poor Adelaide, innocent of any wrong, and for so many years the custodian of the secret of the dreadful crime that the count had committed, retired to a convent, there to seek, in the consolations of a devout life, forgetfulness of the unhappy past.

In Pursuit of El Dorado.

THE history of early American adventure and exploration has its fairylike romance in the expeditions set on foot to find El Dorado, the country of gold, and those whose object was to discover what would have been more useful even than the land of untold and untellable wealth, the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

When we read of these expeditions, the names

and titles of the leaders, and the knights who followed in their train, it seems as if it could not be sober history, but that, by some mischief in the imps of the printing-room, a page of the Seven Champions of Christendom has slipped into the dull chronicles; as if, some day that the sober Muse of History nodded over her endless labors, wild and tricksome Fancy had written down the leaf and turned it hastily over, unperceived and undiscovered. But it was not so. It is all plain fact. The stubborn pursuit of the northwest passage to India through the treacherous ice of the north is not more real than the hunt for El Dorado, or for the Fountain of Youth. Sir Walter Raleigh's fate alone revives our recollections, and the fable was real enough to lure him to his ruin.

Among these expeditions was one which led to the discovery of the Amazon, and, failing to give the clue to El Dorado, gave a new fable of the tribe of Female Warriors whose ancient prototypes have given the common name of the river.

Peru had fallen beneath the power of Pizarro. His brother, Gonzalo Pizarro, led away by tales of Paititi, a golden city and golden land west of the Peruvian mountains, set out in 1542, with four hundred companions, through the wild, unbroken forest, to reduce a realm which, in splendor and renown, was to cast his brother's achievement into the shade.

Plodding on through the tangled masses of tropical vegetation, without a guide or a chart, startled by bird and beast of strange hue and form and habits, taking the notes of the deep-toned bell-bird for the chime of some distant city, the party of Pizarro began to falter. The Orellana was sent with a detachment to push rapidly on and solve the great problem.

The main body followed, but in vain they awaited Orellana's return. Death and battle thinned their ranks, and the remnant reached the confluence of the Coca and Napo, pale, emaciated, more like ghosts than living men. Starvation seemed their only prospect as they cast themselves down beside the great river which rolled away before them.

But relief was nearer than they thought.

On the opposite shore was the one faithful man in Orellana's party.

Sanchez de Vargas had refused to go on when Orellana resolved to make his way to the sea and leave Pizarro to his fate.

Here he had remained, and his woodcraft had taught him to find in the forest abundant nourishment in the nuts, the fruits, and the turtle-eggs that Nature supplied.

He soon joined the starving men; not to tell of the discovery of Paititi and its wealth and more than oriental luxury, but to reveal to Pizarro the secret of Orellana's absence—the story of his desertion.

But he could tell of the rich stores of food to be gathered; and, recruited with these, loaded with a supply, Pizarro, after overcoming the terrible disappointment, which had well-nigh cost him reason and life itself, commenced his march back to the realm of the Incas, with the faithful De Vargas at his side.

The golden-roofed city of Paititi is still un-found.

Air.—Oxygen is inhaled with the atmospheric air, and also taken in by the pores in the skin; part of it combines chemically with the carbon of the food, and is expired in the form of carbonic acid gas and water. That chemical action is the cause of vital force and heat in man and animals. The quantity of food must be in exact proportion to the quantity of oxygen inhaled, otherwise disease and loss of strength would follow. Since

cold air is incessantly carrying off warmth from the skin, more exercise is requisite in winter than in summer—in cold climates than in warm; consequently, more carbon is necessary in the former than in the latter, in order to maintain the chemical action that generates heat, and to ward off the destructive effects of the oxygen which incessantly strives to consume the body.



IN PURSUIT OF EL DORADO.—SEE PAGE 303.



THE STORY OF A CURL.—“ RONSARD HEARD HIS NAME SPOKEN, AND HE LOOKED UP. THERE STOOD MONICA, WHOM HE HAD ONLY SEEN TWICE IN SO MANY MONTHS, AND SHE HAD A WHITE DOVE PRESSED TO HER BREAST.”

The Story of a Curl.

HERE is the curl—silky, loose, black, wondrously long—of Monica Ronsard's hair. I got it, at a great price, from her little maid, to whom she gave it as a keepsake. The little maid parted with it—I never will. It is the most beautiful of my relics of Rome.

Forty years ago old Peter Ronsard and his daughter, Monica, lived in the habitable portion of an ancient turret near Rome. Old Peter had nothing in the world but his talent, his child, and the envy of all the artists in Italy; for he painted more wonderful pictures than they could ever do.

And he sold very few of them, but kept them in a gallery for his own enjoyment.

His gallery and his society were much sought after. The artists of Rome were proud to call him their friend, for he was also a man of great learning, and of noble birth. Besides, there was his daughter, Monica, whom no one ever saw but he wished to see her again.

It was not often that visitors caught a glimpse of her. She was singularly graceful—her figure veiled almost entirely by her wonderful hair. Her grace, her timidity, her gentleness and her wonderful hair made her singularly attractive; but no one ever pronounced her beautiful. Her face

was dark, and rather plain in appearance. Every one was puzzled to know why Ronsard, whose perception of beauty was so true, always spoke of her as "my beautiful daughter."

Now, it was considered a great honor to marry this girl. Few young men ever came to the old turret that did not secretly hope for an interview with her. To be connected with the old artist, Ronsard, was of unparalleled advantage, for a young painter especially. And the brief glimpses of Monica which they had, invariably charmed them. So old Ronsard had many visitors.

Monica never thought of these young men. She cared for nothing but her father and her home.

One day old Ronsard was walking in the vineyard, and came suddenly upon a slender boy of sixteen, who was weeping alone. The lad had golden hair, and was delicate as a girl.

Upon Ronsard asking what grieved him, he replied that the man he served, a powerful peasant, had beaten him for not accomplishing a task which was far too hard for him.

"Why do you stay here?" asked Ronsard. "Because I have no other home. Besides, I have been ill, and am in debt to this man," answered the boy.

"I will pay your debt," said the other. "Come with me. I will employ you to grind paint and keep my studio in order."

Full of gratitude, young Giuseppe followed his friend to his new home. There he was set to work adequate to his strength. By-and-by, when his health improved, he began to take lessons in painting.

But the lad had lately lost his parents and a beloved sister, by the fever which is prevalent in the locality, and he was young and lonely, and mourned them bitterly.

One night, when the studio was closed, and Ronsard had gone to his supper, he wandered alone in the garden until his soul was shaken within him by the beauty of the night, and his heart's hunger seemed too hard to bear. He cast himself down under an olive-tree, and wept bitterly.

Suddenly he heard his name spoken.

He looked up. There stood Monica, whom he had only seen twice in so many months. Out of her veil of hair her young face looked down on him with heavenly tenderness and pity. She had a white dove pressed to her breast. Suddenly she put it softly into his hands.

"Take this," she said. "It will comfort you." Then she glided away.

Time passed, and Monica reached her eighteenth birthday. Then it was that half a dozen of young men came to Ronsard and said:

"We are all in love with your daughter. We have only seen her by brief glimpses, but she charms us, and we desire her hand in marriage. There are six of us. Instead of quarreling among ourselves, we have come to you to decide the matter. Which of us shall be allowed to win her?"

Then Ronsard smiled, and said:

"I cannot choose among you. You are all young men of unblemished character. More, you are all artists, and on that account I desire to deal generously by you. But you shall decide the matter yourselves. You have often heard me call my child beautiful, and you have marveled at it. She is dutiful, she is gentle, she is modest, she has fine hair, you say, but she is not beautiful. But I assure you that she is, and any one of you who can make a portrait of her, and portray that beauty, is entitled to her hand!"

For this opportunity they loudly expressed their gratitude, and it was agreed that Monica was to give each of them as many sittings, as they liked for a single picture—the interviews to take place in the studio, when her father was painting.

All this was not much to Monica's taste, as the old artist knew. At every sitting, no matter who the artist might be, she looked cold, pale and indifferent, and he guessed, wisely, that none would succeed, and that he should keep her to himself.

The portrait-painting took considerable time. Monica grew tired and complained to her father.

"Never mind, my love," he answered; "it will soon be over, and then we shall be left in peace."

Finally the portraits were all finished, and the day of trial came. The pictures were placed before Ronsard for his decision. The six artists, more in love with Monica than ever, stood by with throbbing hearts.

The first had painted her as a bride, with a bright smile upon her face; but it was not natural, as he never had seen Monica smile. The second had painted her asleep, with an unnatural flush upon her features, and her long lashes resting upon her cheeks. The third portrayed her giving alms to a beggar-child; but this was not like Monica. A fourth had turned her face quite aside, and given only the mold of her delicate shoulders, her veil of falling hair, and her exquisite wrist, with a resplendent bracelet upon it. A fifth represented her as a character in history. The sixth presented her upon her father's breast; but this Ronsard rejected more decidedly than all.

"You have all failed," said he.

Just then a door opened, and Giuseppe, bearing a picture, advanced, and, falling on one knee, presented it to his master.

Ronsard uttered a cry:

"He has done it!"

The picture was that of Monica, in the moonlight, presenting the lonely youth the dove. Her pure and tender spirit was in her face, and every man in the room stood rapt before its beauty. There was no voice of remonstrance, of dissatisfaction, raised. They all acknowledged that the unknown youth had done what they had not been able to do.

And when Ronsard told Monica the tale of Giuseppe's success, she blushed so deeply as to reveal her secret. It was a happy *dénouement*, for after Giuseppe and Monica were married, the former remained with his old friend, continuing to paint pictures that shed lustre even upon the name of Ronsard.

When the beautiful Monica took a long journey once with her young husband, she cut off one of her long curls for her maid, with whom it was necessary for her to part. And it was after very many years that this curl fell into my hands. It is still shining and silken soft, and I value it for its beauty, as well as for the pretty story of which it is a token.

An Indian Girl of the Tierra Caliente.

JALAPA, midway between the sea and the higher tablelands of Mexico, is in a valley of wonderful richness and beauty, where the orange and banana grow beside fields of wheat. The city is one of the most attractive in the republic, the houses being neatly and gayly painted, the inhabitants polished and attractive.

In the market-place you meet Indians from the low country, the Tierra Caliente, coming with fruit from their gardens. The men wear a loose shirt over the white trowsers, and a round straw hat. The women, one of whom we give, drape their fine busts of bronze with a robe which, like the sarape, has a slit in the centre, allowing it to fall gracefully over the upper part of the body, and over the top of the red, blue, or yellow skirt: a bright Etruscan border generally gives finish to

both articles. The luxuriant black hair is tressed up with red cords. This costume is striking, and when worn by a well-formed girl, at once proud and graceful in her bearing and step, as she advances with a basket of flowers on her head or some pottery of antique form, kept in place by her elegantly turned arm, she seems an animated fresco from some Pompeian wall, not a reality of the nineteenth century.

Daguerre's House, Rue des Marais du Temple, Paris, now Destroyed.

THE great improvements designed by the late Emperor of the French, to make that city a queen among the capitals of Europe, removed many edifices which were of an historic character, and among them the building shown in our illustration—the spot where Daguerre first made those sun-pictures which have caused such wonderful changes in old processes, and simplified so remarkably human labor.

Louis James Mandé Daguerre was born in 1787, at Cormeilles-en-Parisis, in the French Department of the Seine-et-Oise.

In early life he was an artist, and, thrown into the society of public performers, even became a very adroit rope-dancer. He invented the diorama, which, by the magical effect produced by its combination of light and painting, became very popular.

Niece had made some progress in sun-pictures when Daguerre turned his mind to it and achieved such decided success that his method was at once taken up throughout the world.

The French Government, in 1839, at the instance of Arago, purchased the invention, giving the son of Niece four thousand francs a year, and Daguerre six thousand.

"How Mother Did It"—A Husband's Reminiscences.

If we were to suggest one which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so; mother used to have such waffles; and mother knew just how thick, or how thin, to make a squash pie; and, oh! if I only could taste of mother's biscuit. Such are the comments of too many husbands, when partaking of their meals. It would be only a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his tea-cup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is "how mother did it." He says:

"I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs, or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

"Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening.

I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered; yeast—yeast to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen, and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and staid away three days after one was offered him. The hens wouldn't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back-yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking."

The Dead Rock.

THE valley of Mad River, a brilliant, brawling little stream which fully deserves its queer title, has no prettier spot than Cedar Hill, the handsome country-place of Mr. James Walters. Mr. Walters was engaged in mercantile pursuits in the city, but being one of that increasing class who tire of its din, dirt and turmoil, had fixed his residence in a retired nook in the country, which was, however, easily accessible by railway.

Besides his wife, his family consisted of a daughter, Julia, just arrived at the dignity of young-ladyhood, and a son who had been practicing at the bar for a few years with some success.

One bright, hot day in August, the noon-train on Saturday brought up as visitors two young ladies and a young gentleman, who had come to stay a week or two. Miss Kate Alexander, a pretty, though somewhat stately-looking blonde, was one. The others were brother and sister—Mr. Joseph and Miss Bertha Arnet.

Julia Walters welcomed her guests with an enthusiasm that was not assumed. She had just finished school-life, and while poetical enough to appreciate fully the beautiful region in which she dwelt, she was by no means averse to having others share her pleasures.

"We will have some glorious rambles!" she cried. "There are so many interesting places to be visited; and, best of all, my brother Arthur will have a vacation for the next two or three weeks. He returns home on the evening-train, and will be of such assistance in our walks. I'm sure we couldn't do without him."

At the mention of the name of Arthur Walters, both the speaker and Miss Bertha glanced significantly at Miss Alexander. But the latter young lady looked away, with a cold and somewhat haughty expression.

"They have quarreled," whispered Bertha to Julia. "We will have a regular melodrama when Arthur gets here."

Mr. Walters, Sr., and his son, both arrived on the late train, about dusk. Julia found means to



AN INDIAN GIRL OF THE TIERRA CALIENTE.—SEE PAGE 306.

whisper to her brother, whom she had run to meet:

"Kate Alexander is here to spend a couple of weeks. I hear you have quarreled, but you must remember that you are in your own house, and you must, therefore, make the advances toward her."

"She is a proud, disagreeable piece," he said, though with a half smile. "But I will do my utmost to be friends with her."

"They say, Arthur," his sister put in slyly, "that you would like to be more than friends."

He smiled at her curious look.

"I am not to be pumped, puss," he replied.

When he came up to the party on the balcony, Miss Kate was seated at one end, looking off abstractedly at the distant hills.

Arthur Walters walked up to her, after greeting the others, and said, with real cordiality:

"I am truly glad to find you here, Miss Alexander, and hope your visit may be pleasurable."

"Thank you!" she rejoined, without turning her eyes. "Julia and I have always been such friends, that I am sure we can enjoy ourselves."

Her tones were rather bitter and cutting, and the young man bit his lip, and walked angrily into the house.

Miss Bertha, who had been watching them, came over to the girl, and pinched her arm with some severity, as she said:

"Kate, you are positively barbarous to act so, when Arthur is disposed to be friendly. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Kate Alexander answered, somewhat haughtily:

"He will learn whether or not he can have me for the asking!"

"That was a doubtful report, and even if he has been so indiscreet, it surely cannot be the unpardonable sin."

Miss Alexander made no reply. Her companion seemed distressed, and they both looked out upon the dim landscape, with its bright thread of river intersecting it, until the summons to supper interrupted them.

Mr. Arnet's place at the table was next to Julia Walters, an arrangement that did not seem to displease him. Arthur sat *vis-à-vis* to Kate Alexander, but their eyes never met, and the young man was rather moody.

A rather dull evening followed, a conscious chill being over the party, and the young ladies pleaded weariness as an excuse for an early retirement.

The next morning Arthur Walters went off with his cigars and a book, and was not seen till noon that day. After dinner there was a general stroll down to the banks of the river, and up to a favorite grove. Arthur managed to become detached with Bertha Arnet, but that young lady probably found him rather glum company, but she concluded to do the best she could under the circumstances.

"You must bear with Kate's whims," she said to him in the course of the walk. "She seems incensed at you, but she is good-hearted, and a girl worth striving for."

"Ay, but not cringing for," he answered, bitterly.

Near to where they were the little river had been dammed, and the water was still and deep, and looked dark and dangerous under the overhanging boughs.

"We have delightful fishing here," Julia said. "Next week we must try it."

The bank was steep, and the girls kept back from it in some awe. Arthur looked into the water, with the thought that if Kate were to fall in, and he were to rescue her, she might be less haughty toward him. Perhaps the wish fathered the wicked thought.

"What hill is that before us, with the great ragged rock at its summit?" It was Kate who spoke.

"They call it Fort Ancient," Julia replied. "There is an old earthwork there, said to have been made by the Indians. The rock above is called 'Dead Rock,' and there is a trumpety legend connected with it, about a death-struggle between two redskins, but it is not worth the telling."

"It was grand, if true," put in her brother.

"Tell it, Mr. Walters!" cried Bertha.

The young man looked hesitatingly toward Kate. But that young lady's lips curled a little, and her eyes were turned away.

He flushed slightly, in spite of himself, and said:

"Not now. Wait till we visit the locality, and then you may appreciate the legend. At present it is time to be 'homeward bound.'"

Again did Mr. Walters have Bertha Arnet for a companion on the stroll home. And in good sooth that young lady found him rather stupid, for he was very inattentive and absent. But Miss Alexander chatted glibly with the girls and young Arnet.

"I am so sorry about Kate's treatment of your brother," Bertha whispered to Julia, as they reached the house.

"And I," was replied. "I fear it will throw a damper over your visit. We must devise a plot to bring them together again."

"I do not blame Arthur," was Miss Arnet's *dixit*. "Kate is strangely perverse, and to argue with her would only strengthen her stubbornness."

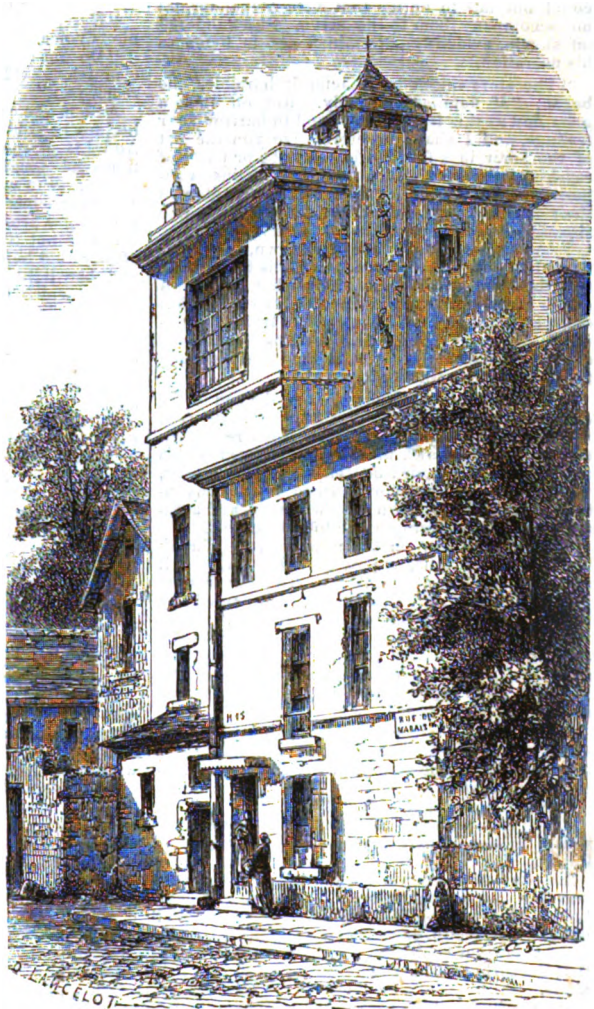
Several days elapsed, diversified by a fishing-excursion, and several other minor expeditions. But the pleasure of these, and indeed of the daily life at the homestead, was visibly alloyed and chilled by the constraint which existed between Arthur Walters and Kate Alexander, and which extended in some degree to the others. Before Friday, Arthur had made two visits to the city, under the transparent pretext of business. Friday

the afternoon was set apart for expedition to the Indian fort and the Dead Rock, and was looked eagerly forward to by all the party.

The day came, and seemed to be all that could be wished. The morning had been very warm, but at noon the sky was clouded, and a refreshing breeze had arisen. The river had to be crossed upon the dam, a venture fraught with little danger, except when the stream was flooded, and from thence the expedition followed a narrow footpath for nearly a mile before the base of the hill was reached.

They had now a long climb before them, along a rough and rocky path, which followed the windings of a little gully. The plateau which contained the Indian mound or fort was itself considerably elevated, though the Dead Rock overhung it at a dizzy height above.

The girls were all heated, breathless, and almost exhausted, when the old fort was reached. During all this time, unnoticed by the party, the



DAGUERRE'S HOUSE—RUE DES MARAIS DU TEMPLE, PARIS NOW DESTROYED.—SEE PAGE 307.

clouds had been growing thicker and more threatening.

"It appears as if a heavy storm were coming," Arthur remarked, looking up anxiously at the heavens. "I fear we will not be able to ascend to the rock to-day."

They scattered to run over the old earthen work, which, however, beyond its supposed antique origin, had little to attract about it, and after a time the party tired of investigating, and came and sat down together on the mound.

"Now, Mr. Walters," Bertha said, "you can tell us about the Dead Rock legend, for I fear that we cannot get up there to-day."

"It would not be safe," the young man replied. And even as he spoke a heavy gloom began gathering about them, as though the black clouds were settling down upon the hill. "We will have rain very soon, and had better be sheltered."

Shelter was easily found under a great shelving rock, and the party procured seats upon loose stones which lay about. Arthur's jealous eyes could not fail to notice that Kate Alexander did not accompany them to the haven. She wandered off slowly, evidently determined not to listen to his narration.

"The story might be sufficiently horrible," he began, "if detailed minutely. But on such a grim day as this it would be cruel to harrow your feelings, and I shall, therefore, give you the gist of the affair in a few words. A tribe or party of redskins were in this fort, holding it against a superior force, when they found that a traitor in their midst, a bold but ambitious chieftain, was signaling from the rock above, to their foes."

"As soon as this fact became known, they summoned him to come down. But this he refused, and they were puzzled to know what to do. A single narrow path, admitting the passage of but one person at a time, led up to the traitor's position. It was so steep that he might have destroyed the whole party, and they were already too small to risk further loss."

"In this dilemma a young brave, the son of the chief of the tribe, volunteered to go up. He went unarmed. As he neared the crest where his enemy stood, tomahawk in hand, he showed by his motions that he carried no weapons. The traitor, who was a great warrior, scorned to take advantage of him, threw down his own arms, and actually assisted the young brave to the summit."

"They were now on the narrow strip of rock which overhangs us, as you see. The finale of it all was, that, after a good deal of red palaver, they grappled, wrestled desperately, and ended by both tumbling over the terrible precipice."

The girls shuddered as they looked up to the rock, and drew nearer together. Almost at the same instant the rain came rushing down upon them in great heavy drops, while the black mist seemed growing denser.

By sitting close in to the rock they avoided the deluge. Several minutes thus elapsed before any one thought of the absent girl. Then Julia suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, Kate is not with us!"

"She has probably taken refuge in some other cleft," Arthur quickly answered. "I will go look for her."

He was now genuinely alarmed. The water was rushing savagely down the steep pathway before him, making it extremely dangerous and difficult to ascend, especially as nothing could be seen a few yards distant; and yet he now knew that the girl must have adventured up to the rock alone.

He was by this time soaked through by the rain, but was thoroughly unconscious of the fact. With an inward exclamation, "Poor Katie!" and some-

thing like a groan, he started up the footway which led to the rock.

There were places where the least deviation to the right or left might have dashed him to pieces down the sides of the steep rock, and he was soon compelled to feel his way with his hands, which became cut in several places, from contact with the sharp edges of the stones.

It seemed an interminable journey, the three hundred feet up to the Dead Rock. Several times Arthur slipped, but at length he stood upon the narrow stone table which crowned the tortuous path.

There was still a terrible danger. The fog was so dense at that height, that the edge of the precipice could not be seen!

He scarcely dared to move, and he was half afraid to call, lest the girl might hear him, and in trying to reach him be dashed into the fearful abyss beneath.

He stood still and listened, and even above the noise of the water thought he heard a sob.

"Miss Alexander! Kate!" he called.

"Here, Arthur!" replied a sweet though tremulous voice.

"Do not move, for Heaven's sake!" he hastily ejaculated. "Let me hear your voice, and I can reach you."

And so she called, and he fairly crawled toward her, for he could see nothing when standing erect. And his circumspection saved him, for several times he found himself on the edge of the great chasm. She was only some twenty feet distant, cowering close in where the hill afforded some very slight protection.

It was not till he had arrived within two yards of her that he could see her. She, too, was wet, and her light clothes were much soiled. The breeze, which had been cooled by the storm, was quite chilly at that altitude, and Arthur found Miss Alexander shivering with cold.

"My poor Kate," he said, impulsively, seizing her hand.

She was not so haughty now. She did not withdraw it, and after a moment burst into tears.

"Oh, Arthur!" she cried, at length. "To think how perverse I have been!"

"Let this great peril serve but to show us both the folly of petty quarrels, and I shall not regret it."

"It has taught me my lesson," she answered, looking up into his face with a soft smile.

"The storm is breaking," the young man rejoined, looking above. "But we cannot wait for the fog to break. You are wet through! We must work our way down. Give me your hand, and I will lead you."

The fair little hand was at once entrusted to his grasp with confidence. Nor was it withdrawn when he ventured on a tender pressure of it.

By dint of careful groping, the top of the narrow path was gained without accident. By this time the rain had almost ceased, the storm breaking as rapidly as it had come up. The mists, also, were getting perceptibly lighter.

"We must be very cautious in going down," Arthur said.

Even as he spoke he slipped and displaced a stone, which went thundering down the pathway into the fog beneath.

Kate grasped him convulsively, with a shriek of alarm. He recovered himself in a moment, and drew the girl to his side.

"My darling," he whispered, "you cannot disguise your feelings longer. You do have an interest in me!"

She suffered her head to droop to his shoulder, and as he turned his head, their lips were approached full closely. She seemed noways inclined to get away.

Wet as they were, and clinging to the watery rocks that afforded such a dubious foothold, it was still a blissful moment. Then Arthur released her, saying:

"Now, my Kate, we will go down into the world again."

The slow and dangerous descent was accomplished safely after a time, and the anxious group below, who were searching in alarm for the lost adventurers, had the pleasure of seeing them creep down, as it were, from the clouds.

Then a rapid homeward move was made, to change garments, Arthur Walters and Kate Alexander walking side by side.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the residue of that happy visit was not marred by any coolness between them. They became almost too cordial and exclusive.

The effects of the storm on the rock have not yet culminated. If rumor may be believed, the time is not distant when Joseph Arnet and Julia Walters, and Arthur Walters and Kate Alexander, are to be made *two*, instead of four.

Hearts, not Diamonds, "Trumps."

I ADMIT Blanche, that I have no real authority over you in love matters; but your father left me the guardian of yourself and your large property, and I have endeavored to do my duty by you; and my wife has certainly been a mother to you."

"I admit that, Mr. Wells; both yourself and Mrs. Wells have treated me as a daughter since my father left me to your care, eight years ago; but when you have a right to speak regarding the investment of my property, I do not admit you have a right to interfere regarding the investment of my love."

"You are wrong, Blanche; I must interfere, and not allow you to throw yourself away upon a poor college professor, when you can marry a man of wealth like Edwin Moore."

"I cannot allow you to speak that way of Professor Stone, Mr. Wells. I do not anticipate throwing myself away, and if I have as much money as I am said to possess, I do not see that we should be poor."

"You must not receive Professor Stone's visits, Blanche."

And with an irate bang of the door, George Wells, Esq., a crusty old merchant of fifty, left the room, and Blanche Shackelford, his ward, was alone.

With a fine figure and pretty face, and thoroughly accomplished, not forgetting that she had been left by her father, at his death eight years before, a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars, Blanche Shackelford was much sought after and admired, and among her numerous adorers were two who had been the subject of the conversation between her and her guardian.

Edwin Moore was a bachelor of thirty-five, passably fine-looking, and the possessor of a magnificent house and grounds, with an income of thirty thousand a year to support him in magnificent luxury. He had met Blanche at Mr. Wells's house, and had sought her hand of her guardian, who, without consulting his ward, had accepted for her.

Henry Stone was the Professor of Languages in the college in the little city of H—, and having met Blanche frequently, had fallen in love with her. As she had shown a preference for his society, he had reason to believe that he might win her heart in return.

He was a poor young man, of pleasant, agreeable manners, and a fine face and form, and was

noted for his superior education and literary abilities.

Besides his salary, which was a good one, he had comparatively nothing, and, therefore, in a worldly point, was no "catch" for designing mammas with marriageable daughters.

One of Blanche's great failings, was a lack of determination, a certain yielding to the wishes of others whom she had confidence in, so that when, day after day, Mr. and Mrs. Wells urged her to give up her "romantic nonsense" for Professor Stone and accept Edwin Moore and his millions, she at last yielded, and received from him, as his engaged wife, a magnificent set of diamonds.

As she admired their beauty, Blanche could not but think she would have preferred a simple gold ring from Henry Stone more than all this splendor from Edwin Moore.

"Blanche, it seems but right you should marry Mr. Moore, for all of your money is differently invested through him, and—"

"Please do not talk to me about business, Mrs. Wells. I never understood it, and do not wish to."

And with a shrug of her shoulders Blanche left the room, to meet the postman, whom she saw ascending the steps. He handed her a letter for herself, and recognizing Henry Stone's handwriting, she went to her room, broke the seal, and read:

"COLLEGE HALL, March 10th, 1868.

"DEAR BLANCHE: Having learned with great pain of your engagement to Edwin Moore, and that your guardian, Mr. Wells, has been particularly anxious to bring it about, I have determined to write to you, and tell you of a plot of which you are the victim. Do not judge me harshly, and believe that I do this because I have lost you; but I learned through a friend of mine, who is Mr. Wells's confidential clerk, only yesterday, that that gentleman, taking advantage of your ignorance of business matters, has, with your signatures, invested all of your property, lost it to Mr. Moore, and is now in that gentleman's power. I am ready to prove the truth of what I tell you. You can see the position in which you stand, and how unpleasantly your guardian has placed you. Of my love for you I will say nothing, for you well know how dear you are to me. If you ever need a friend's advice or aid, do not hesitate to call upon me, as you would upon a brother. If I have done wrong in writing this letter, pardon me; but I deemed it my duty to show you the trap laid for you by Mr. Wells. With kindest wishes for your happiness, believe me, sincerely yours,
HENRY STONE."

Blanche read the letter through carefully, and as she arose and commenced dressing in her walking-suit, her face was very pale, and her lips firmly set. Leaving the house, she went up the street, and, seeking a messenger, sent him to the college, to ask Professor Stone to come out on the promenade and join her.

Soon the professor was with her, and offering her hand as he advanced, she said:

"Henry Stone, do not consider me unmaidenly; but I received your letter, and, believing all you say, I wish to ask you if you love me?"

"Ah, Blanche, you know that I do! Why ask—"

"And will take me without my fortune?"

"This moment; but—"

"Then I will marry you, for I was only going to marry Edwin Moore because I was urged to do so. I love you dearly, and now see the sin I came near committing."

Then a little plan was arranged between them: and three days after, Mr. and Mrs. Wells were driving in their carriage to the hotel to call upon

some old friends who had sent for them. As they entered the door, they met Mr. Moore, who said he had been sent for, to come to the same room, but he did not know who his friends were, as they had only said come to No. 50.

"The same with us; how strange! We wished Blanche to accompany us, but she went out to spend the day with Ella Styles," said Mr. Wells.

No. 50 was reached, the door thrown open by the servant, the three entered the room, and to their horror saw standing there Professor Henry Stone and Blanche Shackelford.

"What does this mean?" angrily inquired Mr. Wells.

"It means, simply, that Blanche is now Mrs. Henry Stone," said the professor, quietly.

"The deuce!" muttered Moore.

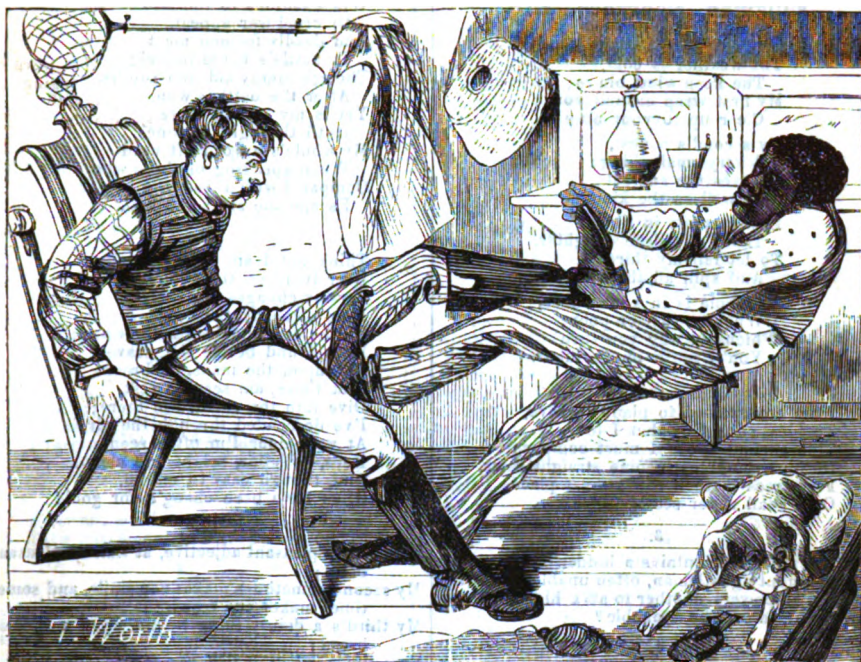
The pious Mr. Wells uttered an involuntary oath.

"It means, Mr. Wells," said Blanche, coming forward, "that I know all—that I have lost my money, through you—that I love Professor Stone; but as I never cared particularly for riches, I will not mourn over the loss of the diamonds of Mr. Moore."

"Hearts, not diamonds, trumps in this game," said Edwin Moore, as he left the room, followed by the Wells family.



THE DEAD ROCK.—"IT WAS NOT TILL ARTHUR HAD ARRIVED WITHIN TWO YARDS OF HER THAT HE COULD SEE HER. 'MY POOR KATE,' HE SAID, IMPULSIVELY, SEIZING HER HAND."—SEE PAGE 307.

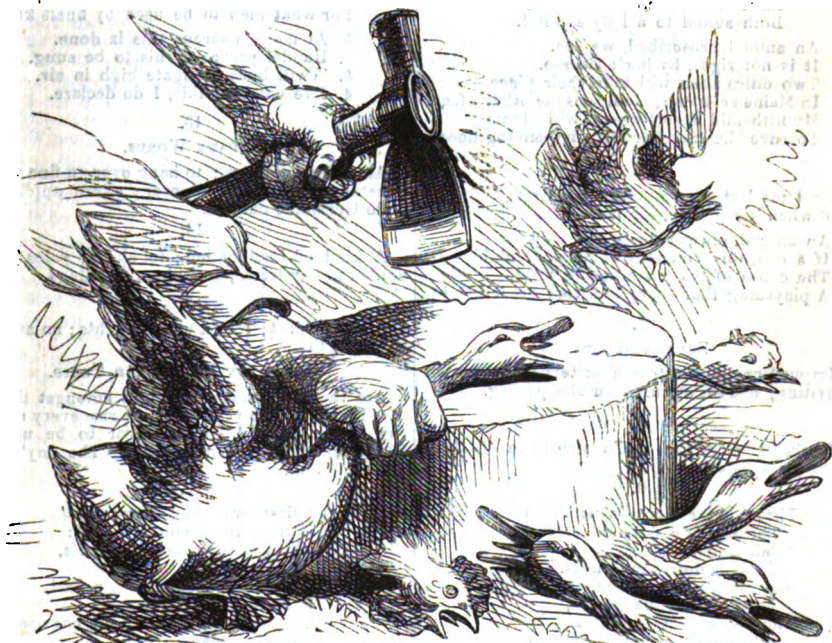


NOTHING LIKE PERSEVERANCE.

COLORED BOOTMAKER.—"I se bound to get dis ere Boot off, or de leg has got to come off."

WHY is a lawyer like a sawyer? Because which ever way he turns, down must come the dust.

RAILWAYS are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.



A "STRIKE" AMONG THE POULTRY.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

The weather is cold,
The keen wind blows;
My first wrap around you
Clear up to your nose.

My second's a pest,
A very small thing;
It vexes the subject
As well as the king.

How careless in Susie's,
That's my little daughter,
To let fall my third
And spill all the water.

My whole is in your house,
Whether rich or poor;
Whichever way you turn
You'll see it on the floor.

2.

I am constrained to plant a grove,
To please the lady that I love.
This curious grove I must compose
Of nineteen trees in nine straight rows.
Five trees in each row: I must place,
Or I shall never see her face.

3.

What adjective contains a hidden sentence, by
which a gouty gentleman, often unable to use his
fingers, empowers another to affix his name to a
document, in case he is unable?

4.

A maiden aunt I once could claim,
About my third—a touchy dame.
Chancing to first my second to name,
I lost my whole. I was to blame.

5.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

First and last in parlor find,
Both suited to a lady's mind.

An animal proscribed, we see.
It is not right, by law's decree.
Two cities then will take their place—
In Maine seek one; Gaul sees the other's face.
My fifth mid desert-waste: will bloom.
To save the traveller from impending doom.

6.

To get my last, you must do my first;
And when 'tis gained, for more you will thirst.

1. An animal, always fierce and wild.
2. If a girl, this you may name your child.
3. The cause of many a row and fight.
4. A plaything that soars to a very great height.

7.

SQUARE WORDS.

Impurities; a Western Territory; a writer of
brevities; not these; used for sharpening.

8.

Cooked; elder; a girl's name; a Turkish
name; a wanderer.

9.

Through the chapel's windows
The soften'd daylight steals;
A fair and happy girl,
Bapt in devotion, kneels.
She for one whom she loves
To the Madonna pleads,
And she repeats my first
While telling o'er her beads.

When nations to the fate
Of cruel war appeal,
And deadly foemen meet;
In battle's fierce ordeal;
Though mercy aid and soothe,
After the battle's won,
Yet is my second there
Until the fight is done.
My whole's a word oft used
When speaking of those who fall
Compar'd with those who in war
Escape the steel and ball.

10.

Think not I am lightly found
Ever lying on the ground,
For my changes are so free,
I am often by the sea;
By the sea, and 'neath the wave;
Even found beside the grave.
Yet, upon the maiden's breast,
I, at times, am seen to rest.
Dive into the earth, I'm there;
I've descended through the air.
At your door I'm often seen,
Kept, by labor, bright and clean,
And, though easy to unfold,
Often have been chang'd for gold!

11.

My first's a pleasant adjective, at times a pleasant
noun;
My second sometimes makes you smile, and some-
times makes you frown;
My third's a dainty thing to put upon a slice of
bread;
Sometimes when ladies say my fourth, they're
meaning Yes instead;
My fifth's a vegetable that oft appears upon the
dinner-table;
My whole's a quaint old proverb; now guess it, if
you're able.

12.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A freeman's right my initials show,
For what men to be used by finals know.

1. At many a circus this is done.
2. Handel prepared this to be sung.
3. 'Twill blow a frigate high in air.
4. I've come to this, I do declare.

13.

SQUARE WORDS.

An Asiatic country; to hang over; a fine white
substance; a Roman emperor; a term applied to
Indo-Germanic nations.

14.

A kind of fortification; to elude; vales; one
skilled in any trade; ingenious dwellings.

15.

A city; apart; raised up; thoughts; an avenue
of perception.

16.—HIDDEN PLANTS AND TREES.

Are there not some cannibals amongst them?
The heat has been very great. I rise every morn-
ing at six. The blind endeavor to be useful.
The map leans against the wall. The boy's cap
almost fell off.

17.

My first by almost every one
Is used from youth to age;
With either good or ill effects,
By poet, lawyer, sage.
My second so demands my first,
It finds a ready sale;
And both combined are oft engaged
Adorning many a tale.

Across the ocean sails my third—
My second is its guide—
From distant islands bringing goods,
Nor waits for wind or tide.
Take my advice, and you'll do well,
Who in my whole try to excel.

18.

My first as my last
May surely be reckoned.
Yet I stand between,
As is clear to be seen,
That a blessing, my whole,
May descend on the soul.

19.

Standing between a Western State
And another's ponderous freight,
I form what is sarcastic said,
Tell it, for it needs no head.

20.

A color is my first;
An animal, my second;
I fasten tight my third and fourth.
My whole is kindness reckoned.

21.

A certain word five syllables contains,
Take one away, no syllable remains.

22.

SQUARE WORDS.

Shore; elder; a girl's name; a Turk's name;
to walk.

23.

Plants; a girl's name; grass transposed; dark;
benches.

24.

Painful; very mature; a fruit; dissolves; to
squeeze.

25.

I never was since time began,
But always am to be;
I ne'er was seen by any man,
And never may by ye
The confidence and ground of trust
I am of every man
Who lives and breathes upon the earth,
Whate'er his caste or clan.
The statesman's heir still looks to me
For honor and renown;
And I'm the hope of princes, too,
Who wish to wear the crown.
The miser hopes I shall increase
His copious store of wealth;
The invalid still prays that I
May give to him his health.
The suitor, too, still trusts that I
Will give to him his bride;
The mother sad prays me to bring
Her rover to her side.
Pray name me now, ye riddling bards,
And then you will believe
That old and young, and rich and poor,
I surely shall deceive.

26.

Through the dark and lonesome night,
When the clouds obstruct the light
Of the pale moon shining bright,
The soldier keeps me.
When again at break of day,
Another treads the dreary way,
One doth always by me stay—
'Tis death to leave me.

Lo! I travel far and wide,
From inland town to river-side;
To you a secret I'll confide:
News fast I carry.
Heeding not the frost or snow,
To other lands I daily go,
Ever hurrying to and fro—
I never tarry.

Frequently my form you'll meet
When walking in the crowded street,
Or, whilst strolling from the heat,
In lanes so shady.
I am either short or tall,
In houses dwell, however small,
In mansions large, or spacious hall
Of lord and lady.

27.

I stood on the shore of the boundless sea
Where the breakers loudly rolled,
And the gleaming sun looked bravely down;
It gave old Ocean a glorious crown—
A crown of burnished gold.
It tipped each wavelet that dashed on the beach,
Till it sparkled like diamonds rare,
As it swept o'er the face of the pure white sand,
Where, scattered about on every hand,
My form lay shining fair;
And away in the fields that inland stretched,
Where the tiny farmhouse stood,
Half-hid by the trees that clustered round,
There, stored in granaries, I am found,
And I'm seen in the verdant wood.
The bullet that speeds from the sportsman's gun
I urge on its terrible flight;
I hide the deeds of roguish love,
As ancient proverbs try to prove,
And I'm known as old women's delight.

28.

Poltroon and coward, all of me have heard;
Cut off my head, lo! an ill-omened bird;
But of my tail bereft, I humbly beg and ask;
Headless and tailless, I'm the maniac's task.

29.

SQUARE WORDS.

A Shakespearean character; a southern fruit;
mingles; a circumstance; stone, transposed.

30.

Stupid; combination; dark; almost cohere; a
passage.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
APRIL NUMBER.

1. A picture. 2. Pearl Diver—Pound, EIL, Azov, Rose, Letter. 3. Rushlight. 4. Hair, air. 5. Tepid, erase, Paoli, isles, Deist. 6. Allah, Leila, limit, alive, hated. 7. Scales, cement, Amanda, lentil, endive, staler. 8. Wave. 9. Kindred. 10. Foot Ball Game—FibBinG, Oceania, Odoliam, TILlagE. 11. Ankle, lance, Case, cane, can, an, n. 12. Cruise, ruse, use, sue, us. 13. B, tEn, anEnt, claTter, BEETHOVEN, picOtee, anVil, nEt, N. 14. Nosegay. 15. Harold, Alfred—HelenA, Assail, RaFF, Order, LovE, DiscOrd. 16. Papal, abate, paste, attar, leers. 17. Coast, older, Adela, Selim, tramp. 18. East, ague, sure, team. 19. Mate, gate, date, hate, pate, fate, late, bate, sate, rate—Team, meat, tea. 20. Sand-ring-ham (Sandringham). 21. Handsaw. 22. Co-mis-erate (commiserate). 23. Cupboard. 24. Whale, bale, ale. 25. Virgil, Horace—Vouch, IagO, RoverR, GaetA, IoniC, LialE. 26. Rail Road—RiverR, AraO, Italia, Land. 27. Women, opine, miles, anent, nestA. 28. Tales, abate, lathe, ether, seers. 29. Indecency in man (In D cent O in man) is inexcusable (is in X Q sable).



A TRUE WOMAN IS ATTACHED TO HER HOME.

An Old Lady as far down the decline of life as seventy-nine, like people generally about her age, was constantly worrying about something or other. She lost her spectacles on one occasion. These were replaced by a new pair, out of which one of the glasses soon followed the former missing pair. While the latter were being repaired, the other pair were found. Finally both pair came home, and her indulgent son on the same day presented her with a pair of gold bows. On receiving the whole three pairs of specs in good-looking order, the old lady in a subdued voice exclaimed, with a long-drawn sigh:

"Oh, dear, what *have* I got to worry about now!"

A Little Boy, after watching the burning of a school-house until the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street, saying:

"I'm glad the old thing's burned down; I didn't have my jogfry lesson nohow!"

"My Boy, what does your mother do for a living?" asked a tender-hearted gentleman of a barefooted little urchin.

"She eats cold vittles, sir," was the spontaneous reply.

"Ben," said a father the other day, "I am busy now; but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging."

"Don't hurry yourself, papa," said he; "I can wait."

"Auntie," said a little three-year old, one day, "I don't like mine aprons tarched so drefful. So much tarchness makes the tiffness twach my bareness."

A Syrian Convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined.

"But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day, he may pull him out?"

"Yes," answered Hayoh; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should fill up the pit or sell that ass."

The story has a sort of a swivel "moral," which will fit a great many disputed points in these days.

Sheridan's Solicitor, calling one day, found his wife alone, and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only reply was that "her husband was a villain." After a time she added, with some hesitation:

"Why, I have discovered that all the love-letters he sent me were the very same he sent to his first wife."

Said Mr. Cantwell to his clergyman, who had a great disrelish for hypocrisy:

"How can I best help to reform the world?"

"By beginning with yourself!" was the conclusive reply.

"Madame, I am glad to see you."

"Sir, I cannot say as much to you."

"Ah, madame, you might, did you but suffer politeness to overcome veracity."

Happiness is internal, not external.



A GOOD WIFE OUTWEIGHS A CROWN

It is related by a distinguished attorney that a few days since his gloomy office was entered by a very charming presence, which, on looking up, he discovered to be a lady. She was very young, very pretty, and, of course, bewitching.

"Are you Mr. —, the lawyer?" she asked.

"Yes, madame; pray be seated. In what way can I serve you?" asked the lawyer, blandly.

"I want a divorce, sir."

"You want a divorce?" cried the astonished counsel; "why, who in the world could have the heart to separate from so beautiful a lady?"

"No one that I know of. It is not the man that wishes to leave me; I want to leave the man."

"Oh, I perceive; but why?"

"Well, nothing in particular; but, to tell the truth, I can do better."

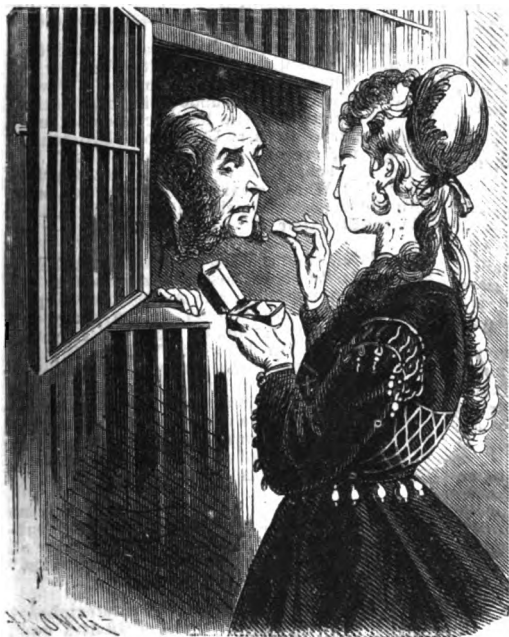
Little Johnny's mother reached for him with her slipper, the other evening, for stealing the jelly, and after dusting the portion of his pantaloons that he sits on, she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it.

"I was thinking how I had fooled you. It was Carrie who stole the jelly."

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover as he was toying with his sweetheart's hand.

"The best way to find it out is to ring it," was the reply.

A Ration for the Siamese twins—Separation.



WITH A LITTLE FLATTERY A BIRD WILL LOVE ITS CAGE.



A WOMAN'S WATCH NEVER KEEPS TIME.

Peter of Leghorn, a learned man of the sixteenth century, had wit in common with learned men, before and since his time, yet he was very poor.

He was, nevertheless, always in good humor and merry. Once, in Tuscany, he wished to be ferried over a river. Unfortunately, he had no money, and he said to the ferryman:

"My good friend, I have no money to give you for your trouble, but you shall have instead a wholesome counsel."

After some grumbling, the ferryman consented to take him over, and when they were on the other bank, demanded his promised payment.

"Friend," said Peter, laying his hand gently on the man's shoulder, "if you do with others as you have done with me, you will gain but little by your ferry-boat; so be prudent."

And he went calmly on his way.

One Day a little girl, about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications.

Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear to a speaking distance, she whispered:

"Mother, don't you think that if he was nearer to God, he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

Some Malicious Person has said that the letters M. D., attached to a physician's name, mean "money down."

The Difference between a sick girl and a brickbat is the difference between missile and a miss ill.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A SCOTCH nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which, at the same time, there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim: "Mr. —, your office is as hot as an oven!" "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer, "as it is here that I make my bread."

A CLERGYMAN was lately depicting before a deeply interesting audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming: "A young man in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sunday while I was preaching the gospel in a beastly state of intoxication."

"How many regular boarders have you, madam?" asked a census taker of a lady. "Well, really I can't say as any of 'em is very regular. They stay out." "I mean, madam, how many steady boarders have you?" "Well, really, out of nineteen, there's not more'n two that I'd call steady."

A YOUNG lady in Iowa lately tried to poison herself because her "lover" was beginning to show attentions to another damsel. She was given salts instead of arsenic by her negro attendant, who told the doctor: "Bless your life, I know'd how to pizen the foolish gal." The "foolish gal" recovered.

THE best tobacco stamp—Stamp it under foot.

WHILE passing a house in Virginia, two drummers observed a very peculiar citizen, unfinished; and, it attracting their attention, they asked a flaxen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drew well." Whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all the fools that pass this road."

AN absent-minded professor, in going out the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after, he stumbled against a lady in the street; in sudden recollection of the former mishap, he called out with a look of rage in his countenance: "Is that you again, you brute?"

A PARIS paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter. "What have you done with your doll?" "I have put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up." "But if you shouldn't have any?" "Ah! well, then it will do for my grand-children."

AN American backwoods clergyman having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: "An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises, they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over."

AN Irishman noticing a lady passing down the street, espied two strips depending from under her mantle. Not knowing that these were styled sashes and were hanging in their right places, he exclaimed, "An' faith, ma'am, yer galluses are loose!"

WHEN the Hon. Mrs. Norton was applied to, on Hood's death, for a contribution to the fund then raised for his destitute widow, and headed by Sir Robert Peel with the munificent donation of fifty pounds, she promptly sent a liberal subscription with the following lines:

"To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is but a Christian's duty, and none should
Resist the heart-appeal of Widow Hood."

AFTER all, what is more harrowing to the sole than a peg in one's boot!

A MUSICAL POINT.—Mr. Billings, the celebrated musical composer, boasted that there was no point connected with the science of music that he did not understand. A wag sent him a note, requesting an interview with him, on a particular day, to consult on a difficult question of music, which he said no other man could answer. Mr. Billings promptly met him, and said to him, "Whatever your question may be, I pledge myself to answer it, as there is nothing connected with the science that I have not mastered." "My question is an important one," replied the wag, with the most serious face imaginable; "indeed, it affects the whole world, and has never yet been answered." "Let me hear it," said Mr. Billings, growing excited. "It is this," said the other; "when a man snores in his sleep through two octaves, so that the whole house can hear it, do you consider the sounds produced to be vocal or instrumental music?"

IN reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where everybody and everything are always pleasant, and nothing whatever is disagreeable, let me know, and I'll move there, too."

A WELSH PROVERB.—If a woman were as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she'd catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

"'Tis plain, 'tis plain," Dick, musing, cried. "What's plain, my dear?" asked Dick's young bride. "Your face, my dear," he sighed.

A PERSON who advertises in a morning paper for a clerk, holds out this inducement: "A small salary will be given, but he will have enough of overwork to make up the deficiency."

WHY is a young lady's bustle like a historical tale? Because it's a fiction founded on fact.

A FEW weeks ago a baby was taken into a church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during that rite. On the following Sunday, when baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressings, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened? "Why, no," replied his mother; "don't you know, my son, that people are not baptized twice?" "What," returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment; "not if it don't take the first time?"

THE late Artemus Ward used to tell the following story: While in Boston I returned in the horse car to my lodgings. A pooty gal in spectacles sat near me, and was telling her young man how he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smiling in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of some one you used to know?" "Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a barrel of mackerel; he died there, so I conclude you ain't him."

A NEW YORK belle, who was purchasing some gloves, told the clerk she wanted them of a "subdued mouse-color." The clerk said they were all out of that shade, but suggested "infuriated rat" as a substitute. He was discharged.

WHY is a fast young lady like a steamboat? Because she never goes ahead without a swell after her.

KEEP YOUR TOP COOL.—Artemus Ward once, during a journey across the plains, offered a stage-driver a drink of whisky from his flask, which was refused in most decided terms. Said the driver:

"I don't drink. I won't drink. And I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinion of those mountains—*keep your top cool*. They've got snow, and I've got brains; that's all the difference."

There is a wealth of wisdom in the sententious remark, "Keep your top cool." The fountain of man's power and happiness is in his brain. Alcohol is a foe of the brain, and, when it gets there, either benumbs it or perverts its action. Remember the stage-driver's curt philosophy.

EPIGRAMS.—From the churchyard in Devon:

"Charity, wife of Gideon Bligh,
Underneath this stone doth lie,
Naught was she e'er known to do
That her husband told her to."

In a Yorkshire churchyard are these lines:

"Here lies my poor wife without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door nail—God be thanked."

These outbursts of righteous indignation against scolding wives are not confined to the English shore. We find them on this side of the Atlantic. Here is one from Texas:

"Here lies my poor wife,
A sad slattern and shrew,
If I said I regretted her
I should lie too."

Another, at Burlington, Massachusetts, runs thus:

"Sacred to the memory of Anthony Drake,
Who died for peace and quietness sake,
His wife was constantly scolding and scoffing,
So he sought repose in a twelve-dollar coffin."

In Ellon churchyard:

"Here lies my wife in earthly mold,
Who when she lived did naught but scold.
Peace! wake her, for now she's still;
She had, but now I have my will."

The following, by Ben Johnson, on the Countess of Pembroke, breathes a fine thought:

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Earth ere thou hast slain another
Wise and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

A MAN who has been arrested as a vagrant has protested that he had a regular trade or calling—*vis.*: smoking glass for total eclipses of the sun; and, as these occur only a few times in a century, he was not to blame for being out of employment a good deal.

The poet Rogers tells this story:

"An Englishman and a Frenchman had to fight a duel. That they might have the better chance for missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney, and, by Jove! he brought down the Frenchman! When I tell this story in Paris, I put the Englishman up the chimney."

A PEASANT went into a large city, and, among other objects that struck his fancy, was arrested by a banking office, where he saw people go out and in without getting any goods, apparently, as in other shops. He ventured to enter and ask the teller what was cold there.

"Asses' heads," was the sneering answer.

"What a business you have!" said the rustic;
"I see you have but one left."

A ROMANTIC pair were blessed with a number of daughters, the oldest of whom was named Caroline, the second Madeline, the third Eveline, the fourth Angeline, and the fifth Evangeline. Finally, a sixth daughter was born to them, and for a time they could find no name for it with the desired termination, when suddenly the mother exclaimed:

"I have it; we'll name her Crinoline!" and it was done.

TAKINGS.

He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame,
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to coming afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

SOMEBODY says "devil" is a mean word any way it may be written. Remove the *d* and it is "evil," transpose the *e* and it is "vile," remove the *v* and it is "ill," remove the *i* and *l* remains, which has the aspirate sound of "hell."

"Poor thing!" observed a tender-hearted Bridgeport lady, in speaking of the death of a young friend, "she had just got a forty dollar set of furs, and beauties they were; but she don't need such things now." What do you suppose she meant by that?

How to consume time—eat dates.

A WESTERN editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!" The rival retorts by saying, "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill!"

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.—Above all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate, let her keep a sharp eye on the cook. Nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his house than bad dinners, ill served.

"MR. POST-OFFICE MAN, I want to pay the postage on this letter."

"Single or double, miss?"

"Double, sir," with a courtesy, "I was married last week."

WHAT is the reason—can you guess—

Why men are poor, and women thinner?

So much do they for dinner dress,

That nothing's left to dress for dinner.

A CLERGYMAN passing a boy weeping bitterly, halted and asked, "What is the matter, my dear little fellow?"

The boy replied, "Because we could hardly get enough to eat of anything, and now what shall we do, for there's another one come?"

"Hush thy mourning and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman, "and remember that He never sends months without He sends victuals to put into them."

"I know that," said the boy, "but then He sends all the months to our house and the victuals to yours."

AN IRISHMAN, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in the month of January, when the snow was three feet deep. He not returning, his wife ran out to see what was the matter. There she found her husband in his night suit, his teeth chattering and his whole body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Holy mother! Pat," says she, "what wud ye be after doin'?" "Hush!" said he. "Don't ye see? I'm tryin' to fraze the baste!"



EMPHATIC.

SCOLDING WIFE.—"It seems they have ALL of the plagues in Africa—don't they?"
HUSBAND (very decidedly)—"I wish to gracious they had." (Scene closes rapidly).

ANNA(O) Domini is getting aged.

A BAN the U. S. will not submit to—Cuban.

AN off-hand fellow—One who has lost both his arms.

It is low enough to live in an attic, but a ground floor is a basement.

A DETROIT picture-dealer says the hardest work he has to do is to frame excuses.

A COQUETTE is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

THE minister who boasted that he could preach without notes, didn't mean bank notes. Of course not.

AN experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing. They both make him holler.

SOME one says that the lion and the lamb may lie cown together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

IN most o. the libraries of Massachusetts women are librarians. That is one reason why the libraries are so popular and so well patronized by the young men.

WHAT is the difference between a watch-case and a detective on the track of a counterfeiter? One keeps the movements in a watch, and the other keeps a watching the movements.

SONG of the fawn—Call me early, mother deer.

A DANDY on the shore is disgusting, but a swell on the sea is sickening.

NO INDULGENCE of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.

THE Boston Post abbreviates the name of one of its exchanges into "Low Cour." and another into "Wash. Pat."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it a "waste of water."

EXPERIENCED night nurse (sternly).—"Come, come, sir! You must stop that noise. If you keep wheezing and snoring like that all night, how am I to get to sleep?"

WHEN were banking transactions first known? In the time of King Pharaoh, when the Egyptians received a cheque (check) at the bank of the Red Sea, and Moses crossed it.

A CINCINNATI wife left her husband and joined a traveling show. The latter bursted and left her two hundred miles from home with no money. She had to walk back, and now can't find her husband.

A COLORED preacher, in discoursing to his people on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner:

"I tell you, brethren, 'tis prayer is what gibs de debil de lockjaw."



GERTRUDE'S JOURNAL.—"I FORGOT EVERYTHING IN HEAVEN AND EARTH, SAVE THAT LYLE WAS LOOKING IN MY FACE—LYLE LOVED ME."

Gertrude's Journal.

INGLEWOOD, June 1, 18—.

This is a dreadfully tiresome world; yes, stupidly tiresome; and not only tiresome—one *might* get used to *that*—but cruelly selfish and wickedly cruel. I laughed at Mr. Wallace last evening because he said he sometimes wondered what this life all amounted to when summed up. I was so happy; and his words sounded very much like croaking.

I told him the world was full of sunshine and joy, and I would not hear it abused; if he could not see that the world was full of beauty, it was

because he kept his eyes shut. Then I talked a great deal about clouds make sunshine brighter, and sorrows making joys dearer.

Oh! how easy it is for us to talk such nonsense when we have had no experimental knowledge of the aforesaid clouds and sorrows.

When I made that beautiful and touching speech, I confidently believed that papa was going to receive that consulship which was to lift us out of this valley of skimping, saving and scraping, and set us on the mountain-top of peace and plenty, with songs of rejoicing and victory in our mouths.

But woe be to all such as depend upon *public* favors. The public will walk right over one as

easily, and with as little pity, as I would crush a gnat between my thumb and finger.

We had just seated ourselves at the table this morning, when I saw the boy toss our paper over the fence. I sprang up, exclaiming:

"I will get the *Morning News*; it will surely contain the nominations."

Papa took it, and turned to the nominations with a bright, expectant face—we all felt so sure that he would get the appointment—read them aloud in a clear, distinct voice, dropped the paper with a low mutter, seized his cup of coffee, and swallowed the contents at one gulp.

Dear mamma turned pale and gave a heavy sigh. I knew she was thinking of our heavy debts. My own heart sank like lead.

If a thunderbolt had fallen upon our table, our little family could not have looked more panic-stricken. We had been depending upon it so long. It was a bitter, bitter disappointment. After a while papa spoke, in a thick, heavy voice, turning to May and me:

"My daughters, I hope you will take warning from your present experience, and never marry poor men. Gertrude, you must use your pretty face and attractive manners to the best advantage."

I felt myself turning white and growing weak, and abruptly left the table.

I knew what it meant—that I must close my heart for ever and ever against Lyle Derwent's beautiful eyes and winning voice, and smile sweet encouragement in the face of Silas Hunter, the rich banker of thirty-five.

And I just twenty! Oh! it seems to me a strange Providence that makes the world so cruel. I must choose between happiness for myself and happiness for my father and mother.

Why *could* we not have been born rich? We are the only ones in the whole branch of the Linden family who have not an abundance of this world's goods.

All my long life I can remember nothing but saving and eking, turning and re-trimming old dresses to make them new, practicing all manner of devices, and running into debt after all, so that we might not bring discredit upon our rich relations.

I wish I were one of the poor sewing-girls of New York, or some other forlornity, so that I would not have to *try* and be anybody.

I could be happy with Lyle, though we were *ever* so poor; but that would not lift us out of debt, nor take the load off mamma's heart that is wearing her life away.

And there are so many of us—five younger than I—three girls and two little boys—all of whom will have to get a start in the world.

I am only *one* among the *many*. I can suffer and die—and what matters, when all is over, whether my life was full of roses, or only the ashes of roses?

Yes, I *will*. Good-by, Lyle Derwent!

JUNE 5.

I HAVE had ample opportunity to prosecute my plans this week. Lyle—I mean Mr. Derwent—has been out of town, and Mr. Hunter has been a frequent guest at our house. He called the evening of the day on which I recorded my resolutions. I was dressed in my most becoming costume, and ran half way down the steps to meet him, extending both hands, and smiling a welcome in his face, while I explained that I had been waiting for him to sing my new duet with me. He has a sort of upstairs voice that he calls tenor—nothing like Lyle's deep, tender bass. But I forget—his voice is really very fine.

He looked a little amazed at first at the warmth

of my greeting; for, heretofore, I had been remarkably formal in my manners toward him.

But he soon grew quite easy, thinking, I presume, that I could no longer withstand the superior fascination of his manner.

Oh! why *will* I write such things? He *is* a good-looking gentleman, well educated, and an excellent business man. His morals are unimpeachable; perhaps his manners are a little stiff, but what does that amount to when weighed in the balance with a good heart?

Lyle, I am afraid, is inclined to be a little wild, even though he is possessed of graceful manners and beautiful conversational powers; but that is neither here nor there.

Mr. Hunter brought me a beautiful bouquet last evening, exquisitely arranged. I wonder if he arranged it!

He owns a lovely place that he calls "Myrtle Vale." How pleasant it would be to wander through the grounds of a summer evening, dressed in a sea-green silk, with white roses in the hair, waiting for some one—one loved—to come from his law-office—*bank*, I mean. The charm flies—pale blue eyes, for magnificent brown ones.

I cannot—*cannot*. And yet—I *must*.

JUNE 12.

WHAT consummate boobies men are! They may boast of their superior height and strength, business talents, executive and inventive abilities, an ounce or so more of brains, and all—what does it amount to when a little girl like me, by a few arch glances, a gratified flush at the approach, and a tender, regretful smile at the departure, with a few little flattering remarks thrown in as an interlude, can bring them—height, strength, brains and all—to my very feet, figuratively speaking?

If Mr. Hunter knew how wildly my heart was rebelling against him, and how fiercely it was longing to be over in the bay-window, drinking in the words of that low, tender voice to-night, while he was gazing in my face with such an expression of devotion, I wonder what he would think of me?

But that is what he *must* not know. But to begin at the beginning.

Mr. Hunter and I were sitting on the sofa in the twilight. I was thinking I was getting along famously—there was almost a tender feeling for him in my heart, and I would not suffer myself to think of that *other* one, whom I had not seen for such a long time—almost two weeks—when who should walk in with papa but Lyle! My heart gave one joyous bound, as his footsteps and voice reached my ear, and I was thankful for the dusk of the room, which hid the flushing and paling of my face. The strong test had come, and I *would* be brave. I rose as he entered the room, gave him my hand indifferently, wished him a calm, cool "Good-evening, Mr. Derwent," inquired after his journey and his health, and sank down in my shaded *cottee*, tremblingly.

There was an eager light in his eyes when he came toward me, which faded very quickly as he caught the coldness in my tone, and he answered in that cool, haughty manner, so peculiar and so natural to him. Papa offered him a seat near his own, and they began talking their everlasting man's politics as animatedly as though I and my breaking heart had been in the Fejee Islands.

I presume I must have chattered on, though I have not the least idea *what* I said. It must have been something very amusing, for I remember Mr. Hunter laughed very heartily, and I think I laughed too, long and merrily, for there seemed to be a wild demon in my heart, urging me to stamp my

et and scream, which I must let escape some way, or it would burst that heart to atoms.

So I laughed and chatted.

By-and-by the lamps were lighted, and May came in, swinging her hat in her hand, her black hair floating in its natural waves over her white dress, her blue eyes sparkling with the excitement of her walk. She really looked very pretty; and, her childish way, she sprang toward Lyle, gave him both hands, and laughingly assured him she had been *pining* for his return.

I could hear his voice replying that it needed no words to convince him of that; her eyes and cheeks were sufficient testimony.

Then she pouted in her pretty fashion, and declared the heart could suffer and grow strong; that it was only her extraordinary fortitude that kept the light in her eyes and the roses in her cheeks.

He commended her in some flattering words, and, as papa had disappeared from the room, they hunted toward the bay-window, from whence I could catch only a low murmur of voices, and, occasionally, May's rippling laughter.

All this time I never looked toward them, but talked on to Mr. Hunter with an appearance of being intensely interested.

Zangemada never invented such tortures as I have this night endured.

Well, I have been *prudent*. And I *hate* prudence. She is stern and cold; she bars us out of every *pleasant* path, and bids us walk over thorns and sharp stones; and when our feet are sore and bleeding, and we are fainting from pain and weariness, she gives us, as our promised reward—a heap of ashes—

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

JULY 1

THE weary days drag their slow length along. In the Fourth a party of us is going to the Falls, of course, with Mr. Hunter. May is going with Lyle. He has not been here since *that* night until to-day. I have a presentiment that I shall return from those Falls *bound—irrevocably bound—* with chains of my own forging. And *then*—farewell to all this nonsense.

JULY 4.—Midnight.

I AM a fool, dear Journal. But, oh, such a happy pool! I would not exchange my foolishness for all the wisdom reputed to belong to old Solomon. Lyle, my own, *own* Lyle, has just left me. I am so happy, I cannot sleep. It seems to me that I never *will* sleep again. My heart is bubbling over with joy. Yes! I am bound with chains—such strong, beautiful chains of love. I would not break them for all the golden chains in the universe.

I must tell you all about this happy, horrible, blessed day.

I *did* go to the Falls with Mr. Hunter—went with that weary, hopeless feeling in my heart, and that hollow mirth on my lips, which has been my only life for a long, long, weary month.

How May annoyed me with her merry jests and ringing laughter!

It was nearly noon when we reached our destination. And, after admiring the Falls, and going into ecstasies over all the beauties of nature there collected, as good, respectable Christians are expected to do, we dragged our ecstatic souls down from their lofty state of feeling, and compelled them to restrain their profound emotions until our gross human nature was refreshed. In plain language, we ate lunch.

Mr. Hunter then proposed that I should walk with him over to some heathenish spot, where he

declared we would find some beautiful stones and great curiosities.

Now, my bump of veneration for stones and curiosities seems to have been entirely omitted. What other people will throw up their hands and eyes over, and utter ejaculations of admiration and wonder, I gaze upon with stolid indifference; whereupon they gaze at me as though I were a species of orang-outang, not cultivated up to the proper pitch. Now, all this is not pleasant. But as I had made up my mind that I was never to find *anything* pleasant in this world any more, I sauntered off with him, feeling much like a martyr going to the stake.

After I had tried to admire his wonders, and failed most signally, we sat down on a rock to have a little chat. Trying to throw some life in my eyes, I turned them upon my companion, and saw, with horror, a strangely tender expression on his face. It was coming; I felt it. I *must* say "yes!" when it came—but just then I *could* not. I sprang to my feet hastily, declared I *must* have that little flower that grew several rods further away, and that I was going to get it myself. I ran away, laughing, he following more leisurely. On and on I went, gathering flowers, leaves and ferns, and defying him to catch me, until, to my great relief, we once more reached our party. I left him there, and slipped off by myself to a secluded retreat, where Lyle and I had once spent a happy summer afternoon. It was very foolish of me, no doubt, but I could not help it. I was very wretched, and, throwing myself upon the ground, and burying my face in the cool moss that grew upon the side of a rock, I wept in a perfect abandonment of misery. After a while, hearing foot-steps approaching, I wiped my eyes, and turned with a defiant air to face the intruder. It was none other than Lyle. He bowed coldly, and begged pardon for the intrusion. He turned to go, but, catching sight of my tear-stained face, came back impulsively, and, taking my hand in his, begged me to tell him my trouble—for the sake of old times and the old friendship. It was more than I could bear—the low, tender voice, and the kind words—and I bowed my head upon my hands and shook with a tempest of sobs. He took my face between his hands, and whispered:

"Gertrude, I love you! and by all the laws of Heaven you are mine!"

I forgot papa's debts, forgot mamma's trouble—forgot everything in Heaven and earth, save that Lyle was looking in my face—Lyle was speaking to me—Lyle *loved* me. The world seemed to be slipping away, and Lyle and I to be floating off to Heaven. I stretched out my hands toward him, and cried, "Oh, Lyle!"

He gathered me in his strong arms, and those long, weary weeks were forgotten, and I was at rest. I don't think we talked very much; we were too dizzy with joy for that. But by-and-by we heard them calling us to go home, and it was almost sunset. Mr. Hunter must have seen from my face what had occurred. He looked and acted very dignified, and perhaps a little reproachful, as we rode home. I tried to be friendly and penitential, and to pour some of the happiness, that filled my soul to overflowing, into his; but it was like trying to soften rock. I fear he is mortally offended. I am sorry; for he is a good man.

I confessed all my folly to Lyle to-night—my wretched heart-aches and false notions of right.

"You made me very miserable, little Gertie," he said, "but it may have been that we would never have discovered how exceedingly dear we were to one another, had it not been for this hard test, so we will let bygones be bygones, for they only serve to sweeten our present cup of joy. I am not rich, my darling," he said, "but I am young, and in time——"

But I placed my hand upon his lips, and would not let him say another word; and, as I hid my blushing face upon his shoulder, I wondered that I could ever have been so mad.

To-morrow we will have to tell them all. Papa will frown, and say I must abide by my own choice. Mamma will sigh and smile, and kiss me, for she would have liked to be out of debt, but she would rather see me happy. And May will laugh and clap her hands, and vow she knew how it would be all the time. But you and I, dear Journal, know more than any of them.

The Monk and the

A LEGEND OF PERU.

AFTER supper—and grandfather's chair was wheeled up to the glowing Christmas-fire, grandfather's feet were slippers and comfortable, grandfather's spectacles glimmered with unusual benignity, grandfather's temper was agreeably serene, and grandfather, altogether, was a very pleasant old gentleman on this December evening.

Grandfather, you must know, had been very wild in his youth, a great traveller, and between the ages of twenty and thirty had wandered over half the earth.

Then his hair and beard were black, his voice was strong and full, his eyes bright and fierce, his frame broad and strong, and his temper fearful. These characteristics had all been very much enfeebled and changed by years, with the exception of his temper, which remained unimpaired and in full vigour to this present day—being quite as hot, though not quite so frequently boiling over, as in his youth.

For three days previous to this particular evening there had been no outpouring of the vials of grandfather's wrath, and we youngsters were playing around the old lion, pulling his grey mane, and laughing in his very jaws, forgetful of their devouring dangers, and regardless of the terrors of that rugged shock of hair which seemed at times to bristle with rage when grandfather was in what he called a "pet," though "tornado" would have better described his condition.

I, the oldest and the boldest of the boys—there were three of us, and I was fourteen years of age—plucked up courage under the favourable circumstances, and reminded grandfather of a promise he had made, months ago, to tell us all about a curious old picture he kept in his room, representing a monk, holding two young deer in a leash, talking to a gay cavalier—a picture the wild old gentleman had acquired possession of in Peru.

Grandfather finally allowed himself to be persuaded, and he told us, in substance, the following wild legend, premising that the picture had been saved from the ruins of a convent, destroyed by an earthquake, and that he, on learning its story, had purchased it from the peasant who had found it:

In the town of Cochabamba, in the sixteenth century, there lived a certain Don Luis de Rosalba.

He had been a wild gallant in his youth; but after his marriage, he had reformed his vicious courses, and now lived happily enough with his attached wife and their two daughters—Rosalie and Inez.

Equally beautiful, equally graceful, tender, pious and affectionate, they were the joy of their mother's heart, their father's pride, and the admiration of the whole town.

When they were ten years of age, their beloved mother died, and bequeathed them—precious legacy—to their father.

His dear wife, his guide and counselor, departed, Don Luis by degrees relapsed into his old dissolute life, and the dice-box disputed with the wine-bottle to wrest his tranquil happiness from him.

His money, his jewels, slowly melted away, and then his land was sold to meet this double claim of wine and gambling.

Sometimes chance would favor him, and for a time prosperity and plenty gladdened his household, and in his sober moments he would spend many happy hours with his pretty daughters; but he was surely and irresistibly drawn again and again into the fascinating circle of his dissipation, and in two years from his wife's death he was almost a beggar.

About this time a stranger appeared in the town, who called himself Don Jose, and said he was from Seville. His face, at first sight, was forbidding; but he had a seductive smile, and the cold glitter of his dark eye had an alluring power that few could resist.

An adept as a gambler, in a very short time he stripped Don Luis of his last doubloon, and of every coin he could raise from his friends, and the last remnants of his property; and the infatuated man played on until not a piastre was left.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Don Jose. "Not a maravedi left in your pouch—eh?"

"Not one! Not one! Nothing left!"

"Nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"Then we can't play any more! Pity—a great pity. Stop! An idea strikes me—a quaint conceit. You have nothing left on earth? Suppose you stake your chance in the other world?"

"What mean you?"

"Play for your soul, man! I've taken a fancy to see if it's possible to play for such an article, and I'll stake a thousand doubloons against it! What say you?"

"Are you serious?" asked Don Luis, half intoxicated and in a whirl of excitement.

"Serious! Of course not. Such a stake, of course, can only be played for by way of a joke; for how could you transfer the article?"

"Ha! ha! True! true! But, then, what do you stand to win against your thousand doubloons?" said Don Luis, his fingers itching to clutch the gold.

"The gratification of my fancy, that's all," said the stranger, his eyeballs glowing, and his eyebrows positively twisting and writhing like two diminutive snakes.

"Well, let us play. I consent."

Don Jose drew a parchment from his doublet, and, plucking his dagger from its sheath, begged Don Luis to sign the compact with his own blood!

He did so, laughing at the matter as a good jest, and then the doubloons were staked, and the two sat down to play.

Don Luis, his brain on fire, and his eyes glaring like those of a madman, threw.

"Eleven!" he cried, with a wild laugh.

"An excellent throw!" said Don Jose. "But see!" and he threw, grimly laughing, double-sixes!

"Lost! Lost!" cried Don Luis.

"Lost indeed!" echoed Don Jose. "However, there's a hundred doubloons for you, for I have made a bargain!" and he strode from the room.

Don Luis, ruined, body and soul, staggered home; and, for a week, his haunts of vice knew him no more.

But at last his passions, so terribly stronger than himself, drew him back, and the remainder of his hundred doubloons soon followed on the same road to ruin the others had travelled.

He sat, gloomy and disconsolate, in the "hell,"

pondering, helplessly pondering as to his future, when, suddenly looking up, he beheld Don Jose.

"Ah!" said the latter. "Why, you look quite suicidal! Distressed about the loss of your soul? Why should you be? Haven't missed it—have you?"

"I—you—there's something about you that appals me—what can it be?"

"Haven't an idea! Maybe my eyebrows. Peculiar shape, I know. Pooh! Never mind that! Are you for a taw with the dice?"

"I have not a coin, or a thing on earth."

"Or in Heaven either!" muttered Don Jose. Then, aloud, "Oh, but you have!"

"What? What?"

"I'll tell you! I'm an odd fellow! Some people scrape coins together, some insects, some medals, some other curiosities. Now, I call myself a soul-collector! I know it's absurd, and no one else's soul can possibly be mine; but it's my fancy. And now, to humour my whim, I'll stake two thousand doubloons—here they are—against the souls of your two daughters! Two nice, delicate souls—perfect treasures for an amateur like me! What do you say?"

"He must be mad!" thought Don Luis. "Two

thousand doubloons! 'Twould re-establish me! I would reform. I would go away—to Spain! anywhere, to escape these evil influences! Fortune will favour me this time. I—I—" and hesitatingly he said: "I—consent! I—consent!" and bared his arm to provide the ink necessary for this strange agreement.

"Not yours, this time! It must be signed with your daughters' own blood, and their names also!"

The unhappy father, blinded by his hopes of the bag of gold, and with his mind weakened by his course of life, finally conducted Don Jose to his house, imposed upon the guileless children with some easily believed tale, and the second compact was signed.

They returned to the den, and soon the fatal rattle of the dice was heard, to decide this last and terrible game.

As may be readily conceived, Don Jose was again the winner!

That same night, showing ghastly and bloody to the holy moon, the body of Don Luis was discovered in a wood near the town, pierced to the heart with his own dagger!

He had committed suicide, *but not before he had*



THE MONK AND THE — "LET ME PASS," SAID THE MONK; "I HAVE NO TIME TO TARRY IN IDLE PRATE WITH YOU." "YOU CAN PASS; BUT THESE TWO LITTLE ANIMALS REMAIN WITH ME."

confessed all to Fra Geromino, a saintly monk of the Abbey of Cochabamba!

Fra Geromino at once saw whom he had to deal with, and recognized immediately the handiwork of the Evil One!

He took his measures accordingly, prayed to his patron Saint, and abided the struggle he felt must come; for he knew that the supposed Don Jose would be sure to claim the prizes he had won, and would endeavour to compass the death of the two poor girls, that their souls might be freed from their earthly habitations and be his for ever.

On the very next day Fra Geromino visited the desolate orphans, and remained with them some time in prayer and intercession.

When he left the house they also must have departed, for the inmates sought them in vain; and they certainly went not forth with the good father, who was seen proceeding along the highway, carefully leading in a silken leash two small and elegant deer—twin fawns, apparently—whose mild and beautiful eyes were turned in plaintive appeal upon the monk's benignant face.

Midway between the town and the Abbey Don Jose suddenly appeared.

"Good-day, father. I am Don Jose—"

"I know it," replied Fra Geromino.

"You probably know, then, my errand with you?"

"I do!"

"You take matters very coolly, sainted father," sneered Don Jose.

"Why should I not? But let me pass. I have no time to tarry in idle prate with you."

"You can pass; but these two little animals remain with me!"

"What want you with them, Evil Spirit? What want you with them?"

"Their souls!" said Don Jose, throwing off all disguise. "I won them from their father, and claim them for mine own!"

"You waste your time, and your claim is worthless; for animals, as you know, have no souls! Avant! Avant!" and the friar made the sign of the cross, and sprinkled the deer with holy water.

The Evil One saw directly that he was defeated by the stratagem of the monk, and by the miracle which had been so graciously worked, and with a howl of mingled rage and disappointment he disappeared, and the monk calmly and happily proceeded to the Abbey with his charges.

One year from this date, two young maidens, bearing a marvelous resemblance to Rosalie and Inez, were living, tranquilly and safely, at a convent at Seville; "and thus, my boys, Good again triumphed over Evil," concluded grandfather.

If we were not all frightened that night at bedtime, and if we didn't all hide our heads under the bedclothes, I hope never to tell another story.

Find the Woman.

It is Sunday, and so the discourse appropriately begins with chapter and verse. The former is the story, so well known to us all, of the Eastern potentate who, when a male culprit was brought before him, no matter for what offense, always first gave, according to his French biographer, the order, "*Cherchez la femme!*" and these few words form the text of the following over-true story.

It was a sultry summer night, at one of our American seashore resorts, and all the brilliant company collected there were scattered around the verandas and upon the beach, very few choosing to remain in the lighted ballroom, which

nevertheless added its contribution to the charm of the scene by the pulsing tide of melody which drifting through the open windows, rolled hither and thither down the black reaches of the night, until far out at sea, it lost itself in ocean's eternal solitude.

The music and the darkness, the subtle breath of the south wind sighing like a human whisper, the faint, pungent odour of the sea, all wrought together to wake in even the idliest heart among those summer loiterers the feelings which ordinarily lie so deep that their very possessors forget their existence, while the world scarcely suspects it. So, say the wild legends of the North, the great Kraken rises from his unfathomable depths, and lies for a brief space upon the ocean's surface, basking in the moonlight, and anon sinks leaving only wonder, terror, and the weight of a great mystery in the minds of those so luckless as to behold him.

In a remote corner of the veranda, leaning lightly against a pillar whose white background defined the misty black draperies enveloping her, a luxurious figure, stood a woman, who might have been an incarnation of the night, for all around her floated the same sense of mystery, of vague delights, of grand emotions, half concealed beneath an unnatural calm, of an intense physical life throbbing beneath the almost tangible darkness.

Standing there silent and motionless as the pillar against which she leaned, one would have said that this woman was buried in a mood of the profoundest calm, and that, whatever emotions she might be capable of at another moment, now, at least, she was at rest.

And yet, looking more closely, one might have found a great drop of crimson blood trickling down the lady's white finger, followed by another and another, and still, half unconsciously, bathed with a strange delight, that luxurious, pain-bating woman pressed the sharp diamond deeper and deeper into the soft white flesh, and never moved a muscle to show the suffering she endured.

Quick, ringing footsteps, and the tall figure of a man turned the corner of the house, and came toward her, paused, and, peering into the darkness, said, softly:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes."

"I have kept you waiting, I am afraid."

"Not quite an hour. Pray, don't apologize."

"I really beg your pardon, but I could not get away—"

"From whom?"

"What do you mean, Clara? Is this another of your foolish jealousies?"

"My foolish jealousies! Are they generally groundless, Mr. Bellingham?"

"Mr. Bellingham! Yes, that is the way you generally begin. Let me warn you, Clara, that your system is becoming monotonous. You had better devote some hours of to-morrow to inventing a new one; you have used this a little too long."

"How droll that men in a certain class consider it cowardly to strike a woman, and yet will lash her with sarcasms that sting more than any whip!" remarked Clara, thrusting the facet of her diamond into the stiffening wound upon her finger.

Mr. Bellingham answered with an impatient gesture, and offered his arm.

"I believe we are to take a walk upon the beach," said he.

"It was your invitation, if I remember," returned the lady, placing her hand lightly within the arm.

"An invitation given at your suggestion," muttered Mr. Bellingham.

Mrs. Wesleigh did not reply until she and her companion stood upon the firm gray sand, left bare by the retreating tide. Then she said:

"Has it come to this, Wythe? Do you taunt me with making opportunities of meeting you?"

"I did not mean to taunt you," replied Bellingham, sullenly.

But still he looked away from the dark eyes so anxiously upraised to his, nor offered the slightest return to the caressing form swaying toward his own.

One moment, and Clara Wesleigh stood as coldly upright as her companion, and, placing a little breadth of sand between them, asked:

"What does your behaviour within these last few days mean, Wythe? One would say you were trying to quarrel with me."

"Nonsense, Clara. Of course, I do not wish to quarrel; but on the contrary, I hope we shall become better friends in the future than we have been in the past. As for anything more—"

He stopped, and began to grind his boot-heel into the sand with an air of perplexity.

Mrs. Wesleigh watched him in bitterest silence. At length he resumed, in a lower voice:

"We have always known, Clara, that our—our feelings cannot come to anything—any satisfactory result."

"I thought we had agreed that I should try to induce Mr. Wesleigh to consent to a divorce," said Mr. Wesleigh's wife, in a constrained voice.

Mr. Bellingham frowned, and struck his heel yet deeper into the sand.

"The divorce court is such a sink of filth and infamy," muttered he.

"It was for your sake that I was willing to brave it," replied Mrs. Wesleigh, in a stifled voice.

"I know it, Clara, I know it; but, after all, ought I to allow you to make so terrible a sacrifice for me?"

"And when it was made, ought you to allow yourself to make the answering sacrifice of replacing the name I should have lost, with your own?" asked the lady, in a voice whose sarcasm was almost lost in anguish.

Bellingham did not at once reply, and the beautiful face upturned to his in the moonlight grew from pale to white, from white to livid, as the woman who had counted her womanhood as nothing, while she might lay it at her lover's feet, waited for the doom she felt approaching.

"I am sorry that you feel so bitterly toward me, Clara," said Bellingham, at last; and as he spoke his gloomy eyes sought the sands at her feet, and never rose to meet her own, so full of anguish. "I feel that I have not behaved as I should toward you, knowing, as I did, that you were still married, although separated from Mr. Wesleigh; but how could I resist—"

"Oh, Wythe, stop there! Stop, before you kill me with shame and humiliation! How could you resist? That is to say, that I was the tempter—that I wooed you so urgently that you could not say me nay. Man, if you will stab me to the heart, I will bless you with my dying breath, and kiss the hand that puts me out of misery! But, oh, for the sake of our dear, dead happiness, never taunt me with loving you too well!"

Down upon her knees now, all her proud beauty, her state, her haughty bearing, trailed in the dust at his feet; and, with trembling hands, she clasped about his knees in bitter, bitter pleading.

Wythe Bellingham was not a heartless man, nor even a very cruel man, although he was firmly determined to triumph, if need be, over this woman's heart and soul, to escape from the position in which she and Fate had placed him. But, for all this, he stooped, and, raising the writhing

form in his arms, pressed his lips lightly upon the white cheek, as he said:

"There, then, dear—calm yourself! I never meant to hurt you so. It was not you who tempted me, or I you; it was our joint misfortune and error, and we will mutually repent and help each other back to the right path. We have been so cautious, that the world has never yet linked our names, and no one is the wiser for our secret."

"No, you will be perfectly safe, Mr. Bellingham," interposed Mrs. Wesleigh, in a voice whose quiet scorn pierced like a lance through all the self-delusions in which the man had wrapped himself.

"I shall be safe! And do not you think I care for your reputation even more than my own?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I do not; and even if you cared for it never so tenderly, there are matters which to me are more than reputation."

"No woman should say that."

"Ah, well! why prolong this? Say that I am unwomanly, say that our relations are incorrect, say that your conscience has suddenly resumed its office—what then? What do you wish, or what do you propose?"

"That we should sacrifice our own pleasure to the good of society, and retreat from our present dangerous position to the safer ground of friendship," replied Bellingham, promptly.

"And that you should marry Mrs. Eva Gore," added Clara, in a voice as cold as ice.

"I have said nothing of the sort; I have—"

"I will spare you the shame of equivocation. What you have said suggests all that you leave unsaid, and nothing more is needed. Good-night, and good-bye, Mr. Bellingham."

"Wait! Let me accompany you to the house, Clara. We part friends, do we not?"

"Why not? I will come to your wedding, and smile with the gayest. When will it be?"

"I have said already that I am not thinking of marriage."

"True; I forgot. How chill the night-air strikes!"

And, drawing her draperies closely about her, Mrs. Wesleigh passed rapidly up the path, and only paused at the point close beside the house, where some steps led to the side-entrance nearest to her apartments. A group of dense evergreens masked these steps, and, standing in their shadow, she silently pointed up to the windows of the house.

Bellingham looked, and saw the slender figure and pure sweet face of a young girl, who, half-dressed, stood looking up at the moon, whose white light, falling about her like a veil, seemed to add the last touch to a picture of delicate and unsullied maidenhood.

"It is Eva Gore. I leave you to her," whispered Clara, in a suffocating voice.

And, gliding past her lover, and up the steps, she disappeared, leaving Bellingham to stand in mute adoration of his fair divinity until, all unconscious of observation, she knelt, and, bowing her head upon her folded hands, she offered to Heaven, in presence of the awful beauty of sky and sea, the silent prayer of a pure and single heart.

A few moments later, Bellingham re-entered the house, and the draperies were dropped across the young girl's window, leaving the scene to solitude and midnight; then, as if this were what she waited for, a stately black-clad figure stole from the midst of a clump of shrubbery where she had hidden, and with swift and noiseless footsteps passed along the path toward the seashore.

Arrived at the point where she had stood with Bellingham, Clara Wesleigh paused and looked

around her for a moment, with the furtive glance of a fugitive, although, poor soul, the very desolation that was driving her on, was itself a guarantee against interruption. No one was in sight, however, and, drawing her dress about her with woman's instinctive nicety, she passed down across the beach and out upon a long low ledge of rocks, projecting so far out to seaward as to be completely covered at high tide.

"Dead low water now. I have an hour or two to think over matters before—"

And, with a smile more terrible than any show of grief, the desperate woman seated herself, and, leaning her chin upon her hand, fixed her eyes upon the distant horizon, and waited.

An hour went by, and she had not stirred; the summer night hung over her as calmly, gloriously bright as when Eva Gore had raised her gentle face and pure heart toward the sky; the soft air breathed balmily as an infant's whisper upon the bent head and pallid face of that lonely watcher by the sea, and even the waters smiled and sparkled in the moonlight as they rose around her. Yes, rose, inch by inch, wave by wave, until, from just touching the hem of her dainty robe, they now swept across her feet, and rose, line by line, inch by inch, a little higher at every wave.

Still she sat motionless, her chin upon the hand whose beauty and whose sparkling gems she had so loved and petted, but now had quite forgotten; for still her wild, haggard eyes gazed at the far horizon line, while between them and it rose memories long forgotten, but never destroyed—memories of childhood, of girlhood, of innocent, simple days, so long past now that they seemed to belong to another life—of the mother whose counsels and warnings, unheeded at the time when they were spoken, rose now as if from the grave with all the solemn force of prophecies fulfilled, and the sentence of doom replacing exhortations to repentance.

"Too late! Too late!" moaned the unhappy woman, hiding her face in both her hands, and the creeping, lapping waters seemed to whisper like an echo:

"Too late! Too late!"

As if the moon had been a summons, a dark figure at this moment detached itself from the low cove that had sheltered it, and moved swiftly and noiselessly down the beach and out upon the rocks, until it stood close behind that of the crouching woman, and gently touched her bare head.

"Clara!"

With a sudden start, she raised her haggard face, and met the keen, cold glance of that bent toward her.

"You here! Go and leave me, Mr. Wesleigh, if you please. I wish to be alone."

"And for what purpose? What are you doing here?"

"Waiting to die! Do not try to interfere; it will be useless; and, indeed, why should you wish to?"

"Why, indeed," replied the new-comer, calmly, and seating himself beside her, as he spoke. "Our lives, either jointly or separately, have not been so blissful that we should much care to keep them. You are quite right, Clara."

"Then, go and leave, unless you wish, by way of revenge, to watch me in my last struggles."

"I have no desire for revenge, and I do not expect to be able to watch your last struggles, as my own will no doubt give me ample employment."

"What do you mean? Do you dare to jest at such a moment?"

"Heaven forbid! No, Clara, I do not jest; nor do I exult at this end of the miserable career that you have pursued for the last three years; but with your own life you have wrecked mine, and, since you have decided to end yours, let mine go, too. I will escort you out of this world, and into the next, as I have many a time taken you to the opera or a ball, where you went that you might meet your favorite of the hour; and I went because you had robbed me of all capacity for the quiet pleasures of my bachelorhood, and had given me nothing in exchange."

"But, good Heavens! do you mean that you will sit here and drown without an effort, Mark



FIND THE WOMAN.—"CLARA, WRAPPED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN A BLACK MANTLE, STOOD WAITING FOR HIM UPON THE SPOT WHERE THEY HAD LAST MET."



FIND THE WOMAN.—“HE THREW HIS ARMS AROUND HER AS HE SPOKE, AND SHE, WITH A CONVULSIVE SOB OF PHYSICAL TERROR AND ANGUISH, YIELDED TO THE EMBRACE, AND SUFFERED HIM TO WITHDRAW HER TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.”

Wesleigh?” exclaimed his wife, rousing herself with a sudden effort, and turning to stare in his face with incredulous horror.

“Exactly that, my dear! barring, of course, such muscular contortions and convulsions as I cannot resist. Drowning is a very unbecoming death.”

To this somewhat flippant remark Mrs. Wesleigh offered no reply except a contemptuous gesture, as she once more turned toward the sea.

The waves, still rising, broke now across her knees, and momentarily threatened to carry her away. Suddenly she turned her head, and asked, almost angrily:

“Will you go away, and leave me to myself? I am in earnest, and this farce is in the worst possible taste.”

“It is no farce, but a tragedy—and in the fifth act,” muttered Wesleigh, as a great wave dashed over him.

"Go, man! go! Save yourself! Why should you die?"

"Why should you?"

"I must—I must! But, O God! let me not murder another with myself!"

"Clara, will you for once be advised by me—by the one man who, of all your lovers, is willing to die with you?"

"What do you mean? Ugh! but this is very terrible!"

"Death is terrible when it comes from God's own hand; but when one rushes upon it in defiance of His law——"

"But, oh, Mark! I cannot, cannot live!"

"Let us talk of it, but not here. Come with me—a few steps, at least, and if I cannot persuade you—if you still insist, after hearing me, I swear that I will not in any manner control your movements. Nay, more, you shall die, if you choose, and I will die with you! Come!"

He threw his arms about her as he spoke, and she, with a convulsive sob of physical terror and anguish, yielded to the embrace, and suffered him to withdraw her to a place of safety.

"And now, tell me why you wish to die? What has happened?" asked Mark Wesleigh, after Clara had revived sufficiently to answer him.

"Why do I wish to die? Because the man I have loved better than my own honor has deserted and despises me. Is that enough? Now, let me go."

And with a sudden effort she sprang to her feet, and would have rushed once more toward the rocks; but Wesleigh detained her, saying, coldly:

"Wait! I knew nearly as much as that. The man is Wythe Bellingham, is it not?"

"Good Heavens! Can you speak his name? Yes."

"And he has deserted you?"

"Yes."

"And you amiably intend to remove yourself from his path, leaving him at perfect liberty to woo another woman?"

"He already woos her," muttered Clara, shuddering, and sinking nervelessly back to a seat beside her husband, whose white face and glassy eyes glared upon her through the darkness.

"And is not revenge sweeter than death, Clara?"

"Revenge! I had not thought of that," replied she, slowly, and losing in a moment the desperate haste of her mood.

"Think of it now. I will plan it—I will carry it out; for I, too, owe this man a debt, and I will pay for both of us."

"But—you, no doubt, wish for revenge on me, also?" said Clara, in the same musing manner of her last utterance.

"On you? No, Clara! It is the weakness of my whole life, and it triumphs even now. Come back to me—forsake the world which has so cruelly forsaken you, and I will devote the remainder of my life and my fortune to compensating you for what you have this night suffered! Clara, promise me to love me a little—to try, at least, to love me and allow me to love you, and I forgive all—forget all, but that you are the one woman whom I love, and must love for ever."

An hour later Mrs. Wesleigh quietly returned to the house, and gained her own chamber unobserved, while her husband as quietly returned to the obscure lodging he had occupied for a day or two unknown to any one.

For the next two days Clara was confined to her room with a feverish cold, and Mr. Bellingham, blessing his good fortune, pursued his acquaintance with Miss Gore so rapidly as to be already hovering on the verge of a proposal, when he received a pencilled line from Mrs. Wesleigh:

"I am going away. Our conversation the other night has given me my death-blow, and I go to hide myself until the end. I would see you once more—for the last time. Tell me when and where after to-night, for I cannot yet leave my room, and do not wish to see you in this house."

An hour later, she received the following reply:

"I will meet you upon the beach where we last met, at nine o'clock to-morrow evening. You had better keep your room until then, to avoid suspicion. W. BELLINGHAM."

Mrs. Wesleigh smiled an ugly smile, as she read these lines and carefully laid the note aside, and began certain preparations, as if for a journey. Soon after dark, she muffled herself in a dark cloak, drew the hood over her face, and crept softly from the house. Once out of the grounds, she walked rapidly on for something over a mile, when she paused at an angle of the road, and uttered a low cry.

The figure of a man at once arose from his seat beneath a guide-post, and came forward, saying:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes. I have the note, signed by him, appointing an interview, and enjoining secrecy."

"Excellent. The place?"

"The spot where you found me three nights ago."

"Good! Now, listen, while I tell you my exact plan, and the part you are to play."

"Walk back with me toward the house, while we talk. It is so dark and lonely."

In the darkness, a smile passed across Mark Wesleigh's white lips. Was this woman, whom he so long had loved in vain, learning at last to lean upon him, to cling to him, to see in him the barrier between her and the desolation that should have been her lot?

But, without uttering a word of all he felt, he offered his arm, and the two walked slowly back along the lonely road, talking earnestly, although almost in whispers, as they went.

The next day was one of the loveliest of the summer, and Mr. Bellingham easily persuaded Miss Gore to drive with him to a little picnic, planned by the inmates of the house, in a grove at some miles' distance. Returning in the late twilight, he softly spoke the words that all day long had burned upon his lips and melted in his every glance.

The young girl listened with a shy delight that heightened every charm, and answered in one soft whisper, worth more, just then, in Wythe Bellingham's ears than the plaudits of a world.

"Mine, my own darling, now and for ever!" whispered he, folding his arm about her swaying form, and gently kissing the maiden lips never profaned by man's before.

The glow had not yet faded from either face, nor the conscious droop of Eva's figure given place to its usual modest dignity, when the light wagon drove round the approach to the house, and passed beneath the shuttered window from which a dark face and pair of glaring eyes looked down upon them.

"You little fool! Make the most of him, for you shall never sit beside him so again—never, never!" muttered Clara Wesleigh, between her clinched teeth.

And at the same moment Bellingham, lifting his betrothed from the carriage, whispered:

"We will drive to Blossom Woods again to-morrow, darling, will we not?"

Night came—dark, close and breathless as the nights that in a tropical climate foretell an earthquake. Punctual to his appointment, although inwardly raging at the folly and crime that had forced him into making and keeping it, Wythe

Bellingham excused himself to his fair *Amoré*, and strode gloomily down the path toward the beach.

Clara, wrapped from head to foot in a black mantle that merged inextricably in the blackness of the night, stood waiting for him upon the spot where they had last met, and, without waiting for him to speak, addressed him, eagerly:

"Come this way with me. I am afraid that we are watched here—I even fear that Mr. Wesleigh is lurking in the neighbourhood. Come!"

"But why prolong this interview in any case," began Bellingham, following her mechanically as he spoke.

Clara made no reply, but walked rapidly and stealthily forward.

"Clara, I will follow you no further! Stop here, and tell me what you fear—what you mean! Do you hear me?"

And Bellingham paused so resolutely as to prove that what he said he meant, and that he was to be led, blindfolded, at least, no longer.

"Wythe, you will not desert me now! Have you not vowed, over and over again, that at the worst you would defend me—would stand by me in the face of the whole world if need be? Will you break your oath?"

"Again, what do you mean?"

"Just this: Mark Wesleigh arrived at this place not three hours since; he has been tampering with the servants, both mine and yours—my woman told me. He is ferocious, and has determined to expose us publicly to-morrow morning, before the whole house—do you understand? And nothing would stop him if he once began, I assure you. He is terrible—terrible! And, oh, Wythe, I have only you to look to for protection now!"

She threw herself sobbing into his arms, but he flung her off in horror, grinding an oath and an epithet between his teeth that sent the blood in a torrent even to Clara Wesleigh's practiced face. But still she held her part.

"Oh, Wythe, Wythe! you have broken my heart; but do not leave me to die at your very feet! Save me, save me, for it is you who brought me to this strait!"

"And I will help you out of it if I can, although it is something more than my life that you demand of me in fulfillment of a rash promise," replied Bellingham, with sombre coldness. "What do you require?" added he, as the wretched woman sobbed and clung to him without speaking.

"I must fly from this place to-night. I have ordered your man to drive the little wagon down to the cross-roads, telling him that I would explain all to you. I suppose he is waiting now, and you will take me to Greene in time to catch the morning-train. I will go to New York, and seek refuge among my own people. It is better, too, for you to be there when Mr. Wesleigh overtakes you; it will be easier to confront him there than here, with all these eager eyes upon you; and there is no possibility now of avoiding open exposure. You may as well, and better, come with me, and prepare to meet it bravely."

"Exposure here, in Eva Gore's presence!" groaned Bellingham.

And Clara smiled, for already the bitterness of death was working in the heart that had proved false to her.

"Yes; and he will take especial pains to let her be of his audience. I have it. Tell your man to go at once to the house where Mr. Wesleigh is in hiding, and tell him of our escape. He will pursue us at once, you may be sure, and the scandal here will be averted; he will pursue us without the loss of a moment, and, perhaps, some compromise may be effected. Eva Gore may never hear of it at all. You can arrange all that."

"As you will. I am in the toils, and no-strug-

gle would avail to set me free. You have ruined me, Clara—ruined me, body and soul, for I swear that, if I lose Eva Gore, I will strive as hard to excel in wickedness as I had resolved to try for virtue. Come on!"

A few moments of sharp walking, and the pair reached the cross-roads, where stood Bellingham's equipage and sorely puzzled groom.

"All right, James," said his master, cutting short a stammered apology. "Go to Brown's, where you will find Mr. Wesleigh. Give him my compliments, and say that I shall be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York; then take the coach to Greene, where you will find the wagon, which you are to drive home by easy stages. But there is one thing for you to remember, my man, and you know that I mean what I say."

"Yes, sir," murmured the groom, submissively.

"Well, then, take care that you do not mention anything that has occurred to-night, or speak this lady's name to man, woman, or child, before you see me again. You understand?"

"Quite, sir. I'll be careful, sir."

"You had better. Give me the reins."

And with a sudden plunge the spirited horse shot off, carrying the strangely assorted pair into the darkness and the night, while the English groom, looking after them, and listening to the light whirl of the retreating wheels, muttered:

"If this ain't the queerest start ever I see! Just as he got all right with the other one, too! Well, all I've got to do is to obey orders, if I break owners; so, here goes."

The next evening Bellingham, sitting gloomily idle all alone in his own room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was presented with a card; and, tossing it upon the table, briefly replied:

"Show the gentleman up!"

The servant retreated, and presently returned, ushering in the square-shouldered and dignified figure that had appeared so suddenly upon the beach where Clara Wesleigh had set herself to die.

Mr. Bellingham rose, and bowed ceremoniously, saying:

"I expected you, Mr. Wesleigh."

"Indeed. Where is my wife?"

"I do not know. She left me at the station, and I have not seen nor heard from her since. We neither intend nor desire to meet again, but I do not offer that as an excuse. I am ready to answer for the past in any manner you may suggest."

"The satisfaction of a gentleman," I suppose," sneered Wesleigh. "Well, no, sir; I don't intend to fight a duel with you, if that is what you mean. That sort of thing has become simply absurd. I have already taken my satisfaction, and in my own way. Mrs. Wesleigh, upon arriving in New York, went directly to my sister's house, as I had advised her to do; and I have seen her this evening. We sail to-morrow upon a prolonged tour; and you are quite correct in saying that you and my wife are not likely to meet again. Meantime, I have dispatched a note to my old friend, Thomas Gore, of which the following is a copy."

As he spoke, he laid a paper upon the table, and Bellingham snatched it up. It ran thus:

"DEAR GORE: Mr. Wythe Bellingham, just betrothed to your daughter Eva, as I understand, has been for some months the lover of my wife, and went to Shell Cove for the purpose of enjoying her society. During a quarrel between them, he offered himself to Miss Gore; but afterward, repenting of his fickleness, became reconciled to Mrs. Wesleigh, and eloped with her on Wednesday evening last, driving in his own wagon to Greene, as the people at the stables can testify:

and travelling thence to New York with her, at which place I overtook and separated them. I enclose a note from Bellingham to my wife, making the appointment for their elopement. I have forgiven Mrs. Wesleigh's share in this adventure, being persuaded that she only yielded to the arts of a practiced libertine, and sincerely repents her errors. I give you this account from a painful sense of duty, that you may be warned in time against a man whom no virtuous woman can meet without contamination."

Clinching this letter in his hand, Bellingham raised his white and haggard face to the impassive eyes so steadily reading it, and muttered hoarsely:

"You have ruined me!"

"With Eva Gore—yes."

"With her, with the world, with myself. That letter shuts the door to all decent society for me. Well, there are other circles where I shall be welcome. You have sent me to perdition!"

"Only thrown up a barricade behind you. You were already on the road when you went down to that place to meet another man's wife. And now, Mr. Bellingham, I believe there is nothing more to be said between us, not even good-bye, since that is a benediction."

And, with a stately bow, Mark Wesleigh strode from the room, while Bellingham, too crushed and humiliated to reply, sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

WHAT more is to be said? It is but an episode—and what is life but a succession of episodes? Mr. and Mrs. Wesleigh have been five years abroad; and Wythe Bellingham is a man about town with the worst possible reputation, and by no means upon the visiting-list of Mrs. Marcus Upton, *née* Eva Gore.

Exercise.

THREE principal points in the manner of taking exercise are necessary to be attended to: 1. The kind of exercise. 2. The proper time for exercise. 3. The duration of it. With respect to the kinds of exercise, the various species of it may be divided into active and passive. Among the first, which admit of being considerably diversified, may be enumerated walking, running, leaping, swimming, riding, fencing, the military exercise, different sorts of athletic games, etc. Among the latter, or passive kinds of exercise, may be comprised riding in a carriage, sailing, swinging, etc.

The first, or active exercises, are more beneficial to youth, to the middle-aged, to the robust in general, and particularly to the corpulent and the plethoric.

The second, or passive kinds of exercise, on the contrary, are better calculated for children; old, dry, and emaciated persons of a delicate and debilitated constitution; and particularly to the asthmatic and consumptive.

The time at which exercise is most proper depends on such a variety of concurrent circumstances, that it does not admit of being regulated by any general rules, and must therefore be collected from the observations made on the effects of air, food, drink, etc.

With respect to the duration of exercise there are other particulars, relative to a greater or less degree of fatigue attending the different species, and utility of it in certain states of the mind and body, which must determine this consideration as well as the preceding.

That exercise is to be preferred which, with a view to brace and strengthen the body, we are most accustomed to, as any unusual one may be

attended with a contrary effect. Exercise should be begun and finished gradually, never abruptly. Exercise in the open air has many advantages over that used within doors. To continue exercise until a profuse perspiration or a great degree of weariness takes place, is far from being wholesome.

In the forenoon, when the stomach is not too much distended, muscular motion is both agreeable and healthful; it strengthens digestion, and heats the body less than with a full stomach; and a good appetite after it is a proof that it has not been carried to excess. But, at the same time, it should be understood that it is not advisable to take violent exercise immediately before a meal, as digestion might thereby be retarded.

Neither should we sit down to a substantial dinner or supper immediately on returning from a fatiguing walk, at a time when the blood is heated, and the body in a state of perspiration from previous exertion, as the worst consequences may arise, especially where a cooling dish, salad, or a glass of cold drink, is begun with.

Exercise is always hurtful after meals, from its impeding digestion, by propelling those fluids too much toward the surface of the body which are designed for the solution of the food of the stomach.

Demon Dan.

"THIS is a terrible country, certainly."

The night was already dark as Erebus, though the sun had set scarcely an hour. Overhead shrieked a wild, furious storm which had stalked across the heavens, frowning darkly in the early twilight—one of those sudden tempests common in mountainous countries. The sombre pine-trees howled dismally in the teeth of the wind, and the rain came down in torrents.

John Hammond strained his eyes, vainly seeking to penetrate the intense darkness.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he struck his foot against a projecting rock, that sent him sprawling along the uneven ground. "I might as well begin crawling on my hands and feet first as last, for it's sure to come to that."

Three miles below, the coach in which he was passenger had halted at a little hamlet, for the purpose of making some necessary repairs that would not occupy above an hour. John Hammond had preferred to jog along on foot rather than wait at the lonesome-looking village, and here you have the result. The tempest had suddenly arisen, he had lost his way, and now was groping through the almost tangible blackness of the night—wet, chilled, miserable, and uncertain which way to turn.

"There is one consolation, at least," he thought, pausing a moment to listen to the shrieking of the wind among the tree-tops. "I can get out of this in the morning; and my Jehu is not likely to leave me behind, for he probably saw this storm coming before the coach was put to rights, and will not start from the village before day-dawn."

He stumbled on a few steps further, debating with himself whether it would not be wisdom to seek the shelter of some overhanging rock, and there remain until morning, when of a sudden the sluggish roar of a river fell on his ear, not so very far away.

"This must be the stream I noticed a little to the left of the village," he said to himself. "By following along its bank I am sure either to fall in with some habitation or be led back to the spot from whence I started. I'd better push ahead."

And so he did, stumbling over rocks and tangled tree-roots, and finding himself brought to a sudden stand-still in thickets of brambles and wild

briers every now and then. Presently, when he had almost gained the river's bank, and his courage was nearly gone, a sudden gleam of light flashed across his path.

"The saints be praised!" he cried out, joyfully. "There is some hope of shelter from this confounded storm, after all."

He rushed forward half a dozen yards, and then made a discovery which startled him. The light he had seen issued from a cave among the rocks, instead of from the window of some cottage, as he had imagined! Above roared the storm, its fury somewhat abated. Below ran the river, black and sluggish, for he could hear the monotonous wash, wash of its waves on the shore.

Should he seek shelter within the cave? Some very shocking stories were told concerning this very section of country—that it was infested with desperadoes and lawless men of every description. How was he to tell that he had not stumbled upon one of their secret retreats?

Moving more cautiously now, he stole to the mouth of the cave and peeped within. What he saw was a chamber in the rock, about fifty feet square, furnished with a deal table, half a dozen stools and a bed of dried leaves and deer-skins. On a natural hearth at the further end smoldered a fire that illuminated the cave. At the left of the fire was a huge pile of brushwood, evidently intended for fuel.

Much to Hammond's surprise, the cave was empty.

"Any port in a storm, they say!" he muttered, as he stood watching and listening. "It may cost me dear, but I'll go in."

Suiting the action to the word, he crawled through the opening and approached the fire, shaking the water from his dripping garments as he went.

"This is comfortable," and he held his benumbed fingers to the genial blaze. "Only I hope my lord of the castle will not return too soon, and so surprise me here."

He put on more fuel, and stood for at least fifteen minutes drying his steaming garments before the fire. At last, feeling refreshed and invigorated, he crossed to the mouth of the cave, and peered out once more into the murky night.

The storm was almost over. The wind had nearly died away. A few drops of rain were still falling, but there were great rifts of light in the western heavens.

While John Hammond still stood there, he heard the sudden dip of oars on the river below; and the next instant the low murmur of voices reached his ear.

"Old Bluebeard is really coming back," the young man muttered, with a whimsical shrug of the shoulders. "What shall I do? Hide, while I see what manner of man the old sinner is? By Jove! it wouldn't be a bad idea, for I can't think of leaving my comfortable quarters, unless compelled so to do."

Turning back, his eyes fell on the pile of brushwood near the fire. There was just room enough between it and the wall for him to lie stretched out on the ground. Without a moment's hesitation, he crawled into this very odd place of concealment.

Here there was little or no risk of being seen, though the whole interior of the cavern was visible to himself.

After the lapse of a few minutes, footsteps came up the cliff, outside. Three men, wearing masks, entered the cave, dragging the shrinking figure of a young and beautiful girl between them.

Hammond came near betraying himself, in his utter surprise and consternation.

"If there's mischief afoot," he muttered, shak-

ing his fist at the foremost of the masked figures, "count me in the scrape—will you?"

But he lay very quiet, listening and watching. The girl was dragged to the fire, and a stool placed for her close to the brushwood, behind which Hammond lay concealed. He saw her dart a quick, apprehensive glance around her, and then drop her head on her breast, her whole attitude betraying the deepest dejection. The brawniest of the masked men approached her.

"How do you like your quarters, my beauty!" he asked. At these words she raised her eyes, with a startled expression in their lustrous depths.

"Who speaks?" said she, faintly. "Surely, I know that voice."

The man laughed.

"Anyhow, this is the first time you've heard it to-night. Bill and Steve," pointing to the confederates, "have done all the talking up to the present time. I wanted to surprise you, you know." The cool triumph of his tone was something wonderful.

The girl clasped her hands.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"Behold!"

He tore off his mask, revealing a dark, sinister face, lighted up by a pair of intensely black eyes. A cruel, sensual face it was, from which nothing very good could be expected.

The girl trembled and grew ashy white as she gazed upon it.

"Dan Grimshaw!" she faltered.

"You know me—oh? I thought you would. Isn't the surprise an agreeable one, Bertha Peyton?"

He laughed in her face, this insolent villain.

The girl gave him a haughty glance.

"How long do you intend to detain me here?" she asked.

"How long! Until your hair grows gray, perhaps."

Her lip quivered, just the least bit, at this answer.

"Then I have nothing to expect from your mercy?"

"Nothing."

There was a brief silence.

Presently she looked up at him again.

"Why have you brought me here?"

"Bah! Don't you know? Because I love you, lass," and he actually chuckled her under the chin with one of his great coarse fingers.

She shrank away from him, moaning and trembling.

"I've loved you ever since the day of the picnic at Brixton, two months ago," he went on.

"You were there; and I was there, terribly smitten with your pretty face, if the truth must be told. Well, I introduced myself to you, and followed you round pretty closely. But you were frightened of me, and wouldn't have anything to say to me. I couldn't stand that, and so I blurted out my sudden passion then and there."

"Yes, yes."

"And when you repulsed me, I vowed to make you mine sooner or later, in spite of everything."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, I've bided my time pretty patiently. I couldn't get you by fair means, and was compelled to adopt foul. You were standing alone on the bridge just below your father's house when the sun went down to-night—I was watching near by, as I had been for hours. I stole up behind you, with Bill here to help me, and in two minutes you were in the boat with us and dashing down the river."

The girl called Bertha writhed uneasily.

"You must be very depraved," she said, with sudden boldness, "to wage war against a defenseless woman."

"Aye," nodded the man, maliciously. "Not to put too fine a point on it, I'm an outcast, a robber, a what you will! Pity you didn't know it the day of the picnic, or you might have had me taken care of, for I was there to lighten purses and pick up superfluous articles. Shall I tell you what the people about here call me?"

"Yes."

"Demon Dan!"

Bertha uttered an involuntary cry.

Even Hammond, who had quietly listened to this conversation, was not a little startled. Though comparatively a stranger in this section of the country, even he had heard Demon Dan spoken of as one of the most daring, most inhuman and most God-forsaken wretches who infested all that region? And this helpless girl—this Bertha Peyton, was in the power of such a man!

Hammond silently thanked God for the feeling that had prompted him to secrete himself on the approach of these men.

"I was guided hither to be of use to that suffering angel," he thought, "and I'll never desert her while there is life left in me."

He looked beyond Demon Dan, at the two ruffians called Bill and Steve. They had removed their masks, and were crouching before the fire. Hammond thought he had never beheld more villainous-looking faces than were theirs.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself. "How shall I succor that poor girl?"

Even while this thought was passing in his mind, Demon Dan spoke again.

"You were hardly prepared for a brace of surprises, my saintly Bertha. But here you have them. The Dan Grimshaw who fell in love with your pretty face at the picnic was none other than Demon Dan; at your service," making a mocking bow. "You did not suspect that, now, did you, my dear?"

"No," she answered, sharply.

"Never mind. All disguises are now torn away. We understand each other. You are here at my mercy—either my wife or my prisoner. Which shall it be?"

She looked at him, ghastly pale, but her voice was firm.

"Your prisoner."

"Ah, ha!" he sneered. "I shall not give you the liberty of choice, after all. Why should I, since you are mine and can't help yourself? Look around you. This is your home for the future—our bridal-chamber! Once again, how do you like it?"

She covered her face, moaning with irrepressible anguish. Her very heart seemed to lie dead within her bosom.

After a little, Demon Dan left her, and approached his confederates. The three ruffians put their heads together around the fire, and began a whispered conversation, of which the girl was evidently the subject, for they cast frequent glances in her direction.

She sat so near that Hammond could have touched her dress from his hiding-place. Her terror and grief were more than he could bear. How should he let her know that a friend was near—a friend who was ready to spill his last drop of blood in her defense?"

At last he raised himself on his knees.

"Bertha!" he whispered, cautiously.

She did not stir.

"Bertha!" he whispered, in a louder tone.

This time she looked up with a start. A sudden flush came into her pale cheeks. She turned.

Before Hammond could repeat the whisper, Demon Dan got up and came toward her.

"What is it?" said he. "Did you speak to me, my dear?"

"No," she answered, readily. "I was talking to myself."

Demon Dan went back to his confederates again.

Hammond durst not stir for some moments afterward. But he knew the girl must have heard his whisper. Her ready presence of mind pleased him. Now she sat with her back toward the brushwood, in the old listless attitude. Hammond knew by the slight bend of her head that she was waiting for him to speak again, however.

But that would be running too great a risk, for his voice had evidently reached Demon Dan on the second occasion. He lay very still, trying to decide on some course of action. At last he took from his pocket an old letter, and, drawing a little nearer the fire, wrote on the envelope, in pencil, these words:

"The first opportunity that presents, run out of the cave and seek the boat in which you were brought hither. I will follow you, if possible. I am your friend, and a foe to these ruffians."

Some time elapsed before he could give this note to the girl without risking detection. At last she pushed her stool somewhat nearer and dropped one hand by her side.

Hammond laid the note in this hand.

She shrunk from its touch, as if in doubt what to do; but her fingers eventually closed over it. Even then, she could not read it directly, so close a surveillance was kept upon her. But at last she found opportunity to peruse it.

Her lovely face instantly lighted up with hope and courage. She gave a slight nod, still without turning, to let Hammond know that she comprehended his wishes. She seemed tempted to say something; but Demon Dan came back too soon, establishing himself beside her.

He remained a long while, talking after his insolently triumphant fashion.

Bertha became restless and anxious, presently. Her answers to his speeches were of the shortest. Finally, she removed one of the rings from her fingers, as if to toy with it, and let it drop on the floor of the cave. It rolled toward the fire.

"Ah, my ring!" she cried out. "Pick it up! Quick, don't let it be burned!"

Demon Dan stooped for the ring.

Casting an apprehensive glance toward the corner where the men Bill and Steve crouched, Bertha gave the ruffian a sudden push that sent him sprawling, and flew toward the mouth of the cave.

Hammond's eyes had not once left her during the last half hour. He was prepared for this sudden movement on her part. Some time previously he had drawn his pistols from their waterproof covering, and noiselessly cocked one of them.

The instant the girl turned to fly, he sprang up from his hiding-place, took deliberate aim at the man Steve, who happened to be nearest, and pulled the trigger. Without waiting to learn the result of the shot, and while the cave was still echoing with the report, he ran after the desperate girl.

Outside all was balmy and still. The clouds had cleared, and the moon was pushing her way slowly over the line of hills that rimmed the eastern heaven. Behind him Hammond could see the solemn pine wood through which he had groped his way; below ran the river, clearly outlined in the silvery moonbeams.

Bertha's flying figure was just beyond him. Hammond gained her side, caught her hand in his, and they fled onward together.

"To the boat!" he whispered.

They were too late. Shouts broke the stillness behind them, and they heard the sounds of pursuit. The boat swung at anchor just at their feet,

but there was not time to push it from the shore. Their pursuers were almost upon them.

Hammond did not despair.

"Will you trust yourself utterly to me?" he asked of the girl, suddenly.

She clung closely to him.

"Utterly," she answered.

At that he lifted her up in his arms, and leaped into the water. It was only waist-deep just at that point. The bank was pretty thickly lined with bushes, and one or two trees spread their branches low over the water.

Hammond had his eye on one of these latter. Half-wading, half-swimming, he presently reached it with his precious burden—crawling into the deep shadow, and catching hold of one of the low-bending boughs.

But not an instant too soon. Demon Dan appeared on the bank, with the ruffian Bill close at his heels. They could not see the fugitives, but they looked first of all to see if the boat was in its place.

"You are sure they came this way, Bill?" said Demon Dan, with a howl of rage.

"Yes."

"Who was that man, and how came he to be lurking in the brushwood?"

"How can I tell? He gave Steve his 'never-got-over,' that's certain."

"Perdition!"

Demon Dan turned with a roar, and began to beat the bushes close at hand. He seemed wholly at a loss which way to turn. Presently he began to work his way down the stream, while Bill went in the opposite direction. He—Dan—even leaned an instant over the trunk of the very tree in the shadow of which the fugitives were lurking, and peered keenly up among its branches. But he finally passed on.

Hammond drew a long breath of relief.

"A narrow escape," he muttered.

"Yes," said Bertha, shuddering.

They waited until the sound of Demon Dan's footsteps died away in the distance. Then they crawled cautiously from their place of concealment, and once again sought the boat.

Hammond pulled in the anchor, hand over hand, swiftly and noiselessly.

"The rogues were foolish to leave the boat unguarded," he said. "But they think we have followed along the bank of the river."

In another instant they were pushing toward the middle of the stream.

Bertha took one of the oars in her own fair hands.

"I'm used to rowing," she said. "I can help you, and I will."

They were in the current now, and drifted almost noiselessly. The oars dipped in and out the water with scarcely a sound.

At last Bertha lifted her expressive eyes to her companion's face.

"How shall I ever repay you for all you have risked for me, Mr. Hammond?" said she.

"It is a pleasure to serve you, Miss Peyton. But," and he stared at her, "how did you learn my name?"

"It was on the envelope you gave to me in the cave."

"Ah, I had forgotten."

"I was half a mind to be frightened when you whispered my name," she went on. "The sound seemed to come from the solid rock. But I conquered my superstitious fears, and soon felt convinced that a friend must be near at hand."

"You are a brave girl."

"Not so very brave," she declared. "I was nearly dead with fright and anxiety when Demon Dan first brought me to the cave."

There was a brief silence. She broke it by asking how Hammond had chanced to be on the spot so opportunely.

He told her.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a loud shout sounded from the shore, of a sudden, and they saw a man plunge into the river at a point a few rods ahead of them.

"It is Demon Dan!" cried Hammond. "He is swimming toward us! He intends to intercept us."

Up to this moment Bertha had been standing up in the boat, and on the side nearest the shore they had left. Now, she crouched in the bottom, nervously wringing her hands.

"Don't attempt to pass him," she urged. "Steer for the other bank. Once there, we can find plenty of hiding-places."

Hammond made a few lusty strokes that almost lifted the boat from the water. Behind him, he could hear Demon Dan puffing and blowing. The villain was proving himself a most admirable swimmer.

"I wonder that he did not fire upon us from the shore," said the young man, as he pulled briskly toward the shelter of a cove not many yards distant.

Bertha answered nothing.

Hammond turned and looked at her presently.

"Ah," he cried, suddenly, "I begin to comprehend why Demon Dan reserved his fire. You were careful to keep between me and the shore where he was lurking, and thus to screen me!"

"The villain pretends to love me," she answered, simply. "He would not have run the risk of killing me, you know."

Hammond's fine face glowed with admiration.

"You are a heroine!" he exclaimed.

At this instant a shrill cry sounded over the water. The voice was Demon Dan's.

"Help! Help!" he shouted.

Hammond rested on his oars, and looked back. He saw the man's dark figure writhing in mid-stream. He saw him throw up his arms suddenly, and the water close over him.

"Shall we turn back?" he asked. "I am not sure whether it is a ruse or not. But the villain seems to be in real distress of some sort."

Bertha looked back, shuddering.

"Yes," she answered. "He has disappeared."

I fear he is drowning. We cannot leave even an enemy to perish before our very eyes."

Hammond bent to his oars.

Bertha again took her place beside him.

The boat seemed to fly through the water, propelled by their united efforts. Very soon they had reached the spot where Demon Dan was seen to go down.

Not a trace of the guilty wretch could be discovered. An awful stillness brooded over the river. The silent stars looked down from the purple arch above, and the pale moonbeams silvered the rippling waves. But neither stars nor moon nor river told the story of the crime-stained wretch who had cried out in mortal agony.

Hammond rowed about the spot for more than half an hour, but all in vain.

"I'm afraid that Demon Dan has gone to settle his last account," he said, finally. "The camp must have caught him. Poor wretch!"

He gave up the quest, and let the boat drift with the current once more, while he sat silent and thoughtful.

Bertha reclined in the prow, thinking over the strange events of that strangest of all strange nights.

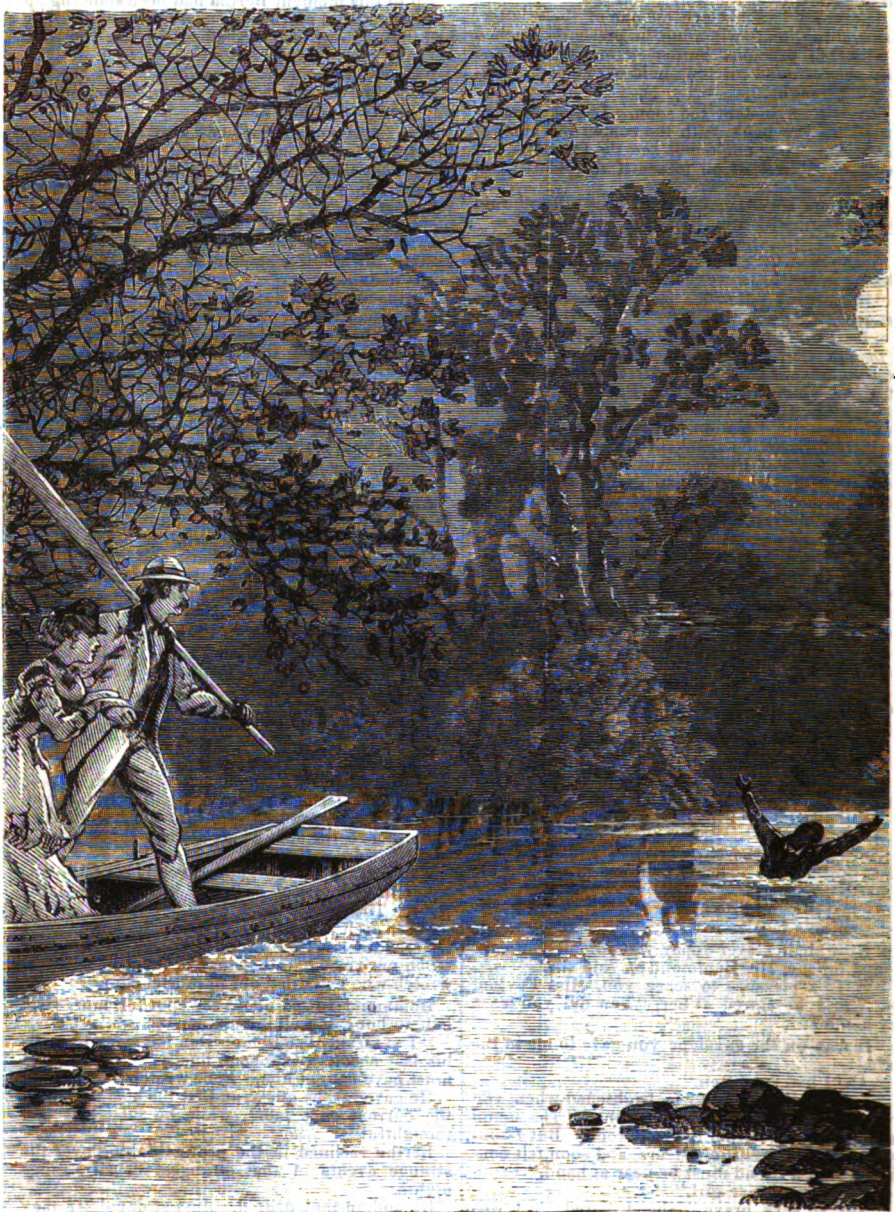
On and on they drifted. Just at day-dawn they moored the boat opposite the little village from which Hammond had set out on foot scarcely twelve

brief hours before. They were safe and among friends at last.

During the day a party went out to explore the cave which had been Demon Dan's retreat. They found little or nothing. Bill had fled, and a pool of blood in one corner was the only vestige left of Steve. Perhaps he had not been seriously hurt; or, it may be he had died, and been buried by his comrade. We cannot tell what was his fate.

Two or three days later a swollen and discolored corpse was washed ashore near the village. It was the dead body of Demon Dan!

And how about John Hammond and Bertha Peyton? Of course the young man restored the girl to her parents; and of course an acquaintance so romantically begun could end in only one way—marriage! May God bless the brave heart which won the fair lady!



DEMON DAN.—"HAMMOND LOOKED BACK, AND SAW THE MAN'S DARK FIGURE WRITHING IN MID-STREAM. HE SAW HIM THROW UP HIS ARMS SUDDENLY, AND THE WATER CLOSE OVER HIM."



LIZZIE LOMAX.—“PLEASE, DEAR MR. DEXTER,” SAID LIZZIE, EXTENDING HER CLASPED HANDS TOWARD HIM.—“PLEASE LET’S SHAKE HANDS, AND BE GOOD FRIENDS AGAIN. IF YOU DON’T, THEY’LL LAUGH ALL THE MORE.”

Lizzie Lomax.

A SUMMER EPISODE.

It happened in the most natural manner in the world! I will leave it to any jury composed of twelve reasoning and reasonable men; yea, verily, if such an anomaly could exist, to one composed of the same number of reasoning and reasonable women, whether, with such a man, and under such circumstances, it could, by any possibility, have happened in any other manner than it did.

The man in question was myself, Phineas Dexter, not so young by some years as I once was, as is forcibly and most painfully evidenced by a well-developed forehead at the back of my head, though, thanks to Barker, I manage, by coming well up to the scratch, to keep the phenomenon a profound secret from all but that individual and my duplex mirror.

If my youth has gone it has not taken with it some solid, and, in the opinion of most people, superior charms. My position is more than unexceptionable—my future more than sufficient for the gratification of my tastes, and my life would be one of more than ordinary happiness, but for that fatal one thing, which, let it take which one of its Protean shapes it may, is sure to stand between humanity and complete happiness. In my case,

it was a morbid dread of being ensnared by some one of the female sex, which, in my opinion, emulates the evil one in going about seeking whom he may devour, being victimized by the same, and held up to the ridicule of my bachelor friends, and covered, in consequence, with perpetual shame.

The Weller, senior, for whom I cherish a profound, and most appreciative sympathy, was not more thoroughly convinced of the violence of woman in general, and her designs upon himself in particular, than I, and, constantly impressed with this idea, I have acted ever on the offensive; carrying the war into the enemy’s country, and so comforting myself that my reputation for being a bear of the most perfect and detestable kind, is as well established as a man of ordinary contentment could desire.

The circumstances under which it occurred were these:

July had come, bringing to the city its annual instalment of dirt, dust, and discomfort, and in order to escape these, and the culminating horrors of the ever intolerable Fourth, I gave notice to the highly respectable, and somewhat pompous Ethiopian who did me the honor to take charge of myself, and my sang bachelor rooms, that his time would be at his own disposal for the next

month, dropped into my banker's, and thence into the most comfortable seat in a train of cars just starting for St. Sennaus.

I doubt if Lloyd has entered this interesting locality upon his new maps, but this fact to the contrary in any wise, notwithstanding the village exists, and is likely so to do. Its name will suggest to all enlightened readers of Tom Moore, and Irish legends, the charms it possessed for such a misogynist as myself, and formed the chief, and, indeed, the only reason for my selecting it in preference to the legion of well-known summering places at my disposal.

"Of course," such was my train of reasoning: "any town named after a man whose only claim on the remembrance of posterity is the fact of his hatred, even to death, of the entire female sex, must be as little as possible infested by those necessary evils to masculine humanity which so aggravated the saintly nature of its namesake, consequently St. Sennaus is the place for me!"

Accordingly, to St. Sennaus I went, so fast as steam could take me, carrying with me the blissful conviction that each milestone put a longer distance between myself and charms, crinoline, pertness, panniers, Grecian bends, and general bewilderment.

It was on the afternoon of Monday, which my experience teaches me to regard as the washing-day of the universe, and close observations on the contents of the various clothes-lines which lined the way through the back streets of the village, and led to its one hotel (so called), caused an unpleasant consciousness that the population of St. Sennaus was not comprised so exclusively of males as I had inferred from its name. I accepted this disappointment with philosophic equanimity, and comforted myself with the hope that the hotel might be an exemption, and that there I should find the freedom from femininity which my soul desired.

The landlord gave me no time to make inquiries, for, taking me at once to a delightfully clean and comfortable-looking chamber, he informed me, with the air of one who imparts information of a paramount importance, that "they" would soon be here, and that I must hurry up my attentions to my nether man, as it never would do to keep them waiting. With this spectral admonition he vanished, leaving me in complete doubt as to the mysterious "they," and utterly ignorant whether the pronoun referred to a party of Indians on their way to visit the Great Father, or the Great Father himself, weary of Washington, and on a wild hunt for freedom from office-seekers, senators, and other political pests.

Alas! if ever ignorance was bliss, it was mine during the blessed half hour in which, depositing myself in the large bathing-tub, in my dressing-closet, I removed so much of the soil of New York as might cling to me, and then proceeded to encase myself in every-day attire.

I had proceeded to a stage which, though eminently easy, was not exactly orthodox for appearance in public in any place under municipal regulation, when my attention and toilet were alike arrested by the sound of wheels stopping suddenly at the door of the hotel.

This sound was not sufficient of itself to have produced any particular effect; but with it was mingled one which made my ears fairly tingle with horror.

This was a general conglomeration of laughs, screams, chatterings, and chirps in every intonation of which the female voice is capable, presenting a combination which some might have designated harmony, but which to me was most hideous discord.

Oblivious of my exceedingly undress uniform, I bolted to the window; but remembered myself sufficiently to pull the voluminous calico curtain

around me, and locked out, prepared to brave the worst. It was worse even than worst, and warm as the day was, I shivered from head to heel.

Directly in front of the long porch of the hotel, was drawn up a large, old-fashioned vehicle, seemingly constructed after the style of the renowned "deacon's one-horse shay," except that, instead of being built for one animal, it required four to pull it.

Well it might, with the load of live-lumber packed away in its ample recesses!

Talk of the antics and activity of a community of fleas in a Florida sandbank! It was nothing, compared to the unrest of the creatures in the shay!

They fairly swarmed in and about it, as they wriggled and twisted, and sprang, and squirmed in their efforts to get themselves and their attachments, in the way of lunch-baskets, wild-flowers, birds-nests, and universal picnic nonsense, out of the wagon.

And in all the host, from a strong-minded and bodied individual of some forty years' standing, to a dangerous-looking dumpy little over one-fourth that age, one element and sex prevailed, and that one was woman!

I knew, as if by prophetic vision, at once my fate and its frightfulness, and divined, with horrible certainty, the full force and meaning of the landlord's "they."

Subsequent investigations proved the truth of my surmises, and assured me that I had run into the very midst of the perils from which I fled!

The entire hotel of St. Sennaus—the only building in the village at which entertainment for man or beast could, by any possibility, be procured—had been chartered by a party of females who, actuated by that frivolity co-existent with the sex, or possibly with a view to experiencing a new sensation, had bound themselves, under payment of a heavy penalty, to pass one calendar month in the village in a sort of social communion.

The chief tenet of faith and obligation being a vigorous non-intercourse with masculinity, and a complete system of avoidance of the entire male sex, who, with four honorable exceptions, were tabooed the society of the band of fair (?) socialists.

These four consisted of the landlord, the resident clergyman, and physician of the village, if necessarily required, while a vacancy was left on the list, to be filled as the tastes or caprices of the party might dictate; and fate, never weary of worrying mortals, had taken me, from my safe seclusion in the heart of New York city, and dropped me in the place of number four in the list of honorable exceptions of this set of crack-brained women!

True, I might have sought safety in flight, and such was my first determination. I hesitated, and was lost!

And I had full cause for hesitation, for the situation of the village was delightful, the hotel suited to even my fastidious tastes, and the women, as women and under protest, were not so bad after all.

There was every variety of womanhood in the twenty-three that comprised the party, and all tastes could have been accommodated, in respect of manners, disposition and personal appearance.

I had no taste, in the premises, unless an intense distaste could have been considered an indication. Yet it was necessary for me to indicate a preference, for, had I not done so, I should have been owned, to the extent of one-twenty-third, by each of the party, and I preferred to make it a general and lumping concern, and thus decrease my misery by augmenting it.

Some men might have been bewildered by the array from which to select; but, with that clear-

sighted business capacity, which has ever distinguished me, I made a choice which did honor alike to my eyes and my understanding.

The special she, which I selected a—my keeper and chief-tormentor, had been introduced, with the rest of the twenty-three, as Miss Lomax, and remembering vividly her appearance as she descended from the high wagon, and recalling to my mind's eye the remarkably beautiful foot and ankle then and there disclosed, I intuitively acted upon the assumption that, if extremes meet, her head must be worthy her feet, and that so being, she was worthy my notice.

Like Rebecca, the damsel was exceeding fair to look upon, and better still, she had no nonsense about her—being as merry as a cricket, as natural as Joe Jefferson's art in acting Rip Van Winkle, and as full of innocent fun as any kitten. Clearly, there was nothing to be feared from a creature, who, though, unfortunately, a woman, seemed so exempt from the faults of her sex, and the task of performing the functions of her cavalier, was less disagreeable than I could have believed possible.

So it fell out, after the first evening, when still shivering from my horror at the situation, I was launched into the supper-room and presence of the twenty-three feminines, I attached myself to Miss Lomax, or Lizzie, as she was universally styled, and soon came to be looked on as her especial property and protector.

She did not desire to have me be anything else; as for my playing the bean, or anything of that nature, it did not once enter her pretty head. I could not have conceived the possibility of such utter disregard of coquetry, ensnarement, and all things tending to matrimony, existing in the female heart, as Lizzie Lomax displayed in our intercourse.

Of course I was safe, beyond the possibility of a doubt, from love and all things approximating it.

So safe, in fact, that before two weeks had gone by, I was as desperately in love with Lizzie, as ever a respectable, elderly gentleman was, from the days of Miles Standish down.

And well I might be, for I maintain that there never was a more beautiful and loveable little witch than the plump, blue-eyed, peachy-cheeked, satin-skinned girl who obtained such an influence over me, that I would not only have given all my good gold for one curl of her golden hair, but was willing even to exchange my boasted bachelor freedom for complete submission to her sweet will and pleasure.

She did not seem at all conscious of my devotion, but received it as a matter of course, which only increased my adoration.

The other twenty-two, however, were more observant, or less reticent, for a perfect understanding with regard to my feelings seemed to exist among them, and it appeared to me, that in some way, utterly inexplicable to me, the idea of extreme mirth was associated with myself and the object of my affection.

Time and space would fail me to tell my experiences for the space of three summer weeks with that merry, and mischievous tw dozen save one; suffice to say, that being regarded, as I have since learned, as "a dear old thing with not a bit of harm about him," I was permitted many privileges denied to more dangerous individuals, and had infinite opportunities for observing closely female human nature, and upon the honor of a gentleman, an exceedingly queer and incomprehensible nature I found it to be!

As I said, I loved Lizzie desperately, and was willing to resign for her favor my bachelor blessedness; still, I had not the most remote intention of so doing. I had determined to take the good the gods provided, extract as much

amusement out of it as possible, make love, like hay, while summer and sunshine lasted, and at the expiration of my holiday, make love and Lizzie my most Chesterfieldian bow, and betake myself to bachelorhood and Delmonico's.

Such was my determination and theory; my practice was somewhat different, for such was the glamour cast over me, that I soon found that life without Lizzie, was no life at all, and as I was not prepared to turn my back on existence, there was only one thing to be done, *i. e.*, convert Miss Lomax into Mrs. Dexter. Yet, with lingering remains of my honor of the sex, I shrank from succumbing to it, and so put off the evil day as long as practicable.

In fact, the very idea of embodying a proposal of marriage affected me with nervous dread.

Of its practical application, I was entirely ignorant; I presumed there was some set formula, but of its precise nature, I knew no more than I did of the particular kind of clothing worn by Achilles, when, in circumstances somewhat similar to my own, he was domesticated in a house full of feminines.

The period of my stay was drawing so rapidly to its close, that I was forced to hurry up, and put my fortune and Lizzie to the test.

It was the last night of the month of fun and freedom, as it was called by the gay party of mep-shunners, and, as usual, Miss Lomax and I were permitted the full enjoyment of each other's society, which we passed in the cool back portico, while the rest of the company occupied the parlor.

She had never looked so lovely; some sweet fancy seemed to possess her, which one moment sent the blood flushing over her fair cheeks, and the next left them as white as the lilies she wore in her beaming bosom.

"So much the better for me," I thought; "it will make my task all the easier!"

I looked at her, and did not wonder that men had gone mad for love of such creatures as she! She had rested her dimpled elbow on the railing of the porch, and with the tips of her delicate fingers supporting her sunny head, sat bending forward, as if to catch some sound which she was anxiously expecting. Her other hand lay in the folds of her white dress, and by some species of animal magnetism, almost independent of my own volition, I found the fingers of my right hand clasped closely around the little pink-velvet palm, while in a dry, husky voice, not as all like my own, I gasped:

"Miss Lomax—Egg—Egg—Egg—Elizabeth." Here I stopped, and then, with a sense of suffocation, continued, in desperation: "I have an attachment—for—you. I will make you my wife. Will you—will you—can I be—your husband?"

Some mighty convulsion of feeling passed over her, which shook her beautiful form throughout each molded limb, and obliged her to draw her hand from me, and clasp it and its fellow so closely over her face, that it was completely concealed from my view.

At this instant, the noise of some vehicle, apparently driven by Jehu, the son of Nimshi, came thundering along the street, while a low, twittering noise, most suspiciously like laughing, which had been wafted from the parlor, was merged in a chorus of general jubilation.

Lizzie sprang to her feet, removed her hands from her lovely face, and, with a half-audible, "Give you an answer in a minute," actually ran out of my presence and the porch.

I have always possessed my full proportion of vanity, but I was not prepared for this powerful impression I had produced upon a girl of such beauty and fascinations, and the fact that I had done so, was a happiness almost too delightful to be believed.

My blissful feelings made me experience a sort of dizziness, and, under its influence, I left my seat, and walking to the end of the porch which overlooked a flower-garden, threw my arm around a pillar, which I transformed for the time being into Lizzie's rounded waist, and stood there, the most satisfied of suitors.

The noise of wheels had stopped, but that of general rejoicing had increased, and now a newer sound just beneath me was added, and caused me to start, and look down in considerable curiosity.

Gracious heavens! what a sight was disclosed by that July moon to my astounded eyeballs! Under the shadow of the shrubbery, stood a tall, splendid-looking young man, and clasped in his strong arms, with her beautiful face upraised to his, was Lizzie—my Lizzie, while he was engaged, as I or any other man would have been under the circumstances, in printing *fac-simile* impressions of his mustache upon her rose-leaf lips, said imprinting having occasioned the peculiar sound which had so surprised me.

In my first paroxysm of amazement, and oblivious of such sublimity things as age, stiffness of muscle, and the want of dignity in a man of my standing, sliding, like a schoolboy, down a porch pillar, I leaped over the railing, and by the exercise of an agility simply miraculous, slipped down the post, and presented myself to the enraptured pair.

"Who the deuce—Oh! I understand! Mr. Dexter!" burst from the mustache, which ceased its labors as an amateur printing-press, while Lizzie slipped a trifle further from him, and stood the prettiest culprit in existence.

"Miss Lomax!" I began, in an awful voice. "Oh! dear Mr. Dexter, please don't be cross!" said the culprit, crossing her little hands, and looking dangerously lovely. "Jim," she continued, turning to the mustache, and its six feet of accompaniments, "Mr. Dexter here, the dearest of old gentlemen—the one, you know, I wrote you was as kind as a father to me, Jim—wants to know if he can be my husband. Have you any objection, Jim?" And the beautiful hussy actually laid hold of the lapel of his coat.

"Objection to Mr. Dexter's being your husband, Lizzie!" said the mustache, disclosing, as he did so, a set of faultless teeth. "One objection only, and that the trifling one that I already occupy the position myself."

"You see, Mr. Dexter," exclaimed the most perfidious of girls—and this time it was the lapel of my coat she took hold of—"I thought, at first, you knew I was married; and when I found out you didn't, why, you were so much in love—"

Here she stopped speaking, dropped her lovely eyes, and the mustache ended the sentence:

"In short, the women-folks got hold of the joke, and it was such a capital one, that they kept Lis up to it for the general amusement. She eased her conscience by writing, in her daily letters to me, an exact account of the state and progress of the affair; and, by Jove! I enjoyed it as much as she! Knowing your hatred of her sex, she did not dream that one of it could inflict any injury upon you, and nothing was, and is, farther from her feelings, than in any way to pain or hurt you."

"Indeed and indeed it is!" said the rose lips, while her hand let go my coat, and was joined to the other in the style of a pleading child. "Please, dear Mr. Dexter," she continued, extending her clasped hands toward me, "please let's shake hands and be good friends again. If you don't, they'll laugh all the more!"

She glanced up to the windows, and, following her eyes, I saw, with unutterable horror, that they were lined with row after row of male and female faces, all affected by one impulse, and that to see which could laugh most heartily.

I said something not to be found in books of a devotional nature, and then, with my accustomed quickness of perception, reviewed the situation, and made myself master of it.

"Well, well, Miss—mistress Lizzie," I said, cheerfully, "I have lost you: but I haven't lost a very great deal, have I?" and I laid my hand on the top of her golden head, which came just to the level of the elbow of the mustache. "I'll forgive you on one condition," I continued, and then lowering my voice, so that none but she and the mustache could possibly hear me, I whispered the one condition of forgiveness.

What it was shall never again pass my lips, but its import must have been mysteriously conveyed at least to the masculine portion of my upper audience, for a perfect roar of laughter followed it, under the influence of which mistress Lizzie again took to her pretty heels, and disappeared among the other flowers of the garden.

My revenge on my beautiful antagonist was complete, for next day, when, to avoid the fun that I knew would be leveled at me, I called for my bill, preparatory to leaving St. Sennaus, I learned from the landlord that Captain Lomax and his wife had already gone; and so I reconsidered the motion, and remained the full term of my holiday.

I have met the captain and his wife once since then, at a representation of *Barbe Bleue*. I caught Lizzie's lovely eyes, and tried to smile a salutation; but she turned as red as her opera-cloak, and making a charming little mouth, fixed her entire attention upon Fatima and the fatal closet, while in my secret heart I venerated *Barbe Bleue* as a benefactor to humanity, by having put it out of the power of seven female creatures, in putting an end to their existence, to execute the amount of harm and mischief they most undoubtedly would have done, had they remained in this world any longer.

The Flower-Girl of Florence.

"*Adeu, paniers, vendanges sont faites*," is the pretty, mournful refrain of a Provençal song. It might be sung now in the City of Flowers, which has new streets and squares, and public promenades and fountains, and banks, and shops, but, alas! there are no more flower-girls! In the Cascine and cafés are now rarely, if ever, seen those dainty figures, so jauntily dressed, all possessed of the beauty of youth, and some rejoicing in a loveliness of a nobler and rarer type, carrying basketsful of the choicest flowers, which they used to proffer with the artless yet graceful courtesy of their country to passers-by.

At the end of the season a sum of money was given for these flowers, so that all the ugly part of the transaction, the buying and selling, was hidden from view. The bouquets were given and received with smiles, and cordial words and merry farewells "until to-morrow" were exchanged, and that was all.

About ten years ago, one of the flower-girls was a great favorite, and especially admired by the foreigners, English, American, and German, who stopped to hear the band in the Piazzette of the Cascine.

"Oh, auntie, look! what a pretty girl!" said Maud Halifax—herself a very pretty girl—to the lady who was with her.

They had stopped to hear the music on one warm April afternoon. Maud had been leaning back, tired and exhausted—for she was in very bad health—when this lovely vision of a girl of her own age stood beside the carriage and roused her.

"She is very pretty," said Miss Halifax; "but, what is very strange, she is very like you."

"Oh, aunt! how you flatter!"

It was the fact, however; the English young lady and the Italian girl were as like as sisters. Both had dark eyes, slightly aquiline noses, broad, low foreheads, and beautiful mouths; but the Italian was as blooming as her own flowers. Maud was thin, pale, and languid.

"Do you not think I am right?" said Miss Halifax, in French, to a young Hungarian officer who now came up.

He assented, hastily, but not before both the faces he had glanced at blushed to the roots of the hair, worn by both in the same way, drawn back in simple waves from the forehead.

The flower-girl hastily threw some roses into the carriage, and vanished.

"I am tired; let me go home," said Maud.

"Shall we see you this evening?" said Miss Halifax to the officer.

"I do not know. Yes, yes; I will come."

The Halifaxes went home.

The young officer followed the flower-girl. She held out her basket to him.

"I told you," said he, with an air of authority, "that you were never to go near that carriage."

"Why?"

"Never mind; I have my reasons, Drodatta."

"Shall I ever know them?"

"No, perhaps not."

He turned on his heel, and was gone. The girl looked after him thoughtfully.

"I wish I knew," she murmured.

"What do you wish to know?" said a young Italian artist who came up. I can tell you a great many things. Count Lindau, for instance, that young man who has just been buying your flowers, is engaged to be married to the rich English girl at the Hôtel de la Ville, who is so ill. If she lives to be married, he will be a rich man; for it is said her father has settled fifty thousand francs a year on her husband. What is the matter, Drodatta?"

"I must go home."

The poor girl's very lips were white.

"Come, I will take you," he said; for he saw she was trembling too much to be able to walk.

They stepped aside from the busy crowd. The music was pouring forth its peals of gay melody, the sky was bright, and the flowers Drodatta carried seemed laughing up in elfish mockery in her face; but she thought of nothing, heard nothing, but the dreadful words Carlo Malaspina had spoken: "Count Lindau is going to be married."

Why, then, had he for the last six months told her he loved her, and loved her only? Why had he said that he was glad he was a German, for that, as soon as she had married him, he would take her from Florence; and at Prague no one would look down upon her, for they would not know whether she had been a flower-girl or a countess? Why? why? Alas! there was no reply. Carlo was well known to her. He had always been most kind to her mother and to herself. She called it kindness; but, in truth, it was sincere and devoted love which he felt for her. But there is often this terrible disparity and inequality in love—on one side fire, and on the other, frost. The one loves, the other is loved; and between the active and passive of that verb, what a world of difference!

Drodatta had no father. She had heard he had died when she was an infant at Venice; and Ida Benelli, her mother, had come to Florence, poor and heart-broken, to learn how to support herself and her child. No one knew more than that fact about the pale, beautiful woman. She was alone with her child, and worked hard at her needle to support both. She was, however, evidently of gentle birth, though she never alluded to the past; and was as simple and unpretending as if she had always lived by the labor of her own

hands. But evidently there had been a great sorrow in her life, and it was one she never got over. She was always sad, and somewhat stern.

They lived on the ground floor of a little villa near Florence, and the flowers they cultivated were sold by Drodatta. Sometimes her mother accompanied her; sometimes one of the older flower-girls took charge of Drodatta.

Count Lindau had been staying at a neighboring villa, and it was during his walks he had met Drodatta. She used to go sometimes to see the lady at whose villa he was staying, and, after a few meetings, he told her he loved her. Drodatta brought him to her mother, and Ida Benelli gave her consent to their marriage. She told him there was no disparity in birth between them, and that the secret of her life should be made known to him on the day of the marriage; till then, she wished the engagement to be a secret. Not even Carlo Malaspina, though he was a good friend, knew of it.

Now, as he took poor Drodatta home, he first became aware of it. It was fortunate for Lindau that Carlo could not leave the poor girl, or the Cascade of Florence would have been disturbed by a summary act of vengeance. When they arrived at the villa, poor Drodatta dragged herself up to her room.

"Tell mamma," she said, as the tears streamed down her face.

Ida Benelli listened with set lips and kindling eyes.

"He shall not marry this English girl," she said; "her father shall know what a traitor he is!"

She went up-stairs, kissed the poor tear-stained cheek of her girl, and went down again.

"Come with me, Carlo," she said.

Mr. Halifax was at dinner, when he was told he was wanted.

"Who is it?"

"A lady. She says she will wait."

"Who is in the drawing-room?"

"Maud is there," said Miss Halifax. "She said she would have some tea there instead of dining with us."

When Mr. Halifax had finished, he went to the drawing-room. The lights had not been lit.

He heard his daughter's voice, conversing with some one; and as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he saw a tall, slight form leaning over the couch where she lay.

"I hear you wanted me," he said politely.

"How can I serve madame?"

At that moment the waiter came in, and the light fell on Ida's face.

"Good Heaven!" said Mr. Halifax. "Ida! Have the waves given up the dead?"

"Is it you—you—you?" and the poor woman fell at his feet.

"What is the matter, papa?" said Maud, sobbing.

There was a good deal of confusion at first, but finally Ida was restored to her senses, and then Mr. Halifax explained, and Ida explained.

He had married Ida Contarini at Venice twenty years before. A year after their marriage, just before the birth of her child, Ida's confessor so filled her with fears for her own soul and that of the child about to be born, that the poor woman almost lost her senses. She determined to fly, and leave no trace by which she could be recalled. She threw her veil and mantle out of her gondola, and, disguised in an ecclesiastical costume, left Venice. There was a rumor that she had committed suicide. This was industriously circulated by the priest; and poor Mr. Halifax left Venice, miserable, and convinced that he was a widower.

Two years afterward, to please his sister, he married a young English girl, who died in giving birth to Maud. He thought there was a curse

upon him, that all he loved should thus be taken. He consigned Maud to his sister, and spent years in traveling in Egypt, India, China, Greece, Syria—everywhere but Italy—until he had been summoned home on account of Maud's health.

On growing up, Maud had shown signs of great delicacy. For the last two years—she was now seventeen (Drodatta was nineteen, but from her health and bloom, looked as young, if not younger, than her sister)—she had been in Italy. She had regained a little strength at Florence, had gone out a little into society, and had met Count Lindau. It was well known that she was a rich heiress. He had proposed and been accepted.

Mr. Halifax, from the moment he had returned to Italy, had become more melancholy, and gloomy than ever. He seemed haunted by bitter and undying memories. He felt that his daughter, also, would be taken from him, and shuddered as he looked at her.

It was a sad home, and Maud had been naturally pleased at the cheerful, genial manners of the young Hungarian, and looked upon her marriage as an escape from the ever-deepening gloom of her home.

But, once the marriage was settled, Lindau became cold and somewhat inattentive.

The quick instincts of womanhood told Maud that she was not loved. She had heard whispers of Lindau's admiration of some beautiful flower-girl. When she saw Drodatta, she had an intuitive knowledge that it was she.

She was thinking of these things that night, when the waiter ushered in a lady.

Ida had come up to her, and had also been struck, apparently, by Maud's likeness to Drodatta.

In her beautiful pathetic voice, Ida had told Maud the purpose of her visit.

"I have come to you to save you from a mercenary man, as I would wish any one to have come to save my child, had she been thus betrayed and deceived. He must lose you, as he has lost her."

It was at this point of the conversation that Mr. Halifax had entered.

Need I describe the happiness, tardy as it was, of these two reunited hearts? Need I dwell upon the warmth with which the two sisters accepted their new relationship? Need I say that Lindau was dismissed?

About a month afterward, a carriage, on the Cascade, was the centre of attraction to all present. In it was Miss Halifax, and by her side was a lady of faded but exquisite beauty. Opposite were two girls, so alike that, but for the paler complexion and slighter form of one, they could scarcely have been known apart. They were Mr. Halifax's two daughters.

"Was not Count Lindau to have married the pale one once?" asked a young Italian of his friend.

"Yes, and he was in love with both, I believe; but he has left Florence now. At present I should say the only man who has a chance with them is Carlo Malaspina."

"But Malaspina was in love, I thought, with that beautiful Drodatta, who was as good as she was beautiful."

"That beautiful Drodatta is the eldest Miss Halifax. There was some family quarrel, and Mrs. Halifax lived away from her husband nineteen years. He thought she was dead, and married again. He only knew the truth a month ago."

"What a romance?"

"Yes; and who could be a prettier heroine than our pretty flower-girl?"

One Woman's Heart.

How! how the homeless night-wind sobs and moans
Outside the latticed casement! how the trees,
Grim giants, toss their naked, brawny arms!
I hear the piteous sobbing of the seas.

My darling, close the shutters now, and bar
The weird intruders out; worn down and weak,
These ghostly riotings fright me sorely; see!
E'en now, this deathly pallor on my wasted cheek.

Why should I, O beloved, veil my heart?—
Not so—but close beside you here to-night
Will I unfold, lay bare my inmost soul
To yours, which ne'er has known a shade of blight.

Surely the happy stars shone on your birth
Surely the immortal gods did smile upon you sweet;
That which we women thirst and hunger for is yours—
Love sits and sings for ever at your feet.

For me the unpitiful Fates have done their worst.
O ye sweet Heavens! what sin is writ 'gainst me,
That I must bear within my breast a starving heart
That Love should pass me by—O'erlook me utterly!

The Quicksands.

About ten years ago I was on a visit to a relative—an English lady who had married a retired French merchant, and resided at a picturesque old château near the coast of Normandy. The scenery of the country was not very attractive to me, being bleak and dreary in comparison with the smiling regions of my own English home; yet I kept up my practice of taking long walks and rambles, particularly toward the coast; whence, from the bare cliffs, was to be had a fine view of the sea beyond.

On one particular day, that stands out especially clear in my memory, I amused myself with following the course of a stream which I had often longed to explore. For four miles it led me lazily onward, in almost a direct course, through hedgeless fields and bleak, half-cultivated moorland, until it suddenly entered a rocky defile, where it became rapid and sinuous. The way was now difficult, yet I kept on, until, as suddenly as I had entered it, I emerged from the defile, and found myself standing on a broad waste of sandy seashore, dazzling in its glaring whiteness. On the left, southward, it extended a mile or two to a little fishing-port, whilst nearer, on the right, the view was bounded by a sort of rocky wall jutting into the sea, crowned with a weather-beaten old fort, and sheltering at its feet a snug little nest of fishermen's cottages, embowered in verdure. Heated and weary as I was, and dazzled with the white glare of sea and sea-beach, nothing could have appeared more inviting than this shady retreat; and thither, with hasty steps, I made my way.

A nearer view only charmed me the more. What a prize, I thought, would this have been for some artist—those picturesque cottages with their lattice-windows, and plastered walls of every color—pink, white, yellow, and sky-blue, trellised with vines, and shaded by acacias; whilst fishing-nets hung festooned on the fences, and boats were turned up on the sands.

Merry, brown-skinned, dark-eyed children played about, and women in stiff, snow-white head-dresses, with those immense flying lappets peculiar to the Norman peasantry, came to the doors, and courteously greeted me as I passed. Everything in sight was scrupulously neat and clean; and I passed slowly up the single street, until I came to the last cottage of all—standing, raised a little above the rest, close at the base of the rocky cliff, and facing the sea. An elderly woman, in red jacket and hose, short blue petticoat, white apron, and an immense pair of gold

ear-rings, with necklace to correspond, sat knitting beneath a little shed-porch in front, and to her I addressed myself, praying the privilege of a few moments' rest on the bench beside her.

"*Certainement, mam'selle,*" was the ready and courteous reply; "with the greatest pleasure; only that mam'selle will find a chair more convenient." And in a moment I found myself ensconced in a big arm-chair, and giving an account of my long ramble.

"Mam'selle has had a long walk, truly. I know the Château de B—. I have had the pleasure of seeing monsieur and madame up at the Chapel of Saint Jean-des-Roches. And mam'selle is tired, no doubt. An hour's rest and a glass of wine will refresh mam'selle. I have good wine—some which my son Jules brought hither from Nice, two years ago. Mam'selle shall do me the honour to taste of it."

I drank the wine with a relish, and my good hostess, apparently rightly judging that I must be hungry as well as thirsty, presently disappeared within her neat kitchen, when straightway issued an appetizing smell of fried fish. This, with a couple of new-laid eggs, a loaf of brown bread, and a cup of good coffee, was speedily arranged before me on a little table with snow-white cloth, and it was pleasant to observe the gratification of the good woman at the justice done to her viands. The table at length removed, we sat quietly chatting, until I made some remark about the extent of the sands just here.

"Ah, mam'selle, it is true. The sands have widened since I was a girl to more than half their former extent; though, thanks be to the good God, they are no longer dangerous, as then."

"How dangerous?"

"See you, mam'selle, they have settled, and become firm. Formerly they were shifting—now this way, now that way, and"—here a thoughtful shade passed over her face, and she spoke in a lower tone—"there were quicksands, mam'selle."

"Ah!" said I, rather doubtful as to the full nature of a quicksand. She detected the ignorance at once.

"Yes, *c'est vrai*. Great banks of loose, sand that settle down firm and hard when the tide is out, but which *quicken* with the returning waters. That is, the coming tide moistens them beneath the surface, and they are lifted up thereby, and are soft and spongy. And then—ah, then, woe to him whose feet venture upon that treacherous ground."

"Have any perished here in that way?"

"Have they not? Listen, mam'selle. In the graveyard of old Saint Jean-des-Roches lie many dead; but there, beneath that smooth beach, are buried twice their number. So said my father; and he knew."

"But has any such case occurred within your own knowledge?" I inquired, now becoming interested.

"Surely, mam'selle; and one"—she added, with the same thoughtful look as before—"one within my own sight. There are others in the village who saw it also, and can tell it you—the story of poor Marie Gignet."

I, of course, begged for the story, and my hostess, nothing loath, though with a subdued manner, told it.

"When I was a girl, mam'selle, there was, see you, no prettier one amongst us all than Marie Gignet. Her father, too, was rich, as riches go amongst us, who are ever poor; and Marie, being an only child, would have a handsome dowry. Consequently, she was the belle of our village, and had many suitors.

"Her father was proud of his wealth. No poor man, he was wont to say, should aspire to his daughter's hand. Wherefore, when Jean Cate-

neau made known to him his love for Marie, and Marie herself acknowledged that she loved Jean, our monsieur refused his consent to the match. True, Jean was handsome and clever, and as good a lad as ever lived, besides belonging to one of our most respected families; but, then, he was only a poor fisherman and owner of a little boat that plied between here and the Point St. Nicholas which you see far out yonder. And, mam'selle, it was at that fishing-village that you see below—much larger then than now—that we all lived. A few of us have moved up here since, for the sake of a spot more sheltered from the north winds; but we are natives of yonder village, we.

"Said *monsieur le grand seigneur*, who was owner of the largest fishing skiff of them all, and engaged by a trading-house at Avignac—said he:

"Jean Cateneau, my son, when you are master of a craft equal to mine, and have money enough to build a house equal to my own, then you shall have Marie to keep it for you. Go, my son, and seek your fortune. The world lies before you."

"So Jean took the old man at his word, and left the village, and was away for two years. Two years, mam'selle—a long time for a young girl to wait; but Marie was one of a thousand for truth and constancy—and she would have waited, *ave*, until her hair turned grey, if need were. We heard of Jean from time to time, that he was prospering; and at last there came a letter saying he would be back in two months' time, to claim Marie's hand. He was richer now, he said, than Marie's father; and he had silk dresses and jewelry for her bridal *trousseau*. Heaven knows, mam'selle, how the truth was—but it was said afterward that he had been engaged in the smuggling trade between this country and yours; no great crime to my thinking, especially when a young man has a sweetheart to win thereby.

"But it so happened that while Jean Cateneau was away, working for the love he bore her, Marie Gignet had had another suitor, far above him in wealth and station. This was the fishing-agent from Avignac, by whom the old Gignet was employed; and who, coming down to see to the business, fell in love with Marie, and asked her of her father.

"Of course the old man was eager for the match, but Marie would not hear of it. She reproached her father for wishing to break faith with Jean; and others, who sympathized with the lovers, joined in the reproach, until Father Gignet was fairly shamed. Howsoever, he was mean enough for one more trick. He had said to young Cateneau, that if he returned in *two years* with the required wealth, he should have Marie's hand. The two years, he now said, counting from the day of the agreement, were nearly passed, a month barely remaining of the time, which would expire on the coming 5th of October. Should Jean not make his appearance before that day, said Father Gignet, he should consider the agreement at an end, and Marie must marry M. Jorvin.

"What could be done? Jean was far away, so one exactly knew where. How could he be informed of the infamous plot against him; and thus hurried home? In *two months'* time, he had said in the letter, his present business engagement would be ended, and he should be free to hasten home.

"Ah, well, mam'selle, I needn't explain how it was done, nor in truth did I ever myself clearly know; but in some way, through Marie's and his own friends, Jean Cateneau got news of the thing, and his answer to Marie was:

"*'If I die for it, I shall be home on the 5th of October, and claim you as my wife before that day has passed! Have the wedding-feast ready, and expect me!'*

"I remember those words well, mam'selle, for I heard them read.

"Not to weary you, the 1st of October came, and every one was looking out for Captain Cateneau's vessel—for he was captain now. So on the second day, and we began to grow anxious. But when the third came and passed without any sign of the vessel, people shook their heads, and pitied Marie, and scowled at Father Giguet. Marie alone never lost hope. 'He will come,' she said; 'I know he will come.' And she walked about, up and down, up and down, on the beach and in front of her father's house, with her hands clasped and her eyes strained seaward. Ah, Heaven! but we felt for her!

"It was two o'clock on the 4th of October—a cloudy, threatening day—when there was descried, far away beyond the Point St. Nicholas, a little vessel—a sort of schooner—setting bravely in toward us. We waited, nearly all of us, on the beach, until we saw its course set directly to our village. And then such a cheer went up! for we knew this must be Captain Cateneau's vessel. And such a fine, large vessel it was! In about three hours, for the wind was not favorable, she might reach us. But before an hour had passed, mam'selle, the whole sky had changed—the waves rose, the rain fell, and we saw, when she was scarcely two miles distant, the gallant little schooner put about and stand off to sea! We knew she was going back to the harbor of St. Nicholas. And then came the wind; and through all that night and the following day the storm raged. The old fishermen said Captain Cateneau would not, as a good seaman, dare leave his vessel and his crew in such weather; but Marie still said, 'He will come. I know he will come.'

"On the next day, the 5th of October, about four in the afternoon, the storm died away. The

sea was still rough, but the wind blew straight from Point St. Nicholas, and we were not surprised to see the vessel, with half sails set, coming down as near the coast as she could venture. But her progress was slow; and, besides, another difficulty presented. The tide was running out, and unless the vessel could get in before six o'clock, she would have to lie to until morning off shore. In that case, it would be impossible to land in a boat, on account of the shallow sand-bars and banks which, at low tide, stretched far out from the beach.

"In the cottage of old Father Giguet was spread the wedding-feast, which Marie had insisted upon preparing. And from her window upstairs the poor girl watched, straining her gaze out to sea, as the hours and the minutes passed by. Fast indeed did the minutes run, and fast ran out the tide.

"'In another hour,' said Father Giguet, looking defiantly about him—'in another hour, the two years will be out,' counting from the moment he had made the agreement with Jean Cateneau.

"'In another hour! and there lay the vessel a quarter of a mile from shore, and almost on the edge of the sand-bars left bare by the tide! God help them!

"We could see them plainly now, as they could see us. I thought I distinguished the tall form of Jean Cateneau, standing at the bow of the vessel; and he shouted and waved his hand in answer to our cheers and signals.

"One young man, a cousin of Marie's and a great friend of Jean's, ventured down as far as he dared on the sands, and shouted through a speaking-trumpet. The answer came faintly back, 'All's well!' Then Jacques shouted again, 'Jean!' and we heard the reply 'Hello!' Once more rang out the trumpet, 'Hurry! In an hour



THE FLOWER-GIRL OF FLORENCE.—"MAUDE WAS LEANING BACK, TIRED AND EXHAUSTED, FOR SHE WAS IN VERY BAD HEALTH WHEN THIS LOVELY VISION OF A GIRL OF HER OWN AGE STOOD BESIDE THE CARRIAGE AND ROUSED HER."—SEE PAGE 840



THE QUICKSANDS.—“MARIE GIGUET RAN WILDLY DOWN THE SANDS. SHE WAS SEIZED AND HELD BACK ; BUT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT. WITH MARVELLOUS STRENGTH SHE BROKE AWAY FROM THE GRASP OF TWO STRONG MEN, AND SHRIEKING, ‘JEAN ! JEAN ! OH, SAVE HIM ! SAVE HIM !’ RUSHED TOWARD HIM WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.”

—*too late*” and the form of Captain Cateneau sprang down to the deck. The next instant a boat was lowered, containing three men ; and we watched with beating hearts as we saw it row toward the shore, and turn and twist in and out among the sand-banks, striving to gain a point near the beach. And still the moments were running on, and the tide running out !

“Ah, *mam’selle*, how shall I have the heart to tell more ?

“We, standing breathless on the beach, saw the little boat ground upon a sand-bank. The men got out and tried to push it off, but in vain. And then Captain Jean Cateneau spoke a few words to the men, apparently giving orders, and turning hastily from them, waved his cap to us and came on, straight over the sands toward where we all stood on the beach.

“It was then that my father rushed forward and shrieked, ‘Back ! back, for your life ! The quicksands ! The quicksands !’ And fifty voices of men and women joined wildly in the cry—‘The quicksands ! The quicksands ! Back, for your life !’

“He did stop then ; and we thought that he would have turned back. But, unluckily, just at that moment Marie, who from her window had seen and heard all, came rushing out upon the beach ; and instinctively, as not knowing what she did, stretched out her arms toward him. And, seeing this, the young sailor sprang forward again, eagerly, with his eyes fixed upon her.

“It was useless calling to him now. Nothing could have turned him back. Marie, dressed in white and crowned with a wreath of white myrtle, stood before him ; and, with his bride awaiting

him and almost within reach, what young man that loves will listen to the voice of reason or of warning? Not one.

"And so it was that the end came. For some little distance he trod safely, where the sand was firm enough to bear him. But, presently, giving a broad leap over a moist place already filling into a little pool from below, he missed and sunk ankle-deep into the sand! He lifted one foot, but the other sank deeper—and in a moment the sands were up to his knees! Still he struggled to regain the firmer ground—but in vain. Those sands are greedy of their prey; and swift as relentless in their greed. Almost before the universal cry of horror had died away, they had sucked him in up to his waist! And then, whilst all ran wildly about, seeking what could be done, though knowing that nothing could save him now, a woman's shriek rang long and loud above the rest, and Marie Giguet ran wildly down the sands. She was seized and held back; but only for an instant. With marvellous strength she broke away from the grasp of two strong men, and shrieking, "Jean! Jean! Oh, save him! save him!" rushed straight toward him, stretched out her arms, and sprang into his own just as the sands rose to his breast! And so, *mam'selle*—so, in her bridal-rob, and in each other's arms, they went down together! That was their meeting—aye, and their parting also!"

I was too excited and shocked to make any remark. For some moments we sat in silence—my hostess looking out meditatively upon the sands, from the sight of which I shrank.

"They lie there now, it may be, just as when they died; but we have a cross erected to their memory in the churchyard of Saint Jean-des-Roches. 'Perished in the Quicksands, October 5th' is the inscription. *Mam'selle* will find it when she goes to the chapel."

And there, on the Sabbath following, I found it.

"Jean Cateneau, aged 25.

Marie Giguet, aged 19.

Perished in the Quicksands,

October 5th, 18—.

Pray for their souls."

A Polite Elephant.

A young Burman lord had married a second time. On the morrow of the wedding-day, in the morning, the new bride, surrounded by a swarm of followers, wished to take the air under the veranda, a kind of covered gallery which reaches around the dwellings of persons of rank. The favorite elephant of the master—that which the young lord usually rode—was walking at this instant, under the care of the keeper, in a palisaded inclosure, in the centre of which the habitation was situated. Having noticed the presence of women, what did the creature do? He approached the veranda, leant delicately against a barrier of bamboos which inclosed a pleasure-garden, picked the most delicate flower with the finger of his trunk, then shook his ears, gave an expressive cry, and showed significant attention in his gentle eyes, after which, raising his head and trunk gracefully, he lifted the flower to the level of the balustrade. One of the women stretched out her hand; the elephant drew back his trunk, the same movement being renewed several times. The master then wished to take the flower; the elephant did not draw back his trunk, but refused to let go the flower. Upon this the queen of the *fete* advanced her hand tremblingly, and the extempore courtier then gave her his offering gallantly. Judge if he were not caressed from that time! "I can guarantee the fact," said the narrator, "because

I was there at the time." The person in question was a Portuguese, the oldest son of Camaratta, ex-cook, confidential steward and factotum of the Burman emperor, and dictator of the custom-house of the empire. The son himself was chief of the custom-house at Mandalay.

An Unexplained Mystery.

THE following narrative was prepared originally—not for publication, but as a report to be laid before the police. The facts of the case having, however, entirely baffled detection, and the fate of the mysterious lady still being unknown, it has been thought best to give the story to the public in this form, in the hope that it may meet the eye of some one who shall at last be able to throw some light upon the matter.

STATEMENT OF ARTHUR LOVELL.

Five summers ago, when the civil war was raging at its height, and communication between North and South was difficult and uncertain, I left the city to spend the hot months at a hotel on Staten Island. My business was very absorbing, and I could there have the benefit of country air, and yet be in town every day. The house where I took up my abode was filled with a gay set of New Yorkers, of whom I saw very little, the daylight hours being passed in the city, and evenings spent in either visiting my friends or in solitary meditation over a pipe.

Thus some two weeks had glided away, when one night I went out to dine in town, and so reached my summer quarters at an unusually late hour. The front of the house was quite deserted; I heard sounds of music and darning from the drawing-room, and turned aside into a small parlor where I generally found quiet. There, beside the table, reading by the shaded light, sat a lady whom I had never seen.

At my entrance she raised her head from her book and looked at me. That one glance haunts me yet. In that second of time a whole new world seemed to open before me, and I, who had never felt any interest in a woman, was from that instant fascinated by this one.

She was not beautiful, nor was she very young. The black silk dress and lace draperies gave an air of complete maturity to a rather slender figure, and the face was deeply marked by lines of care and sorrow, which showed that early youth had fled; yet, while the softness of young beauty had gone, there was a character and earnestness in those features more attractive than any rosy girl's smooth cheeks could ever be; and the large dark eyes that met mine so steadily had a world of thought and feeling in their liquid depths.

I took off my hat, of course, at presence of the lady, and then was turning to leave the room, when the evening paper I had in my hand dropped near her. As I stooped to pick it up, she said, hesitatingly:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but is that the latest edition?"

"Yes," I replied, at once offering it to her. "Would you like to look at it?"

"Thank you. I am so anxious for news now." Her voice was low and well-bred, her accent unmistakably Southern. She took the paper eagerly, her pale face flushing, as she turned hurriedly to the war news. I drew near the table, and picked up a book, but in a moment she turned to me.

"May I take this away a few moments? I will bring it back directly."

"Certainly; but pray do not trouble yourself to return it. I do not care for it at all; it is entirely at your service."

"Thank you." And in a moment she had left the room, and I was alone.

The book she had been reading lay on the table. It was a copy of Schiller's plays, and on the fly-leaf was written: "Virginia Lee. Jamestown, Aug. 10, 1855."

I was still looking at the name and date, when Mrs. Bertram, the landlady, entered the room. I could not help asking a few questions.

"Mrs. Bertram, I have just seen a new boarder—a handsome woman, with dark eyes. Who is she?"

"You mean Mrs. Meredith, I suppose," replied Mrs. Bertram; "she was reading here just now. But she is not a new boarder; she has been here some time."

"I never saw her before."

"No, I dare say; she lives almost entirely in her own rooms; but the gas in her parlor was out of order, and she came here."

"Southern, of course?"

"Yes," and Mrs. Bertram looked mysterious. "A violent rebel, I fancy, though she says very little."

"A widow?"

"Yes, I presume so; she came here by herself, and has had no visitors."

"This is her book, I presume, though the name is not Meredith?"

Mrs. Bertram glanced at the name, and looked uneasy.

"That is out-and-out Southern," she said, "and no mistake. However, I suppose it is all right."

She took the volume, and I walked off to my room, thinking even then of the strange lady more than I had thought of any woman for years.

A week passed after this, during which I never saw Mrs. Meredith. Then, one night when I came up on a late boat, as I passed through the crowd on the upper deck, I caught sight of a figure which at once recalled her to my memory, and I stopped abruptly to verify my conjecture.

The lady had her back to me, and was talking earnestly to a gentleman. His uniform indicated him to be a Union officer, and as I presently passed them I heard her low, earnest voice pleading with him to do something for her. I could not guess what; I only heard a few words:

"You will do it, colonel, won't you? Oh, promise me you will!" in such a low, thrilling tone as I thought I could never have resisted.

There was no mistaking her; as I went slowly past, I saw again by the pale moonlight the beautiful, earnest face, though the voice alone would have identified her, as it could have belonged to no other woman in the world.

She did not see me at all, and I stood back a little way in the shadow, watching her. She seemed to have hard work to gain her point, whatever it was, with the officer. Once or twice he shook his head, and then she bent nearer and nearer to him in her eagerness, till the lace of her veil lay on his shoulder, and I felt bitterly jealous, and indignant that he should refuse her anything. He was a man of about thirty, with rather a handsome but heavy face, that for a long time was stolidly set against her. But at last she seemed to gain upon him; his features lit up to more of fire; he looked at her with a new light in his eyes; then he leaned forward, and whispered to her.

She drew back with a shudder, growing very pale; then her lips curled with a strange smile, and she held out her hand as she spoke.

The small white hand trembled so that I could see the flash of a great diamond that she wore as it glittered in the moonbeams; but at that moment my attention was attracted from her for a

second. A man who stood near me uttered an exclamation, and started forward.

I turned to look at him. He was shabbily dressed, and had a lowering, evil face. His gaze was fixed, as mine had been, on the white hand and the sparkling ring. I glanced again at Mrs. Meredith. The officer had given her a paper, and she was putting it away in a small steel-ornamented bag she carried, a strange smile of triumph on her lips. Her companion looked anxious and puzzled, but there was little time for more words, for at this moment the boat stopped at the last landing, and Mrs. Meredith arose.

"No, you cannot come with me," I heard her say. "Indeed, colonel, it would never do; no one must ever see me with you after this."

"No, no, of course not," he replied, with an apprehensive glance around him. "But you won't forget your promise?"

"Surely not," she answered, rather coldly. "I have never yet broken my word—I will not now! Good-night."

He held out his hand, but she affected not to see it, and hurried off. Then I saw that the rough-looking man was very close to her, and, with a sudden apprehension of danger, I followed, keeping as near her as I could.

The hotel stood about a quarter of a mile from the landing, up a lonely lane. Mrs. Meredith, after she left the boat, vainly tried to get a carriage. Drawing her cloak around her, she set off resolutely on her solitary walk. I followed, resolved, without obtruding myself upon her, to be her protector.

She walked on swiftly until she reached the lonely lane, and then I quickened my steps, for, as she passed out from the shadow of a tree which stood at the corner, I saw the man who had noticed her on the boat steal out and follow her closely.

She walked so fast that she had reached the loneliest part of the way before I overtook her. The man creeping after her was so absorbed in the chase that he never thought of looking behind him, and now, when we came under the shadow again, he put his hand in his pocket cautiously, and, by the pale light which the full moon shed even there, I saw him draw out a pistol. Then I spoke, suddenly and sharply:

"Mrs. Meredith!"

The man turned with a start. I saw his face, pale and lowering, as his sullen eyes glared into mine; then he passed me swiftly, going away down the lane. Mrs. Meredith paused, and looked at me with somewhat haughty inquiry.

"Forgive me," I said, "for my seeming presumption; but you were followed by a very evil-looking man."

"Followed!" and her face grew white. "Where is he? How do you know?"

"The man has gone now; when I spoke, he turned back. You can just see him yonder under the trees. Now he is in the moonlight. Do you see him?"

"Yes, yes," she said; "but I cannot tell what he looks like—was he a gentleman?"

"No; a dark-haired, evil-faced man, in very common clothes."

"Was he—do you think he could have been—a detective policeman?" she asked, very anxiously.

"No—oh, no!" I said, in much surprise. "He was more like a thief."

She drew a sigh of relief.

"Most probably," she said. "Then I am quite safe now, with your escort." And a bright, fascinating smile rippled her lips as she took my arm.

"Yes; I think it was that splendid diamond you wear which attracted him," I said.

"My poor ring! It has endangered my life

before now," she replied, indifferently. "But they'll not get it this time, thanks to you. I am so very grateful for what you have done for me."

To this I made some suitable reply, earnestly expressing my happiness at having rendered her any service; and then we walked on, talking of the odd occurrence in all its bearings. As we approached the house, Mrs. Meredith said:

"You were surprised, perhaps, at my fearing that my pursuer was a policeman; but we Southerners have a good deal to bear from your good Government;" and there was a shade of bitterness in her tone. "I should not like to be shut up in your Bastille yonder," pointing to where we could see, over the silver waters of the bay, the dark walls of Fort Lafayette. "But I will not quarrel with you about anything," she said, with a smile. "I know something of you through Mrs. Bertram, who has told me a little about nearly every one in the house, and I shall be happy to see you—not this evening, for I shall be very busy, but some other time, when you are at leisure."

I thanked her, with doubtless very evident fervor, for she looked earnestly at me, as she said:

"You have been very kind to me on both the occasions when we have met. I need a friend here—will you be one, Mr. Lovell?"

What could I do but clasp the hand she held out to me, and protest my devotion with all the earnestness of a young enthusiast of four-and-twenty?

I did not wait long to avail myself of her permission to call; the next evening I sent my card to her room, and in a few moments after was in her private parlor. It was a rather small apartment on the first floor, the piazza running across the window. On this balcony, with this fascinating woman, I passed the happiest hours of that summer.

Evening after evening I went there, and was received always cordially, at every interview my infatuation deepening and strengthening. Mrs. Meredith was a most brilliant companion, conversing on all subjects well and comprehensively, showing a rare scope of intellect, with a wide range of reading. She had travelled, too, and evidently been accustomed to the best society everywhere. Yet now she lived in strict retirement, and over her past life she guarded constantly a jealous silence. She never mentioned parents or husband or children. She made no allusion to her girlhood, wifehood, or widowhood. She never even told me where her home had been, and I, fearful of offending, asked no questions. I think she appreciated this reserve on my part, for she said to me one night, at parting:

"Do you know, I think you are the truest and most delicate friend I ever had, and I am going to prove my regard in two ways."

I colored with pleasure at her praise, and of course expressed myself happy in her confidence, and felt curious as to how she would reward me.

"I am going first to drop all mere formal titles, and call you Arthur. You know I am so much older than you."

"I do not recognize that reason," I said. "I should like you to call me Arthur; but, then, may I not call you Virginia?"

She started and frowned.

"How did you know that was my name?" she asked.

"I saw it in your book that first night, when I loaned you the paper."

"Careless, careless," she said, half to herself.

"I remember I left my book in the parlor. Then you have another claim on my friendship, since you know my name; but I cannot let you call me by it—that would hardly do; you are a mere boy, compared to me."

"I am nearly twenty-five," I said, stoutly.

She laughed.

"And I am a great deal older than that. No, I cannot allow you to call me anything but Mrs. Meredith at present; and I won't call you Arthur, if you don't like it."

"Oh, but I do, very, very much; and now, what is the other proof of your friendship?"

"I will let you come down in the eight o'clock boat with me to-morrow night, if you will."

"I shall be so glad, you know."

"Thank you. I must go to town on business, and it will be late before I can leave. I do not like to return alone, after what happened that night."

"No; you ought not."

"Then, you will take charge of me?"

"Surely. Where shall I meet you?"

"At the ferry."

"Why not up-town?"

"No, no! At the ferry. It will not be quite dark then. I would rather meet you there."

"Your will is my law," I replied; and I was very happy when she gave me her hand at parting and said, "Good-night, Arthur."

It will be readily understood that in this month of my acquaintance with Mrs. Meredith I had really seen too little of her to know much of her habits or occupations. As I was absent all day, I had no idea how she passed the hours of sunshine. That she was in the city often I inferred from some casual remarks. Who she visited there—how she occupied herself, I know not. That she was thoroughly Southern in her feelings she did not try to conceal, though she always avoided the subject of politics with me; and on her out-goings and in-comings preserved the same careful silence with which she guarded the mystery of her past life. Yet, I have written my story badly if I have failed to make apparent how entirely I was fascinated by this magnificent woman, of whom I yet knew absolutely nothing.

The next night I was at the ferry some moments before the boat started, but I had to wait until they were just about to draw away the plank before Mrs. Meredith hastened to meet me. Then, as my eager eyes caught the first glimpse of her figure, I was sure that a man in an officer's dress parted from her. I was bitterly jealous, and as I drew her hand under my arm, I uttered some boyish words of reproach.

"I see why you would not permit me to meet you up-town—you had some one with you whom you liked better!"

"Why, Arthur," she said, looking at me in amazement, "are you angry with me?"

The tenderness of her tone completely upset me. I drew her away to a seat on the side of the boat, where the darkness shrouded us, and, in quick, passionate words, told her that I loved her, and entreated her to be my wife.

She listened with averted face and in silence.

When at last I paused for a reply, she spoke very gently:

"Arthur, all this is nonsense. I am ten years older than you. The idea is preposterous."

"No, it is not, if you only love me. What do I care for your age?"

"It is an insuperable obstacle."

"No, no! that is not it! but you do not care for me!"

"I care for you very much," she said, in a low tone; "but this is impossible."

"Is there no hope for the future?"

"None, unless—unless—"

"Unless what?" I demanded. "I will lay down my life for you!"

"Will you do more than that?" she asked, suddenly. "Will you leave all for me?"

"All what?"

"Your friends, your business, your home! I must go abroad at once!"

"And I may go with you?" I asked, breathlessly.

"If you will."

At that moment I thought of nothing but the passion that possessed me.

"I will go anywhere with you!" I cried; "my love! my love!"

I put out my hand to take hers; but at that moment a man came slowly past us. I looked up at him with a shudder—it was the same evil-eyed man who had followed Mrs. Meredith up the lane! She did not see him; her face was drooping, and he had disappeared before I could attract her attention. When I spoke, however, she became violently agitated.

"That same man, you say! Where? Where? Come, let us find him! I must see him immediately!"

She started up, and I followed her. We searched the boat from end to end, but I saw him no more. Yet Mrs. Meredith was so much distressed by this, that it was not until we were safe in her own parlor that I could bring her back to the subject next my heart.

We had driven from the boat to the house, and now that all danger seemed past, I tried to reassure her.

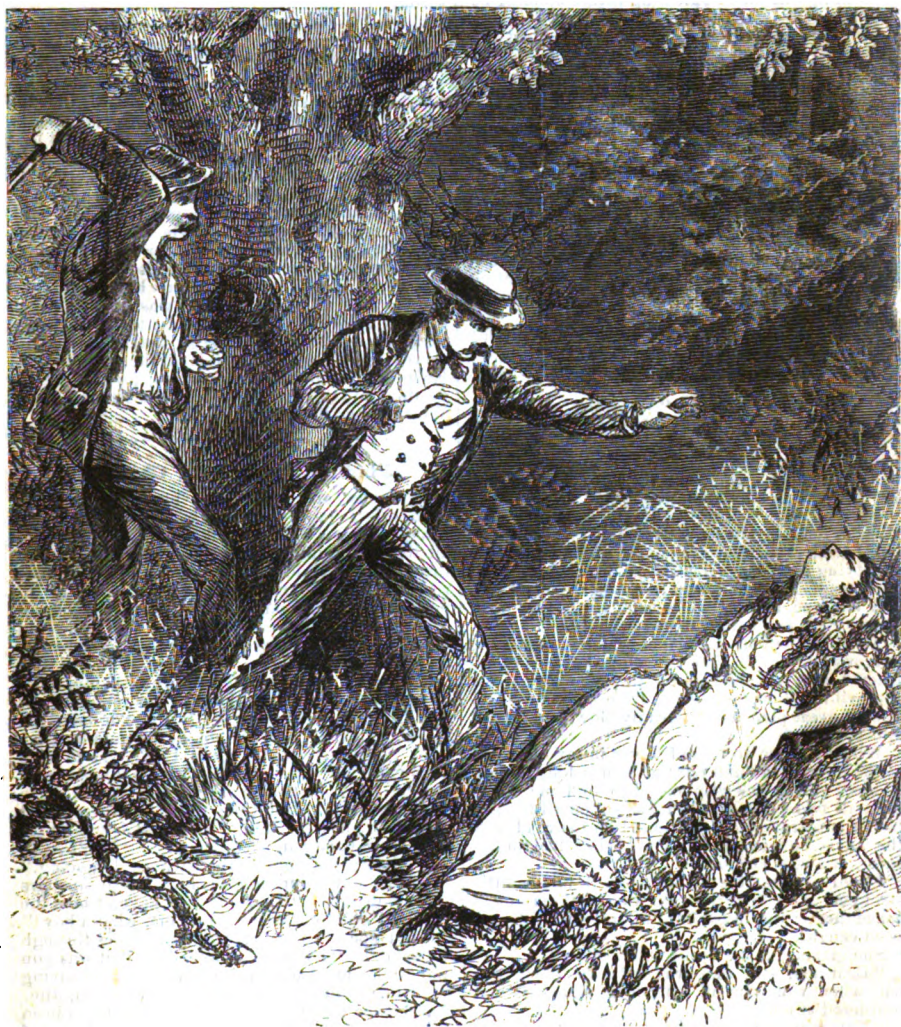
"No, no!" she said. "I shall never be safe till I am out of the country! I must go at once—at once!"

"Not without me, though."

"And you are really willing, Arthur, to marry me, and so place your whole life in my power?"

She looked at me earnestly, holding my hands in hers as she spoke; and I, looking into those beautiful eyes, would have sworn my soul away to win a smile.

"Yes," I cried. "I am alone, with no very



AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.—"BEFORE I COULD UTTER A CRY, OR COULD STOOP TO TOUCH HER, THE EVIL-FACED MAN CAME OUT FROM BEHIND A BUSH. I FELT A GREAT PAIN, AS OF A DEADLY BLOW, AND LOST ALL CONSCIOUSNESS."

near relatives to control me. I have a little property of my own. In a week I can have all arranged to go with you."

"And you will not regret the sacrifice you make for me—a woman of whom you know so little?"

"Never! never!" I cried; "if you will love me!"

She listened patiently to my raptures, and was very gentle with me that evening; and before we parted our plans were fully arranged. She must leave the hotel the next day, she said, and I was not to ask to see her until the Saturday following, as she would be at a friend's house, where I had better not come. Then she would meet me in the grove beyond the hotel, and I should escort her to the city, where we would be married—sailing for Europe on the following Wednesday.

No misgiving crossed my mind when I left her that night. The look of her starry eyes, the touch of her soft hand, thrilled me so that I could think of nothing but the intoxicating future opening before me.

For the next three days I was as a man in a dream. I went on with my preparations for departure, however—arranging my business to leave it with my partner—and all this time I was more wildly happy than I had ever been in my life.

Saturday came at last, a beautiful July day, and I went to my tryst in the grove as I would to the gates of Paradise.

It was not far from the house—a knot of trees crowning a hill. I walked on to it, noting as so many added delights the songs of the birds, the scent of flowers, the beautiful quiet of a midsummer morning. The place was somewhat lonely, and, as I walked under the shadow, the silent air was cut suddenly by a sharp cry—a woman's voice!

I dashed on—a cold horror already curdling my blood. A few steps, and I was in the heart of the grove. All was still. The heat seemed to stifle me.

"Virginia!" I called. "Virginia!"

No reply; but there was a faint rustle near some bushes.

I sprang forward, a sense of horror suffocating me. I caught a glimpse of a white dress on the ground, and in a moment was beside it.

Merciful God! How can I write even now what I saw? She lay there, the woman I loved, pale, cold, dead! her great eyes open, staring up at the unpitying heavens; her dress disordered, as if some rude hand had torn away the jewels which had adorned it; her white hands, ringless now, falling rigid and earth-stained beside her!

All this I saw in one glance which stamped the horror on my brain forever. Then, before I could utter a cry, or could stoop to touch her, I saw the evil-faced man come out from behind a bush. I felt a great pain, as of a deadly blow, and lost all consciousness.

When I came to myself I was in my old room at the hotel, weak and faint, as from a long illness. A hired nurse was with me, who told me I had been ill two weeks; that I was supposed to have had a sunstroke, as I was found on the road near the house, unconscious; that I had had brain-fever, and was not to talk.

I said nothing then, but when I was a little stronger, and Mrs. Bertram was in the room, I asked her if the murderer of Mrs. Meredith had been caught.

She glanced at the nurse with a smile.

"Dear me, sir! that was only the fancy you had when you were ill. Mrs. Meredith was not murdered at all!"

"Not murdered!" I cried; "but I saw her lying in the grove yonder, dead and bloody, and it was her murderer who dealt the blow that prostrated me!"

"Oh, no, sir! I think not." The good lady answered as one might speak to a sick child. "You have been out of your head, and you fancied all that. Mrs. Meredith is in Europe."

This was all I ever could learn of the matter. I went to the grove as soon as I was able to walk. The grass was green on the spot where I had seen that beautiful form. The trees waved, the sky smiled; but nature was mute on the subject of the tragedy.

I had never heard the name of any of Mrs. Meredith's friends. Indeed, I have even doubted if that were her real name. I believe that she was murdered solely for the sake of the valuable papers she possessed, or for her jewels. No one, thus far, has been able to throw any light on her fate. Even the police have been disposed to regard my story as the ravings of delirium—and to this day Mrs. Bertram asserts that the mysterious Southerner sailed for Europe on that very Saturday.

A Princely Glutton.

A Mr. ROLESTONE died some years since in London, who, in ten years, literally ate up a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. This singular person traversed all Europe for the sake of gratifying his appetite. In 1849 he actually allured the cook of Prince Potemkin, in Russia, from his service. He had agents in China, Mexico, and Canada, to supply him with the rarest delicacies. A single dish sometimes cost him fifty pounds sterling. A rival of Apicius, but wiser than the Roman, he waited until all his patrimony was consumed before he quitted life. On the 16th of April, nothing was left him but a solitary guinea, a shirt, and a battered hat. He bought a woodcock with the guinea, which he had served up in the highest style of the culinary art. He gave himself two hours of rest for an easy digestion, and then jumped into the Thames from Westminster Bridge.

Finding Fault with Children.

CHILDREN are more hurt by indiscriminate, thoughtless fault-finding, than any other one thing. Often a child has all the sensitiveness and all the susceptibility of a grown person, added to the faults of childhood. Nothing about him is right as yet; he is immature and faulty at all points, and everybody feels at perfect liberty to criticise him right and left, above and below, till he takes refuge in calous hardness, or irritable moroseness.

A bright, noisy boy rushes in from school, eager to tell his mother something he has on his heart, and Number One cries out: "Oh! you have left the door open! And do look at the mud on your feet! How many times must I tell you to wipe your feet?" "Now, then, you have thrown your cap on the sofa again. When will you learn to hang it up?" "Don't put your slate there; that is not the place for it." "How dirty your hands are; what have you been doing?" "Don't sit in that chair; you break the strings, bouncing." "Mercy! how your hair looks! Do go upstairs and comb it!" "There, if you haven't torn the braid all off your coat! Dear me, what a boy!" "Don't speak so loud; your voice goes through my head." "I want to know, Jim, if it was you that broke up that barrel that I have been saving for brown flour?" "I believe it was you, Jim, that hacked the side of my razor." "Jim's been writing at my desk, and blotted three sheets of the best paper."

Now, the question is, if any of the grown people of the family had to run the gauntlet of a string

of criticisms on themselves equally true as those that salute unlucky Jim, would they be any better-natured about it than he is? No; but they are grown-up people; they have rights that others are bound to respect. Everybody cannot tell them exactly what to do. If every one did, would there not be terrible reactions?

Skating into Love.

"MAKE up your mind, old fellow, that a woman who understands the art of cutting pigeon-wings on skates, understands also the art of flirting. Confound it, man! whether married or single, she is a heartless coquette; and that's the English of it. More men have made shipwreck of their lives by falling in love with a pretty foot and ankle, a graceful carriage, and a bewitching manner, which the hussies pick up, most of 'em, before they are out of short clothes, than you can shake a stick at. Don't be a fool, now—don't be a fool."

The gentleman thus addressed was a decidedly good-looking individual. His features were regular—expressive, manly, and earnest. A pair of large dark eyes, into whose depths it was plain to see that love had penetrated, illumined his face with a tender light, which made them very friendly eyes to look upon, or look out of. Love is a wonderful and glorious transformer. The little god can make even a plain face handsome and fascinating. How much more so, then, one that nature has richly endowed!

"Ah, father," replied the young man, after a short pause, "you are a splendid talker—that fact is indisputable; but, do you know, I am half inclined to believe that you have forgotten all about how it feels to be in love. This is my first experience, and, if it goes a trifle hard with me, to call a fellow a fool doesn't mend matters. You don't think well of her, and I do; but the chances are that she wouldn't incline her pretty head to such a plain, unattractive, comparatively poor nobody. So, if you please, we will let the subject drop."

Chauncey Belknap, Sr., surveyed for a moment the vexed countenance of his son, and then laughed heartily at his discomfiture. Love, to this man of fifty, seemed a passion only distantly related to the love he used to feel and understand.

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound," muttered Chauncey, Jr.; but here he was mistaken, for Chauncey, Sr., had undergone more than one tussle with Cupid, and had on two occasions, to the knowledge of his friends, been ignominiously beaten. It would not be strange if such an experience had blunted the finer feelings of his soul, causing him to keep his eyes for ever turned away from the contemplation of a cicatrix which reflected no credit upon his personal charms or spiritual fascination.

"Just bear in mind," said Chauncey, a little nettled at his father's manner, "that I intend seeking an introduction to this beautiful girl, and that one appreciative smile, one little word from her, will bring me on my metaphorical knees before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' and 'that's the English of that.' So, *au revoir*," and Chauncey took his departure, apparently very much to the delight of the elder, who laughed, and continued to laugh a good half-hour after the door had closed upon his son.

"Zounds, this is a rich joke! Confound the young dog! He'll get over it. What if he knew that the girl he raves so about is my affianced bride—oh, what then?"

The young lady whose image had so strangely, and, after all, naturally engraven itself upon Chauncey's heart, was present with a party of friends.

"If there was only some way that I could manage an introduction to that young lady, I should be the happiest man in Brooklyn," muttered Chauncey, as Miss Preston emerged from the dressing-room, skates on, ready for fun.

No wonder the gentleman was dazzled with the picture. Dressed in a Scotch tartan picturesquely arranged, her beautiful wavy hair floating around her neck and shoulders, two tiny feet incased in neat-fitting gaiters, the little lady seemed the embodiment of harmony.

"That's what I call the poetry of motion," continued Chauncey, appreciatively. A bright thought struck him. "I'll dash out after her, and, if she has the grit I give her credit for, she'll enjoy the fun."

In a moment more Chauncey struck out. The acknowledged champions of the season all stood back, to give them room and watch the chase. Miss Preston took the cue in a twinkling. Like the steed who afar off scents the battle, the lady, with head erect and nostrils dilated, waited until she had discovered there was no possibility of mistake, then darted off, in a straight line, with the fleetness of the wind. *Such a chase as she led him!* But he kept steadily on, his face lighted up with a rare smile, as he considered how eagerly his challenge had been accepted. Up and down, around in circles, curly cues, and every imaginable figure, he followed the lovely skater. All eyes were upon them. The music from the band—a bright, sparkling gallop—lent wings to both pursuer and pursued. Cheer after cheer greeted them from the delighted spectators. Without the slightest diminution of strength or fleetness, Chauncey kept steadily on. For ten full minutes the race continued. At the expiration of that time Miss Preston, tired and dizzy, waved her handkerchief as a flag of truce, and attempted to reach her friends. Chauncey, with a true lover's instincts, discovered the state of the case, and, gracefully throwing his arm around her waist, escorted her to a seat.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" panted the little lady. "I did so long to win this game; but I am no match for you in hold-out-at-iveness."

"Please allow me to introduce myself," replied her companion. "Chauncey Belknap, at your service. Now, who are you? Please tell me," as the young lady almost gasped for breath.

"A relative of Chauncey Belknap of W—Square!" she inquired, as pale as death.

"His son, my dear young lady. But why are you so excited? You are not acquainted with my father?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" she murmured. "I am Charlotte Preston, and engaged to be married to your father. Order my carriage, please, or your carriage, or somebody's, and take me home. I will then tell you all about it."

Chauncey was staggered, but immediately did as he was bid; and, in a few moments, had the pleasure of listening to the strange particulars.

"My father is on the verge of financial ruin, and I did it to save him. What shall I do? For the love of mercy, tell me!" and Miss Preston burst into tears.

"You do not love him?"

"No, and I told him so."

"Don't marry him, then. Do you suppose,"—and here Chauncey stopped, and raised the uplifted face wet with tears—"do you suppose you would ever learn to love Chauncey Belknap, Jr.?" and the young man again halted.

"Well, what if I could?" and a mischievous smile chased away every sign of weeping.

"Oh, only I have loved you ever since the first moment I laid my eyes on your face, and determined to win you, if possible. I have money

enough to fix things, I reckon, and I *know*, my dear little girl, I can make you happy."

"And I *know* you can, too. Will you tell your father about it?" and Miss Charlotte Preston hid her head on her lover's shoulder.

"Yes, my darling; but you must accompany me. My wife must not be a coward. We will go now."

An hour later, and Chauncey Preston, Jr., stood before his paternal parent, with the promised bride of both on his arm. The old gentleman's consternation we will leave to the imagination of our readers, assuring them it was immense.

"I do not love you, Mr. Belknap; but I *do* love

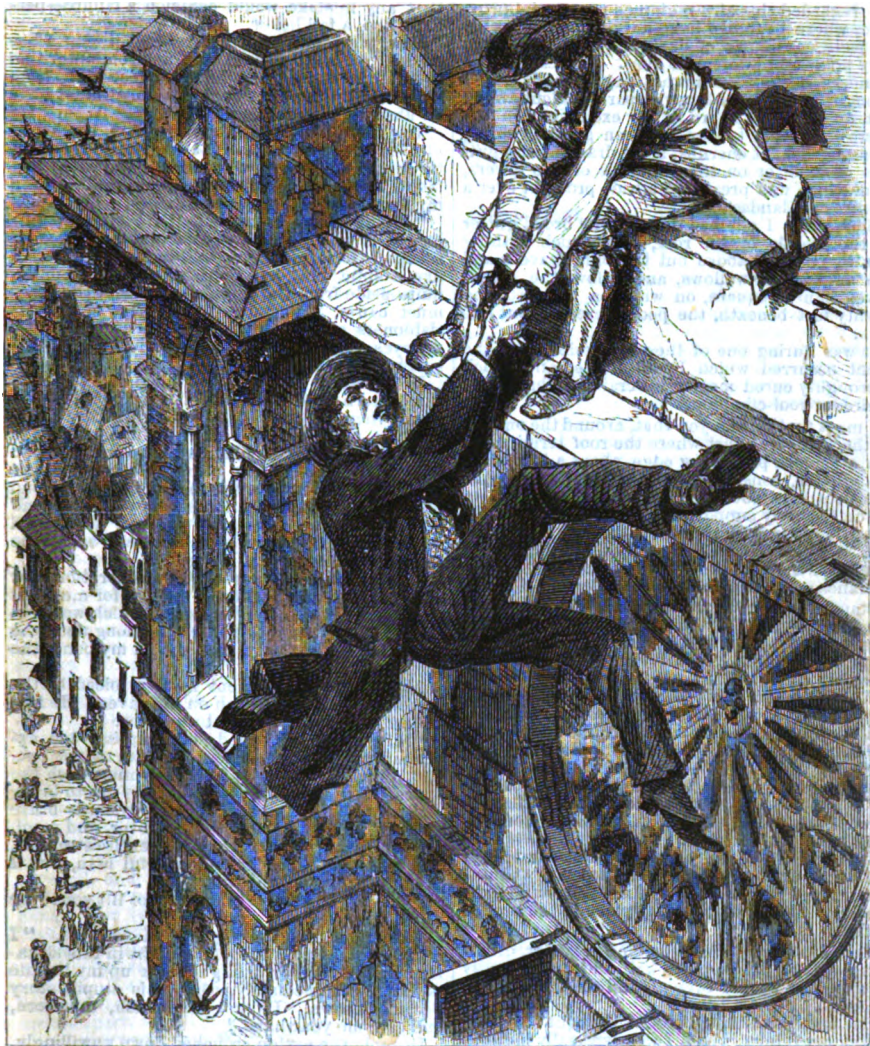
your son, and he loves me. That is all I can say; I trust you will forgive me for having, because of poverty, held out to you a promise love could never fulfil."

"All right," replied Chauncey, Sr. "Don't say any more about it. The young dog meant business, and has cut me out. That's the English of that."

Men narrow their views in order to see more distinctly, as they go to the bottom of a well to see the stars at noon; but it is a poor exchange to give sunlight for the starlight.



SKATING INTO LOVE.—"MISS PRESTON, TIRED AND DIZZY, ATTEMPTED TO REACH HER FRIENDS, BUT CHAUNCEY, WITH A TRUE LOVER'S INSTINCTS, DISCOVERED THE STATE OF THE CASE, AND, GRACEFULLY THROWING HIS ARM AROUND HER WAIST, ESCORTED HER TO HER SEAT."



ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.—“I LOOKED UP. SUCH A VISAGE AS MET MY GAZE, MAY I NEVER SEE IN MY LIFE AGAIN. ‘LET GO!’ HE CRIED. ‘CURSE UPON YOU, LET GO! YOU WILL BREAK MY ARM! I CAN HOLD ON NO LONGER, AND SHALL BE DASHED TO PIECES.’”

On the Verge of Death.

A GYMNAST'S ADVENTURE.

I HAD, among my fellow-students, a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and, in consequence of which, I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, presence of mind, all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character.

When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that the young clergy-

man of the church of St. Blasius had been seen hanging in his garden by his legs, and in this headlong position, caressing his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground. I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate, I had steered into the harbor of matrimony.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorching, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent place this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay far below me—a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters were filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star-gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in solitary majesty over my subjects, consisting of daws and swallows—often very noisy and intolerable ones. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent would put on when he heard of my excursions in the narrow, gloomy towers, between great grinning stone-heads, fat cherubs, scaly dragons, and gutters of zinc, or on the pinnacles of the towers, from which was presented a wide prospect over a picturesque landscape.

Sometimes I climbed down in the broad gutter in the middle of the roof, from which nothing was to be seen above but the blue heavens and the swarming swallows, and below, the broad, paved church-square, on which a hundred and twenty feet beneath, the people crept about like ants.

It was during one of these excursions that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for roof-climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting edge, about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance gate, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a colossal figure of St. Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half of the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm-chair without legs.

Standing on the stone eaves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized me that it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my cigar in this fantastic armchair.

Without hesitating a moment, I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in mid-air over the abyss, more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern, I found that I was not directly over it—indeed, it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing, by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprang safely into my resting-place in the broken lantern.

Here I sat a long time, smoking my cigar, drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of evening and the magnificent prospect.

The sun was setting before I thought of undertaking my return, which I was especially induced to do by the sight of one or two persons, who were standing below, and gazing up at me.

It was not three minutes before quite a crowd of people had gathered about them to enjoy the spectacle of a man sitting in St. Peter's lantern.

"Halloo!" thought I, "it is now time to return! Some one will find out who I am, and then there will be a pretty gossip in the place." But I suddenly became aware that return was not so easy.

My seat was so constructed that I could not rise in the usual way. The sides of the lantern were of smooth iron, and so high that I could get no hold. There was nothing left me but to press my hands upon the seat behind me, raise myself so, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could rise to my full height, and turn around on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure, and

that any mistake would occasion a failure—perhaps, too, a fall below.

Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolutely fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation, the less it pleased me, and there I sat and smiled feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, ashamed to cry for help, or make known my fear.

"Well," said I to myself, "if I sit here any longer, I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered, like a child that has gone astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and superiors. Up, then! I will close my eyes, and act as if I were performing on the soft turf of my garden."

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed, to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they were at least a foot and a half beyond my reach. In vain did I rise on my tip-toes, and stretch out my arms convulsively; it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situation.

This was truly no agreeable consideration; for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and if I fell asleep, which was possible, I should be precipitated headlong upon the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the eaves. He had missed me, and had come to seek me.

"Silbermann," I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me. It is no use to bring a rope, since you would not have room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength, and raise me. You are a powerful man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift you!" he replied.

"My good man, you must!" I asserted. "I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and, moreover, I might pack up my bundle to-morrow immediately, when this stupid story became known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand."

In reply the sexton crouched down unwillingly, and stretched out his hand, which I firmly seized with both mine by the wrist, while I swung myself out into mid-air. I felt one or two convulsive jerks, and was drawn up about half a foot, but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze, may I never in my life see again! It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abyss beneath us, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead.

"Let go!" he cried. "Curse upon you, let go! You will break my arm! I can hold on no longer, and shall be dashed in pieces."

He wailed like a child, at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose—my br. in reeled. I expected myself every instant to plunge below. My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silbermann," said I, "listen to me, and cease this unreasonable clamor. I can feel that you

are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish; if not, we both will, and I assure you that I shall not let go, as long as I can hold on. You had better, therefore, draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together, and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now bore him carefully through the trapdoor to the vestry, and gave him water, so that he soon recovered consciousness; but neither of us has ever forgotten that perilous adventure upon the eaves of the church-roof.

As for myself, three months passed by before I again trod this almost fatal place, and you can easily imagine that I avoided St. Peter's lantern like fire.

The sexton kept the secret, assuring inquisitive questioners that an eccentric Englishman, traveling through the country, had taken his seat in the lantern, and this version of the story was currently believed.

Japanese Shoes.

THREE kinds of shoes are worn in Japan, a brief description of which may interest the reader: 1. There is the *straw* shoe. This consists of a strong mat of straw, made to fit the bottom of the foot, and fastened by means of strings going through the mat and round the ankles. The Japanese horses, what few they have, are shod with straw, in precisely the same way. The mat being made to fit the bottom of the horse's foot and turn up a little at the sides, is fastened on by means of strings going round the leg above the hoof. 2. The second kind of shoe is made of cloth for the upper part, and this is attached to a sole of felt an inch thick. This is the most common shoe of the Chinese also. Then instead of our gum overshoes, the Japanese construct a rude sandal of wood, the bottom of which fits the shape of the foot, and across the bottom are two transverse sections, one near the toe and another near the heel, forming two huge corks, a toe cork and a heel cork, of wood, four inches long and an inch thick. The whole is constructed of one solid piece of wood, and kept on the foot by means of a strong rope or string fastened to the top of the sandal, like the bail of a kettle, under which the foot is thrust to the instep, and the pedestrian is enabled to move "high and dry" over a muddy road. The tracks of such a traveler look queer enough. Two impressions in the soft earth, four inches long and one inch wide, and four or five inches apart, are all you see.

Bird Guardian of the Rhinoceros.

SOME quadrupeds find a remarkable protection in the company of animals belonging not only to the same genus, but to a totally different class. Thus the rhinoceros is frequently accompanied by a bird—*Buphaga africana*—which feeds upon the larvae that settle in his skin. As the range of his small and deep-set eyes is impeded by his horn, he can only see what is immediately before him, so that, if one be to leeward of him, it is not difficult to approach within a few paces. But the bird sees all the better, and, flying away at the first approach of danger, awakens the short-sighted brute's attention by a shrill cry of warning. In this manner, the insects which plague the rhinoceros become the indirect means of his preservation from many perils, as, but for them, his winged monitor would have no inducement to seek his company.

The African buffalo possesses a similar guardian in the *Tedor erythrorynchus*. When the beast

is quietly feeding, the bird may frequently be seen hopping on the ground, picking up food, or sitting on its back, and ridding it of the insects with which its skin is infested. The sight of the bird being much more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of any danger; and, when it flies up, the buffaloes instantly raise their heads to discover the cause which has led to the sudden flight of their companion.

Incident of African Travel.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A LONG day of intense heat was slowly drawing to a close, and as the sun, red and lurid, sank behind the slightly undulating hills to the westward, the delightful evening breeze sprang up, lending new strength, and setting my hitherto languid brain vigorously to work devising some plan to extricate myself from the unpleasant dilemma in which a continued succession of accidents had placed me.

For thirteen days I had been held a prisoner by the breaking of the axle of my principal wagon, and, to render the matter more serious, there was not a stick of timber within a day's journey large enough to improvise even a hunter's apology for that very necessary article.

The delay was ruinous, and as day after day I devised plans which were as often given up as impracticable, I found myself no nearer a solution of the difficulties that surrounded than I was at first.

The cool shadows of evening, the refreshing breeze, the contrast with the burning, parching heat of the sun at midday, all combined to create a frame of mind suitable for immediate action, and so, springing from the blanket upon which I had been stretched beneath the wagon, I called to my favorite driver, and bade him saddle my hunter for a long ride of over one hundred miles to the nearest station or whey, where lived an old chief named Zwaartbooy, who owed me a lot of cattle, and which it was my intention to collect and drive back, or else cause assistance to be lent in their stead. I might succeed in getting an old wagon to bring up my plunder, and thus extricate myself from present difficulties.

Leaving particular instructions with my head driver, and bidding him, in case he was molested, to hold out at all hazards until my return, I sprang into the saddle, and, shaking the reins, was off for a long gallop over the burning sands and arid wastes. Toward morning I drew rein, and allowed the noble animal I bestrode an hour's rest, and what of feed he could crop from the scanty grass that grew along the dry bed of what had once been a stream of water, and then again mounting, pushed on, and at evening found myself at my journey's end.

Here I was greeted by a simultaneous charge of three or four score of half wild and savage dogs, and only found refuge from their fangs by riding over and among them until the chief's lodge was reached.

The old rascal's reception was exceedingly favorable until I had made known my wants, when he suddenly cooled down; but my usual present of coffee again restored his good humor, and he at once promised the desired assistance.

Thoroughly wearied by my long ride, and after vainly endeavoring to become used to the intolerable stenosis of the close quarters in which the old chief luxuriated, I took my blanket and sought a more comfortable sleeping-place beneath the protecting foliage of a clump of palm-trees, that grew upon the outskirts of the waf or village. Looking carefully to my arms, and, slipping my belt so as to bring the butt of my revolver con-

venient to hand, I at once turned in and sought forgetfulness of all my troubles in refreshing sleep. How long I had slept, I know not; but, seemingly mingling with my dreams, came a voice, distinctly saying:

"Baas, Baas! *nymus arie twa maynert?*" (Master, master, are you awake or asleep?)

I sprang to my feet, strongly convinced that it was no dream, and looking about me, found that it must have been far into the night, or near morning, as the moon was shedding her gentle rays, from mid-heaven, down through the foliage above my head.

A soft and cautious hiss resounded from the bush that surrounded the open spot upon which I stood, and the next instant a young native girl cautiously emerged from the covert, and beckoned me to her. Fearing some treachery, for in that country it is considered more a virtue than a crime, I advanced slowly, with revolver in hand, ready for immediate use, if necessary. Seizing my unoccupied hand, the girl drew me into the deeper shadows of the wood, and earnestly whispered in my ear:

"Master, take horse and go far away. Quick, quick!"

The girl spoke with much eagerness, and as she furtively glanced around, I felt the hand that held mine trembling with excitement or fear. I wished to question her, but before I could frame words in her peculiar language, she was gone. With a muttered curse, I wearily faced the necessity, but determined at the same time to see for myself the reason for this midnight warning. In

cases of extreme danger, I have frequently found that the proper course to pursue will suggest itself like an inspiration.

My plan was quickly formed and acted upon. Hastily gathering together a quantity of withered grass, I formed a heap as nearly resembling my figure as possible, and placing my leather cap upon the face of the effigy, took up a position near by, in the skirt of the thicket, rifle in hand. With every sense on the alert, I listened for some sound that would indicate the presence of an enemy. Feeling assured that the warning of the girl was intended to avert some impending danger, and knowing by experience the traitorous characters of the natives that surrounded me, I felt prepared to accept almost any condition of affairs that might turn up.

I had not long to await. Suddenly the oppressive silence was sharply broken. I heard the twang of the bow-string, the whistle of an arrow, and then the deep thud, as the poisoned missile buried itself deeply in the cap that was supposed to cover my head.

In vain I endeavored to penetrate the obscurity that hid the would-be assassin from my sight. I knew that even then he was fitting another arrow to the string to make sure of his deadly work, when suddenly the scene was illumined by a bright flash of light, followed instantly by the loud report of a discharged musket. Close following the shot came a cry of rage and pain, and before I could well recover from my astonishment, my arm was grasped, and I heard the well-known voice of my faithful Bushman leader, Christiaan,



BIRD-GUARDIAN OF THE RHINOCEROS. — SEE PAGE 355.

whom I supposed to be a hundred miles away, guarding my camp and effects.

"Run, master! run!" he hurriedly exclaimed, tugging away at my arm and pointing to a dark object that loomed out of the obscurity a little distance off, and which, upon closer examination, proved to be my horse, while the leader's was hithed a short distance beyond.

It was fully time to be away. The village was thoroughly aroused. The natives running to and fro—horses being rapidly saddled, and men calling out to each other, in wild excitement. To stand was worse than madness, and to fly would be putting all hope upon the cast of a die. The race would necessarily be one for life or death, and as it was the only alternative left, I chose it. I had used my saddle for a pillow, and as there was now no chance of recovering it, I was forced to mount bareback, and in that primitive manner, dashed off, with the yelling devils close in the rear.

A moment's reflection at once convinced me that it would be useless to attempt to reach my camp; indeed, could I have done so, it was extremely doubtful if it would have been policy to precipitate the tribe upon my effects; and so I cast about for some place where there would be a reasonable chance to make a stand, until I could dispatch Christiana for my people.

I remembered a narrow gulch or cañon, the entrance or passway between two mountains of considerable size, which lay westward, about half a score of miles, and which I had fortunately noticed as I passed the day previous. I felt convinced that I could hold the place, the more especially as I was heavily armed, carrying fourteen shots, besides my long hunting-knife, which, at close quarters, could be so handled as to be a most formidable weapon. A rapid ride of an hour brought my haven in sight; and not a moment too soon, as hard pressing my rear rode a black and threatening cloud of bloodthirsty savages.

The spot I had chosen was singularly adapted for the purpose I had in view. The entrance to the cañon was narrow, not more than ten or twelve paces in width, while but a few feet back it widened suddenly, allowing not only ample room for the horses, but affording thorough protection against any chance shot from the natives. About the entrance there lay a large quantity of huge boulders, evidently once a part of the parent cliffs, but now forming a natural breastwork, behind which my faithful Bushman and myself took position.

Over the largest of these rocks I threw forward my trusty Westley Richard's rifle, seeing which the yelling crew abruptly drew up, and scattered in every direction like a flock of frightened sheep.

It was the same old story; no savage on earth will deliberately face a gun in the hands of a determined white man.

A considerable time was now spent by my assistants in council, and then I could see them, after dismounting, slowly advance, dodging about in the undergrowth, or leaping from cover to cover, as they slowly drew within range. I waited patiently, to make sure of my aim, and then fired at a huge savage who had crept in advance of his comrades. With the crack of the piece the black fellow reeled backward and fell to the earth a corpse. Another stampede, and once again they advanced to the attack. Again I delivered my shots, this time from both barrels, and in rapid succession, and had the satisfaction of knowing that there was three less to contend with.

This I knew could not last always, and during the lull that followed my last fatal attack, I called my Bushman boy to me, and gave him orders to make out if possible through the far end of the cañon, and bring up my people from the camp.

I knew that the savages would have to make a long detour before they could take me in the rear,

and until that was done I felt confident in my power to hold them at bay. Taking the large powder-horn from Christiana, and also demanding his spare bullets, I started the faithful fellow upon his long ride, trusting fully that his attachment for myself would urge him to do all that lay in his power. I watched him up the gulch as he rode from me, and when at length an abrupt turn in the pathway hid him from my sight, I turned and once more faced my enemies. When I say faced them, I mean where they should have been, for not a rascal was to be seen, no matter how closely I watched. This I knew boded mischief, and so with my rifle at full cock, and my pistols convenient to my hand, I calmly awaited further developments.

Nor was I kept long in suspense. With a yell that awoke the sleeping echoes of the mountain, the savages broke cover in twenty different places, and came leaping and shouting like a pack of incarnate devils right up to my insufficient barricade. Delivering the shots from my rifle as rapidly as possible, I threw it aside and reached for my revolvers. When I look back and remember how unequal was that conflict, how determined seemed my enemies, I can hardly realize that it should in reality have happened, and that I should now be seated by my quiet hearthstone recounting the incident.

Coolly, and with a sure hand, I emptied chamber after chamber into the very faces of the yelling savages, each shot telling with mortal effect, until, fairly astonished at the unlooked-for opposition, the savages broke, and fled back to their hiding-places in dire alarm. Not a moment was to be lost, I knew, and reaching my hand for the powder-horn that Christiana had left me, and which I had suspended from a jutting crag, I found, to my horror, that it had been completely shattered by the passage of a chance musket-ball, and that there remained not a grain of powder. I knew I had half-a-dozen charges in a small pocket-flask, but how little this seemed under the circumstances that surrounded me!

With a sinking heart I reloaded my weapons, carefully measuring each charge, and found I had sufficient for my rifle and one revolver. When these were expended, my knife remained, and after that—I shuddered to look further.

The sun was high in mid-heavens, and a consuming thirst had beset me. One, two, three hours more drew their slow length by, and yet no further sign of my enemies. Could they have drawn off and given up the contest? My heart bounded at the thought; but the next moment I thrust the hope aside as worse than foolish.

While meditating upon the unusual condition of affairs, I was suddenly aroused by the report of a musket in my rear, and, turning hastily, saw at a glance that I had been outflanked, and was now hemmed in both front and rear. Here, then, was the final scene of my life, or rather death, to take place. A few steps backward, and a little on one side, there shelved out a high rock, forming, as it were, a cave, sheltered upon all sides; and to this, as my last standpoint, I hastily sprang, and with a beating heart awaited the final act of the drama.

Evidently emboldened by their success in turning the flank of my position, the natives advanced with more than usual hardihood. The shots from my rifle both told, and once more I had recourse to my revolver. On they came, firing as before, and again did I enact the scene of the morning conflict. Every shot told, for it was now a hand-to-hand conflict. Discharging the last barrel of my pistol, I hurled the now useless weapon in the face of the foremost savage, and drew my long hunting-knife.

Leading the advance was a burly black, whom I recognized as the old chief's son, and who was brandishing a large knotted club of the rhinoc-

ros horn—a deadly weapon in powerful hands—and with which he bore down upon me like an avalanche. Leaping up the shelving rock like a panther, the next moment the infuriated savage was upon me. The struggle was not of long duration. I knew that close quarters were my only hope. I rushed in under a powerful blow from the club, and grappling with my brawny foe, sought to use my knife. Active and wiry, he seized my wrist, and bending me backward as though I were but a child, forced me slowly to the earth. I saw the fellow's black and distorted features close to my own, his yellow teeth grinning with a horrible smile of triumph, his hot and fetid breath in my face, as I gave way under his powerful strength. Nerved by despair, I made one last desperate effort, and letting go my left hand, I reached around his body, and catching my knife by the blade, shifted my hold to the hilt, and the next instant had buried it deeply in his side. With a groan he loosed his grasp, and staggering back a pace or two, fell at full length upon the rocks. At the same instant a volley was fired from without, and I in turn fell, with a shattered knee and broken shoulder.

I have a faint recollection of seeing a confused medley of black faces above me; a loud, stunning report of many guns; a wild hurrah—and then I knew no more.

When I came to myself, I was lying upon a soft and comfortable bed of grass, while beside me knelt my faithful bushman, and around were grouped my fellows from camp.

They had arrived just in time to save me from a terrible death.

Thrice Saved; or, My Ultimatum.

"And this is your *ultimatum*, Margaret?" said Hugh Morgan, fastening his eyes searchingly upon me, after there had fallen from my lips the declaration:

"It is useless to think of it. It is utterly impossible for me to marry you. My father's consent could not be obtained, and I will wed no one without it."

"You will permit, then, false ideas of filial obligations to still the cries of your heart—to drown the voice of your better nature—to stultify the holiest demands of your womanhood—to—"

"We will not discuss this question," I replied, with an effort at calmness. "You well know my hand had been promised to Richard Grantly, before chance, or destiny, or Providence, or what you will, threw you in my way. This betrothal was effected, it is true, by my father; but I tacitly consented, because I had then never looked into my heart to fathom its deepest emotions. I cannot break my word—I cannot disobey my father—I cannot grieve my mother. They have set their hearts upon this marriage, and, although in it I see no hope of happiness for me, I can find no honorable way of escape."

"Enact the martyr to conventional notions of honor," said Hugh, huskily. "Enact a long, a living *lie*," said he, fiercely, "that you may claim the promise for obedience. Fulfil one item of the moral law, while through life you break others, more binding, if not criminal."

He stood before me, my very ideal of perfect manhood—perfect, physically, mentally, and in the noble soul, so grandly at that moment reflected in his countenance.

He watched the effect of his words upon me. I tried in vain not to look up. I knew my own impotency, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I did not wish him to discover my weakness. But,

in spite of will, I could not avoid one more chance to look into his truthful but stern face, his soul-searching eyes.

A sharp cry escaped me. I held up both hands in pitiable deprecation. In an instant the stern expression gave way to one of more than womanly tenderness. He bent over, and clasped them in his own. His grasp became hard and cruel. He pressed my hands, cold as clay in winter, to his colder lips. Again and again his kisses fell on them, almost like icicles, until, under my breath, I cried: "If you love me, go!"

A wintry smile flitted over his features, and, wringing my fingers with the pressure of a vice, he was gone.

How long I sat there under the gaslight as it shimmered down upon me through heavy cut-glass crystals, I could not tell. I seemed to live years of utter blankness. I saw nothing—I heard nothing. I was passing through a dream of entire fatuity, in which I vainly sought to find a single thread by which the links of life might be interwoven. I was literally dead to every emotion, every thought, but that I had recklessly thrown away my every chance for happiness.

After a while the obsequious serving-man of our establishment came in to extinguish the lights, to fasten the doors, to put the house to rest for the night.

In an automatic sort of manner, past the quiet chamber of my parents, I dragged myself up to my own room, rendered richly luxurious by their pride, their wealth, and their tenderness. I hastily threw off my clothes as an unbearable incubus, drew on a light nightdress, unbound my heavy hair, which had been Hugh's peculiar pride, while I thickly besprinkled it with my tears. I took up my Bible to look for a word of comfort—a single promise to soothe my aching spirit. I found none—none that seemed intended for me. I did not dare to look at the Decalogue; so, closing the golden clasp, without a prayer on my lips, without a prayer in my heart, I threw up my window and looked out.

The city was quiet. Not a rumbling wheel, not a single footstep, not a voice disturbed the small-hour repose of our magnificent street. The distant hum from the never entirely still business streets, and the murmur of the river, were only a smothered monotone.

The stars were shining brightly. In their lustrous twinkling they seemed like lovers' eyes, speaking love the one to the other. They were happy—everything around me was peaceful; a gentle breeze swept up from the river, and bore from gardens beyond the fragrant breath of the early spring flowers; but my heart, my poor heart, was experiencing the dead, hopeless calm of the wrecked vessel that floats on the ocean after the storm, a shapeless mass with nought of life aboard.

I sat me down by the window, and, laying my head on the cold marble, not much colder than my brow, I fell asleep.

It must have been almost the sleep of death. The stars were hanging low in the firmament when I woke, and the faint streaks of dawn had begun to glint in pale silver-grey away off in the eastern horizon.

There was a confusion of sounds in the street below me—the rushing and rumbling of wheels, indistinguishable cries, a hissing, roaring and crackling, with a teeming fall of rain.

I looked down. There was awful fascination in the sight. Broad sheets of flame were belching out of a whole block of windows. The air was that of a furnace, while off in the west the dense smoke was rolling up like the black cloud of the tornado; and I, above it all, a single human soul, stood, for aught I knew, helpless—I had already

began to feel the approach of suffocation, and the scorching of the flames, and with the cry, "God help me!" I sank powerless upon my seat to await my awful fate.

I must have swooned, for I remember no more, until a voice sounded in my ears:

"Where are you, Margaret? For God's sake, speak!"

I suppose I must have arisen from my seeming paralysis; for I have a faint recollection of being in the hold of a pair of strong arms, as I was hurried down through a sea of fire, inhaling the odor of my crisped, scorched hair.

Down, leap after leap, I felt myself borne, while I closed my eyes and fancied myself dead? I did not think of my parents—only of Hugh and of his misery.

When next consciousness returned, I found myself in bed, and my mother sitting beside me. I opened my eyes—it seemed to me very stiffly—and lifted my hands. They were encased in bandages. I heard my mother faintly sigh, "Thank God! Thank God!" I turned my eyes upon her inquisitively. She understood my appealing glance.

"Do not trust yourself to speak yet, my child!" she whispered.

I tried to lift my head. That, too, was bandaged, and all the wealth of my beautiful hair was gone. It had been shorn, I could not tell when, or by whom.

"Be quiet now. You shall know all in time. Take this;" and a soothing potion was given me. I do not think I slept, but, as in a dream, as I lay with my eyes closed, and sensible that I was suffering intensely, there recurred to me remembrances of the awful night.

We were evidently in a hotel. All the appurtenances of my surroundings convinced me of this. Then, my father's beautiful home had been destroyed by fire, and his fortune, perhaps, greatly diminished by the destruction of the block, in which was invested the bulk of his property, and very far from being fully insured. These practical thoughts ran through my mind, with the question, "Why should I, an only and idolized child, have been forgotten, and left to perish in the flames?"

I could not understand it. I grew heartsick at the thought, but there was something which told me, "Out of evil shall come good."

A week passed—three weeks. I was "out of danger," the doctor said, as he bound up my poor, burnt hands, and laid his hand pityingly on my shorn head.

"May I look into the mirror now, doctor?"

"Which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a shy glance or two."

"Not just yet, my dear," said he, kindly.

"I am strong. I have had my day of beauty. I can bear a little uncomeliness now."

"Yes, Margaret, you are a brave girl; but wait a little while, until the scars lose their blush."

My mother was weeping. I smiled.

"What matters it?"

"Oh, my child, my beautiful daughter! will you ever pardon your unhappy parents for forgetfulness of you on that night of horror? I think we must have been insane."

"Hush!" said the doctor. "You barely saved yourselves."

At that moment my father came in. He bent over and kissed my cheek, and I felt his lips quiver, like those of a wounded child.

"My poor, beautiful martyr!" he cried.

"Hush, father! hush!"

I raised my bandaged hand. He could not touch it, but pressed his lips on the white linen

that bound it, while large tears coursed his furrowed cheeks.

Six months passed away. I had seen Richard Grantly but twice, and then he did not talk of our projected marriage. He rather looked upon me with a shudder. There were deep scars about my throat, and a wig covered a monstrous scar on the side of my head. He had not mentioned our engagement since my unfortunate mutilation, and the loss of a large portion of my father's wealth. I was not troubled at his reticence on that subject—had begun to fancy myself an actor in a round of benevolent duties, and that that peace which "passeth all understanding" would come in the place of lost physical loveliness, and the domestic endearments craved by every true woman.

At length he was again at my side. His repugnance to making me his wife had sensibly increased, and perhaps I was wrong when I determined to test his regard for honor. He had busily employed an hour in descanting upon the marvelous loveliness of a soulless belle and flirt, who had turned the heads of all the weak-minded and the fortune-hunters the previous season at Saratoga.

"She is the most matchlessly beautiful woman I have ever beheld!" he exclaimed; "and," *sotto voce*, "under favourable circumstances, I believe I could win her. But it is known that I am entangled."

"Entangled!" said I. "By what?"

"It is cruel to ask me, Margaret."

He got up, and strode across the floor in excessive agitation.

"I cannot stand this farce of engagement any longer. You must release me."

He stood before me with a dastard expression on his countenance.

"It will infuriate the old man, your father; but who could have foreseen every accursed thing which has come to pass?"

I gave him my disfigured right hand, and a smile twitched the scarred corners of my once perfectly shaped lips.

"With all my heart, Richard Grantly, and thank you for the opportunity!"

"Margaret!"

"I am in earnest."

"What will the world think of me?"

"That you are simply its slave. A miserable compromise, truly, of the dignified 'lord of creation' as he should be! But, *n'importe*."

It was malicious in me to thrust his littleness so nakedly before his eyes, but it was a moment of humiliation and weakness, and at such times woman loses her regality in the desire for the small triumph of revenge.

"Then I am free?"

"Free as air, from any obligations to me."

A dubious smile flitted over his features.

"But you must bear this news to my father. He betrothed me to you. You must inform him of your release."

"I cannot."

"Then, I will not."

"Margaret, you torture me!"

"Richard, be a man for once in your life."

He snatched his hat from the rack, and beat a hasty retreat.

My father discovered his defection, how, I am sure I never took the trouble to ascertain; but his tenderness to me greatly increased, as the dislike to the mention of Richard Grantly grew upon him.

In the meantime, Hugh Morgan was rapidly making an honourable name in his profession. He had left my native city, and had settled in one far distant. How eagerly I watched his rising fame,

can only be imagined by a woman who realizes that all the ambition of her life is centred in another, and that other, the man of her love.

Six years passed by. I had buried my father and my mother, and had devoted myself to suffering humanity.

A pestilence was sweeping over a Southern city. Those who had means fled. The poor were left to feed it, and, like a greedy cormorant, it battenened until it seemed impossible to glut its insatiate maw.

Corps of disciples of the healing art flocked thither, to return discouraged or disgusted, or to find a grave in the trenches hard by, when death reveled so desperately as not to leave enough of the living to bury the dead. Some, ignoring the humane demands of their profession, after discovering the real horrors of the pestilence, hastened from the dangerous precinct.

Not so Doctor Hugh Morgan. He was ready to spend and be spent in the relief of his suffering fellow-creatures. Day and night, and night and day, saw him making his rounds of duty and benevolence, while, with pencil in hand, he lost not a moment, as he was driven from place to place, in noting such items as would throw light upon the treatment of the disease in future.

Day and night, and night and day, found a pa-

tient watcher beside the couches of the hospital, reeking with the odours of the pestilence. She was dressed, not like a Sister of Mercy, but in dun-colored garments, and closely veiled, except to the patient.

At length she faltered. The dreaded chill was coming on; she staggered as she attempted to make a hasty exit from the hospital ward, and would have fallen but for the arm of Doctor Morgan, opportunely thrown around her.

That watcher was I—Margaret. I instinctively clutched at my veil, while I whispered:

"Release me!"

I felt his arm tighten around me.

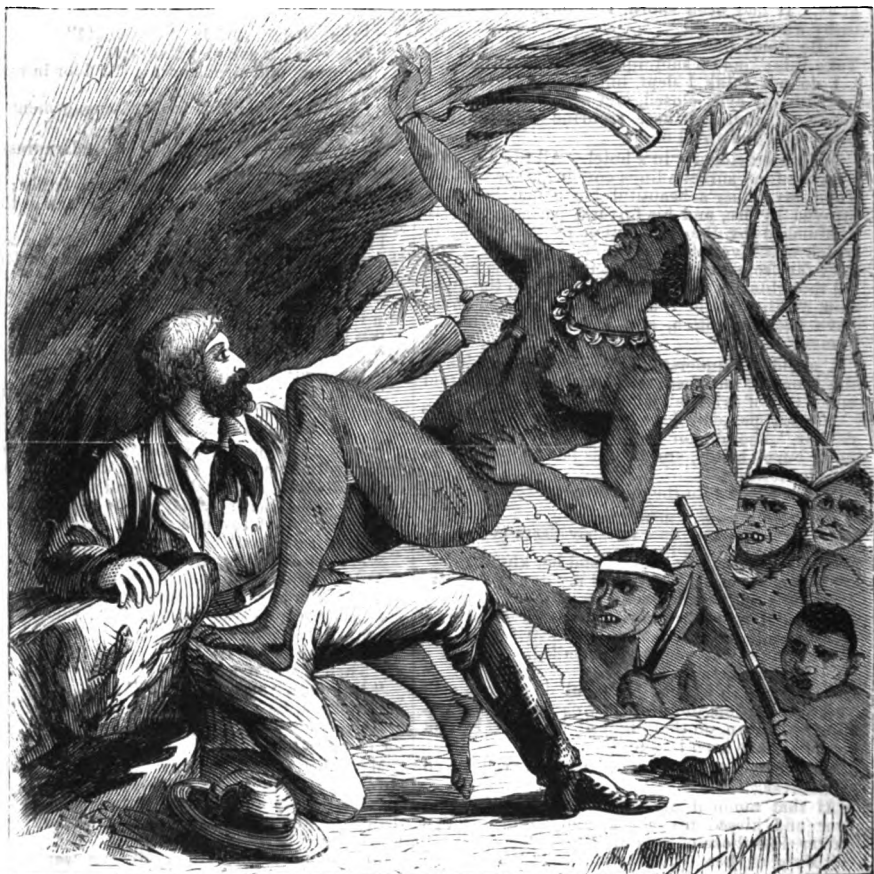
"Throw open that window!" he cried to a hired nurse. "Throw open that window! More air! More air!"

In spite of my efforts at resistance, even, as I believed, in the moment of death, he tore the veil from my face.

He trembled as a leaf in the wind. Passers-by noticed his deathly pallor, and an honest Irishman exclaimed:

"Oh, holy Vargin! and is the sweet crature did?"

Doctor Morgan did not take time to reply. As once before in his life, he lifted my slender figure in his arms, as he would have done an infant, and,



AN INCIDENT OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.—"CATCHING MY KNIFE BY THE BLADE, I SHIFTED MY HOLD TO THE HILT, AND THE NEXT INSTANT HAD BURIED IT DEEPLY IN HIS SIDE."—SEE PAGE 355.



THRICE SAVED.—“I FELT HIS ARM TIGHTEN AROUND ME. ‘THROW OPEN THAT WINDOW!’ HE CRIED TO A HIRED NURSE. ‘MORE AIR! MORE AIR!’”—SEE PAGE 359.

pressing it closely to his wildly beating heart, hurried from the noxious, infected building.

Placing me in a cab beside him, and pillowing my head on his shoulder, he had the cab driven rapidly to the most comfortable and least infected quarter of the city.

He must be forgiven if, for a few days, other patients were forgotten, or entrusted to other care. In my feeble and overtaxed frame death dallied cruelly with life, and waged a wanton contest, but life came out victor. The period of convalescence was the sweetest of my existence.

Morgan had returned to his round of duties, but with the first November frost the foul fiend of the pestilence had his pinions crippled and clipped,

and lamely and sullenly he winged his retreating flight from the city.

Doctor Morgan could now spare whole mornings, whole evenings to me. I learned to look for him as a sick child would look for its mother. He never alluded to my marred beauty—he never alluded to the change in my fortunes, or to my sorrows, but when he asked me to relax or recall my *ultimatum*, he lifted one and then the other of my little mutilated hands, and pressed upon them not cold, but burning kisses; and I did not think it wrong when he laid my head, in its wig, on his bosom, and called me his own; nor did I think it wrong when his kisses found my lips, which he told me were still beautiful with the impress of

the soul, over which nothing but the scathing fires of sin can have power.

There was a wedding before the winter was over. My dun-colored garments were exchanged for those becoming a bride, but many wondered that Doctor Morgan, for whom the fair and beautiful were sighing, with the laurels of fame thickly clustering over his brow, should marry the scarred and disfigured nurse of the hospital. But the principal actors in this wedding ceremony did not heed the remonstrance of the popular voice, nor calculate the effect of their action upon society.

Mrs. Grundy whispered, but her whispers were given to the winds. Hugh was satisfied that he held to his heart the woman of all the world his choice, and I, that in my husband I had found one upon whom it would be the happiness of my life to expend the wealth and weight of love in my woman's heart—that in my husband I had found a guide, a counselor, a friend—that to him I owed the life, *thrice saved*, once from a relation that would have been loathsome, and twice from death; and we were happy—so happy that my soul was intoxicated to very dissiness.

The Alpine Fairies; or, The Ice Maiden.

A FAIRY STORY.

RIGOR down into Fairy-land! and a beautiful land it is; and yet it is scarcely *land*, either, those great grottoes away down below the mountains!

But I will tell you all about it, and about the little creatures who lived there, though sometimes, at the command of their Queen, they came up and walked on the earth, as you shall hear directly.

They were not fond of leaving their glorious home, even for a few hours, and their Queen seldom required it, save when they had been guilty of some fault, or had offended against the laws of her kingdom.

And yet, when I tell you where that home was, you will think it a very poor place to live in, for it was deep, deep down below the great glaciers and snows of the Alpine mountains.

The fairies had built a beautiful city there; parks and bowers and palaces were always going up along its avenues; yet, strange to say, the blocks of ice, of which they were formed, seemed to raise themselves into their places, for not a workman could be seen, not a hammer or chisel heard!

The truth is, that the fairies had a great many servants, and when any of these offended, they were punished by being rendered invisible, and then set to work on the new buildings, with orders to keep strict silence.

You will open your eyes when you hear who these servants were!

You will hardly believe it, but they were rats, mice, rabbits, cats, birds, flies, and a whole host of other animals, and it was astonishing how obedient they were to their mistresses.

Out in the Grand Park, before the Royal Palace, a whole bevy of little creatures were playing, with a tiny diamond for a ball; they were merrily tossing it to and fro, and when it rolled too far, the mice, who acted as their pages, ran and brought it to them.

All these mice belonged to the Queen's household, and wore a regular uniform; little caps made of the blue flowers we mortals call bachelor's bat, or *feather*, were set jauntily on their heads, and a whole suit, trousers and jacket, made of red leaves, covered their fat little bodies; you would have laughed to have seen how cunning they looked, winking their little eyes, and twirling their mustaches!

Ah! what a happy time they were all having, in the soft, rosy light that shone on everything in that sweet country!

Even the grave pages laughed when they saw their mistresses so merry.

But good things and good times cannot last for ever. "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!"

As they heard the soft-toned bell chiming so slowly from the palace steeple, the fairies dropped their diamond ball, and looked at each other in silence.

They knew the bell meant that the Queen was about to hold a council; and that she seldom did, unless for the purpose of punishing some offending subject.

Each one began to search her memory for all that she had done of late, fearful lest some misdemeanor should be laid to her charge; so they stood still, and all the time the bell rang out, "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling."

"Come, sisters," said the Crocus Fairy (for each ruled over an Alpine flower, from which she received her name), "come, sisters; we must hasten, or our good sovereign will have reason to chide us. To the council, to the council! all who have free consciences need not fear!"

So away they all tripped to the council-chamber; their pages running behind them until they reached the entrance to the Palace; but there they were ordered to halt by the "Captain of the Guards," a large cat, of whom the poor little fellows were terribly afraid; and now, as he opened his mouth to yawn, they ran away, in such haste that they rolled one over the other all the way down the steps of the great palace—while their mistresses passed on into the hall.

And oh, what a hall that was! The floor all paved with gold and silver; the roof formed of sparkling blue ice, studded with diamond stars, and upheld by splendid columns of ice crystals, which glittered in the rosy light that streamed all around.

Now the fairy troop reach the council-chamber, and, as they enter, bend in lowly reverence to the frail, sweet creature who sits enthroned on a beautiful chair: gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, gems from all parts of the world, are encrusted in the clear, transparent crystal of which it is formed. Drooping gracefully over the Fairy Queen's head is her own particular flower, the gem of the Alps, as *she* is the gem of Fairy-land, the 'Saxifraga Colyledon'—a shower of snow-white blossoms waving above her like the plumes of an ostrich.

She was alone when her maids of honor entered, save for one little creature in a downy yellow robe, who stood before her with downcast head.

Queen Saxifraga rose.

"Good Fairies: I have summoned you to hear me pronounce sentence on one of your number, who has been guilty of ill-treating a page belonging to a sister-subject. She seized upon the unfortunate mouse, shaved the hair from his body, and deprived him of the whiskers of which he was so proud, thus making him an object of scorn to his fellow-pages. He came to me with tears in his eyes to entreat my protection; as he went from my presence, the ridicule that was heaped on him by his brother-servants so worked on his feelings, that he put an end to his life! Fairy of the Gentian, what have you to say in defense of your wanton cruelty?"

The culprit hung her head in silence.

"It is well," continued the Queen, sternly—"It is well that you attempt no defense, for none could avail. Your crime has been great; your punishment shall be heavy. I sentence you to take the form of an ugly old woman; to go upon the earth, and sit at the foot of the mountain for one day in each year, until you find a man who will carry you across the brawling stream. Go!"

Silently the disgraced fairy left the presence of her offended sovereign, who, with a wave of her hand, dismissed also her awe-struck companions.

"Go," she said, "and learn from what you have seen that I will have no oppression or injustice in my kingdom. Go, and let this be a lesson to you all."

And now we must follow the Gentian Fairy to the foot of the mountain, on her first day of punishment. As might be expected, she was angry and sullen, and her pride hurt at the hideous form she was obliged to assume.

Several peasants passed by; but, instead of complying with her request to carry her over the little stream, they only glanced at her, and, crossing themselves, hurried swiftly away, eager to leave the "awful old witch" behind them.

The day wore on, and still the Gentian Fairy had found no one to end the spell of her punishment; an hour more and the sun would set, and then she must seek her beautiful home, only to return again to the earth, on the same day of the following year, and the year after that, and after that again, until she should find some kind mortal to release her.

The minutes glided away, and hope almost forsook the seeming old woman; but suddenly it sprang up again with the appearance of a sturdy young peasant, hastening on toward a little cot that stood on the opposite bank of the stream.

"Ah!" thought the Gentian Fairy, "now I have found the right man. He is going across the stream himself, so he will not refuse to carry over a little thing like me."

She forgot, you see that, in her new form she was much larger than in her own proper shape!

So she called to the peasant.

He looked round at the ugly old woman who spoke, and, but that he was very happy just then, no doubt he would have done just as all the rest—crossed himself, and hastened away without reply.

But, as we have said, he was in a great good humor, so he answered her as he walked along.

"I can't stop, even for a minute!" he exclaimed.

"Don't you see the cot yonder? Well, my first-born, a daughter, has just come down from heaven to-day, and I have not even seen her yet! I must hurry home. The stream is shallow, good mother, and you can cross on those stepping-stones without wetting your feet!"

And then he bounded away, leaving the fairy alone in her anger. Ah! could he but have known what that unkind, careless refusal to aid another would bring forth!

He had dashed her last hope to the ground, and now, for a whole year, she must look forward to just such another weary day as this had been.

The fairies all possessed the power to punish mortals for their misdeeds, and the Gentian Fairy now determined to use this power on the unsuspecting peasant, and thus revenge herself for her disappointment.

Swift as the wind she flitted over the brook, and stood at the bedside of the newly-born; the sun had gone down, and, having resumed her own natural form, the Gentian Fairy was invisible to the happy parents and relatives who gazed so eagerly on their new treasure.

The fairy stretched her wand over the little one. "Be your heart cold as the glaciers that I have bidden to form without your door! Be your heart cold and hard as ice, until my punishment shall cease; then, then, your heart and the glacier shall melt together, as now you shall freeze together!"

And now we shall see no more of the Gentian Fairy for a long, long time.

One day in every year, the "hideous old witch," as the peasants called her, was to be seen waiting

on the streamlet's bank, until some one should bear her across, but all feared to approach, or to comply with her singular request.

And how fared the little child, whose father had so offended her on the first day of her punishment?

Ah! the fairy's spell was on it, and cold as the glacier that grew with her growth was the little maiden's heart.

In vain her fond parents sought to win one gentle word, one loving smile from those chilled lips; in vain the mother gazed on her child in tearful entreaty for a single response to her love; in vain the father, with sorrowful heart, reasoned with and pointed out to the young girl the wickedness of her ingratitude for all their care. She returned her mother's gaze with a stony look of indifference, listened to her father's words with careless disdain.

So the years passed on, and the child grew into womanhood; grief had bent the forms and whitened the locks of her parents; but still her heart was cold, cold as ice; not to them alone was she so chilling, but to all whom she met in her quiet life.

The young lads and lasses of the Alpine Valley, seeing that Joan was stately and beautiful, sought for a time to draw her within their merry circle, but they soon gave up the attempt in despair; and far and wide the cold-hearted girl was known as the "Ice Maiden."

At last dawned the twentieth anniversary of the maiden's birth, and of the Gentian Fairy's punishment; for, after the lapse of so many years, we still find her at her post, only the stream has grown deeper.

"Will this never end?" thought she. "Ah! here comes one, bent and white-haired. It is the man whose child is called the 'Ice Maiden!' Ha! ha! well, he at least has suffered *with* me! Good-day, good man—will you not carry a poor old woman across the brook?"

Grief had made the stricken peasant more heedful; he paused, as the request fell upon his ears.

"Ah! good friend," said he, "the current is strong, and care has weakened these limbs of mine. But if you will trust me, I will try to bear you across."

The eager Fairy needed no second invitation; the *old woman's* arms clasped about his neck, the peasant plunged into the stream; the water was above his waist, and his burden heavy, but he struggled onward, and soon placed her on the opposite bank, while he shook the water from his clothes.

When he looked round at the old woman, he rubbed his eyes, and looked again; then he rubbed his eyes once more! *No old woman was there*, but in her place a little creature who smiled sweetly on the affrighted peasant.

"Do not fear, good friend. I must have a word with you. Do you remember just twenty years ago this day?"

"Ah! that was when my girl was born," and he sighed.

"It was, and it was also the day when you refused to carry a poor old woman across this stream, shallow *this* time."

"I remember. It was the old woman I carried across just now, only I don't know what's become of her."

And again he looked about him in all directions; the Gentian Fairy laughed; *she* was in a good humor *this* time.

"Here I am, good man!" cried a shrill, cracked voice at his elbow.

He jumped around quickly, and there, sure enough, stood the old woman.

The poor fellow turned around once more, in wonder, to the little creature with whom he had

been talking; but lo! she was gone! not a sign of her left!

He looked at the old woman again, and his knees smote together, in terrible fear, for what think you he saw?

Neither more nor less than this: the shrivelled face changing to one bright and beautiful, the bent form straightening and shortening, the ragged dress giving place to one shining and sparkling, until there stood before him the same tiny being whom he had beheld with feelings of wonder but a few moments before!

"Fear not, my friend," said the Gentian Fairy "but listen to me. Twenty years ago this night, you refused to carry an old woman across the stream. Had you *not* done so, your daughter would never have been the chilling grief to you that she has ever been. Start not! it is true. That seeming old woman was a fairy: it was she who speaks to you. In revenge for your refusal, and to punish your selfishness, I laid a spell on your child's heart, that it should be as cold as the glacier which I caused to spring up at your door. You have now redeemed your fault; you think of others, not of yourself, as then. You will not forget again. Return to your home; you will find the glacier melting, and with it, your daughter's heart.

And then, with a smile, the Gentian Fairy vanished. The peasant hastened home, and, as he approached, his heart leaped with joy—the glacier was melting rapidly!

He opened the door and stood petrified, for there was the cold, haughty girl on her knees at her mother's feet.

"Come here, father," said the latter, with a happy smile—"come here, and thank God! Our child has come to her senses, and prays our forgiveness."

"Oh! my father, forgive me! I see now how wicked I have been."

"Forgive you, my child!" exclaimed the happy man. "There is nothing to forgive. It was *my* fault; my punishment for selfishness that you should be cold to us all! Nay, dear child, dear wife, I am not crazy—listen to me."

And then he told them of his interview with the fairy, and of all she had said.

"Come," he said, in conclusion—"come, I see you do not half believe me, but look out doors, and you will see the glacier melting, as I told you."

But lo! the glacier was already melted! No trace of it was left, save a gentle, murmuring brook!

And neither remained there any trace with the "Ice Maiden" of the coldness of heart that had won her the name.

She lived to become a happy, loving wife and mother, and often told her children the story that I have told you, concluding it as I do:

"Never refuse to do a kindness for another, when it is in your power to save him."

Prisons and Birds.

It is very pleasant to have singing-birds in our houses, and a few people think that the little songsters might prefer the open air and the woods to the confinement of a cage. But one who has been shut up in a prison himself understands it, like the sailor in the following anecdote:

Soon after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy stood on one of the bridges that cross the Thames at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale.

A sailor who was passing observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping anxiously through the wires, and manifesting their eager desire to regain their liberty. He stood some time looking at the birds, apparently

lost in thought. At length, addressing the boy, he said:

"How much do you ask for your birds, my boy?"

"Sixpence apiece, sir."

"I don't ask how much by the piece," said the sailor; "how much for the lot? I want to buy all hands."

The boy made his calculations—they came to six shillings.

"Here is your money," said the sailor, giving the cash, which the boy received with evident pleasure.

No sooner was the bargain closed, than the sailor opened the cage-door, and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, astonished, exclaimed:

"Why did you do that, sir? You have lost all your birds."

"I'll tell you why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison that I can make free."

Steinhauser's Owl.

CHAPTER I.—THE OWL.

In her private *loge*—for she did not sing that night, and was but a looker-on, though a looker-on much looked at—sat Loide Varena, the great singer. There was a slight stir below her box.

"The Varena" looked down.

Turned toward her—having now seated himself in one of the orchestra-chairs below her box—was an individual whose singular appearance, as well as the persistence he had long shown in attending the theatre night after night when she sang, had greatly excited—and that for some months past—the curiosity of the lady who was now the public favorite.

The sight of the singularly repugnant countenance of the person in question had really become a serious annoyance to Loide. It was more sad, she said to herself, *than was human*. And it was the face, the exact face of the owl in the right corner of the *bascor-relievo* of Steinhauser's "Night."

There was the hooked nose—like the beak of the night-owl—there were the wicked eyes; the strangely evil physiognomy of that weird bird with a human visage, which genius has placed as if in sinister contrast to the drooping countenance of the female holding the dream-wrapt children. And these eyes, these evil eyes, never left the face of the Varena.

"Can you tell me," said she, turning to an invisible companion—invisible to the audience, I mean, for the curtains of the private box quite hid him—"who that man is?"

Lawrence Bellamy, the lover who would have died for Loide Varena any day, replied, smilingly:

"We all call him 'Steinhauser's Owl,' because he looks like the *bascor-relievo* of that pretty bird, and because he is never seen except at night. None of us have ever seen him during the day" (by "us," Bellamy meant the wits and beaux, his friends), "and we cannot find any other living being that has succeeded in doing so. I think he is *weird* myself."

Loide shuddered. The night-owl eyes were upon her. Weird? Well, he looked so. Quite ghostly.

"He is hideous," added Lawrence, solemnly. "It ought to be unlawful to be as ugly as that."

"He did not make his own face," said the singer, with a nervous laugh.

"No," replied Lawrence; "but the devil did!"

If London was ever wild because of the advent

of a celebrity—and London pulses are not easily quickened—it was so when, upon the sluggishness of its opera dawned the Varené.

She was evidently English; there was no denying that. The pretty little Parisian accent that went so trippingly was obviously a "got up thing;" the only thing about the Varené that was not genuine.

For there was her beauty, her voice, her dramatic talent; the languid ardor of that chaste, though impassioned style; all that makes a singer a temptation; all that drives the connoisseur into a delirium of delight.

The critics went down before her as soon as the curtain went up. Three noblemen were said to be on the verge of offering their hands and fortunes; while, as for mere men about town, "clubbites" and such small deer, who helplessly and hopelessly adored her, they alone would have made up a respectable regiment.

But, above them all, in cloud-like tranquillity and star-like distance, shone the fair woman who loved but one, and deigned to look upon no other.

She was the sort of being to hold this position of superiority with firmness. Seemingly cold, yet full of womanly affection, possessing her "own soul in peace," the Varené, whose lines of life had not been cast in pleasant places, hid with majesty the sorrow that devoured her, and told the story of her past— orphanage and poverty—to none.

Here was beauty that told of birth and breeding. Whence had she come?

It had occasionally happened that the daughters of inn-keepers in England or rag-pickers in Paris, or something equally high-born and well-bred, had been passed off upon the public as of origin so noble, that it was quite a matter of surprise how such lofty beings could, even for the wherewithal to buy bread and butter, deign to entertain the public. This is why, when the story that the Varené was the daughter of a ruined French nobleman, who had married an English heiress, and gambled away her fortune, went the rounds, the French *habitués* of the Theatre put their fingers to the sides of their, generally speaking, ill-shaped noses, shook their heads, and said, with diabolic doubtfulness, "*Connus! connus!*" at the tale; and this is why even the English, more candid themselves and therefore more trustful, smiled in serene incredulity.

But it was true.

Loide Varené was the daughter of Gaetan Larocheffide, called in his time the "Mad Marquis," whose wife, Mary Morgan, the beauty of Manchester, had vanished mysteriously.

The disappearance of the "Mad Marquis;" the "flitting"—such it was deemed—of Mary, his wife, the mother of Loide; the desertion of the infant girl at scarce five years of age in a half-ruined chateau in Normandy; the begging bread for herself and the nursing by Gracienne, her foster-mother—a Norman peasant-woman; the adoption of Loide by an eccentric English banker, who had failed suddenly and committed suicide, leaving the orphan—for such she seemed—again to loneliness; it was then she sought the stage as a means of livelihood. All this made up a story of pathetic truths, at which the "polite world" impolitely turned up its nose.

But Loide had sung serenely on, and made herself famous.

CHAPTER II.—LAWRENCE DREAMS A DREAM.

On the night when Loide was next to sing, the opera of "Faust" was given. Loide's was "a grieved, sweet voice" that sounded even more beautifully in Marguerite's songs than in opera of a more severely classical character. All went

smoothly; and only in the audience—indeed, so absorbed were they that there it was observed but by one—did anything occur to disturb the "occasion."

The Mephistopheles of the night was an actor of great repate, and acquitted himself singularly well.

Lawrence Bellamy sat in his usual place, and in his usual place sat "Steinhausser's Owl."

Since the attention of Loide had been attracted to this phantom-like being, the attention of the man who loved her had naturally followed her lead. He looked more than once toward the place occupied by the thin figure of the strange individual so unfailingly present when the Varené trod the boards.

The "Fair Scene" with the drinking chorus was gone through, and it was the duty of the devil, *toujours* Mephistopheles, to writhe, during the scene which follows (that in which he is defied) at sight of Valentine's cross-bilted sword. By what thought he knew not, Lawrence was prompted to turn his head at this moment toward that spot which was invariably the seat occupied by "Steinhausser's Owl," and where one instant before he had seen him. He had vanished!

The threatening chorus, after which the devil disappears, ended. Lawrence involuntarily turned once more to the "Owl's" seat.

He was there, composedly arranging his glass!

The opera over, Lawrence offered his arm as usual to escort Loide to her carriage.

His father, an old army officer, with a formidable grey moustache, did not frown upon this proceeding, as some fathers whose sons fall in love with singers may and doubtless do.

"Loide," said old Colonel Bellamy, "was of stainless fame, and he did not care to see his son marry mere money, if his heart forbade."

There was but one thing that stood in the way of his full consent. *Who was Loide?* From what stock had she sprung? Was she a legitimate daughter?

"*Blood will tell,*" the old colonel said; and he did not care to give his son to the daughter of an unchaste mother.

There was the ugly story about the parents of the Varené. Would it ever be cleared up?

This was why the colonel "hemmed and hawed," as the phrase is, when Lawrence urged his immediate consent to the marriage. He still refused.

This was the cloud over Loide's love.

I left Lawrence offering his arm to the Varené. It became necessary to walk a few steps along the pavement, in order that the singer might reach her carriage.

The vague, strange form of the "Owl" preceded the lovers.

The singer entered her carriage. Suddenly, ere it had gone many streets from where the crowd poured out of the theatre, and at a point where it was dark, Lawrence saw Loide start and shudder.

"Look! Lawrence, look!" exclaimed she. "That horrible creature is following us! And there—ah! now it is so again!—I see the street-lamps through him!"

Lawrence laughed aloud.

But the impression made upon the singer was such, that he looked from the carriage-door, as she begged him to do, and the perspiration started out upon his brow as he observed that they were indeed followed by the tall, gaunt figure, through which, as Loide had said, the street-lamps seemed to shine.

The lovers seized each other's hands. They were thrilled with terror.

Just then the voice of a street-singer began to pour forth, and with rare sweetness, the notes of

an Ave Maria!—strange sounds for a London street:

"Madonna, give us peace!
Our ills have but a day;
And clouds of sorrow dark,
Break, break away!
Ah, smile! and give us peace!"

But Lawrence that night was sleepless. For long hours he tossed, wearily; and, when at last slumber came, it was bearing a dream so strange that he could not shake off its impression.

It seemed to him that, sleeping, he lay upon a bank of moss. The earth seemed cold beneath, and chilled him. Suddenly—and through his half-closed eyes he seemed, still dreaming, to see it—a bird flew toward him, set upon his breast and fanned his face with its dusky wings. Then it began to fly forward, momentarily pausing, as if to see whether it was followed.

Such appearing to be the will of the strange bird, Lawrence willed on his part to rise and follow it. Dream-led, he wandered into a lonely castle—where, on entering, he saw a vast hall. Beyond the hall, in the west corridor, was a niche, where stood a statue of Pallas Athene. Upon its shoulder the bird he had followed, and which he now saw was a night-owl, seated itself, and began to flap its wings.

Lawrence moved away; but the bird impatiently flew after him again, raising its wings with a monotonous sound indescribably sad.

Lawrence seemed now to understand that the dream-bird desired to draw his attention to something behind the statue. Thither it directed its eyes, which had a human look in them of unutterable mournfulness—the look of a soul in pain.

He was about to obey the bird, when all suddenly vanished from his sight. He awoke.

The day now breaking was the first of Loide's vacation. During this she might rest from singing, and recruit her strength.

Haunted by his dream, and desirous of sharing her trip, Lawrence proposed, when he had related his vision—and as he did so he laughed, though not cheerily—that they should "hunt up the castle."

"I am sure," said he, "that I should recognize it again, and—though I laugh at myself for thinking so, for you know I am not romantic, *belles dames*—I cannot shake off the idea that something will be revealed to me, to us, which it behoves us to know."

It was Loide's turn to laugh now.

"But let us go by all means, like some errant knight and his 'ladye,' after—the intangible!"

"No," replied Lawrence; "after the Owl."

CHAPTER III.—PALLAS' NICHE IN THE WEST CORRIDOR.

THREE days' travel, and all through the lovely scenery of Normandy, had as yet brought no singular incident to the seekers—the one of rest, the other of adventure.

Loide had somewhere in her memory the vision of a chateau; should they seek that? It was, so her recollections told her, that where she had been born—and, by the "Mad Marquis," her father, left to the mercies of that foster-mother who had nursed her in infancy, and who, by good luck, proved so true and kind. And, though she did not say so, the more Lawrence talked of his dream, and the castle he had seen in it, the more forcibly it came to her that such a spot had once been her home.

One evening, just at dew-fall, they descended at a wayside inn. Something about the *auberge*, as the coach passed it, struck a chord in the memory of Loide, and she expressed a wish to descend.

The coach passed on—the uncouth Norman peasant who kept the inn having ceased, at Lawrence's request, the removal of the baggage upon it.

"It seems to me that I have been here with—*with Gracieuse*!" suddenly exclaimed Loide, as they entered.

But she added, sadly:

"Poor Gracieuse returned—left me in London years ago! She was old and ill, and died in the spring of last year. I shall not see her!"

Night came. Many things in the landscape, seen from the windows of the inn, revived lost recollections in the singer.

Supper was over, and the lovers were looking from the window at the silver lake, not far from the inn. The night-coach came up at this moment; and, half-fancying that it might be the old colonel, Lawrence's father, who had promised to join them before the close of their trip, they looked out. Loide started back.

From the coach, slowly and gravely descending, and looking phantom-like as ever, was "Steinhauser's Owl."

"Let us go out into the air," gasped the singer. "Let us leave the inn! I cannot breathe with that creature here."

The lovers looked, as they passed the door, into the dark room where the "Owl" was standing. They saw him approach a taper and press it with his fingers. The taper flamed! Loide rushed from the inn.

Lawrence endeavored to calm her agitation. She shuddered and leaned, trembling, upon him. The moon, which had flooded their path with light, suddenly passed behind a looming cloud.

At that moment, a whirling sound behind them caused Loide to turn. An owl flew before them. The Angelus rang.

Lawrence remembered his dream.

"Let us follow the bird!" exclaimed he, more, however, with a view to diverting the attention of Loide from the inexplicable incident at the inn than, as yet, with the intention of carrying out what he proposed. "Come! come!"

Loide did not reply, but suddenly urged him forward. She had seen a pathway open before them that she remembered having followed as a girl.

Walking excitedly on, the lovers followed the night-owl—the bird following, in its flight, the turnings of the pathway into which they had stepped.

At last, bathed in the silvery sheen of the cold moonlight, once again spread on sward and woodland, they beheld a castle.

It stood in the grandeur of its almost ruin, for but two stories now existed of what in the bygone time had towered majestically, and Loide remembered.

It was there—it was there, indeed, that her childhood had passed—not as the childhood of many, but not without hours of gladness.

And Lawrence, pale and startled, recognized the castle of his dream.

And, as in his dream, the bird flew before, into the stillness of the grand old hall—into the solemnly-echoing, dust-strewn, deserted place.

Again, as in his dream, the owl flew on, still on, and then rested upon the shoulder of Pallas, the pale statue, standing as he had seen it, in the niche of the west corridor.

The bird—still true to that which had come out of dreamland to Lawrence—rested now upon the statue, looking with anxious eyes at Lawrence, and flapping its dusky wings.

Lawrence approached. Loide, terrified at this creeping of the visionary into things real and tangible, had sunk into a seat.

The owl's eyes now directed themselves behind

the statue. Lawrence came forward, and, by dint of all his strength, succeeded in pushing the heavy statue aside. A thousand times, in his thoughts, he had resolved that if he ever found his way to the "dream-castle," as he and she whom he loved were wont to call it, he would do so.

Behind the statue, the wall, although in reality crumbling away, looked firm. Lawrence struck it. A stone fell with a dull sound at his feet, and Loide sprang from her seat, for she beheld, as the huge fragment rolled forward, a wide opening.

Where did it lead?

The owl meantime fluttered its wings with a joyous and rapid motion.

After a few moments, lost in the search for some instrument by which to displace more stones, Lawrence remembered the *alpenstock* which they used to aid them in walking.

It proved available. Stone after stone rolled down, showing, at last, an opening sufficiently large to allow the lovers to pass through it.

They did so, and entered a magnificent bedroom hung with once rich, but now worm-eaten, tapestry.

But both started back at the sight which met their eyes.

Upon a stately bed, robed in a sweeping garment of once rare but now rotten velvet, and with some antique jewel of the ruby's red still glittering upon her brow, lay the skeleton of a woman. Its hand grasped a parchment.

Of all the beauty that had once been there, only the golden glory of the lustrous hair remained. All else was—horror!

Loide, so pale that she looked as though stricken with death, yet faltered forward and seized the parchment. Who was this dead *châtelaine*? What was she to her?

Meantime the owl had flown back out of the opening in the wall, and, flapping its wings still dolorously, sat upon the breast of the fallen statue.

The parchment rattled. Loide let it fall. Lawrence grasped it, lighting again with his one remaining match the taper that he always carried in their night-rambles, and the lovers read the scroll.

It bore the date of fifteen years before, and ran thus:

"I, Mary, wife of Gaetan Larocheffide" (at these words, Loide shrieked out, "My mother!") and fell upon her knees beside the skeleton on the bed, "a man called—ah, how justly!—the 'Mad Marquis,' write here, that one day, Heaven willing, it may meet the eye of Loide, my daughter, the story of my wretched life and horrible doom.

"How far will it be from the thoughts of the merry companions of my youth and girlhood by what death I die!

"I loved him—Heaven knows I did, since dying thus, I can still forgive him; but no like monster was ever before created by Satan—ah, *not God!*—to plague mankind, than the Marquis of Larocheffide.

"Ere ever he led me to the altar, he brought to dishonour, and to a shameful death, Matilde, the wife of the Comte de Gèvre. Her husband swore to have revenge.

"For that he lived. He came hither. Disguised as a priest—I alone knew the secret; I kept it, lest the marquis and De Gèvre should cross swords; I cannot shout it out now in a voice that would penetrate these walls; my words would be tremulous, for death is upon me—he attempted to turn my thoughts from honor, and requite the bad deed of Gaetan in kind.

"I scorned him. Read here, my daughter, if this scroll ever meets your eyes, how I hated the evil creature. He had a wicked, bird-like face,

most ill-omened; they called him the 'Owl Count' through Normandy. Determined still upon vengeance, he led my husband to believe me false. He whom he accused was the secretary of Gaetan. His body is sunk, with a stone about the neck, in the castle-moat. My lord did that. He had not inherited, he said, an old feudal castle for nothing.

"Yes, I am dying, and must make haste. Three days ago—this is the night of the third that I have lived without food—the marquis entered here. He reviled me, and, with frantic rage, repulsed me, accusing me of having betrayed him. I knew then what had been in his thoughts. I knew then why he brought me to look at the dead secretary's body in the moat. All this was De Gèvre's work.

"I know not whether he has taken my daughter—she to whom I write these lines—or whether it is the cry of my child that I heard to-night, and all these nights, but I hope she is dying like me, for life is cruel. From this chamber I know now that there is no exit. The windows have bars that I have striven in vain to wrench asunder, and the only outlet has—I heard the workmen, but they heard not my cries—by the marquis's orders, been walled up. I die in a living tomb!"

Lawrence, as the owl flew out of the castle and whirled wildly about in the moonlight, turned to Loide. She was motionless, and as he raised her clay-cold hand, he saw that she was senseless.

CHAPTER IV.—LOIDE'S LAST APPEARANCE.

It was the night of the last appearance of her who called herself Loide Varenne.

On the morrow—for all now was well, and the fair fame of the dead mother cleared from calumny by the revelations of the parchment found in the sealed chamber—she was to marry Lawrence Bellamy—and all the musical world of London would be at the wedding.

There is a sadness in all farewells, yet this was a brilliant scene. Genius such as that of Loide Larocheffide is rare; and the world of fashion grieved to lose her—so that this last representation was a kind of ovation, in which the singer stood half-buried in sweet wreaths and garlands, among the leaves of which flashed here and there some gem—the parting homage to beauty and to worth.

Loide's eyes looked down amid all this triumph at that seat which had long possessed so painful a fascination to her—that of "Steinhauser's Owl." *He was there.*

She had endeavored, aided by Lawrence, to discover the whereabouts of the wicked Comte de Gèvre—he who had, seeking the satisfaction of a base revenge, doomed her mother to a death so hideous.

And they had learned that, in the heart of the Apennini, the "Mad Marquis," and the count had met and fought in the last furious struggle of phrenzied hate. Could De Gèvre have—the *act done*, and knowing that throughout his evil life this man had truly loved only Mary, his wife, and would, therefore, suffer all the tortures he hoped to inflict—have told the marquis that his wife was innocent? Be that as it might, the count had fallen a victim to his enemy's last feint, a deadly trick learned among the long-haired students of Germany. The marquis survived.

"Steinhauser's Owl" to-night had a look less sinister than before. A sadness sat, as ever, upon the singular face, but it wore a look that, if still *not human*, was less the look of a soul doomed and lost. Is there repentance *after death*?

The opera ended. The curtain fell for the last time between the public and her whose song it had listened to so often, lost in rapture. To-

morrow she would be a wife, and domestic life would claim for its own the darling of the *oog-noscenti*.

Loide, resting on the old colonel's arm, and with a crowd of admirers on her right and left, quitted the theatre. Her carriage waited at the same place as on that night when, bending from it, she had seen the sight that had thrilled her with terror.

The carriage reached her door. She had seen the tall figure of "Steinhauser's Owl" following the vehicle, as on that night. The street was faintly lighted by the moon, and for a space of many yards no lamplight fell upon the buildings about nor upon the pavement.

Loide scarce dared look forth.

Yet she must look, she said to herself, once more toward the dread presence that still drew her eyes to it with curiosity though with fear.

There he stood in the moonlight, waving his hand as if in farewell. But strange! strangest of all the strange things that had come into the life of the singer, and which she and her lover had alike seen, with the eyes either of the body or of the spirit, the tall form was fading, fading, fading! till, at last, it had mingled with the moonlight, melted into it, and was gone!

* * * * *

The lovers married.

A year after, stretched before the door of that apartment where lay no more—for the mold of Norman earth covered it—the form of his bitterly avenged, shamefully murdered wife, was found, sword-in-hand, as if he had meant to turn it against himself should exhaustion and remorse

fail to do their work at the last, the body of the "Mad Marquis," cold in death.

And "Steinhauser's Owl" returned no more. It had flitted out into the night for ever. None ever explained its presence, nor the strange things it had brought with it; but Loide and her husband believed it to have been the spirit of the Comte de Gèvre, that had for a time returned to earth to expiate, by bringing about the revelation of the sealed chamber, the wrong done in life to Mary, the wife of the mad Larochevide.

In the time of the first Bourbons in France, national costume was observed. Thus the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, appeared in her own plaid for Scotland, and in the Burgundy dress for the short period of her royalty in her beloved France. But it was not the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scotland and of France, that first gave to the French capital the right to set the fashions. The two daughters of Catherine of Medicis, one the Queen of Navarre, the other Elizabeth, one of Schiller's most fascinating heroines, and the wife of Philip II. of Spain—both so beautiful that they would have embellished any attire however simple—these may be said to have founded the French empire of fashion. Anne of Austria was another powerful patron of dress, and with her originated powder, lace, ruffles, and beauty-patches.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.



STEINHAUSER'S OWL.—"THEY BEHELD A CASTLE IN THE GRANDEUR OF ITS RUIN—LOIDE REMEMBERED—
—LAWRENCE RECOGNIZED THE CASTLE OF HIS DREAM."



THE BASUTO.—“A VOICE MADE ME TURN ROUND. MAKOMO WAS ON MY HORSE, AND WAS COVERING ME WITH HIS BOW. I EXPECTED DEATH.”

The Basuto.

“MAKOMO,” said I, in the bastard Caffre of Natal, “drop that snuff, and help ‘inspan’ those oxen.”

Makomo, a strapping Basuto of thirty or so, grunted something in reply, and crouched lower on his sable haunches over his dried and pulverized tobacco. He was a man of six feet three inches in height. His dress was a loose robe of numerous skins of small antelopes sewn together, and knotted over one shoulder, with a loin-skin underneath. His head of wool, clipped and trimmed into two high arches, like the two humps on the back of a dromedary, would have reminded

you of that animal, or of the way in which garden-hedges and shrubs are sometimes cut. His sinewy arms were ornamented with beads and bracelets of brass, his ankles, with painted porcelain beads.

At his side lay a long staff, and at his back hung transversely a bow. There never was a prettier piece of stick than this last. It was exactly his own height, of ash-colored wood, bent merely at the ends, balanced beautifully, not a curve in it that could hurt the eye, and it was strung with the sinews of a cow.

Makomo had not fled from his tribe. He had left it in pursuit of a party of whites, who, crossing Basuto territory, induced a female acquaint-

ance of Makomo's to accompany them. They eluded him, and he had hitherto failed to find their trail. Mixing with the Caffres of the colony, he became acquainted with the ways and means of living among them; and, desirous of returning to Basuto-land, he concluded an engagement with Bob Anderson, my employer, who was about to start on a trading expedition.

The wagon stood in front of Raw & Wilkinson's store. It had been loaded during the day under my superintendence—Bob being away on a spree.

The afternoon was growing cool, the oxen were tired of the short, dry grass of the market-square, and I, having made a hearty meal and smoked a cigar, thought it high time to be off—hence that speech of mine, with which this narrative is commenced. The rest of the Caffres, as soon as they heard it, came from behind the wagon, where they had been squatting, and ran off in the direction of the cattle. A repetition of it, however, had not the slightest effect on Makomo, beyond extorting the usual grunt. Proud and lazy, his short experience of servitude had disgusted him.

Reaching the sward from the front of the wagon, I advanced toward him, and once more repeated my order, though in a different and probably more offensive form.

Makomo looked up, with fury in his face.

At that moment, Bob Anderson, accompanied by several traders, all more or less drunk, came on the scene.

"All right, George," said he, glancing at the slowly approaching Caffres and oxen. "Get 'em yoked smart, an' we'll be off. Say, you black rascal, thar's yer work. What the thunder are yer dein' here?"

Makomo crouched lower and lower, like a tiger preparing to spring from ambush.

"Say," resumed Bob, kicking him in the rear, "you black rascal, air yer hired, or air yer not? Thunder! yer all-fired son of *Jovalla*!"

The Caffre, leaping like a rebounding, elastic ball from the grass, was doing his best to force the gigantic trader to his knees. Strong, supple, and furious, as he undoubtedly was, his efforts were useless.

Harled from Bob's arms as though an inanimate thing, he fell heavily, his head pressed down on his shoulder. Staggering to his feet again, he gazed at us with an air of bewilderment, and then, with a sudden gleam of ferocity in his eyes, unbuttoned the strap with which his bow was held.

Bob made at him like a battering-ram, tearing away the weapon with one hand before the arrow was fixed, and dealing his face a blow with the other that deluged it with blood.

Spining round like a teetotum, poor Makomo fell a second time.

"If yer hired, yer black rascal," resumed Bob, eying him prostrate foe with drunken gravity, "do yer work! If yer ain't hired, don't yer loaf about these diggins!"

The other Caffres had returned with the oxen, but, instead of proceeding to inspan them, they stood stock still, sullenly gazing at Makomo and Bob.

"Inspan them oxen!" thundered Bob, turning round on them—whereupon their work was recommenced.

However, one of them, a Basuto refugee, approached Makomo, and, assisting him to gain his feet, led him away—having some trouble, apparently, to dissuade him from resuming hostilities. Believing that was his intention, I did not call him back.

Bob, laughing boisterously, went off with the traders, but returned in the course of half an hour, considerably sobered.

The oxen were yoked, the driver, a Hottentot, stood beside them, trailing his long and heavy whip, whilst the leader, a Caffre boy, holding the

"guiders," peeped at us round the hanging heads of the foremost.

Our roadsters—spare, vicious brutes—"sixty-milers," as they are called, were held by a couple of blacks before the closed door of Raw & Wilkinson's establishment across the road.

"That's the style, my lad," said Bob, clapping me on the back. "Start at once, an' let's get up the Town Hill afore nightfall. Say, Bill, touch 'em up!"

"*Trék! trék!*" cried the Hottentot, making his whip crack.

The leader ran on, facing the oxen, who, lazy brutes, after a simultaneous forward movement, remained motionless—almost hauling the youngster off his feet.

"*Trék! trék!*" exclaimed Bob.

"*Trék! trék!*" cried the Hottentot, savagely plying his whip.

This time the goaded cattle got the wagon fairly under way.

Bob and I mounted our horses, and followed up Pietermaritz street.

"Whar's Makomo?" asked Bob.

"Ain't likely to come back," I replied. "He was a sulky fellow, however, and we have enough hands without him."

As the wagon and we turned the corner of the road leading to the Town Hill, and over miles and miles of hill and dale, plain and forest, to the tract of country by the Basutos, Noxon, the superintendent of police, advanced into the middle of the road, and placed himself directly in front of us.

"Pull up, Anderson," he said. "Bird wants to see you."

"What in thunder for?" demanded Bob, his big, brown hand straying to the inside pocket of his coat.

There is no love lost between the police and traders of Natal. The latter are smugglers of guns and gunpowder, which they exchange with the surrounding tribes for cattle and horses; and with this traffic the former are constantly interfering.

"'Tain't nothing important," represented Noxon, keeping his eye on Bob's hand. "You've bin licking a Caffre."

Bob fired off a volley of oaths, and would have ridden over the worthy functionary, had I not succeeded in impressing on him the impolicy of resistance. Turning our horses' heads, we galloped back to Pietermaritzburg, and dismounting behind the post-office, before the door of the building in which Bird, the magistrate, held his sittings, we entered the presence.

Makomo, whom his Basuto friend had put up to this mode of redress while leading him off the market-square, was telling his tale to a white interpreter.

Bird, a benevolent old noodle, with a penchant for colored murderers, faced us from behind a common deal-table.

Bob didn't deny commencing hostilities, but he pleaded in justification the Caffre's nonfulfilment of the civil contract voluntarily entered into by him, in Bird's own presence, on the preceding day.

Bird, however, rightly decided that Bob was to blame, and fined him a sovereign.

Bob swore, and threw the coin on the table.

Makomo eyed it, as if in expectation of receiving it; but Bird whisked it into a till at his side, and announced the case closed. Whereupon the Basuto followed us out of the room with an air of bewilderment, which plainly showed his non-appreciation of the redress afforded him.

Bob stopped short, and waited for him to come up with us, his face wearing the expression which belonged to his ugliest mood. To my unqualified astonishment, he made Makomo profuse apologies,

acknowledged that he had been altogether wrong, and threw the whole blame of the matter on sundry glasses of brandy. He talked to such good purpose, that the sullen face of Makomo was presently irradiated with smiles. He rubbed his black cheek against Bob's, in token of reconciliation, and readily agreed to accompany us back to the wagon.

As the hill was almost impassable on account of heavy rains, we speedily overtook our blacks, among whom Makomo took his place very willingly, and thenceforth manifested no sullen nor disobedient spirit, doing his work with the best of them.

I had at first suspected that Bob intended some retaliatory measure, because, although capable of great generosity, although as brave as a lion, he was also capable of the greatest brutality—being a favorable specimen of that strange mixture of positive good and positive bad of which his class is manufactured; but I soon let my suspicion go by default. Its confirmation was sudden and painful.

"Outspanning" one night beyond the Sultansberg, and immediately without British jurisdiction, I wrapped my blanket round me, and went to sleep, to be roused, however, in the course of a few hours, by the shrieks of Makomo, whom Bob was flaying alive with the Hottentot's whip!

The poor Basuto was bound with "rims" to a wheel! At his dancing feet lay Bob's empty spirit-flask.

There were no signs of dissatisfaction among the rest of the Caffres—a fact which the driver's whispered information explained.

According to him, Makomo had stolen Bob's flask, and Bob had found him drunk. It was evident that he had been drunk, because he had been sick; but the presumed theft was a horse of another color. For my part, I believe that Bob made him drunk, and then invented the Hottentot's story, in order to secure the neutrality of the blacks, who, as a rule, have a much greater contempt for a thief than the whites, of that region at least.

The victim's shrieks soon ceased. He had fainted, falling forward from the waist, by which he was bound. The terrible whip, that, in Bob's hands, would cut open from buttock to flank the hide of an ox, had zoned his sable body from foot to head with bloody, intersecting gashes.

"Loose them rims," said Bob. "I've gotten the worth of my money, anyhow."

The Caffres proceeded to untie them, letting the poor wretch fall with his face on the sandy track. When we had inspanned the oxen, and were about to start, I saw that he had crept under some brushwood which grew in a small patch alongside.

All the way to Ladismith, Bob never said a word to me or the blacks. He saw how acutely I felt his savage, treacherous cruelty, and perhaps entertained some dim idea of its enormity himself. Outspanning at Ladismith that night, we inspanned for Bloemfontein on the following morning.

"I'll overtake yer, George," said Bob.

He meant he was going to get drunk at Kart's liquor-store, and going to gallop furiously after us, reeking in his saddle like a stayless topmast in a heavy sea.

"All right, Bob," I replied. "*Trieb! Trieb!*" Night found us miles on our road. As Bob had not returned when I woke, I left the wagon in the Hottentot's hands, and took the back track. Four miles of trotting brought me to Bob's horse, quietly grazing in the mouth of a valley off the road.

Spurring on, I came to poor Bob himself, lying across the track, opposite a patch of tall brushwood, similar to that in which Makomo had crept two mornings before. Makomo's arrow had found

his heart. I recognized the lorrie-feathers with which it was tipped.

Dismounting, I fell on my knees beside my friend and benefactor, forgetting all but his kindness to me, and cursing a thousand times the revengeful foe. A noise made me turn round. Makomo was on my horse, and was covering me with his bow!

I expected death. However, the Basuto, with a gesture of proud forbearance, clapped heels to the horse, and dashed down an apparently interminable valley.

A Hunt Without a Huntsman.

"I SAY, Randall, tell us a story. It's your turn now," said the major, as he sat at the head of the mess-table, beaming with good humor.

The table itself glittered with costly plate, and the cut-glass decanters flashed back the light from their golden wines, while the officers of the—th Hussars, one of the "crack" corps at that time on duty in India, sat around the table in full enjoyment of the conviviality.

"Ours" was an expensive regiment to live in, and most of its members were men of family and fortune.

The first, each man was proud of; the second, like Don César de Bazan, they were doing their best to spend.

And generally they had a respectable amount of success in their laudable undertaking.

Our colonel was a prince of the blood, and he had more money than he could run through with, but the lieutenant-colonel (who commands in all British regiments) was living at the rate of twenty thousand a year, on an income of fifteen.

The consequence was that he had been forced to exchange and go home, some months before, to retrieve his affairs from utter ruin, and until the arrival of his successor, Major Sir Charles Kennedy had assumed the command.

This evening, being the Queen's birthday, we had indulged in a little jollification, and it was agreed that every officer in turn was to make a speech, sing a song, or tell a story.

"Captain Randall's story!" cried little Lord Houghton, a new-fledged cornet, recently joined, but already half-drunk.

"Story! story!" was echoed from all parts of the table.

Captain Randall arose to command silence. He was the only one among us who had not been "born in the purple," and had actually risen by the force of a desperate bravery from the position of a high private in the regiment to a commission.

This is a very rare thing in the English army, and still rarer is it to see such an officer rise higher than the position of adjutant or riding-master.

But Randall was evidently a gentleman all over, both in manner and education, and somehow or other had contrived to win the respect of the rich and haughty patricians around him, till he had become the most popular officer in the regiment. And yet he was of course a poor man, but equally proud. He never accepted a seat in Lord Houghton's drag without the latter feeling that the captain was conferring a favor on him; and his single black horse was more envied in the regiment than the dozen or so kept by other officers.

Captain Randall, then, a tall, slender, wiry-looking gentleman, of near forty, with a magnificent dark brown beard flowing over his decorated breast—he wore five service medals and the Victoria cross—rose to his feet in answer to the universal cry.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you appear to be

very anxious for a story from me, and I might get off much easier by making a speech."

"No, no! we've had enough speeches—hie," interrupted little Lord Houghton.

Randall smiled.

"I'm afraid *you* have, Houghton, my boy; but if I tell you a story you'll all go to sleep, perhaps."

"No we won't," chorused the table.

"Well, then, if you *must* have a story, I'll tell of a curious incident I once witnessed out in the upper country, close to the edge of Nepaul. Will that do?"

"All right, old fellow."

"Fire away, Randall."

"Tip us your story, my boy-y."

Such were the exclamations that came from various parts of the table.

Men began to take out their cheroot-cases, and settle down for a quiet ending to the uproarious jollification of the early part of the evening.

Captain Randall emptied his wine-glass, lighted a cheroot for himself and commenced:

"You know, boys, that Nepaul's a wild sort of a country, and very thinly inhabited.

"Well, I'd a six months' furlough at one time, soon after I was commissioned"—Randall was never a bit ashamed of having been in the ranks—"to enjoy myself, and go home if I wanted to. But I've no one that I care to see at home now. All my associations are here.

"So I concluded to spend my time in exploring the less-known parts of India, and enjoy myself thus, while gathering information at the same time."

"What a learned old chap you will be in—hic—in time," observed little Houghton, solemnly, at this juncture.

"Oh, stop your noise!"

"Go to bed, Houghton."

"You are drunk, you little moke."

"How can we hear Randall?"

Poor little Houghton subsided.

Randall laughed.

"Houghton, I'm afraid your mother would not approve of your conduct to-night, my child; but

never mind, I appeal to to-morrow morning; that will be my best avenger.

"Well, boys, to make a long story short, I went to Nepaul with an old German friend of mine, a naturalist, and we enjoyed a splendid trip.

"Richter accumulated specimens in ornithology and entomology, and I shot the *big* brutes for him to classify.

"At last the hour drew near for us to go back, or at least for *me* to return to duty.

"I can tell you that I was very sorry for it when the time came, and for the last week I was out constantly, drinking deep draughts of inspiration from nature.

"One day I rode out alone on a little *tattoo*—you know what they are—rough country ponies, as strong as young elephants. I left Black Prince at our bungalow, for I didn't expect to have much running to do, but I took my double-rifle with me, and rode out to find a tiger.

"There was no need to look far in that wild country, for tigers were plentiful enough.

"I rode on through the forest, which was all alive with birds in the early morning. The globules of dew sparkled like diamonds on every bush, and the brilliant little mountain finches flitted across the path, while glorious peacocks every now and then whirled up ahead, and both golden and silver pheasants were to be seen occasionally.

"I rode slowly, with the bridle hanging on the pony's neck, allowing him to trot on at his own will.

"We rambled on through the shady woods, listening to the gay caroling of the birds, every now and then interrupted by the plaintive cry of the soaring shabeen falcon, far overhead.

"Insensibly I got further and further into the forest, the pony following a devious path that wound about with apparent caprice, turning aside here and there. We crossed several tinkling brooks that rippled over the pebbles merrily enough; and at last the forest began to grow more open, and I could see glimpses of open country before me.

"The pony kept gallantly on, tossing his shaggy,



A HUNGARIAN WEDDING.—SEE PAGE 374.



A KALMUCK ENCAMPMENT IN ASTRAKHAN.—SEE PAGE 876.

stubborn-looking head, and ambling away at a great rate, seeming to think that something depended on his speed.

"Then we suddenly turned a corner in the path, around the bole of an immense tree, and a beautiful landscape burst on my sight, the like of which I never expected to witness in this world.

"As far as the eye could see, the country sloped gradually away, open, and dotted with little patches of cover, while the silver threads of several streams meandered along till they converged into one river, a tributary of the noble Ganges.

"The graceful herds of spotted axis-deer were browsing here and there, and I could see gigantic argulaha and cyrus-birds stretching their long necks after the fishes, as they stood knee-deep in the nearest streams, the continual flow of which echoed through their surroundings.

"Far away in the distance, were the heavy forms of a herd of wild elephants, lazily browsing on the branches of a clump of trees, and yet, in all the vast landscape, there was not a solitary sign of human habitation.

"Involuntarily I drew rein and gazed in silence on all around me.

"The pony was not so much impressed as myself, for he kept fidgeting about, and seemed uneasy.

"I hardly noticed his uneasiness, so absorbed was I in the beautiful scene before me, when he suddenly made a bolt, and jumped out of the shade of the trees, where I had been resting, with a terrified snort which, but for quick action on my part, would, no doubt, have thrown me from the saddle.

"Almost at the same instant a large stag burst out of the woods at full speed, and dashed past me within a few feet, his antlers laid flat on his back, and his whole body straightened out in his desperate haste, as if to get away from some unseen foe.

"I had hardly time to wonder at the singularity of the occurrence, when I heard a low, whimper-

ing noise, as of an eager pack of hounds before they open cry, and a crowd of reddish dun dogs poured out of the woods, and were after the stag in hot pursuit.

"My pony reared and snorted with terror, as the whole of the pack, at least sixty in number, swept by us at full speed, opening cry something like foxhounds, but lower, and, to all appearance, they were able to travel at a great rate of speed.

"In a moment they had passed us without taking the least notice, and were hard on the haunches of the stag, who, by this time, was some distance away.

"As soon as they passed, my pony seemed to catch the infection of the chase, and dashed after them at full speed, almost leaping out of his skin in his mad efforts to overtake them, which he soon succeeded in doing.

"I did not try to stop him. I had heard before this of the dholes, or wild hounds of India, and of their great sagacity, and I was not sorry for the opportunity of seeing a sight seldom or never granted to European eyes, and which I knew I should never witness again.

"They ran splendidly, exactly in the style of foxhounds, whom they strongly resemble in form and size; but all were of one uniform red-dun color.

"They seemed well able to maintain their present rate of speed, as none of them had fallen behind in the pursuit.

"The stag was evidently exhausted, and made for the water.

"A part of the pack observing this, and to all appearance directed by a leader, began to make a large circuit, running harder than ever, to cut him off.

"The rest slackened their pace, and the stag was leaving them.

"But the poor stag did not know the wiles of his enemies. Finding he was distancing the main pack, he ran more slowly, being, by this time, almost tired out.

"Then the wary old hounds got ahead of him, and the whole pack closed in, front and rear.

"I had kept back at a sufficient distance to view the chase without interrupting it, and I saw the poor hunted beast swerve from his course at right angles.

"But here again he was met, for the pack that was left behind had been inclining in that direction, and finally ran him down, after repeated turns, almost at the edge of the woods.

"I had followed so closely all the time, that I saw the first dog spring at the stag's throat, and there would soon have been nothing left of him, if a new adversary had not suddenly arisen.

"Just as the poor stag fell, almost under a tree, a fine royal tiger sprang out from a thicket, and pounced upon him.

"Here was fun! Would the dholes allow the tiger to take away their prey without a fight, as the jackal would, under similar circumstances?

"The great brute stood above the stag, lashing his tail, with his eyes darting fire, and roaring furiously.

"The pack of dholes kept closing in around him. I rode up without hesitation. I was safe enough from the tiger, with my double-rifle, and I did not think that the dogs would attack me.

"And I had resolved to see the fight. It soon began.

"The dogs circled around the tiger, till they formed a large ring, in dead silence, but exhibiting no fear whatever. I could not help thinking that I was glad they were not after me.

"Suddenly an old dog gave a short howl.

"The whole circle rushed at the tiger like enraged fiends.

"In a moment, it seemed, so quickly was the thing done, the tiger was covered and hid from view by a mass of furious hounds.

"Then came a wild struggle.

"At one minute the tiger would shake himself clear of his opponents, and strike with his paws right and left, covering the ground with dead and dying; at another he would be down on his back, overwhelmed by numbers tearing away at him on all sides.

"At last he showed the white feather, and turning, tried to escape. But this was not so easy. The pack of dholes, nearly frantic with excitement, were upon him ere he had gone a step, and again the battle began.

"By this time, I began to see which way it would end.

"The wild hounds were losing fearfully, but the tiger was covered with blood, and only fighting to escape.

"Again and again he shook off his fearless enemies, and tried to climb a tree. Before he could rise two feet from the ground, the dogs were on him, pulling him down again.

"At last the contest drew to a close. The tiger had fallen, and the sharp teeth of the dogs were tearing at his bowels. He fought still, but more feebly. Every stroke of his paw was the death-blow of a wild hound, and if they came near his head, he would grasp one with his terrible jaws and throw him away dead in an instant. But it was seldom he got an opportunity. The sagacious brutes, grown wary by the sight of repeated deaths, kept out of the reach of his formidable weapons of offense, and still kept working away at the lower part of his body.

"He was almost gone now. And then the pack retired out of reach for a minute, and suddenly made a simultaneous rush once more, which terminated the contest.

"I did not wait any longer. I was satisfied. The tiger was killed, and the plucky hounds went to work at their two victims.

"I was not over-anxious to cultivate their ac-

quaintance, so I did not offer to rob them of their prey. I took warning from the fate of the tiger.

"But next morning, when I revisited the scene, the bones of the tiger and stag were picked clean, and the skeletons only of twenty-three wild hounds remained.

"Whether the pack ate their own dead brethren, after the manner of wolves, I am unable to say, but I suspected the jackals and white ants to be the root of the matter.

"I returned to Cawnpore in due time, to the regiment, and I can truly say that I never enjoyed a leave as much as I did that one spent in Nepal.

"That's all boys."

"Thank you, Randall," said the major. "I believe you're the first white man I've seen who had actually met those dholes at work."

"There are not many niggers neither," returned Randall. "Some of you fellows take that little lord to bed. He's drunk."

Little Lord Houghton was fast asleep.

A Hungarian Wedding.

LIKE most peasants in Europe the Hungarians have a picturesque dress, simple habits, love of music, and innocent enjoyments. Their mirth and hilarity are not bridled down or hedged in by codes of etiquette, and of all joyous gatherings a wedding is the most merry. Our illustration depicts it well, but instead of describing it, which is scarcely necessary, we give a love-legend of Trentsin Castle, that is often heard at the fireside on a wedding-day in Hungary:

"It was in the reign of Mathias Corvinus that Trentsin was in the possession of Stephan Zapolya, a powerful chief, who added much to the strength and magnificence of the noble pile. Like many other castles, however, placed on the summit of rocks, Trentsin paid dearly for the advantages of its situation, by having no supply of water but what was afforded by cisterns, evidently insufficient to enable a large garrison to support a long siege. To Zapolya this deficiency in his favorite castle was a source of deep disappointment, nor had any one been able to propose an effectual remedy for it.

"Musing one day on this mortification, as he saw his new works nearly completed, he was roused by the announcement of his attendants that a Turkish merchant had arrived, who wished to treat with him for the ransom of some prisoners whom he had captured in the last war, and brought home with him in slavery. As a soldier alive to the courtesies of war, Zapolya at once expressed his willingness to take ransom for all such as still remained in his hands; 'as for those I have given to my followers, they are no longer in my power, any more than the young girl whom my wife has chosen for her handmaid; for the former, you must treat with their present masters; for the latter, she is become such a favorite with her mistress, that I am sure no sum would ransom her.' 'But might I not see this maiden?' anxiously demanded the young Turk. The girl was sent for; 'Omar!' 'Fatime!' burst at the same moment from their lips as they rushed into each other's arms.

"Fatime, it appeared, was the daughter of a Pasha, and the affianced bride of Omar, who lost her in the night when Zapolya had attacked the Turkish camp, and her lover, disguised as a merchant, had undertaken this journey in search of her.

"Enraged at the Turk's presumption, Zapolya ordered Fatime back to the countess's apartments, and, deaf alike to the entreaties and high offers of the lover, positively refused to deprive his wife of an attendant she liked. In vain Omar suppli-

cated, in vain he threw himself passionately at the feet of Zapolya, and begged of him his mistress. At last, angered at his perseverance, the haughty lord swore he might more easily obtain water from the rock they stood on, than compliance from him. 'Try,' said he, in scorn, 'and when the rock yields water to your prayers, I give up Fatime, but not till then. On your honor!' exclaimed Omar, springing to his feet, 'you give up Fatime, if I obtain water from this rock?' 'If you do,' said the knight, astonished that the Turk should have understood him literally, 'I pledge my knightly word to release your mistress and all my prisoners ransom free.'

"What is impossible to youth and love? Omar, aided by the captive Turks, set to work, and long and patiently did they labor at the unyielding stone. Three wearisome years were passed, and they saw themselves apparently as far from success as at the commencement, when, almost exhausted with fatigue and despair, the joyful cry of 'Water! water!' burst on their ears. The spring was found—Fatime was free!"

A Newfoundland Fish Story.

One of those glib-tongued, stout dames, a well-known "character," noted for her ready wit and unscrupulous sharpness in bargain-making, presented herself, one morning, at the door of the late Roman Catholic Bishop, with a fine salmon in her basket. I may as well say that her name was Peg Stack—for Peg does not care a button about her name appearing in the pages of the newspapers. His lordship happened to be about the entrance, and Peg plied all her tongue power to induce the bishop to purchase her fish. Her praises of the "craythur," as she called the salmon, were loud and profuse. She begged his lordship to remark its splendid development of shoulder, but, above all, the unusual plumpness of the abdominal region, showing that it must have come of good stock.

When the fish came to be weighed, it certainly justified Peg's eulogium; its weight, in fact, quite astonished his lordship, considering the size of the fish. Peg got her money and departed in triumph. Soon after, the cook proceeded to operate on the salmon, and, to her horror and amazement, she found its whole interior closely packed with smooth, water-worn pebbles. The impious Peg, reckless of consequences in the unseen hereafter, braving all purgatorial pains and penalties, had actually cheated his lordship the bishop in this barefaced fashion. Naturally one would have fancied that Peg, after such a transaction, would be shy of the "palace" door for some time. But no! His lordship saw the audacious Peg the very next day, ascending the steps of his mansion with another salmon for sale, and apparently as unconscious of wrong and as placidly innocent as a babe. With a stern countenance his lordship opened the door himself and let loose the flood-gates of his wrath upon Peg's devoted head, reproaching her severely with her shameful dishonesty. But she called upon all the saints in heaven to witness her innocence, and repudiated the vile charge made against her. The bishop's wrath then became terrible, and in stern tones he demanded to be informed whence came the four pounds of pebbles.

"Arrah! shure, yer lordship ought to know by this time," replied the imperturbable Peg, "that the salmon, the craythurs, always take in ballast when a gale of wind is risin'; and, more betoken, doesn't yer lordship remember that there was a bad blast of an easterly wind the very night before the beauty was cotched; and ye see he hadn't time to get his ballast throwed overboard."

The bishop was a good-natured man at bottom, and dearly loved a joke. This was too much for his gravity. He burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and the incorrigible Peg saw in a moment that the day was her own. It is said that she dined that day sumptuously in the "palace" kitchen; and many a time afterward did his lordship set his guests in a roar by narrating, in his own inimitable manner, the story of "Peg Stack and the ballasted salmon."

A Kalmuck Encampment in As-trakhan.

THE most interesting object to a traveler at Tsaritsyn on the Volga, in Southern Russia, is the encampment of Kalmucks outside the town. They are dwellers in tents, which consist of a framework of sticks overlaid with skins and pieces of felt, rounded at the top, a hole being left in the centre for the escape of smoke. The people were dressed in long, dark caftans, bound round the waist with dingy red scarfs, but open in front so as to show their brawny, bronzed chests. Their boots were of red leather, and reached to the knee. Beneath yellow fur-trimmed caps long black elf locks hung down on both sides of their swarthy faces, which, by the broad, flat noses, projecting cheek bones, and long, narrow, almond-shaped eyes, proclaimed their origin. They are the remnants of the mighty Kalmuck horde that in the reign of Catherine II., urged on by one of those strange impulses to which Asiatics seem so prone, suddenly struck their tents, and ceased not journeying Eastward till, at the end of eight months, they placed themselves under the protection of the Emperor of China. The few who remained in Russia, and their descendants, have always adhered to their Buddhist faith, and recognise the Grand Lama of Thibet as their head. Their treatment of the dead is strange and revolting. The bodies are carried to a distance from the encampment, and left on the ground to be devoured by dogs. Then they keep watch, and if more than six dogs feed on the body, they hold the deceased in high veneration; if fewer, the family and tribe feel that he has disgraced them.

The Russian Government has at last succeeded in suppressing this strange superstition.

The Sinking Ship; or, Rich for a Moment.

THE ship *Britannia*, which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats.

The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted the youth. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

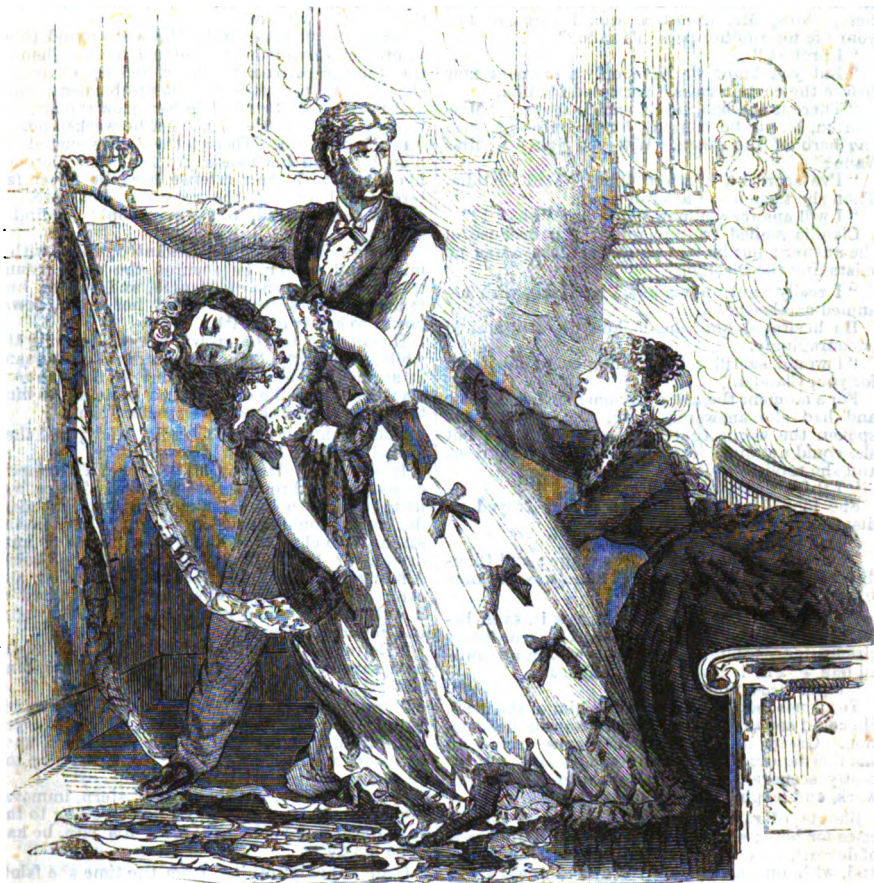
We count such a sailor a madman, but he has

too many imitators. Many men seem determined to *die rich* at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle.

It is injurious to be in a hurry, and delay is often equally so; he is wise who does everything in proper time. Tardiness and precipitation are extremes equally to be avoided.



THE SINKING SHIP.—“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” SHOUTED THE YOUTH. “ESCAPE FOR YOUR LIFE! DON’T YOU KNOW THE SHIP IS FAST GOING TO PIECES?”



CLAUDIA VANE'S HERO.—"CARROLL TORE THE CURTAIN FROM THE FLOOR, AND RIPPED IT INTO STRIPS. ALL THE WHILE THE FLAMES BURNED NEARER AND NEARER. IT WAS A FRAIL THREAD; BUT WHERE COULD HE FIND ONE STRONGER?"

Claudia Vane's Hero.

"I do not believe in such heroism."

The curtain had just dropped upon the first act in the drama. The hero had sacrificed fame, wealth, and, perhaps, life itself, for the woman he loved, and Claudia Vane had curled her lip contemptuously at the sight.

"I do not believe in it," she repeated. "Do you, Mr. Carleton?"

As she asked the question, she flashed a look from her beautiful eyes into the cold, unreadable face of Carrol Carleton—a defiant look, which plainly said, you dare not disagree with me.

But Carrol Carleton was unlike the host of admirers who had knelt at the feet of the proud beauty, and he replied quietly, yet firmly:

"Most emphatically I do, Miss Vane."

Surprised, chagrined, even vexed, that he had dared to dissent, she turned her gaze full upon him; but he was not abashed.

"The picture has not been overdrawn," said he. "We meet such heroes every day, though we may not know it. It needs the occasion—something as we have seen to-night—to bring them out."

"Indeed!"

"I was not aware that Carleton had so much

romance about him," said Ernest Lefever. "Who would suspect it?"

"I should," said Nellie Ashton; "though I should not call it romance. There is not the least bit of it about me, I know; yet I believe with Mr. Carleton."

"Perhaps we might all act heroically, if we only had the *chance*," said Claudia, sarcastically.

"Who can tell?" said Carleton, with provoking coolness.

"If I was not such a matter-of-fact body," spoke Claudia, with mock seriousness. "But, Nellie, please point out a hero. I never saw one. Perhaps Mr. Lefever is just the person."

"I—don't—know," said Nellie, looking very quizzical. "I shouldn't like to bet much on him."

"There is no telling what one might do, if one had the chance," said Lefever, glancing at Carleton; "but, at the present time, I don't think it would be very safe to risk much on my heroism."

"Then, where shall we find one?" asked Claudia, turning to Carrol, determined to have her revenge for his indifference. "Are you one?"

He smiled, in his own quiet way, as he replied:

"I have not been sworn, Miss Vane."

"Which is as much as to say that my questions are out of order, Mr. Carleton; but I shall ask

them, nevertheless; for I do so want to see a real hero. Now, Mr. Carleton, would you sacrifice your life for another person's sake?"

"I protest."

"But you know we have only a moment now before the curtain rises," persisted Claudia.

"There is the bell, now," said Lefever. "Miss Ashton, let us be content, for the present, with the hero of the stage. Will you join us, Miss Vane?"

"I've seen it a hundred times," said Claudia. Then she turned to Carleton again.

"I will answer you now," said he; "shall I?"

Claudia smiled triumphantly. Not because of the answer; but he was so earnest, there was no mistaking the meaning.

"I really want an answer," said she, with assumed carelessness.

He hesitated, and she looked up, and smiled encouragingly.

"I would sacrifice everything, even life itself, for you, Claudia."

For a moment the color deepened on her cheeks, and had she answered then, she would have spoken the words that her heart dictated; but she could not quite forgive him for his frankness, and she replied, quite coldly:

"I think there will be no need."

She looked at him, but his face betrayed no disappointment.

"I hope there will not, Miss Vane."

Then they turned toward the stage; and Claudia little thought how close at hand was the time when there would be need.

No more did Carleton; but he saw it, even before that awful cry—so appalling under ordinary circumstances, but ten times more so in a crowded hall—"Fire! fire!" reached his ears.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

Yet it needed not the cry to tell him of the peril. He could see the fire-flend at his work of destruction. Great, lurid tongues of flames darted up the flowing drapery of the stage, licking up the costly scenery, catching at the light, dry wood-work, and leaping toward the galleries.

Shouts of rage and fear; curses, and piteous cries for help; shrieks of mortal agony, and wails of despair, arose from the terror-stricken audience, and, with one accord, they crowded toward the door—that great, wide entrance, once so ample, but now so small—so inadequate for the egress of the pushing, trampling, rushing mob. The weak must give way to the strong. Love, friendship, the ties of marriage or of blood, were all forgotten for the time. Many a one reached the door only to be trampled upon by those, perhaps, who should have been their protectors.

But few stood undaunted before that awful peril; and among those few—nay, supreme above all, was Carrol Carleton; the same cold, stoical, incomprehensible face that he wore under all circumstances. No danger—no terror could move a muscle of that face; but he could not look on that suffering unmoved.

"God have mercy!" he murmured.

Once before he had asked it. At the first alarm, Ernest Lefever had dashed out the window—ash, and ere Carleton could prevent, he made the fatal leap. Then Carleton said:

"God have mercy!"

He knew that the window was a hundred feet from the pavement, yet he felt that the suffering was nothing compared to the agony of the doomed inmates of the pit.

"God have pity on them!" he repeated, turning away from the awful sight.

Claudia Vane had, unconsciously, nestled close to his side, while Nellie Ashton, deserted by Lefever, clung to the other arm. No cry had yet escaped their lips—no word—no sound; but they looked up into Carrol's face, in mute appeal.

"Fear not," said he. "You shall be saved! Come to the window."

Stripping off his coat, he threw it around them to protect them from the intense heat. Then he tore the carpet from the floor, and ripped it into shreds. All the while the flames burned nearer and nearer. Hotter and hotter grew the air, and the smoke was suffocating. Yet he worked on. It was life or death. Though the flames singed his hair, blistered his hands and face, and scorched his throat with their intense heat, he never faltered; and, at last, the rope was complete. It was a frail thread, but where could he find a stronger?

Only a brief second he hesitated; then, with a murmured prayer, he secured the cord around the insensible form of Claudia, and raising her, tenderly, he carefully lowered her down, down, down, to safety or death.

He shouted to the crowd below, listening the while, so intently, for some sign that she was safe. It seemed, to him, an age; but at last the rope slackened, and the cheers that came up to him, told that he had saved one precious life.

Nellie Ashton followed Claudia, safely; and then Carrol began to look to his own safety.

It was time. He was out off from all communication, save through that window. There was naught between him and eternity, but that slender cord. Would it bear his weight? Had he the strength to cling to it, and traverse that one hundred feet? He doubted; but there was no choice. Already his hands and face were blistered, and every breath he drew was like red-hot metal to his throat. He had remained almost too long; but he did not regret it.

"Better dead than alive, knowing that I might have saved them," he thought, as he swung himself out of the window.

Down, down, he went, the skin peeling from his hands; yet, gaining new strength from every draught of the cool air. And hope revived, until he looked up and saw the fire just licking up the rope that supported him.

Did his face blanch then? that stern, immovable face? Did he despair? No; he clung to the rope until it parted. Whatever his fate, he had done his duty.

Claudia knew nothing, from the time she fainted at the window, until she awoke in her own room, and saw her mother sitting beside her. In the first moments of consciousness, she believed that she was still in the burning theatre. She could hear the shrieks and groans; she could see the merciless flames, and the suffocating smoke, filling every part of the house; and she remembered the words that Carrol Carleton had spoken, and her answer. But her mother, sitting there so quietly, and the familiar objects everywhere around her, dispelled the illusion.

"How did I escape—mother?" were her first words. "I cannot think—yet, I remember all up to a certain time. I know that Mr. Carleton led Nellie and me to the window, and threw his coat over us; but I know nothing more."

"Hush, hush, Claudia! You must be very quiet," said Mrs. Vane, quickly.

"Why, I am not sick, mother. I must know all about it. Was Nellie saved? and who rescued me?"

"Yes, Claudia; Nellie was saved—and Carrol Carleton rescued both."

"And he escaped—mother?"

"The fire? Yes."

"Your words imply another danger," said Claudia, anxiously.

"And there were other dangers, my daughter. And, among so many, is it strange that some should be sacrificed?"

"Mother! mother! whatever can you mean? Tell me, quick! Did Carrol Carleton escape?"

"Alas, Claudia! another half minute, and he would have been safe!"

"Then he is——"

"Dead, Claudia."

"No, no, no, mother! Do not say that. It cannot be! It must not!"

Mrs. Vane now understood her daughter, and she replied:

"Perhaps it is not so, Claudia. We will hope for the best."

"Oh, thank you for that, mother. Then you do not know?"

"I only heard that he jumped from the window, Claudia."

"He never would do that," said Claudia, hopefully. "No, mother, it was not Carrol Carleton. It was Ernest Lefever. Send immediately, that I may know."

Mrs. Vane despatched a servant at once to Mr. Carleton's home, and then returned to her daughter.

"What was he to you, Claudia?" she asked, softly.

"Everything, mother," was the daughter's reply, as she hid her face in the pillow. "I never knew it until to-night."

Then she looked up into her mother's face, and awaited the answer.

"I am well pleased," said Mrs. Vane. "He is worthy."

Nothing more was said, until the servant returned with a note from the Carletons.

"Oh, my poor child!" exclaimed the anguished mother, as she read.

"He is not dead, mother? You will not tell me that? I cannot bear it!"

"He is alive, my child."

"Then I am happy."

"But, Claudia——"

"I care not, mother. I know what you will say. If he only lives, it is all I ask. Let me see the note."

Mrs. Vane reluctantly gave it to her, and she read:

"Our poor Carrol will not die; but he will be a cripple through life. And his face is burned so that no one would recognize him."

"I've read enough, mother," said she throwing the note aside. "He will live. I must go to him this very night. Will you have the carriage brought?"

"Surely, you cannot mean it, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane.

"I must go to him, mother! You cannot think me so base as to leave him now, just for a few scars? Were they not got, mother, when he was saving our lives? And will he not need me, more than ever, now that he is helpless? He might have saved himself, had he left us to our fate. No, mother, I cannot leave him now."

Remonstrance was of no avail. She had found a hero off the stage. Scars or deformity were nothing to her love. All through that terrible sickness, she watched by him, and brought him safely through; and when, at last, he left his room, it was Claudia's arm that supported him—Claudia Vane, his promised wife.

My Sister's Wedding-Dress.

"I won't wear it," she said, passionately, as she came into my room, after hearing my mother say, for the fortieth time, that the wedding-dress should be white.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked, fretfully, as I remained silent.

"I was wondering what you would substitute."

"My black alpaca, the old brown silk—anything but white—cheap white—a tarleton dress, a square of blonde, and some wilted orange blue—

soms! Oh, Edith! my mother has made me ridiculous enough for three years; and now, on the last day I am to be with her, she would make me look like a fifth-rate actress in a marriage scene!"

It was not the first mortification her proud spirit had had to endure. Beautiful, accomplished, and luxurious, the three years she had passed at home, had been a continual martyrdom to her.

From her fifth to her fifteenth year, my sister's life had been passed with a wealthy relative in the West. There every taste and wish had been gratified. But suddenly the relative died; he had made no will. Nearer kindred claimed and obtained his wealth, and Edith came home.

I confess that I was not very kindly disposed toward my sister, on her reappearance among us. She was very beautiful, very highly accomplished, and, I thought, very supercilious also. God help us! I can understand now, how distasteful we must have been to her over-refined taste, and warm, impulsive nature.

We belonged to the shabby-genteel order of society. Not that there was any particular reason why we should, except that my father had left me a very small income, and that my mother had her own idea of respectability.

If any of my readers happen to belong to that rather numerous order of beings, they will understand, at once, what is meant by the shabby-genteel. To the uninitiated I will say, that it means *pretense*.

You must pretend to be very refined, very comfortable in worldly circumstances, although every one knows to the contrary. But, above all things, you must have wealthy relatives—at least one wealthy relative. And if at any time Dives chooses to bestow on you the crumbs from his table, you are to make due trumpeting thereof among your friends.

In our case, the wealthy relative was a *bona fide* individual; but in taking Edith off my mother's hands, he, no doubt, thought he had done his duty by the family.

The crumbs that came from *that* table were few indeed.

But, as I said, he died, and Edith came home. My mother's indignation and disappointment at this unexpected turn of affairs, may be imagined; but, as she was a very practical woman, she did not long allow those useless passions to usurp her mind.

She saw that Edith was handsome, and that she possessed a yielding disposition; there was no reason, then, why her beauty should not contribute to the family greatness.

My mother determined that Edith should win a rich husband. A very simple thing to determine, but, somehow, not quite so easy to accomplish.

Whether it was that the men for whom my mother angled were too conscious of the angling, or that they saw with what utter indifference Edith regarded them, and would not seek so unwilling a bride, I know not; but nearly three years had passed, and she was still unwed, when William Gordon appeared on the scene.

Three years before—just previous to Edith's return—my mother and I had measured strength on this subject of marriage, and with this same William Gordon. I had won; but it was a barren victory. I think my mother hated me from that hour.

Gordon left the place immediately after; and, as his name had never been mentioned in our household, Edith knew nothing of his former wooing.

He came back, made frequent calls, and, in less than a month, to my mother's great joy, and my sorrow, it was evident that Edith had surrendered her heart to his keeping.

As soon as this discovery dawned upon me, I

resolved that, if efforts of mine availed, she should never be William Gordon's wife.

I told her all the evil I knew of the man. I said that he was profligate, unprincipled, and that only for his great wealth had he been tolerated in society.

I might as well have sung his virtues; for he had some, though I was careful not to mention them. With such natures as my sister's, I think now that the course I took was the very worst possible. To such generous hearts the idea of sacrifice is itself captivating.

"She thought she could win William from his evil ways; and even if she could not, why—"

My God! how lovely the child looked at such moments. I think some young Roman maiden of Nero's time, might have worn that smile and that glance, as she thought how sweet it was to die for him she loved.

Utterly defeated in my endeavors, I retired from the field, and left Edith and my mother happy.

One day, about a week after my last conversation with my sister, I was returning alone from the post-office, when I met William Gordon.

Since his return, we had hardly exchanged words; consequently, I was somewhat surprised to have him turn, and join me in my walk.

"So you are as determined that Edith shall not be my wife, as you were that you yourself would not be," he said.

"So far as your good intentions go," I said, "you are quite correct."

"I know it. You have been treating her to an enumeration of my *immoralities*. I did not suppose there was so much active dislike for me in your heart, and I utterly protest against it. You should not at all interfere in this matter."

"Shall I stand calmly by, while my sister ignorantly blights her whole future life?"

"Not one woman in a hundred would take the view of my character that you do. Edith would not; nor would she mind what strangers said on the subject. Your influence over her is great; you must not use it against me. I will make her as good a husband as the generality of men make, or the generality of women merit. Don't smile; your sex is no whit better than mine. Same in degrees; difference in kind, that is all."

"Why do you wish to marry Edith?"

"To most people, I would say, because I love her." To you, I say, because I want a wife."

There are a hundred who would take you, willingly, with the approbation of their friends."

"In buying a horse, a man uses some taste and judgment. Your sister pleases me."

"So, you choose a wife as you would a horse?"

"I tell you," he broke out, fiercely, "you will send me headlong to the devil, if you balk me in this! Three years ago, you rejected my suit. Since that time, I have been a wanderer from my home. I never wished to see it again; but my mother's prayers, at length, drew me back. I tell you, your red lips would grow as white as your hand, did you know how those three years have been passed! I am an aimless, desperate man. I believe your sister can save me from myself; and, I repeat again, you must not interfere!"

I looked him steadily in the face.

"I am very contemptible, to you, Miss Grantly."

"Yes; you are right. You are contemptible! If I were a man, I would trample my heart in the dust, I would send my soul to Hades, before I would say that my salvation depended on any woman's smile."

"And yet, so surely as you now walk by my side, your life's life has depended on a man's smile—and you lost it!"

A darkness swam before my eyes. He put out his hand, and the act recalled me to myself.

"I shall not question how you obtained your

information," I said. "You have only spoken the truth. And yet, there is this difference between us: That, having once failed me, I would not now accept his aid to save me from perdition. But, enough of this. Have you seen Edith to-day?"

"I have been away nearly a week, and but just returned."

"You need fear nothing from me. I have used every argument at my disposal, to win her from you, without effect. She will marry you, Gordon, to-night."

The wedding-day was fixed, and such preparations, as our scanty means allowed, were being made. I had neither hand nor voice in what was going on, for I was sick at heart, on my sister's account; and I am sure, moreover, that she tried to shun me.

Thus it was that I had known very little of what was going on, till within a few days of the time, when Edith informed me that my mother insisted on her wearing white; and begged my mediation in the matter.

But I declined all interference. I had learned, by bitter experience, that for me to oppose or favor a measure, was to make my mother take the opposite side.

It was within two days of the wedding-day, and the momentous question of the dress was still undecided.

Edith would wear anything but white, and Edith's mother would have nothing else. The question was becoming ludicrous, and yet, very painfully so to me, when it was suddenly forever put at rest.

She had been very still, for an hour or more, that morning—her whole attention absorbed by "Browning."

I had found it very pleasant, as she lay opposite me, on the lounge, to let my eyes rest occasionally on her sweet young face. I was beginning to realize, too, that Gordon's words were not so very weak, after all. It would be hard for a man to go very far astray with such a fireside companion. She would—

I was roused from my reverie by hearing her book fall.

"Wasn't it horrible?" she said, quickly. "Look!—I have been reading the 'Poet's Yew'—this is the way she wanted her hands fixed."

In an instant she had straightened herself out on the lounge, closed her eyes, and raised her clasped hands in the attitude of prayer.

"Don't put mine so," she continued. "Arrange them this way, over my heart, lest, even in my grave, it should ache to come back to *them*."

"Edith! Edith! do you really love him so much?"

Instead of answering, she started up, and seemed to listen.

"There!—he is in the hall! I hear him asking for me."

She slipped past me, and ran lightly down the stairs.

She came back, presently, dragging a light overcoat after her.

"Mamma noticed that the pocket was ripped," she said, in reply to my glance. "She told him to leave it here to be mended, while he went to order a carriage. We are going down to the Branch to meet the train—all of us—mamma, too, and you—will you? You need not hesitate; you know it will be our carriage in a few days. Will you go with us to-day?"

"No."

"Of course not. I knew you would refuse. Well, have the kindness to loan me a needle, if you please. I must turn tailor; I— But what is this? A pistol, as I live! Now, wouldn't you suppose William were contemplating something dreadful, carrying such weapons about?"

As she spoke, she held up a small, silver-mounted pocket-pistol.

"Look! Isn't it a beauty?"

"Put it down, Edith," I said, seized with a sort of nervous horror.

"Just notice the exquisite workmanship. It—"

"Put it down," I repeated, more authoritatively still.

"Nonsense; it is not loaded. Do you suppose that he would carry it about so carelessly, if it were? Now, imagine that I am the Maid of Orleans, or Lucretia Borgia, or some one else, who killed her husband, or herself, I never *could* remember history, and—"

I started up to take the weapon from her; but before I had advanced one step, a sharp report rang in my ears, and Edith fell lifeless to the floor.

Never dreaming that the pistol was loaded, she had pulled the trigger. The ball entered her heart, and, without a groan, her young spirit had flown to its Maker.

My sister's wedding-dress was white; but the groom was Death!

Jeffrey Hudson, the Dwarf.

THIS little fellow, who, when he entered his teens, was scarcely more than a foot and a half in height, and who did not ultimately grow much over three feet, was in his boyhood protected by the Duke of Buckingham. At a banquet given by the duke in honor of the queen, a pie was placed upon the table, the crust of which being raised, the dwarf stepped forth and bowed to Henrietta Maria, to whom he was presented by Buckingham. This mode of presentation was not at all original. It was a common court jest, when a dwarf was in question. Sometimes the hapless little wretch was presented in a gilt cage, as a Milan dwarf was to Francis I. Zeiller, in one of his letters, mentions a dwarf in the household of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, in the year 1568. At a grand festival in honor of Duke William of Bavaria and the Princess Renata of Lorraine, this dwarf was served up at table, in a pie. When the crust was raised, he leaped out, attired in panoply of gilt, and grasping a banner in his hand, which he waved as he marched round the table, and made merry compliments to the august and delighted guests. Weber, in his "*Verändertes Euesland*," notices a similar custom as prevailing at the court of Russia, and continuing as late as the beginning of the last century. No more acceptable joke could be got up for the amusement of the Cæars by their favorite nobles. A couple of pies, from which a male and female dwarf issued to dance a minuet, procured for the giver of the entertainment the utmost applause from the sovereign.

When Jeffrey (after cleverly aiding the queen's escape from Exeter) was with Henrietta Maria in France, occurred his remarkable duel with Will Croft, brother of the queen's favorite, and master of the horse. Will Croft had bantered the valiant little man, who held a commission as a cavalry captain; and Jeffrey not only challenged him, but fought Will on horseback, in the park at Navers. Croft had brought with him only a squirt, which he discharged at the enraged dwarf; but Hudson, "running his horse in full career, shot his antagonist in the head, and left him dead on the spot."

Children's Sayings.

HARRY, a little four-year-old fellow, whose bright black eyes seldom missed anything that came under their ken, lived in the vicinity of a

saloon, and, by frequently running away, found opportunities of "takin' notes."

He accompanied his mother to church, one day, and being his first experience of the kind, of course Master Harry's eyes and ears did not fail in their accustomed office.

It chanced to be communion-day; and after the bread and wine were passed, a plate was handed round for contributions.

Harry noticed a venerable, sanctimonious old party, on his right, who had imbibed, place a dime on the plate.

Imagine the horror of the venerable "hard shell," and his neighbors, on hearing Harry call out, in a whisper audible to half the church:

"Ma, is it only ten cents a drink, *here*?"

Clara had an uncle, who, during the war, had the ill-luck to fall into the hands of the "Philistines," otherwise Forrest and his men. Of course, much solicitude was felt for the absent one, who was, in the language of Clara, "taken pris'ner."

Afterward, when riding with her mother, in the cars, a kind old gentleman pointed out the State-prison at Joliet, visible through the car-window, and explained to her that the persons living there were kept locked up—prisoners.

Shortly after, a little girl came to visit Clara, and made some boasting remarks relative to the wedding of her sister, who was recently married.

But even the splendors of a wedding could not extinguish Clara. Drawing herself up, she replied:

"Oh, well, Nettie, you needn't brag—guess I've got an uncle in the *State-prison*."

Nettie subsided.

When Clara had the measles, she was so hoarse that it was with the utmost difficulty she could speak. Her mamma, sitting in the sick-room, one evening, noticed her little hands on the outside of the counterpane, going through a variety of motions, and asked, in some surprise:

"What are you doing, Clara?"

"Mamma, does God understand the deaf-and-dumb talk? My throat is so sore it hurts to talk, so I thought I'd just say my prayer in deaf-and-dumb, this time."

When she was about three years old, she had a severe illness, which left her quite thin. After she got well enough to play out of doors, she came running in from the garden, one day, her eyes sparkling with excitement:

"Oh, papa! I'm going to be an angel, right away! See here!"—pulling down her dress and showing her shoulder-blades. "Don't you see the wings, papa? *They're just sprouting.*"

Clara's papa is an ardent admirer of the droleries of Artemus Ward, and when off professional duty, is wont to refresh his mind with the sayings of the great "gaskit," sometimes reading a passage or two aloud.

On one occasion these sayings were interrupted by the appearance of the clergyman of the parish—a rigid High-churchman, and a little inclined to pomposity.

Patting the three-year-old maiden on her curly head, he condescendingly asked:

"Don't you know me, my little girl?"

"Oh, yes," pertly replied Clara, with the expectant air of one who waits applause. "*You are a gay and festive one.*"

Hearing considerable commotion in my room, one morning, I peeped in, to see what was going on. Baby Marian lay curled up in a little heap on the bed, giving utterance now and then to a gasping moan. Clara stood by the bureau, making sham powders for the suffering patient. Suddenly Marian called out:

"Oh, doctor! do hurry, doctor! Me and my knee is velly bad. We's got the *disturbs* awful."

But on questioning the doctor, she gravely informed me that it was the "*phymptionary consumption*."

Marian has a little playmate named Willie Patt. Clara and Marian were out in the garden, looking at the flowers, when Clara remarked to her mother that her favorite flowers were sweet-williams.

"So is I," rejoined Marian, promptly—"sweet Willie Patt."

Clara rejoices in the possession of a member vulgarly known as a "sweet tooth," which leads her to commit sundry depredations on the sugar-barrel. Being surprised at this one day, she anticipated her mother's reproof, by saying:

"Now, mamma, I know you don't like it; and little girls who eat sugar don't grow any; but I thought it would make me *grow backward*, and then I'd be a twin to Marian."

The Ruby Ring.

The year 1798 was drawing to a close. Wexford and Wicklow had sunk into silence and submission, and the rebellion in Ireland was virtually over. With but a few exceptions, its leaders had been secured, exiled from the country, or condignly punished.

Among the last who remained, skulking, hiding, hunted like a beast from place to place, unable to escape, with a reward on his head, and despair in his heart, was a younger son of Lord Thomas Fitzroy, a loyal nobleman of Kildare. The adventures of this young aristocrat form a singular page in the final records of that disastrous year.

It was a night in November—dark, wild and wet. In a mountain-gap, midway betwixt the counties of Kildare and Wicklow, stood a ruinous cabin, built up against the bare face of a rock, with gorse and furze-bushes toppling over it, and a bit of lonely heath stretching away in front. In this cabin, on the night of which I write, over a smouldering peat-fire, two men were sitting alone.

One was a middle-aged peasant, in a suit of tattered frieze, with a cropped head, a dark, wily, unshaven face, and a big blackthorn shillalah slung down on the hearth beside him.

The other was younger by many years. He sat bending over the fire, chilled to the bone by a long, dreary tramp. He was a tall, handsome fellow of five-and-twenty, bearing himself like a prince. Around his pale, haggard face his unpowdered hair showered, silky and black as the raven's wing. The hands he stretched to the fire, too, were the hands of an aristocrat—slender and white as a woman's. On one glittered a ring set with a heart-shaped ruby, very costly and curious, and ruffles of fine lace had been carefully tucked up under his coarse frieze coat-sleeves.

The cabin where the two sat was bare and desolate enough. A creel of turf stood on the hearth, from which the elder of the two occasionally fed the sulky fire.

The wind soughed through the furze-bushes outside, and tramped across the heath like human footsteps. The men seemed ill at ease as they listened.

"Tantry," sighed he of the long, unpowdered hair, "we had better have pushed boldly toward the coast. That way lies my only hope of escape."

"Faith, yer honor," whined Tantry, "ye're no' thinking o' Gaff and his men, and the whole legion o' cutthroat rojers searching every inch o' that same coast for yer lordship, and aching in ivory bone o' their bodices for the thousand pounds re-

ward. Ah, it's a fine bit o' money—is a thousand pounds!"

Something in Tantry's tone seemed to strike his young master unpleasantly. He looked hard at him for a moment; then, as if ashamed of even a fitting suspicion, he put a hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Tell me, Tantry, are we safe here?"

"Shure, that we are," answered Tantry. "Would I have brought yer honor into danger—think ye? Take heart now, and break yer fast wid this bit o' oaten bannock I thaved from Widdy Maloney down in the bog."

He drew the cake from his pocket, and tendered a share to his master, but the young man shook his head.

"No, Tantry. I have no appetite. My heart is like lead. This long skulking has worn me out. When a man's strength begins to go, hope is swift to follow after. Great Heaven! Six months ago, a spoiled darling of Fortune, with the world all before me; and to-night a hunted outlaw, with a price on my head, and nothing before my sight, sleeping or waking, but the gallows!"

"Whist!" said Tantry. "Whist! A night's rest will make a new man o' ye. Troth, the widdy's cake is mighty dhry. It's a sup o' mountain-dew I'm needing to wash it down wid. Whist! Hear the rain pour, and the moan o' the wind out yon in the furze."

A gleam shot into his eyes as he spoke, but his master did not see it. He sat, deeply despondent, scowling at the fire, his handsome head dropped on his hands.

"Tantry, faithful heart," he said, "you have shared my doleful wanderings long enough. To be found with me now would be your utter ruin. You must leave me! We must part here to-night! You will have no trouble, I think, in getting out of the country at once—to France or to America."

He drew out a well-filled purse, and counted from it fifty pounds.

Tantry hung his ill-shaped head for a moment, but recovered quickly, and received the money with good grace.

"May the saints bless yer honor! Hivin be yer bed! Ye've a generous heart. Long life to yer lordship, in spite o' prisint troubles! But, if I desert ye here, what will ye do? Where will ye go? What's to become o' ye?"

"No matter," answered the master, sadly. "You must now think only of yourself. Hark! What is that?"

Both started—both listened. There was a crackling sound without in the gorse and furze of the heath.

"It's the wind, yer honor," stammered Tantry, "or, maybe, a moor-hen or a fox creeping to covert. Have ye yer pistols ready?"

The other touched his breast significantly.

"Faix! it's gone now! Ye'll hear it no more. I'll spread yer honor a bed by the hearth, and ye can lie down and sleep. Give me the pistols, and I'll sit here beside ye and watch."

For the second time the master eyed the servant in a way that boded trouble.

"No," he answered, coldly. "I will not lie down—I cannot sleep. Hark! There's the noise again. Good Heaven! it is a footstep!"

He started up from his seat. So, also, did Tantry, and seized the blackthorn cudgel from the hearth.

At the same moment voices were heard without, and a blow from a gunstock shook the barred door of the shanty.

"Open!" roared a voice. "Open, in the king's name!"

"Holy Vargin!" gasped Tantry, "yer honor's lost!"

Tall and pale and terrible, his master turned and looked at him.

"Traitor!" he answered, "you have betrayed me!"

The guilty wretch fell back, cowering, in his seat.

"Open!" shouted the voice again, and muskets clattered, and the old door shook to the stout shoulders set against it. "Open, Tantry Nee! Where are you, man? Is Fitzroy there?"

"Aye! Break down the door!" cried the wretch, and, as it fell, he ran and hid himself among the soldiers on the threshold.

A scarlet figure, with a drawn sword in his hand, stepped into the shanty.

Fitzroy tore the pistols from his bosom, and stood at bay.

"Back!" he thundered. "Who are you, and what do you want here?"

"I am an officer of the Crown," answered Captain Gaff: "and I want a rebel and traitor called Arthur Fitzroy, son of Lord Fitzroy of Kildare. Surrender, sir—put up your weapons and surrender! Take you we must, dead or alive!"

"Dead you may take me. *Alice* you never shall!" cried Fitzroy, and hurled himself on the blocked-up door, firing both pistols as he went.

The shots took effect—one in the brain of the wretch Tantry, the other in the heart of a soldier just crossing the threshold.

Beating about him with the butts of the smoking weapons, Fitzroy actually forced his way through the door, and planted one foot on the dark, free heath!

Then came a blow in the forehead from a gunstock, and, senseless, covered with blood, he fell to the ground.

Under a strong guard they hurried him off that night to Dublin Newgate, to answer to the charge of treason, sedition, and murder, before the Court of the King's Bench.

It was a stormy time. The sittings of this court were often prolonged into the small hours of night.

Fitzroy received his death-sentence standing in the dock, with the ghastly light of the midnight lamps falling on his pale face and on the arms of the military who filled the body of the courtroom.

Slowly his dark, scornful eyes swept the benches.

"I thank you for your gracious punishment," he said, and went out with the officers, while Captain Gaff cleared the howling galleries at the point of the bayonet.

Death! Death by the halter! That was his doom. All the following day, prone and pale, he lay on his straw pallet, listening to the hammering of the scaffold going up for him without—watching its awful shadow darken along his grated window.

About twilight, Captain Gaff entered the cell with the turnkey.

"Is there anything," said Gaff, who was really a kind-hearted man, "that I can do for you?"

"Yes," answered Fitzroy; "send me a priest, that I may confess."

Gaff departed at once to find one.

An hour or two after, he brought to the condemned cell Father Fleming, an old parish priest, and a staunch loyalist.

The turnkey locked the good father in with the prisoner, and left them alone together. At the end of a half-hour, he went to release him.

Father Fleming came forth very silent and sad, his aged figure bent almost double, his face well concealed in the folds of his blue cloak.

"Your reverence," said the turnkey, "has he made his peace with God?"

"Yes, my son," was the subdued answer.

"Leave him in peace."

The turnkey peered into the cell, and, by the

dim light there, saw the prisoner lying on his straw pallet, with his face to the wall. He locked the iron door again, conducted the priest through the passage, and out to the prison-gate.

"Good-night, holy father," he said, at parting.

"Good-night, my son," was the low answer.

With a parting benison Father Fleming turned and disappeared straightway into the night.

Shortly after, Captain Gaff appeared in the turnkey's quarters.

"Has the priest gone?" he asked.

"Aye; but just now," answered the turnkey.

"Did you not meet him on the quay?"

"No," said Gaff. "I've an odd feeling, somehow, about the prisoner. Let us go and look at him."

They went, and found Fitzroy on his straw pallet, breathing heavily. Gaff bent over him, then started back with an oath.

Not Fitzroy, but Father Fleming, lay before them, gagged, purple, helpless, his feet pinioned as he lay, his hands bound fast to his side! The good priest's cloak and outer garments had been torn from him, and replaced by those worn by Fitzroy. In fact, the cunning rebel had fairly outwitted his jailers. Out of the very shadow of the gallows he had flown, and left them an empty cage.

"Sound the alarm!" roared Gaff. "Ring the prison-bell! Call out the guard!"

And while the guard tumbled out of their quarters, and the great bell clanged, the gag was taken from Father Fleming's mouth, his bonds cut, and he told his story.

"He seemed very weak," said the old priest. "To rise, he could not; so I knelt by him here, with my ear close down to hear his confession. In the very midst of it he leaped upon me, strong as a savage, bore me down head first into the straw, gagged, bound, stripped me in a breath. He was young and I old. He was stout and I weak—I could not cry out, and I had no strength to resist. God forgive him!"

Gaff was furious. He set off, like a bloodhound, in pursuit.

Fitzroy was suffering from a wound in the head, and he had but a half-hour's start—it was hardly possible that he could escape.

All that night they searched—all the following day and the next night. The second day they had tracked him to the little town of Ballymore, twenty miles south of Dublin.

Gaff threw this town into dire confusion, searched the houses of all suspected persons, and distributed freely descriptions of the escaped prisoner's person, and offers of reward. Then he left his noisy squad of soldiers carousing in an ale-house, and, with his sword clanking, his scarlet uniform glittering, his flaxen queue beautiful to see, the officer of the Crown strutted through the principal street of Ballymore to a suburb, where a cottage stood, with a tidy patch of garden before it, and a flax-field stretching away in the rear. Down a green *boreen* went Gaff, and stopped at the door, and rapped upon it lustily with his sword.

"Run, Kitty!" called a shrill voice within; "it's me nephew that's come!"

Directly the bolt was drawn back, and Captain Gaff saw in the opening a lovely face, like a wild rose, set in rippling clusters of chestnut hair, and a ravishing figure, in a lace bodice and a russet petticoat. Gaff's eyes glowed.

"Aye, it is I, Kitty dear," said he; and he snatched the girl rudely, and bent to kiss her rich ripe lips.

"Leave me alone!" she cried, angrily, and tore herself free, and fled down the little passage—he following.

"Katty," he implored, "wait a little! By my

soul! you grow lovelier and more flinty-hearted every day! What's a kiss, now? Tut! don't be so niggard!"

Katty burst into a room at the end of the passage, where a fire burned and an air of comfort prevailed, and a gaunt old spinster, in a lace cap, sat knitting by the hearth.

"The captain's come, ma'am!" said Katty, and, with a burning face, she fled through another door and vanished.

Captain Gaff pranced up to the hearth, his rather disgraceful manner growing respectable at once.

"My dear aunt," said he, and bent and kissed the black mit on Miss Connel's hand—"my dear aunt, I have come, with your kind permission, to take tea with you."

The old Irish gentlewoman motioned him to a seat. She looked over his scarlet uniform and clanging sword with indulgent eyes.

"You're welcome, nephew," she said, in her rich brogue. "Is it ye, sure, that's brought the soldier down to Ballymore this day? Whatever are ye doing here in this bit o' a town, as true to his majesty as Lunnon itself?"

Captain Gaff kept his greedy eyes on the door through which Katty had vanished.

"Call that child back, do!" he urged, "and let her hear the news. It will put you both on your guard. I consider it very risky for two women like you—one feeble, and the other handsome as a houri—to live alone here in these trying times! A new uprising may be expected at any moment!"

"Lord have mercy!" screamed Miss Connel. "Katty! Whatever do you mean, nephew? Have the rebels come to Ballymore?"

"One has been here, at least," said Captain Gaff, devouring Katty with his amorous glances, as she shyly opened the door. "The most dangerous one now left unbung. I mean Fitzroy, who helped to lead the rebels at Castlebar."

Gaff then proceeded to relate the story of his capture and escape, and the vain chase he had been leading the authorities for the last two days and nights.

Katty grew pale, and Miss Connel shook with horror.

"And he's been at Ballymore!" muttered Katty, crossing herself. "Holy Virgin, protect us!"

"Faith, we'll be murdered in our beds!" cried Miss Connel, "and the thatch burnt over us! I

must have double locks put on the doors, and send the silver to Dublin."

Artfully Captain Gaff soothed the fears he had provoked. Ballymore had been thoroughly searched, and no Fitzroy found therein. Consequently, it was pretty certain the arch-rebel had gone on further.

Jocelyn's "fox-hunters" were on his track, too, and captured he must be in a few hours; and while Gaff was talking, Katty brought in Miss Connel's tea, and spread the beautiful damask cloth, and lighted the candles; and the pair, nephew and aunt, drew up to the board together.

"Tell me the gossip at the barracks," said Miss Connel. "No, niver another word of the ribils—Katty will be running off wid that smuggling blade o' a Larry Blake, jist for the sake o' a lad's protection, and I'd not part wid Katty yet for siller or gold. The society news, mind ye. Have ye found a rich heiress to your liking yet, nephew?"

"No," answered the captain, disconsolately; "the Dublin heiresses are all ugly as sin. None are to my mind. Hang me! How comes this little Katty of yours to be such a beauty? If she had a thousand a year, I'd marry her to-morrow!"

"Do ye mane it, man?" asked Miss Connel, with an odd look at him, while she cut the slices of very thick bread and butter.

"Hang me if I don't!" roared the captain, and then Katty appeared, bearing a jug of buttermilk, and he leered at her in a way that turned her white with rage and red with shame in a moment.

"Maybe I'll remind ye o' that same some day," chuckled Miss Connel. "There! take your eyes off the lass—she's none o' yer tight Dublin hussies. Katty, avourneen, make haste wid yer own tay; and milk the cow, and make things fast for the night. The story o' that roaring ribil has given me a turn."

Fast fled Katty from Gaff's wicked eyes. Her supper over in the dark kitchen, she took the pail from the dresser, and went out to milk the cow in the yard opening behind the cottage.

In one corner of this yard was a haystack, from which a dun-colored cow stood feeding, and waiting to be milked. Beyond the yard was a hedge, and a black ditch, and the flax-field whose pungent earthy odor filled the damp air. Out-toward the west the silver rim of a young moon shone through a clump of thorn-trees.

Katty was searching around the haystack for



THE RUBY RING.—"A BLOW FROM A GUNSTOCK SHOOK THE BARRED DOOR OF THE SHANTY."



HOW GUSSIE SINNED.—“GUSSIE UTTERED A LOUD SCREAM, AND THEN SHE FAINTED IN HER FATHER’S ARMS.”—SEE PAGE 390.

her milking-stool, when Gaff came leaping the hedge into the yard, and, unwinding a bright ribbon from his pocket, flung it over her chestnut hair.

“One kiss, Katty, and you shall have this,” said he.

“Away wid ye,” answered Katty, pouting and frowning.

Gaff approached her, with passionate eyes.

“Won’t you take the ribbon, pretty darling? Won’t you cease hating me for a little space? Ah, Katty, how can you be so cruel? I am mad with love for you!”

“Ye are that?” said Katty, her violet-colored eyes snapping.

“I am! I am!” cried Gaff, actually bending the knee to her, as she stood there with the moonlight on her ripe, rich beauty. “By my soul, I love you devotedly! You have bewitched me out of all sense and reason! I have thought of nothing but you since I was last here! Ah, Katty, what shall I say, what do, to melt that hard heart?”

“I don’t understand the words of fine gentlemen like ye!” scoffed Katty, with deepening color. “Is it yer *wife* yer asking me to be, Captain Gaff?”

It was now the officer’s turn to redden. He rose from his ridiculous position.

“You don’t understand, child!” he stammered.

"A gentleman cannot always marry as his heart dictates. He owes something to society and the world, you know—"

"Stop!" cried Katty. "Sure, that's enough! Take yer ribbon!" and she flung it at him disdainfully. "Go! Go, or I will scream for the mistreases!"

"You will not listen to me, then?" said Gaff, with a muttered oath.

"Not I, ye villain!" answered Katty, blazing with anger and scorn. "Git ye out o' the yard, I say! Git ye out, and go tell the mistress what ye've said to me this night!"

Sorely discomfitted, Gaff vaulted over the hedge, and went back to the cottage.

Hardly had he disappeared when a jaunting-car stopped at the foot of the *boreen*. Down from it leaped a sturdy fellow in frieze and small-clothes, with a black dhudeen pipe stuck in his hat, and a smell of salt-water about him. He sidled up to the hedge and peered over at Katty.

"It's I. A fair evening to ye, avourneen," called Larry. "Och, by me sowl! may I come over the hedge to ye?"

"No!" answered Katty, tossing her chestnut hair. "Keep yer own side, Larry Blake. I've nought to say to ye. If it's bad to have no lovers, it's a deal worse to have too many."

"Whist, darlint! whist, my girlsen! There's a way in which ye can soon be rid o' thim all—but one, avourneen—he that loves ye best, ye know!"

"Faith, I don't!" scoffed Katty.

Larry tapped with his oak sprig on the gate.

"Ye've only to marry me, ashore—ah, the heart lapses in me bosom at the very word! Come, darlint; come, take this white *nappikoen*, all covered wid lace, that I've brought ye from over the wather."

But Katty milked on like mad, and only shook her head, though he held the kerchief toward her in a luring way, on the end of his oaken sprig.

"Be off wid ye, ye wild smuggling blade! I'll warrant the king's customs never saw that dabl! It's not I that wants yer gifts, Larry! Be off!"

After some vain pleading, Larry stubbornly fixed his rejected offering to the post of the gate, and went his way.

Having thus disposed of both lovers, Katty finished her milking, put her foaming pail on the ground beside the haystack, and went to drive the cow under the thatched roof of the byre.

She came back directly for the pail, and was lifting it to go, when she heard a sudden rustle in the hay at her feet. The next moment out from it was thrust a human hand—the hand of a man, small and white, with a curious heart-shaped ruby shining on the little finger. It beckoned toward Katty's pail.

"Give me to drink," she heard a voice groan, "I am dying with thirst!"

Then the hay heaved upward, and out from it peered a face, white, haggard, with a bandage round the forehead, and long, unpowdered hair falling darkly on either side, and a pair of dark agonised eyes uplifted to her own.

Katty started back in terror.

"Holy Virgin! Who be ye?" cried she.

"Hist! for God's sake!" he groaned, "and give me the pail."

She lifted it at once to his lips, and held it while he drank deeply and feverishly. While doing this, Katty saw that he wore the dress of a priest, and that his cloak was spattered here and there with the blood that had flowed from his wounded head.

"Merciful Heaven!" she cried, paralyzed with horror, "ye are that roaring ribbil, Fitzroy?"

"Yes," he murmured, "yes."

"Ye've come to murder us all in our beds, and burn the thatch over us!" cried Katty, and

dropped her pail, and fled for dear life to the gate. She tore it open, trembling in every limb; then stopped short and looked back.

He lay half in and half out of the hay, one hand extended piteously toward her, his upturned face full of agony. The terrible rebel, after all, was but a man, wounded and suffering; young, too, and remarkably handsome.

As the girl looked, her fears seemed melting away. She turned quickly, and ran straight back to him.

"What are ye doing here?" she said. "What do ye want?"

"I am hiding from the halter," he gasped. "I have been on the road two days and nights, with those hell-hounds at my heels. I am wounded, too, as you see."

"Whist!" said Katty. "Whist! Rise up, man, and come wid me."

She took him by the shoulder.

He looked up at her with dark, despairing eyes. "Surely," he gasped—"surely a woman with a face like yours will not betray me?"

"As Heaven hears me, no! Into the byre wid ye—quick! There's a nest in the loft where ye can hide. Spake no more, for God's sake! Gaff is close by in the cottage. If he hears us, ye are lost!"

She helped him to rise, pushed him under the thatch, and up a ladder to the loft in question.

"Lie down in the straw," she commanded, "and keep still. I'll go and bring ye a bite and a sup."

She fastened the door, replaced the hay about the stack, then took up her pail, and went into the cottage.

Gaff had already departed.

"Bolt and bar all the doors this night, Katty," said Miss Connel, "and bring the spoons and the cream-jug and the pitchers in to me. It will be a mercy if either of us live to see the morning, wid that ribbil bull of Bashan loose in the town."

While gathering up the spoons, Katty thieved quietly from the little pantry a broken bottle of wine and a generous supply of food. At the first opportunity she slipped out to the byre, opened the door, and crept up to the loft.

"Speak!" she whispered, timidly, standing on the top of the ladder, with the moonbeams that drifted through the cracks in the thatch slanting upon her. "Speak! Are ye here?"

His faint answer brought her timidly to his side. He was lying among the straw, supporting himself on one arm, his handsome face gleaming ghastly white through his falling raven hair.

"I've brought ye food," said Katty, "and a sup o' wine, and a bit o' clean linen for yer wound. There! Eat and drink, first of all!"

He obeyed her in silence.

Having satisfied his hunger, he looked suddenly up at her.

"Who are you?" he said.

"The servant, my lord, of a gentlewoman in the cottage hard by."

"Your name?"

"Katty Shane."

He was silent, watching intently this girl who held his life in her hand.

"If I am retaken before I can leave Ireland, I shall be hanged!" he said, through his teeth.

"It is not death I fear, but their mode of profaning it. What do I say? Alive they will never take me again! Thank God, I have been able to provide for that!"

He touched his breast, where a common pocket-knife, which he had procured since his escape from Dublin, was lying concealed. By the dark, desperate look that oversaw his face, it was plain the threat was no idle one.

"Tell me, where is Gaff?" he asked.

"Gone back to the ale-house," answered Katty, shyly. "The town is full o' his soldiers, sarching for ye. Ye heard him, maybe, outaide in the yard this night?"

He smiled faintly.

"Yes. Had you given his suit a different answer, little colleen, I should hardly have trusted my life with you. Ah, I must fare on to the coast—I must find a boat there, at all hazards, to take me to France."

"And how will ye do it?" said Katty. "Do ye know a friend from a foe? The thousand-pounds reward offered for ye in Dublin has been doubled since ye escaped. It betrayed ye once; it may do it again."

"True," he answered, breathing hard. "Am I safe here?"

"Maybe, if ye lie low and keep still. None come near the byre but me. Let me put this linen round yer wound now and begone."

With some cool spring water that she had brought, Katty bathed the clotted wound, and wrapped the clean, soft bandage carefully about it. His silky black hair fell in masses over her hands in the process. He lay looking up at her with adoring eyes. As she looked back at him, the girl's whole soul trembled and melted in her with compassion.

"Take heart and rest," she said, gently, laying the handsome head down on the straw. "Ye'll not be disturbed to-night, and when ye hear the door creaking at dawn, ye'll know it is me."

He pressed the hand that had ministered to him so tenderly, again and again to his lips. She felt tears fall on it.

"Farewell," he murmured. "I shall count the hours till you come again."

The next moment she was gone, shutting the door on him, and taking the moonlight with her.

Contrary to Miss Connel's expectations, Ballymore was not burned that night, nor the inhabitants murdered. Katty was up with the larks on the following morning, and had been to the byre, and milked the dun-colored cow before the old gentwoman was out of her bed.

"Faix, ma'am, are the captain and his sojers still at Ballymore?" asked Katty, demurely.

"The captain has gone on to sarch Flushing," said Miss Connel, "but he's left a sergeant and a squad o' men down at the ale-house. He's a comely man, is my nephew, the captain, Katty? It's a taking way he has wid the ladies, child."

"It's not for such as I, ma'am, to think o' the likes o' him," answered Katty, frowning.

The old woman laughed and chucked the girl under her dimpled chin.

"Troth, I'm not so sure about that, avourneen. It's very fond I am o' you; and old women wid comfortable purses often take queer whims. But no matter; we'll not talk o' it yet. Let him look his fill for a rich heires first."

When Katty milked her dun cow that night, she took from her pail a brimming noggin of milk, crept up the ladder, and thrust the same into a white hand extended from the straw to receive it.

"Keep dark, if ye love yer life!" she whispered. "The sojers are still at Ballymore, watching. Keep dark, or ye're lost!"

"Where is Gaff?"

"Gone to Flushing, but he's coming again to-night to take tea with the mistress—bad luck to him!"

"Coming, you mean, to press his suit with you?"

"Ah, yer honor, don't mention it! Sure it's meself that hates him sorely."

And back to the cottage went Katty, to find the crown-officer already come, ostensibly to pay court to his ancient relative—in reality to sigh and

make eyes at the scornful little peasant-beauty, who would not deign to give him so much as a look.

"Faix, have ye found the roaring ribil yet?" said Miss Connel.

"No," answered Gaff; and Katty in the pantry heard him, and grew pale. "He's not been at Flushing, nor out of Ballymore. To-morrow I shall search the town again, and every house in it."

"Ivery house?" screamed Miss Connel. "What do ye mane by that? If ye bring your divilish rid-coats here to break and there, I'll cut ye off wid a shilling! Troth, what have I, a lone, loyal gentwoman, to do wid ribils, hung or unhung?"

"The fellow may have crept into your cellar," said Gaff, "all unbeknown to you. What then, my dear aunt?"

"Faix, man, I think not," said she, "for if I hadn't seen him, Katty would."

Gaff hastened to pacify his enraged relative by assuring her that all should be as she wished.

The two supped amicably together, after which Gaff made his way into the kitchen, and, lying in wait at the door, seized Katty, just as she was coming in, all pale and flurried, from the byre.

"Ah, my jewel!" cried he, "I have you now!" The frightened girl struggled in his hold.

"Sure what do you mane?" she gasped.

"Where have you been?" said he. "Answer me that."

The blood rushed to her cheek and out again.

"Just out to the hedge, yer honor!" faltered Katty, "to have a word wid Larry Blake."

"Ah, keeping tryst, eh?" cried Gaff, with angry, jealous eyes. "Heavens! what a fool you make of me, Katty! Why can't I forget you? Why can't I let you alone? What has that gawk been saying to you? By my soul, I've a mind to carry you off bodily from them all!"

He embraced her rudely.

"Ah, let me go!" cried Katty. "Let me go or ye are a black-hearted scoundrel, indeed!"

He answered with his kisses. Like a blazing brand, Katty tore away from him, and as he pursued, she caught from the dresser a big jug of buttermilk, and dashed it full in his wicked face. It streamed in yellow rivers over his flaxen queue and down his gold-laced scarlet uniform, extinguishing all their splendor in a breath. Gaff, choking with the milk, swore a great oath, and Miss Connel, from the doorway, answered with a peal of hoarse laughter.

"Did I not tell ye the girl was none o' your Dublin hussies?" said the old woman, drily.

Gaff picked up his gold-laced hat, and went back to the ale-house.

When the troops came tramping down the boreen on the next day, he did not even so much as look toward the brown cottage on the edge of the flax-field.

More than a week passed. Daily Katty crept up the ladder to the byre, and whispered her injunction to lie low and keep quiet, for Gaff and his men remained stubbornly at Ballymore, and to move was sure discovery. About this time Miss Connel began to accuse her little maid of treating Larry Blake to white-bread and half-bottles of wine in the kitchen. The girl grew pale and red by turns, but did not deny it.

"Do you mane to marry the lout, Katty?" said the old woman.

"Not I, ma'am," answered Katty.

"Then bid him begone. It's myself that has chosen a husband for ye."

That same night Larry Blake came creeping sheepishly round the hedge, where Katty sat at her milking, with chestnut hair blowing in the wind, and the blush warm on her beautiful cheek.

"Is it ye, Larry?" cried the girl, in delight. "It's meself that was jist wishing ye near."

"Do ye mane it, avourneen?" said Larry, breathing like a furnace. "Wishing for me, were ye? Give me the pail."

She let him carry it to the kitchen, and even set him a stool on the hearth by the fire. All unused to such graciousness, Larry sat devouring her with his eyes, till suddenly Katty drew near to him in a most insinuating manner, and sat down.

"Larry, darlint," said she, with a soft glance from her long-lashed eyes, "I've a favor to ask of ye?"

"Ask on, ashore!" cried Larry, enraptured. "It's meself that came to-night to have one swate word wid ye afore I go away."

"Where be ye going?" said Katty, pricking up her ears.

"Whist! It's a bit o' a trip I'd be making to-morrow night to plase some gintlefolks across the Channel."

"Faix," said she, peering into his face, "ye're going to France, smuggling again?"

"Ye've said it, avourneen."

Katty turned her head so he could not see her bright, wicked face.

"Ah! here's luck!" said she. "I've a friend, Larry, that's jist breaking his heart to go to France, and it's yerself that must take him along wid ye to-morrow night."

"A friend, avourneen?"

"Aye; ax me no more. Ye shall have fifty pounds, man, the hour ye land him on French ground. Think o' that!"

"By the powers, that's a fine, dacent price!" cried Larry. "Ashore, it's yer eyes that beguile me. Whist! Where is the crathur?"

Katty was not to be thrown off her guard.

"He'll drop round and meet ye afore the boat sails," said she.

"I start from the pier at King's Head, seven miles below Flushing, avourneen. He must come on board an hour before midnight. I'll fly a white signal at the fore for him. Do ye understand?"

"Aye," said Katty; "ye're not to mention the matter to any one, mind."

"Troth I'll not."

"If ye play me false," she threatened, "ye shall never see me face more."

"I'll not!" repeated Larry. "By the earth and the hivins, I'll not!"

Having arrived at this agreement, Katty suddenly heard her mistress calling, and straightway hurried her suitor out of the kitchen-door, bidding him come some other time for that "one swate word."

The night that followed was admirably fitted for Katty's plans. It was dark, starless and still. The lights were already going out in the little town, when the girl, with her russet cloak drawn over her head, and a bundle under her arm, stole out to the byre, and ascended for the last time the ladder.

"Quick!" she whispered, opening the bundle and taking out a gown, a handkerchief, a frilled cap and a tattered cloak. "Git into these, yer honor. This dress is the mistress', and being tall, ye'll find it jist the fit. Hasten! It's a long way to King's Head, and time to be gone."

Fitzroy struggled into the gown, and she helped him to tie on the cap and draw the muffling hood of the cloak about his face. Swiftly they glided out into the high road. The moon had not yet risen. Darkness and silence reigned around them.

"Yer honor," whispered Katty, "we must find a boat at Flushing, and from there drop down to King's Head to meet the smuggler."

"Lead on," he breathed; "I follow."

They avoided the ale-house and the principal street, and struck across the furzy hills toward Flushing. At the end of the first mile, on a solitary road, they met a belated jaunting-car, scrambled into it, and were jolted on at a good pace toward their destination.

"It's meself and me car," grumbled the driver, "that's been overhauled this night by the bloody thaves o' sojers. They've gone down to Flushing wid their captain, peering about agin for the ribbl that broke out o' Dublin Newgate, two weeks agone."

"Sojers!" gasped Katty. "Be there sojers to-night in Flushing?"

"Ye may well say that," said the driver—"Gaff and his men."

With a smothered scream, Katty started up, but Fitzroy seized her hand.

"Hush!" he whispered. "For God's sake, hush! I must go on now—at all hazards, I must go on!"

"Ah, ye are lost, sure!" groaned Katty.

The car jolted on. At the entrance of Flushing the two alighted and left it.

"Now," said Katty, "let us make for the pier. It's meself as knows the way well. Follow me."

She led him rapidly down a narrow street, and was turning into another at the seaward end of the town, when, close before them, tramp, tramp, tramp, loud and clear on the ears of both, sounded the tread of soldiery. Captain Gaff, with a squad of men, turned a corner of the street, and met them face to face.

It was a horrible moment. Fitzroy clapped his hand to his side, where his sword should have been, but was not, then to his breast, where the knife was concealed.

"Halt! you pair of petticoats," commanded Gaff.

Only the deep darkness sheltered them from instant recognition. Like lightning Katty seized her companion's arm.

"Fly for your life!" she breathed. "This way, with me!"

Like an arrow she darted past Gaff and disappeared. After her followed Fitzroy.

"Halt!" roared Gaff. "Halt, I say!" and at once gave chase.

With her heart in her throat, Katty tore across an open space, and reached the pier, seeing at her shoulder the tall, dark figure of Fitzroy, hearing, but a few yards behind them, the oaths and shouts and laughter of the soldiers. Capture now meant sure detection. The pier was dark and quite deserted. Panting and wild-eyed, Katty dashed along it, in the merciful, shrouding night, and saw at its far end an old wherry moored, with a pair of oars lying in the bottom. At the same moment, loud and fearfully near behind them, thundered the feet of their pursuers—tramp, tramp, tramp!

"One of them is young and pretty, I can swear," laughed the voice of Gaff.

Fitzroy caught the rope from Katty's hand, and strained upon it with fearful strength. It would not yield an inch. He tore the knife from his breast, got it open, somehow, and cut the wherry from her moorings. Katty leaped down into the stern; he followed. He seized the oars, and with a tremendous sweep sent the old cockle-shell spinning out into the black water. None too soon, for, rushing headlong down to the pier, their arms gleaming, even in the darkness, Gaff and his men followed at their very heels.

"A pretty brace of petticoats! Where the deuce are they?" they heard Gaff roar. "Zounds! There goes something through the water yonder. Boat, ahoy!"

No answer. The wherry whirled away and vanished in the darkness.

"Send a shot after them!" cried Gaff.

A bullet skipped across the water, grazed Katty's beautiful cheek, cut a tress of her long hair, and ploughed a furrow in the ripples beyond.

"My God!" cried Fitzroy, "are you hurt?"

"Nay—a bit o' blood drawn; that's all, yer honor," answered Katty. "Thanks be to Heaven! they've no thought of following. It's plain they caught but a glimpse o' us."

Fitzroy picked up the severed tress and hid it in his bosom. He had torn from his head the hood and cap. Set and white and stern looked his face.

"Drop down to the south," whispered Katty; "there lies King's Head, seven miles away;" and she pointed off through the darkness.

He obeyed her in silence. In silence they glided down the black night-shore southward toward King's Head. Straight as the crow flies, the little wherry came up alongside Larry Blake's smuggling-boat, just as the latter was casting loose from the pier, in the wan, cloudy light of the rising moon.

There was a short parley between the smuggler and Katty; then Fitzroy drew in his oars, and flung them, dripping, into the bottom of the wherry.

"Farewell, Ireland!" he breathed; then turned and looked at Katty.

The moment of parting had come.

It was dark, but not dark enough to hide the pallor of the beautiful face. Two great tears gathered in her fine eyes, and rolled down her cheeks.

"Good-bye, yer honor," she said, faintly.

He caught her hands in his own. His deep voice trembled and broke.

"To you," he said, "to you I owe liberty—life—all! How shall I thank you? My heart is full to breaking. Light of my eyes! will you take what you have saved, to hold and to have for ever?"

"Ah, yer honor, I know not what ye mean," sobbed poor Katty.

He drew her nearer and nearer. She fluttered in his grasp like a bird.

"Avourneen!" he whispered; "pulse of my heart, I love you!"

"Ah!" shivered Katty, "ye are a rich lord's son, and I am a poor peasant. In the name o' Heaven, don't talk o' love to me!"

He slipped from his finger the curious ruby ring, and broke it in twain. One half he laid in her hand.

"Keep it," he said. "It is my troth-pledge! May God's blackest curse blast me when my love brings aught to you like harm! The other half of this ring is going with me. When you see it again, you will know I am near—that I have come for you—though a thousand deaths stand in the way—that I have come to make you my wedded wife."

The tears rained down her beautiful face.

"Your wife? Oh, no! I am dreaming! Can such as ye stoop to wed wid the like o' me? Ye will find friends in France, and lovely ladies. Ye will soon forget this night! Ye will soon forget me!"

"Look at the ring," he answered. "I have left the ruby with you. When you see it grow pale, then, and not till then, you will know I have forgotten you!"

"It's time to be gone; the moon's rising," called Larry, from the smuggling-boat.

He caught her to him; he held her fast; he kissed her passionately again and again.

"Avourneen!" he murmured, "pulse of my heart! light of my eyes! I leave my soul with thee!"

Then he was gone. She sat in the little wherry, alone and desolate.

Dumb and motionless she sat there, straining her eyes into the distance and darkness, to watch the white sail of the smuggler dancing gaily off before a stiff breeze. A handkerchief fluttering from the stern waved her a mute farewell. Further and further it receded, till it seemed a mere speck on the water; yet she did not move. Finally it disappeared altogether from her sight. The girl was alone with the stars, and the night and the sea. Stretching her arms into the darkness after that lost sail, all the passionate pain of her heart found voice in one wild wail:

"Ah, no! It will never be! I shall see him no more! I shall see him no more!"

More dead than alive, she then left the wherry at the King's Head pier, and not daring to trust herself again in Flushing, she plodded on foot wearily home through the lonesome night.

From that hour Katty began to droop. She grew pale, mocked the larks no more over the blue flax-fields, and was often in tears. Miss Connel wondered greatly what had come over her.

"Can the child be love-sick," she said, "for that wild blade of a Larry Blake?"

Presently Larry himself came to Ballymore, and tramping down the boroen one day, met Katty face to face.

"So yer back?" she said, listlessly.

"That am I, avourneen; and I know yer secret; and his honor is safe in France. I've got me fifty pounds—good luck to him! It's meself that suspected ye all the while, but would breathe no word, seeing 'twas ye, darlint. Now, by the powers, ye've had yer will."

She grew red, then pale, and stood plucking at the hawthorn in the hedge.

"That am I, avourneen; and I know yer secret; and his honor is safe in France. I've got me fifty pounds—good luck to him! It's meself that suspected ye all the while, but would breathe no word, seeing 'twas ye, darlint. Now, by the powers, ye've had yer will."

"No," said Katty. "I've no heart to give ye, Larry. It's gone across the water with one I'll never see more. So, now ye know the truth, and ye'll jist be aisy and let me be."

For a moment Larry was dumb with rage and amazement; then he broke out, scornfully:

"Oho! It's he, is it?—a great lord's son, that can have his pick o' the gentry in France or out o' France? Ho! It's like he'll be to think twice o' a lass like ye! I wish ye joy o' your sweet-heart, avourneen. It's yerself, sure enough, that'll never set eyes on him more."

Katty slipped away, sorrowful, into the shadow of the hedge, and drew from her bosom the broken ring. She turned the heart-shaped ruby in her hand. It seemed ready to spirt with blood under her touch. With a thrill of joy, Katty remembered her lover's words.

"Ah, Holy Mother!" she sobbed, "let it not grow pale!"

And from that hour she began to watch the ruby jealously. But the great, glowing, sanguine jewel never changed.

Six months after Fitzroy's escape, Miss Connel died. Great was the commotion that followed the reading of the old gentlewoman's will. To her nephew, Captain Gaff, she gave ten pounds for a mourning-ring. To her little servant, Katty Shane, she bequeathed her entire property, the income of which was exactly a thousand pounds a year—begging said Katty to look with favor upon Gaff's suit, should it now be pressed in honorable marriage. To Gaff's legacy, the following words were appended.

"Said nephew once declared to me his willingness to wed Katty Shane did she possess a thousand pounds a year. I beg to remind him of his promise, and request him to fulfil it. As he has

hitherto found all the heiresses ugly as sin, I have made him one to his liking."

The gentlepeople laughed, and the gentlepeople stared, and they ogled beautiful little Katty, and shrugged their shoulders at Captain Gaff. With a great oath he swore that many a man might go further and fare worse, and before them all he stepped up to Katty, and looked her in her scornful violet eyes.

"Will you marry me?" said he.

"Not I!" answered she.

There was a great laugh. Gaff grew pale, then red, and vowed she would eat her words ere the six months were over.

Then came his fine mother, next of kin to Miss Connel, and seeing that her son's heart was really set on this fair-faced peasant lass, with a thousand a year, off she carried Katty to a great house in Kerry, and began at once to turn her into a fine lady.

They put rich gowns on her, and taught her gentler manners, and her brown hands grew white in the old Kerry castle, and her beauty soon became the talk of half the county.

Gaff was wild over her, and pressed his suit, and raved and pleaded at her feet, day in and day out, for weeks and for months. The kingdom of Heaven may be taken with violence; so, also, may a woman's heart. Katty's fine eyes soon wearied with looking out on the vacant sea. No word came from over it, and at the end of six months she had put the ruby ring away, and eaten her words, indeed. She was the promised bride of Captain Gaff.

The county rang with the news; the castle resounded with preparation and rejoicing. Magnificent was the marriage-feast—the guests and the lights and the music thereof. In the midst of the coming and going, and the great confusion that prevailed, a piper, in a frieze coat and a cocked-hat, came tramping into the courtyard, with his pipes under his arm, and drank a noggin of ale from the butt that flowed there for the country-people. He was a handsome fellow, the maid-servants thought, with his silky black hair, his comely figure and his wonderful white hand. He played the pipes, too, with great sweetness, and sang them a marvellous song about the light of his eyes and the pulse of his heart.

Twilight had already fallen, and the castle windows were all ablaze with light, and the guests were already thronging fast through the court to the wedding.

"Tell me, where is the bower of the bride?" asked the piper of one of the maids.

"Yonder," she answered. "The open window there by the holly-tree."

He flung open his frieze coat, and the girl afterward swore that under it she saw gold embroidery, and such a uniform as the French officers wore when they landed at Killala. He drew something from his bosom, and flung it through the open lattice into the chamber of the bride.

They were just busking the young beauty before the mirror. One maid had powdered her chestnut hair; one was just buckling her little satin shoe. Suddenly Katty started and began to tremble.

"Who is singing in the court?" asked she.

"But a strolling player," answered one maid.

"A handsome young piper," said another, "wid hair like a rook's wing. Shure he has a swate voice."

The bride started up among them, growing whiter and whiter.

"Am I dreaming?" murmured she. "Am I crazy?"

And then through the window something came flying like a bird, and dropped upon the floor at

her feet. Panting, she stooped and picked it up. It was a bunch of yellow gorse, and out of its centre, as she raised it, fell half a broken ring.

"Mother of Heaven! it is he!" she cried, and ran to her bower-window, and saw the strange piper standing in the court below, gazing up at her, with his heart in his eyes. She turned to her maids; a marvellous light shone in her face.

"My mantle, lassies!" cried she; "a friend has come from over the seas to my wedding. I must go down and welcome him."

They flung the mantle over her beautiful powdered hair.

With her satin bodice laced, and her satin shoes on her feet, and her brocade train flowing after her, she glided through their midst, down the great stair, and was never seen by one of them more. When she reached the court, she went up to the strange piper, and looked him in the face.

"Are you ready?" he whispered.

"Aye," answered she.

"Then come! There's a boat waiting at the foot of the park wall, and we must be far away before the tide turns."

"Ah," she whispered, tearfully, "do you love me still?"

"If I loved you less than life, avourneen, should I be here to-night?" answered he.

When the servants in the court turned to look at the pair a second time, they were gone.

The piper's pipes lay on the flags of the court, and near them a cluster of roses that had fallen from the bride's chestnut hair. But that was all.

Wild confusion filled the old Kerry castle. High and low, far and near, they searched for her, and in vain. Gaff raved and tore his hair, and turned over the feast-tables—all in vain, too. A full hour before, a little trading-vessel had weighed anchor, and sailed out of the bay below, with every stitch of canvas set, and Katty was gone, never to return.

How Gussie Sinned.

"So you've made up your mind to be Mrs. Rembrandt, Gussie?"

Aunt Rachel went placidly on with her knitting, and never noticed the red banner of blushes that suddenly threw their shade on her niece's pretty, saucy face.

"Because, if you haven't, my dear, I'd strongly recommend you to look a little further; as far as Ashdale, for instance. Harry Livingston is a splendid fellow, Gussie—worth a hundred Karl Rembrandts."

"You are always so opposed to foreigners, auntie. I'm sure Mr. Rembrandt is a perfect gentleman."

Gussie took up her favored suitor's cause with an indignant enthusiasm that would have made him think her more charming than ever.

"Perhaps, so far as the usages of society are concerned; but not according to my old-fashioned ideas."

A contemptuous little sneer curled Gussie's pretty red lips. "As if Aunt Rachel had any idea of what gentility was!" she thought to herself.

Aunt Rachel, all unconscious of her niece's silent criticisms, ceased her knitting, and looked out of the window, far away over the brown November fields, to the large white house on the hilltop, with its bright green shutters, where her favorite, young Harry Livingston, lived, with neither wife, mother or sister.

"You haven't compromised yourself, Gussie, have you?"

"It might as well have been, for I am pretty certain I shall marry him."

Aunt Rachel sighed, then took up her knitting again.

"Of course you are old enough, and ought to be far-seeing enough, to choose your own husband; but, I tell you, Gussie, think twice before you marry a man whom no one has known longer than this summer, when there, over the fields, waits a home and a man who would lay down his life for you."

"I am not afraid to trust Mr. Rembrandt. He is far superior to the other; and, Aunt Rachel, you take no surer course to make me thoroughly hate the man I now am only indifferent to, than by continually singing his praises."

"He deserves all I can say, and more. I only wish you could see as I see, Gussie; as all the neighbors, and even Mr. Livingston, see."

A hot, angry red shot up into the girl's face. "Of course Mr. Livingston is jealous; the neighbors are dying for their own daughters to get married off, and are envious that I, a summer visitor, should carry off the one prize. Besides, I care not what any one says, if I myself am satisfied."

"But, are you satisfied? Ah, Gussie, child, how can I send you home to your father with the news that this strolling German stranger has won his daughter's affections!"

"Strolling German stranger! Aunt Rachel, what do you mean?"

Gussie Averill arose from her seat by the warm, sunny window, and confronted the lady with flashing eyes and lowering, defiant brow.

"We will not talk on the subject further, my dear. You are getting angry with your old auntie; this handsome stranger has crept in already between us, and I pray he will not alienate you from all your friends. Come, Gussie, I want you to run to the village for more yarn. Will you?"

So completely had the old lady changed the conversation, that Gussie was mollified in spite of herself.

"Of course I'll go; and you'll forgive me?"

Very pretty Gussie Averill was, in her stylish suit of brown saten cloth, trimmed with its full plaitings, and ornamented with a voluminous sash. The little round hat, trimmed with the long, curling, brown ostrich feather, brought out all the rich tints of her brunette complexion, and enhanced the saucy brightness of her brown eyes.

Karl Rembrandt, as he stood at the door of the post-office, and lifted his hat so gracefully as she passed, thought how exceeding fair she was, and a smile of gratified triumph crept under his heavy moustache as he noted the rich color on her cheek when he saluted her.

He made no secret of his admiration for her, and openly awaited her return past the office, knowing there was no other way for her to go.

It was not long before she came back, and then he walked on beside her; his low, devoted voice causing quick heart-beats.

"You knew I was going to leave Ashton in the morning?"

He caught a rapid glance of her suddenly-startled eyes as they met his a moment.

"But you will return?"

"Oh, no. At least, I think not. I have been idling ever since August, and now it's not more than a month from Christmas. I have to regret but one thing in going."

He lowered his voice, and Gussie wondered if he heard the rapid pulsations of her heart.

"And that is, the leaving you, Gussie Averill. You surely know how dear you are to me? You must have seen how I love you? Gussie, do I love in vain? or have I read aright that eloquent face? Tell me?"

They were without the outskirts of the village,

with not a single soul in sight, and the handsome, impulsive German lover had lifted her blushing face to his, and deliberately kissed her lips.

"I need no verbal answer when those eyes meet mine. Gussie, I know you love me, and knowing that, I am going to ask you to marry me, and go back to New York to-morrow with me."

She uttered a little cry; it was so sudden, so—strange.

"Do I terrify you with my precipitateness, my timid birdling? Think of it; think of how we love each other. Remember that I am not a poor man, to see you struggle along as best you may, but that I am able to give you all the good things of this world. We will go to the parish rector and be married; you can return to your aunt's, I to my hotel, and no one be the wiser. To-morrow I will take you to your father, and the next day we will start on our wedding-tour to my loved Germany, where we will be so happy, my Gussie!"

His fervid tones, his mesmeric eyes, had a strange, not uncomfortable influence over the girl; and she began to wonder if she had not better consent. She loved him, and what matter was it if she was his wife sooner than she had anticipated?

And Rembrandt took her hesitancy for a half-consent, as it indeed was.

"My darling will come with me? We still have the time; let us return, and go to the rector's."

Gussie knew her whole heart was filled with a strange tremor of mingled terror and love; a sensation that fascinated her, so new, so curious it was. And with this odd feeling, this soft, winning voice in her ears, and Karl Rembrandt's dark eyes looking into her own, Gussie Averill went deliberately on to her fate. At the silent hour of the gloaming, she and her husband parted at Aunt Rachel's gate.

The tea-things were all removed from the warm, bright dining-room, and Aunt Rachel came in from the kitchen, with her big, white apron tied about her portly figure, to hand Gussie a letter.

"It came in one to me from your father. He tells you, I suppose—at least, he does me—that he wants you to return to-morrow. There has been a serious burglary at the house; all the silver and your poor mother's diamonds. I suppose he wants you to see to replacing them, or else attend to the house while he goes after the thief."

Gussie tore the letter open, and listlessly read it through; then leaned her head against the old-fashioned chimney-corner.

"I have only one parting favor to ask, Gussie. Will you grant it?"

She nodded yes, for, somehow she felt an unspeakable weariness of spirit, not the sensation a loving bride should experience.

"I took the liberty of inviting Harry Livingston over to spend the evening. You don't care—you'll see him?"

Why should she care—she, Mrs. Karl Rembrandt? and an amused little smile played over her lips. Would she see him? Of course! There was a malicious pleasure in knowing he never could win her now.

So, an hour later, he came, with his joyous, manly presence, that somehow never struck Gussie so forcibly as that night.

Suddenly a rapid knocking disturbed the little group, and Gussie's father came in.

He was pale, and a little out of breath, and took the chair Harry offered him.

"We've tracked him to Ashton, Rachel, and the police have him now."

"The burglar? I am glad. Who is he?"

Aunt Rachel asked the question, little thinking what the answer would be.

"I don't know. His last *alias* is Rembrandt, Karl Rem——"

A loud scream from Gussie, and then she fainted in her father's arms.

It was when the earliest spring flowers were blooming that Gussie awoke from the illness that dragged her down to the River's brink; and then she learned all the story. How her husband—she shivered when Harry Livingston's kindly voice spoke it—had boasted he had married the daughter of the man he had robbed; how, when arrested, he had deliberately shot himself rather than be a prisoner. How that Mr. Averill and Aunt Rachel loved her as ever, and how he, Harry, loved her *more* than ever, and wanted to take her to Ashdale, to be his bride. And in after years, when Gussie Livingston counted three daughters of her own, she used to warn them against the sin that well-nigh wrecked her whole life.

The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

A WOLF having clothed himself in the skin of a sheep which he had killed, contrived to get among the flock, and to devour a great number of them. The shepherd for some time was not able to account for the loss of so many of his sheep. One night, the wolf as usual, having been shut up with the sheep, the shepherd wanted something for his master's supper, and going to the fold to fetch out a sheep, mistook the wolf for one of them, and killed him upon the spot.

MORAL.—Never use deceit.

A Wife's love is the golden chain which unites her to her husband; it has a thousand delicate links, forged by sympathy, self-respect and mutual confidence; sever but one of them, and the chain is as completely broken as though a hundred were destroyed.



THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.



PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

SUCCESSFUL NEWSDEALER.—"Mariar, I'm gona' to get married—I've laid by enough to keep a wife comfortably, provided s'he can earn a cent or two of her own."

ENTERPRISING PEANUT VENDER.—"Them's just my ideas." (Couple come to terms.)

A LAZY Wyandotte editor dates his letters "Y &."

DER moed bobular trink of der day vas peen, "Vell, I guess I haf a leedle, doo!"

THE young lady singer who thought she could make her voice clearer by straining it, made a great mistake.

A SALOON keeper having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "Oh," said the friend, "just change the T to D, and it will suit you exactly."

Cook (condescendingly).—"Please 'M, if you ain't suited, I've changed my mind and would rather stop!"

Missus—Oh, I thought you said you objected to the neighborhood, cook?

Cook Yes, 'M, so I did; but the milkman, he tell me this morning as 'ow once kerridge people 'ad used to live in this very street.

It's a way with tailors to recommend things which are much worn when you want to buy new.

COLUMBUS, Ga., has a sect called the "Theophilanthropocosmopolitanists," who have a creed as long and as obtuse as their euphonious name.

A YOUNG lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life, as in grammar, we always decline before we conjugate."

SPARE LEGS.—A little girl was standing at the station to see her father and a gentleman friend off, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank:

"If the train runs off the line and any legs are broken, I hope they will be Mr. H.'s."

"What's that for?" said the startled H.

"Because," she added, artlessly, "Aunt May says you have a pair of spare legs."

The arrival of the train prevented any explanation.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

See you an army now advancing,
Eager to commence the fight,
With their chargers gayly prancing,
Conscious of their power of might?
As they onward march to battle,
First is ever at their head.
Now the cannon's fearful rattle
Strews the plain with ghastly dead.
Every schoolboy likes my second,
Which is something nice to eat,
And is generally reckoned
By the little ones a treat.
When you go to ball or party,
Third you'll see performed, I know;
Then, enjoy yourselves right hearty
On the light fantastic toe.
Though you may perhaps be wealthy,
And of riches have my whole,
I'd rather much be strong and healthy,
With a calm, contented soul.

2.

I'm heard 'mongst the poor and the weary
When troubles are pressing them down;
I'm heard in the fast-flowing river
As it passes the bridge near the town.
I cause, when reversed, much sorrow and death,
Though some think I maketh them brave;
But, alas! many thousands of Columbia's fair
sons
Have I brought to an untimely grave.

3.

With prudence great to five-score add
What sightless men must see;
Then hundreds five and units one
To them must added be.
Without mistake add five-score more,
And one and fifty, too;
And then a something added
You'll see brought into view.

4.

The first thing I remember with pleasure in life
Ev'ry morning I greet with a kiss;
But it is not a husband, it is not a wife,
Nor a mother, though near her in this.
For my next, on the bodice of beauty 'tis seen,
Though the soldier has need of it, too;
It is bread to the poor, it is state to the queen,
And 'tis liked better old than when new.

So my whole is a dwelling not always select,
But when criminals enter its dome,
If not great knaves and clever ones, they may
expect
A scaffold instead of a home.

5.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A youth who chose midst three, and pleased not
any;
And she who loved him, and caused death to
many.

1. A wretched outcast in the Hindoo land.
2. An ancient saw that will for wisdom stand.
3. One who would fain your fair one's favor win.
4. Cold as a stone, yet treacherous oft, and thin.
5. A king most wise in words, but lured to sin.

6.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why were the French nation, after the battle of
Sedan, the poorest in Europe?

7.

Why do certain young clergymen assume the
ritualistic costume?

8.

When are the sons of British peers made to
work the hardest?

9.

Which of Shakespeare's plays does a crinoline
resemble?

10.

Why do most young men wish for a latchkey?

11.

Why is a butcher like a thief?

12.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Those we do love.
Those we should love.

1. The reverse of constant.
2. The reverse of good fortune.
3. The reverse of industrious.
4. The reverse of contempt.
5. The reverse of universal admiration.
6. The reverse of satisfaction.
7. The reverse of married women.

13.

Complete, I am found of every sort,
In country and in town;
Behead, I am a Bible name,
Also a common noun;
Beheaded, a neuter verb I'll be;
Curtailed, a useful article see.

14.—STAR PUZZLE.

A metal; an insect; a protuberance; recent;
enraged; a parent; a vessel, abbreviated; a ves-
sel. Words to read the same up and down,
vertically; east and west, horizontally; and at
two acute angles, up and down.

15.—HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

Spinach in a cup of coffee is not nice. He
threw a lesson away, for he hates study. When
you reach Aden, mark my words, you will roast.
Ma, kiss pa into a good humor, so that he will
take us to Newport.

16.

My first for any man will stand;
Who does my next, must all withstand.
My whole in coal do often work,
Till they are blacker than a Turk.

17.

We, ladies, have seldom the whole,
The second and third to reveal;
Though were it the first, on my soul!
We would to your wonder appeal.

18.

My first, an evil spirit;
My next, an exclamation;
My third, a color; and my whole
Express supplication.

19.

SQUARE WORDS.

Winds; to lessen; a useful machine; a chemical
substance; prophets.

20.

To clean; selected; wanders; those who use;
a girl's nickname.

21.

I'm a small word of five letters;
I took the centre place,
And found myself quite busy
In a cool, clean, airy space.
Soon altering my position
For another—what d'ye think?
I found myself at once engaged
With paper, pen and ink.

In the first place, I was useful
Your store-room to provide;
In the next, I ohronced events,
And spread them far and wide
But what is most remarkable,
One feature I possess:
In both these postures I was found
Connected with the press.

22.

See my first with the wild-flowers playing,
Or chasing the butterflies gay;
Now through the green orchards straying,
Now engulfed in the newly-mown hay.
My next the kind hand of a mother
Prepared for her darling with care;
When the night-dews are falling, this other
Folds over the soft, curling hair.

My whole it is gone, and for ever,
With its bloom and the lessons it taught—
That earth's joys are so fleeting, we never
May rest till life's battle is fought.

23.—ACROSTIC.

1. A famous author.
2. A distinguished writer of the Augustine age.
3. A house of refuge for the poor.
4. A painter of great note.
5. One of the southern constellations.
6. A point of the compass.
7. A king of Babylon.
8. A Roman emperor memorable for his vices.
9. An English monarch before the Conquest.
10. One of the four Evangelists.
11. A prophet.

The initials of the above, read downward, give your own name.

24.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An animal.
 2. Poetry.
 3. A King of Greece.
 4. A character in one of Charles Dickens's works.
 5. A woman's name.
 6. A monarch.
 7. The book of Jewish traditions.
- The initials name an amusement, the finals an animal.

25.

To progress my first an enemy is,
A scourge, a bane, and an evil;
Long may it be ere it visits our shores,
Though in its worst form it is civil.
My second in the midst of Greece you'll see;
It enlightens you, please bear in mind;
For my whole on the map of England look:
It has a famous castle, you'll find.

26.

My first is an evergreen tree; my second is a kind of wine; and my whole is a flower.

27.

SQUARE WORDS.

Frozen water; an appellation; a Hebrew measure; part of to be.

28.

A river in Germany; a title; a nail; a whirlpool.

29.

Wild was the night, and the billows were dashing
To pieces my first, as it drifted to shore;
The crew to the timbers themselves were seen
Lashing,
All thinking of homes they would never see
more

But one on the sea-shore was silently praying—
Though my first was my next—that no lives
might be lost;
The cold moon between flying clouds was betraying
How vain her request, as she found to her cost.
Death-like she stood in the dawn of the morning—
Death-like the form at her feet she bewailed—
Headless of friendship, all sympathy scorning.
That bark was my whole, which her lover had sailed.

30.—CROSS PUZZLE.

A female name; a piece; an animal; habit; flying from the centre; a river; glimmering; part of a fish; an animal; plural of the reverse of down; kindred. The centrals, read down and across, name a large river.

31.

Most people of taste use my first with their meals;
In my next it is usually made;
A domestic utensil my whole is, you'll find,
So no doubt you've made out this charade.

32.

In a novel by Dickens my first you may see;
A rather small number's my second;
My whole is an animal, lively and free,
Which by some a great nuisance is reckon'd.

33.

With piece of paper, or a slate
(Sit round the fire, both large and small),
A letter make, almost an eight,
And now, you have what covers all.

34.

You use my first at dinner-time;
Disease gives birth to next;
And now to end this little rhyme,
My whole has me oft vexed.

35.

SQUARE WORDS.

A division of time; to gain by work; therefore, in Latin; to ascertain.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN MAY NUMBER.

1. Fur-nit-ewer (furniture).

2.



3. Sign-if-I-can't (significant).
4. Her-it-age (heritage).
5. Piano, Glass-Pig, Illegal, August, NanteS, Oasis.
6. Work, Fame—Wolf, Octavia, RuM, KitE.
7. Fifth, Idaho, Lacon, those, hones.
8. Roast, older, Adela, Selim, tramp.
9. Average (ave-rage).
10. Stone.
11. Fair words butter no parsnips.
12. Vote, Good—Vaulting, OratoriO, TorpedO, EnD.
13. China, hover, ivory, Nerva, Aryan.
14. Redan, evade, dales, adept, nests.
15. Paris, aside, risen, ideas, sense.
16. Balsam, heath, iris, linden, maple, palm.
17. Penmanship (pen-man-ship).
18. Benison (Ben-I-son).
19. Ironical (iron-I-Cal).
20. Humanity (hue-man-I-tie).
21. Monosyllable.
22. Coast, older, Adela, Selim, tramp.
23. Ferns, Elsie, rasga, night, seats.
24. Cramp, ripper, apple, melts, press.
25. Future.
26. Post.
27. Grain.
28. Craven, raven, crave, rave.
29. Romeo, olive, mixes, event, oestn.
30. Dunce, union, night, coher(e), entry.

An irascible old gentleman, who held the position of justice of the peace, was one day accosted in the street (in New York) by a youth in a manner that did not come up to his honor's idea of the respect due to him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

SMITH and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. "Look at that monkey," said Smith. "Think of its being undeveloped human!" "Human!" said Jones, contemptuously, "It's no more human than I am."

A "FOIN" young gentleman, in turning swiftly on his heel, in Broadway, ran his head against a young lady. He put himself in a position to apologize. "Not a word," said the quick-witted beauty; "it isn't hard enough to hurt anybody." The coxcomb frowned and sloped—the young lady smiled and curtsied as gracefully as an angel.

A WOMAN in Marysville, Cal., whose canary has left her, hung the empty cage outside the window and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it occupied by a beautiful brown stranger about the size of her lost pet. A San Francisco woman whose husband had abandoned her took hint and rendered her deserted parlor so attractive that soon she had safe in arms a better, bigger, browner fellow than he who ran away.



GOOD ADVICE.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—"Yes, I feel awful awkward in company; I never know what to do with my hands."

CITY COUSIN.—"The best thing to do with your hands, Henry, is to wash them."

At a late concert, a testy old fellow, who had suffered much annoyance from the incessant coughing of his neighbor behind him, turned around with, "That's a very bad cold you've got, sir," which met with this gentle reply, "I'm sorry for it, sir, but it is the best I have."

A MAN from one of the rural districts recently went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House, whose constituent he was, said: "Come up to-morrow and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No, you don't!" replied Jonathan; "I always manage to have a cheer to set on at home, and I bet I hain't come to Wash'n'ton to sit on the floor! Injuns may do that when they come, if they like, but I, that am civilized, don't do it."

AN Enoch Arden case is in process of settlement in the San Francisco courts. Each of the three parties sues for a divorce.

THEY have large horse flies out in Arkansas, but the people are intelligent and full of resources. The farmers out there have lately come a game on them that is likely to discourage further emigration of this kind. They patiently watch the varmint as he wrestles with their animals, and after the horse has become disabled by the loss of blood, and laid down in the furrow, they just harness the "fly" up in the horse's toggery, and keep right along with the ploughing. There are people so incredulous as to doubt the truth of this statement, no doubt. There is no pleasure in writing for such people any way.

ONCE when Kemble was playing *Coriolanus*, a raw actor forgot his part at the passage, "For that he has envied against the people, seeking means to pluck away their power;" and, after staring at Kemble, substituted: "And that he is always going about the streets, making every one uncomfortable." After the play the fellow apologized. But Kemble, gazing at him for a moment with ineffable scorn, exclaimed, in tones which spoke a volume, "Beast!"

At a horse case tried in Massachusetts the other day, one witness, on being asked what kind of medicine was used in the treatment of the dilapidated animal, said that "he would be busted if he knewed, but he rather guessed it was *anarchy*."

AN experienced dark nurse says: "It isn't much trouble to take care o' sick puseens; most on 'em don't want anything, and if they do, they don't get it."

SIR TALBOT HOWARD VERE DE VERE.—Ah! Good morning, Mrs. Jones! Dreadful accident just occurred. Poor young lady riding along the King's-road—horse took fright—reared, and fell back upon her—dreadfully injured, I'm sorry to say!

Mrs. Woodbee Swellington Jones—Quite too shocking, dear Sir Talbot! Was she—er—a person of position?

Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere—Position, by George! Doosed uncomfortable position, too, I should say!



AN HONEST LAD.

MERCHANT.—"What did your last employer have to say about you?"

JUVENILE APPLICANT.—"He said I was too slow in getting out of my own way."

THE following notice, issued by the local authorities, appears on a bridge in the country: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

A STORY is told in connection with the presentation of a loyal address to Prince Frederik Charles by the German residents of St. Petersburg. The orator was in the midst of a florid compliment to the Prince as "having entered France with the resolution to conquer or to die," when the Prince interrupted him with a quiet request to "name his authority for that statement, it being wholly untrue"—which so disturbed the patriotic speaker that he broke down altogether.

At what time was Adam married?—On his wedding Eve.

"ONE-EYED Winston was" (and probably is now) a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature are often very original, as the following anecdote may prove. A gentleman thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seen devil. Now, how can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how de seben debbels were cast out'er Mary Magdalene!" "Oh! yes; I've read that." "Did you ebber hear of 'em tein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, all de odder got 'em yet!"

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

What is a great bore like a tree? Both appear just when leaving.

Here is an instance of the early growth of leas'tup propriety in the youthful mind: "A gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia recently set his wife, and a correspondent states that a young miss of six, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age, 'Your pa will marry again, won't he?' 'Oh! es,' was the reply: 'but not until after the funeral.'"

At a church of "color" near Albany, not long ago, the minister, noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during the service, called out in a loud voice, 'Git down off them seats, both white man and color; I care no more for the one dan the odder.' Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly singing, in short metre—

"Git down off dem seats,
Boff white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Than I does for de odder."

The latest comic obituary: "Mr. Moffat of Ohio, tried to melt a bullet out of his gun. He succeeded. Aged 62."

MARY REYNOLDS of Camden, New Jersey, ran to catch a ferryboat. She died of heart disease, but she caught the boat.

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary has copied the following epitaph, to be seen in the churchyard at Malaga:—"Here lies Juan Perres, who was a good father, a good son and a good husband. Note.—Do not mistake him for his younger brother, who bears the same name, and is now in penal servitude in Ceuta."

THE colored population down South are said to sing the following to the tune of "Shoo-Fly" at their religious services:

"Se-tan, don't bodder me—
Se-tan, don't bodder me—
Se-tan, don't bodder me—
for I be long to Company G.
"I hear, I hear, I hear,
I hear the organ's tones;
I feel, I feel, I feel
Religion in my bones!
"Se-tan, don't bodder me!" etc.

A TRULY intestate man is one who leaves nothing but the world, and he generally goes without a will.

THE boot and shoe trade is the safest to invest in. Every pair are soled before they are finished.

WHAT is the difference between a pill and a hill? One is hard to get up and the other hard to get down.

IN 1880 the citizens of St. Anthony, wishing to receive William H. Seward in a becoming manner, appointed a committee to meet him at Cheager Hill and escort him to the Winslow House. The committee repaired to the Hill, and after waiting some time, learned that the party had reached the Winslow by another route. They at once returned to the hotel, and were introduced to Mr. Seward. The spokesman, a lawyer of the place, after a few brief remarks, said:—Mr. Seward, we are very sorry indeed that we did not have the opportunity of escorting you into town, but we beg to assure you we shall take great pleasure in escorting you out of it."

"Are you good at riding on horseback, Judge?" "No," said his Honor, "I never backed but one horse in my life, and that was into a shop window!"

OSWEGO colored conversation: "I say, Bas, where de dat comet rise at?" "It rise in de forty-six meridian ob de frigid sodias, and laid down in the comic almanack." "Well, where does it set, Bas?" "Set, you black fool! It doesn't set nowhere. When it gets tired of shining it goes into its hole."

A DIVORCE suit between parties residing near Bennington, Vt., was recently put over until the June term of the Court. It places a lady and young man in peculiar circumstances, as they expected the divorce would be granted, and had arranged to be married on New Year's Day. The parties had even purchased their bridal outfit.

INDIANAPOLIS advertisement: "If the individual who is trying to wear a number eight hat on a number four head desires to recover his property, he can find it where he obtained his morning shave."

REYNOLDS, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of the house at one of his own plays, added, "He supposed it was owing to the war." "No," replied the latter, "it is owing to the piece."

AN economical Iowan, who had a toothache, determined to remove his tooth in the Indian fashion. Accordingly he bent down a sapling in the woods, lay down himself, and attached a stout cord to his tooth and the sappling. Then he touched the spring, and the next he knew he had jumped over a grove of about forty small trees, and was trying to get out out of a small pond that he happened to alight in.

THE story comes from France that a beautiful but strong-minded lady living in Boulogne sent a challenge to the publisher of a humorous journal, who had "twice concerned himself with her private affairs." A formal acceptance of the duel was returned, the choice of arms was waived, but a decided preference for those of the lady herself was expressed. Reconciliation followed, and the wedding trip is to the United States.

WHEN is soup likely to run out of a saucepan? When there is a leak in it.

MASKED BALL—a smothered cry.

A DOWN-EAST paper alluded to an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State;" which neat little compliment came from the compositor's hand reading, "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."

"You can't do too much for your employers, man," said somebody to a big-fisted, strong-backed man-of-all-work, on the wharf, the other day. "Arrah," replied Pat, with emphasis, "neither will I."

It is cheerful to be sitting in a railroad car going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and have a man pass through the train and leave a tract in your lap, entitled "Prepare to meet your God."

RAILWAY companies sometimes pull down a street. Thieves very often cut up courts and alleys.

A KENTUCKIAN conversation: "Hello, dar, you darkey, what you axe for dat old blind mule, hey?" "Well, I dunno; guess I must take \$35." "Thirty-five dollars! I'll give you five!" "Well, you may have 'im; I won't stand on \$30—in a mule trade."

"WORKER, wake up!" exclaims the *Revolution*, and an indolent rural editor adds: "Yes, and d— it turn out and make a fire and put the tea-kettle on."

MATRIMONY.—An affectionate wife, whose husband is but too often inebriated, says he is like the money market; the more tight he gets the dearer he becomes.

EARLY PINTY.—"Boy, why did you take an armful of my shingles on Sunday?" "Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

RATHER EVASIVE.—A man courting a young woman was interrogated as to his occupation. "I am a paperhanger on a large scale," he replied. He was accepted as a suitor, and after the marriage it was found that he was a bill-sticker.

DAILY newspaper paragraphing is getting to be fearfully abbreviated. Here's a specimen recording a death:—"Clay Spencer, colored, pint of Memphis whiskey."

An old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago, by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments" such as they did up letters in.

DOUGLAS JERROLD was paid twenty-five dollars for that famous one-line witicism: "Advice to people about to marry.—Don't."

A **FRESHMAN** child of this world, no doubt wise in her generation, naively says: "I never dress much for the play, because everyone is looking at the stage, but no one is more particular about their dress at church."

"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him. "I don't know sir: her age varies from about forty-three to forty-five," was the artless reply. The bachelor was disenchantered.

"Mother," said little Ned, one morning after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added: "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

LITTLE Jessie had been doing something that her mamma had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, got her mouth all stained. That's the way she got found out. Her mother said, "You know you were forbidden to eat currants!" "But, mother, Satan tempted me!" "Why didn't you say get thee behind me, Satan?" "I did say get thee behind me, Satan; and he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant bushes."

"May it please your Honor," exclaimed a jurymen, "I am deaf in one ear." "Then you may be excused, as it is necessary for a juror to hear both sides," said the Judge.

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" asked a gentleman of a fellow leaning in a mandolin way against a post. "I've been practicing at the glass," was the reply.

An irreverent young woman, on being questioned as to her opinion of a fresh male acquaintance, said he would be very presentable if the Lord hadn't turned up so much of his legs to make feet of.

An Eastern paper says that the wife of Amadeus, King of Spain, is dying of millinery fever. A military fever was meant, but it amounts to the same thing. In this country, however, it is not the wives but the husbands who die of millinery fever.

BLOGGS recently assured a visiting friend from abroad that one of the figures on the Davidson fountain is a man with a fuel basket praying for a coal boat rise, after having set fire to his house to save his family from freezing. Bloggs adds that there was to have been another figure, representing a coal-dealer charging fifty cents a bushel, but the artist at Munich couldn't get enough brass.

Young gentlemen who spend an hour or two before the glass on Sunday morning, in a vain endeavor to make themselves look killing; who owe their sleek looks to the skill of the barber; who order their tailor to stuff and pad their vests and pantaloons; who spend so much time in mathematical calculations as to the exact angle at which their hat should rest on their northeast temple, should not make reproachful remarks about "style" in young ladies.

SOMETHING LIKE A FRIEND.—Many good anecdotes are told of the late Thomas Garrett, whose life was devoted to the liberation of the slaves. He never lost a chance to assist a fugitive, and many time imperilled his life and property in so doing. He once forfeited all his goods to the State of Delaware for having aided a slave to escape. At the close of the auction, the officer turned to Garrett, and said, "Thomas, I hope you'll never be caught at this again." "Friend," was the reply, "I haven't a dollar in the world, but if thee knows a fugitive who needs a breakfast, send him to me."

THE Kansas correspondent of the *Cincinnati Times* says: "Pictures in the old geographies used to represent the Indian solitary and in a melancholy attitude on a rock, gazing in a sad, reflective way upon a train of cars speeding along in the valley below. He seemed weeping to see the steam horse invading his hunting grounds, and overcome with gloomy forebodings as to his future. I saw the lonely Indian at the railroad depot this morning. He was grumbling because the train was a few minutes behind time, and cursed the depot agent in good missionary English because he did not hurry up and check his carpet bag. He looked delighted when he saw the train coming, shook hands with the conductor when it arrived, borrowed a 'chaw ter-backer' of a brakeman; and, as the train moved away, I saw him comfortably stretched out on two seats, eating peanuts."

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.—He stood on his head on the wild sea-shore, and joy was the cause of the act; he felt as he had never felt before—insanely glad, in fact. And why? In that vessel that left the bay was his mother-in-law sailing to a tropical country, where tigers and snakes prevail. And more than one of his creditors, too—those objects of constant dread—had taken berths in the ship Curlew, whose sails were so blithely spread. Oh! how he might look for a quiet life, which he never had known as yet. 'Tis true he possessed a wife, and was not quite out of debt. But he watched this vessel, this singular chap, o'er the waves, as she upped and downed; and he felt exactly as if the edifice was crowned. Till over the blue horizon's edge she disappeared from view; then up he leaped on a chalky ledge and danced like a kangaroo! And many and many a joyous lay he pealed o'er the sunset sea, till down with a "fis" sank the orb of day, and then he went home to tea.



A HINT.

IRATE FATHER.—“*Clare I wish you'd ask your lover to let the milkman in; I think he's knocking.*”

A COWARDLY KNIGHT.—Surrender.

THE FOUR SEASONS.—Mustard, salt, pepper, and vinegar.

WHY do dismounted cavalry men often suffer from giddiness? It is natural to do so when they have alighted (a light head.)

“DE Gubernator ob our State. Dough he hab a berry white skin, he hab a berry brack heart; an' dough he come into offiss wid great opposishun, he will go out widout any opposishun at all,” was the toast of a colored friend and brother.

A MINISTER lecturing in East Boston recently, suddenly remembered that he had agreed to marry a couple at that very time. He stopped his lecture for fifteen minutes, fulfilled his agreement, married the happy couple, and returning, finished his lecture.

A marble-cutter recently received from a German an order for a tombstone, with the following epitaph:

“My wife Susan is dead; if she'd had life till next Friday she'd been dead about two weeks. As a tree falls so must she stand. All things is impossible mit God.”

THE “Lay” of the burglar.—“I know a bank.”

OLD shoes are thrown after newly-married people to try and convince them that they have not been sold.

A HIBERNIAN friend wants to know what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about! He says he saw a hackman the other day pull up deliberately in a public thoroughfare and proceed to bait his horse.

“How easy these cars ride!” observed a rural traveler on the New York and New Haven road: “what kind of springs do they use?”

“Saratoga springs,” replied his facetious companion.

“I have heard of them,” returned the rural traveler, in a gratified manner.

WHENEVER you see a flock of geese all standing on one leg, except the old gander, and he chawing his cud, look out for a southwest wind tew-morrow, or next day or the day after, or at some fatter time. Whenever dogs are seen traveling around with nothing to do, and old maids rescue their tea, and hop vines won't climb, and grindstones won't grind, then you may expect a little crop uv oats, and beans won't pay for harvesting.



GERVAISE CHETWYND'S WILL.—SUDDENLY THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, AND A TALL, WHITE-ROBED FIGURE, HOLDING A SILVER NIGHT-LAMP, PASSED INTO THE ROOM."

Gervaise Chetwynd's Will.

I WAS only a nursery governess, and a poor, forlorn, desolate little creature at that, when Gerald Chetwynd married me. I often noticed the tall, fair-haired gentleman riding and driving with the young ladies, and my little pupils told me that he was a Mr. Chetwynd, the heir to a great estate in Kent. I think my mistress imagined that he would marry Miss Maude, who was the beauty of the family, as he very often stayed in the house. Sometimes he came up to the school-room with the young ladies, and when Mrs. Grange had company, I was required to come to the drawing-room to play for dancing; then occasionally he joined the children and me in our walks, until, in a short time, the days when he did not appear seemed unendurably long to me, and I learned to listen with delight to the music of his voice. When, by a mere accident, Mrs. Grange heard of our intimacy, she was very angry; her bitter reproaches first taught me the state of my own heart, and then I knew that I loved Gerald Chetwynd passionately.

She ordered me to leave the house; and, ah me,

how desolate I was! for I had not a friend in the world, not a soul from whom I could ask shelter or a word of advice. My mother died when I was born; my father, a hard-working London curate, had been carried off by a virulent disease, taken from a fever-ward of a hospital.

Then Gerald came forward and told me how dearly he loved me, how happy I could make him, and almost before I realised how things were, I found myself his wife.

How noble, and manly, and gentle he was! I so often wondered what he could possibly find in a poor little waif like me, to love. I had but one recommendation—that was, that I loved him. I loved him with my whole heart and soul; no girl who had had a happy home-life and tender family-ties, could ever understand my intense, passionate adoration of my husband; for it comprised all the poetry and affection of my whole life.

We went down to the seaside after our marriage, and I was so perfectly, so peacefully happy, that it appeared to me as though the kingdom of heaven had come down to earth for my especial benefit. I have always loved the

sea since, for all the sweet, tender memories connected with it.

Gerald used to tell me a great deal about his home in those days. He told me about his mother, who died when he was a boy at Eton, and how he had revered her. Of his father, and the affection which had always existed between them until about two years before, when the old man had married a young wife. The second Mrs. Chetwynd had been a London belle, of noble family but impoverished fortunes. A beautiful, graceful, heartless creature, who lived only for gayety and excitement, who had sold her beauty for the old man's gold, was the description Gerald gave of her. Since her marriage, there had always been a misunderstanding between the father and son. Gerald could not account for it, but every action of his appeared to incense his father more deeply against him, until finally his marriage brought matters to a climax.

Mr. Chetwynd was furious at what he termed "the low connection" his son had formed; he wrote one bitterly reproachful letter, saying that my husband had disgraced the name he bore, and that he never desired to see his face again. I grieved for my husband, and accused myself of being the cause of his trouble, for I perceived that he loved his father and yearned for a reconciliation.

Gerald was of such a cheery disposition that he always looked at things in the brightest light; so he always declared that all would come right in time, and he knew whose malicious influence had hardened his father against him.

Then, I learned that when his stepmother had been Beatrice Alleyne, the courted London belle, she had once been engaged to Gerald. He told me the whole story, and I felt no jealousy of the woman who had once possessed my husband's heart, for I saw that her influence had faded long before he had met me—and I could not but pity her for the treasure she had lost.

Her imperial beauty had blinded his senses, he said; his affection had adorned her, in his imagination, with all kinds of sweet womanly virtues which she did not possess; he had loved her, and fancied her the *beau-ideal* of maidenly perfection. Then, when he discovered that she was proud and cold, mercenary and heartless, he felt that his idol was shattered; that the love he had lavished upon her was wasted upon an unworthy object; so he conquered his passion, and the engagement was broken off. Gerald went abroad after this, and the next he heard of his former lady-love, it was as his father's wife. He knew she was a woman who never forgave an injury, who would avenge deeply any affront, however slight, that might be offered to her, and he knew that he had wounded her pride.

Well, time passed on, until we had been two years married. Gerald's allowance from his father had been stopped when we married, and though we were as economical as possible, we found we could not possibly, even with the very best intentions, live upon nothing a year. We talked and planned what it would be best to do in order to surmount our financial difficulties, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion, until finally Gerald decided that we would emigrate to Canada. There he could make his own way; he had relatives, too, settled in the new country, who would be glad to assist him. I had no ties to retain me in England; so long as I had my husband and child I was quite content, so I heartily approved of his plan.

Then commenced a great bustle of packing and preparation, until all our affairs were arranged. Gerald said he could not leave England without wishing his father farewell; Mr. Chetwynd was an old man, and they might never meet again this

side of the grave; he would go down to Chetwynd Grange for a day; it would always be a satisfaction to think that he had wished to part friends.

He returned in high spirits; his father had received him more kindly than he had anticipated. He had expressed a wish to see little Gerald, and had told Gerald that it would be better for him to leave the boy and me in England, while he arranged our new home; then Gerald could come or send for us, when he was ready to receive us. Then, to my husband's astonishment, he offered us a home at the Grange for the time. Gerald was delighted; he said it was a great point gained that his father would consent to see us; he was sure that he would be charmed with the boy, then all would come right.

The thought of being parted from my husband almost broke my heart, but I knew that it was my duty to do all in my power to effect a reconciliation, particularly as I had been one means of causing the breach between them. Gerald was so pleased and sanguine, that his high spirits affected me, too; so then, when at last the day of separation came, I managed to bear it with tolerable composure.

I went down to the Grange alone. The stately house, standing in an extensive park, surrounded by oaks which counted their age by centuries; the perfect-kept lawns and luxuriant shrubberies; the troop of obsequious attendants—all tended to impress me with a strong sense of the magnificence of my relatives, and one equally strong of my own insignificance. I scarcely dared speak above my breath in those lofty corridors. As for the dining-room, I was so overpowered by the glitter of plate and crystal, by the attentions of the tall, powdered footman, who awaited behind my chair, that I dared not speak above a whisper.

Mr. Chetwynd, a tall, white-haired old man, was very kind to me when his wife was not present, and soon grew dotingly fond of little Gerald; but when Mrs. Chetwynd was near, he rarely noticed either of us.

Mrs. Chetwynd was kind, too, in her peculiarly indifferent fashion, occasionally, but generally she completely ignored my presence. Sometimes, glancing up suddenly, I noticed her eyes fixed upon me with such an expression of blended hate and scorn, as made my blood turn to ice in my veins. She was the most gloriously beautiful creature I have ever seen, and I never looked at her without marvelling how it was possible for Gerald not to have loved her. She was tall and graceful, with features of purest Grecian order, a complexion of purest ivory, relieved by great masses of red-bronze hair. But her chief beauty were her eyes; large, dark, voluptuous eyes, they were capable of expressing every passion under heaven. A beautiful, wretched, weary face, with a sort of fierce, restless pain and longing, staring out from the dark eyes.

I was terribly lonely at first, but I had my boy, and I strove to content myself, telling myself that it would not be for long.

Mrs. Chetwynd lived in a constant round of gayety and excitement; the house was always full of company, and she was the cynosure of all eyes. When she was away from home, Mr. Chetwynd spent much of his time with me; he was very kind and gentle, and in those days I learned to love my husband's father very dearly. He would talk for hours of Gerald's childhood, of his first wife, and of his own youth—glad to find a listener. It was easy to see how intensely he dreaded his young wife. He would watch her countenance with an anxious, eager expression, like a child who dreads a scolding, which was pitiful to see. Though in her manner she was tenderly deferential to him, she watched every look and movement with unceasing vigilance. A dark frown would settle on

her face if his conduct displeased her in any way, then the poor old man would vainly endeavor to appease the wrath of his lovely tyrant.

One day, when we were alone, he said to me:

"I sometimes wonder if Gerald could forgive me if he knew how unjust I have been toward him. It is not too late to make reparation, so I had Maitland over here yesterday, and made a new will. It was Mayor, the lawyer from Wellsbridge, made the other one. You won't tell Beatrice if I tell you about it? If she knew it, she would make me destroy it. She hates Gerald, I see, although she thinks I am old and blind. You won't tell her?"

I promised that I would not betray his confidence.

"Of course I have left the Grange to Gerald. I must have been mad to think otherwise. I was mad, Lily, mad and bewitched. Surely it is natural that my boy should reign here when I am gone. But don't breathe a word of that to Beatrice; she would keep it all from him."

My heart gave a great leap of joy. After all, Gerald was the heir. No necessity for him to toil and struggle, to pinch and save; he would be master at Chetwynd Chase. Looking out over lawns and shrubberies, already bright with flowers set like jewels in a margin of green—at the background of fertile meadows, verdant woods, and hazy blue hills, oh, how I loved the sweet, green fields, the free, breezy hill-side, the violet banks, the fragrant, murmuring woods, for all were to be his! My darling, then, had not lost all for my sake.

I noticed Mrs. Chetwynd looking wonderingly at me at dinner that day. I knew I looked flushed and radiant with happiness. That evening I wrote to tell my husband the good news.

Mr. Chetwynd died suddenly that night, of apoplexy. I was terribly shocked and grieved, but no one else in the household manifested any signs of sorrow. The servants looked decorously serious, and Mrs. Chetwynd moved about, calmly delivering her orders and arranging business affairs, as though the poor old man lying in state on the great canopied bed upstairs were a stranger to her. Ah, me! it is a strange world, and Gervaise Chetwynd, of Chetwynd Grange, owner of half a county, had fewer mourners than many a pauper who thankfully lays down the burden of life in a workhouse.

Mrs. Chetwynd would be a rich widow now, the servants whispered together; as for little Gerald and me, no one paid the slightest attention to us.

Time dragged on slowly and wearily until the day of the funeral. There was a great gathering of the gentry of the county, then; when all was over, we assembled in the library to hear the will read. Mrs. Chetwynd, exquisitely lovely in her trailing mourning robes, coldly complacent; Mr. Maitland, the family lawyer, courtly and deferential; Mr. Mayor, another lawyer, from Wellsbridge, keen and fox-faced; family friends, serenely indifferent; the servants, greedily anxious as to the portion which was to fall to their share. Mr. Maitland stated that he had drawn up a will for his client only the day before. It had been placed by that gentleman in a certain Indian cabinet; had he Mrs. Chetwynd's permission to search for it?

Mrs. Chetwynd, a sort of insolence in her pale face, was graciously pleased to accord her permission.

Search was made, not only in the cabinet, but in every receptacle which could, by any possibility, be made to hold a morsel of paper. The search was fruitless, as Mr. Maitland, pale and anxious, hurriedly wiping his heated brow, confessed dolefully.

"I really can't account for it," he said in dismay. "I saw it placed there yesterday, and to-day it is gone."

"I know nothing of it," said Mrs. Chetwynd, in her imperturbably calm manner; "I was not aware that my husband had made a second will."

Then, Mr. Mayor produced a will dated a short time after Mr. Chetwynd's second marriage, in which house and lands, money and jewels—all were left "to my beloved wife, Beatrice Chetwynd, as a slight token of gratitude for the love and tenderness which have cheered my declining years." The old man in his first mad infatuation had been induced to make such a will. "To my ungrateful son, Gerald, I bequeath the sum of one hundred pounds as a token of forgiveness."

My poor Gerald had been robbed of his birth-right. My hopes had been so high, my fall was so great, that the ground seemed crumbling away beneath my feet. I think I must have cried aloud in my horror. I saw Mrs. Chetwynd regard me scornfully as all gathered around her to congratulate her; kind Mr. Maitland was the only one who thought of me and my disappointed hopes. He had known Gerald as a boy, and grieved for the injustice done him.

"He could not account for it," he said. The will placed in the Indian cabinet bequeathed the Grange and everything else to Gerald. He thought that perhaps the old man had mistaken it for the old one, and destroyed it. I knew that the thought that strangers would possess the home of his boyhood, endeared to him by so many tender associations, would almost break his heart.

The scene was fair as ever to look upon. The flowers were in their full beauty, the foliage of the trees had not lost its vernal hue. From every spray the birds carolled their morning songs. The sweet, fresh air fanned my fevered temples. There was not a trace of grief or care on the face of nature, yet the inner horizon was dark with clouds, and overhung with tempests.

About a week after this, Mrs. Chetwynd told me that she would be glad to have me leave the Grange at my earliest convenience, as she intended to sell the place, and would vacate it at once.

I did not know exactly what Gerald would wish me to do, so that night I sat late in the library writing to him. I had commenced late, and at midnight I was still writing. Suddenly the door swung open heavily, and a tall, white-robed figure, holding a silver night-lamp, passed into the room. My heart gave a great throb as I recognised Mrs. Chetwynd. She was pale as death, her hair hung down upon her shoulders in great, dishevelled masses, her eyes, though wide open, appeared to stare into vacancy. There was something in their steady glare that frightened me; then I saw that she was walking in her sleep.

She laid her lamp down, and slowly approached the Indian cabinet. She opened it wide, and pressed hard upon one of the interior panels; it fell back, and discovered an artfully concealed secret drawer, from which she drew a piece of parchment, carefully folded.

"The old dotard thought he had outwitted me. Did he imagine that, after having sacrificed youth and hope for wealth, I would allow it to slip from me easily? And Lillias Chetwynd, the pink and white doll, who supplanted me in Gerald's heart, fancied that I would calmly resign my position in her favor. Oh, if I can love, I can hate; would I not cheerfully lay down my life for revenge upon them both? Did I not know how it would gall his pride that strangers should possess the home of his forefathers? Oh, Gerald, you never guessed how I loved you!"

She spoke slowly, each word carefully accentuated, looking down upon the packet with an expression of intense triumph; then she replaced it carefully.

I understood it all then. She had seen the lost will, had taken possession of and concealed it, in

order to deprive Gerald of his inheritance. I sat quite still, while, for some time, she paced the room, wailing and wringing her hands; then, when at last she departed, I too sought the secret drawer. Was any queen happier than I, when I found the parchment in my possession!

The summer morning dawned fair and beautiful, its rays of purple and gold streaming through every crevice. The birds began to warble, and Nature to bestir herself. Soon after daybreak, with little Gerald in my arms, I left the Grange, and not long after, the lost document was placed in Mr. Maitland's possession. To my surprise and delight, a few days later, Gerald returned home unexpectedly; he had started at once on the receipt of my first letter.

When we produced Mr. Chetwynd's latest will, his widow offered no resistance to our claims. Gerald maintained that, as his father's widow, a certain respect was due to her; he made her most generous offers, all of which were scornfully rejected. She left the Grange at once, and long years after, we heard that she had died abroad. Need I tell you that the Grange has been to me the happiest of happy homes?

The Search for the Topaz.

I SHALL never forget that night when the topaz was brought home. It belonged to Mr. Richard Dacre, who had recently returned from the East Indies, fabulously rich. In the first place, he had deposited the jewel in one of the New York banks; but feeling naturally eager to display his treasure, he finally decided to bring it to Fair Oaks.

A word of explanation just here. Fair Oaks was the country-seat of Mrs. General Dacre, a blooming young widow of twenty-three. Richard Dacre was her brother-in-law. She had a step-daughter, Eloise, of about her own age. My brother Guy and myself were guests invited to meet the East Indian and help reconcile him to his native land.

It was past seven o'clock when Mr. Dacre arrived with the topaz. After the early tea was over, he led the way to a private study to the rear of the parlors, bidding us all to follow.

"You shall see my precious treasure, my queen of sparklers," cried he, delightedly. "Are we secure from interruption?"

Mrs. Dacre closed the door, carefully locking it. "Yes," returned she, coming forward into the glow of the lamplight. "The servants were not likely to come this way, in any event."

She paused beside the table, looking sweet and innocent as any saint, with her downcast eyes of the true Irish blue, her slight, petite figure, blonde complexion, and profusion of yellow hair with the glint of gold upon it. Eloise stood near, darker, graver, more matured, though younger. Their faces made a charming contrast. While I was looking at the two, Guy touched my hand.

"Isn't she charming, Barton?" he whispered, in an intense tone.

"Which? Mrs. Dacre?"

"Of course. What do I care for jewels? All the topazes in the world could not out rival the sparkle of her blue eyes, the glint of her hair."

I looked at him in puzzled amaze. He seemed feverish and excited. He had spoken with singular impetuosity. What did it mean? Had he lost his senses in admiration of our lovely hostess?

Mr. Richard's voice (Guy and I had fallen into the habit of calling him "Mr. Richard") broke in upon my meditations.

"Here is my topaz!" he exclaimed, unbuckling a leathern casket from his belt. "You shall see for yourselves if it is not a prince's ransom."

He ripped open the case, and lifted from the cushions where it lay the priceless atom, resting it against some dark groundwork or other. We gathered round the table, and just at that instant the lamplight touched the jewel, making it blaze and flare up of a sudden, and send off rays of dazzling brilliancy like a mimic sun.

There was a chorus of cries.

"Wonderful!" said Eloise, with a long-drawn breath.

"Beautiful!" murmured Mrs. Dacre.

"A rare gem!" exclaimed Guy.

It deserved all their commendations. The topaz was wonderfully large and brilliant. It lay there ceaselessly flickering, darkening and lightening, like a thing of life. It was as if sun and moon had blended floating atoms of their richness and mellowness into something tangible—something to shine and dazzle and bewilder.

"Where did you find such a treasure?" asked Eloise.

Mr. Richard's swart cheeks flushed a little.

"It belonged to one of the dignitaries over the water," he answered, evasively; "a fierce, fiery fellow, who loved it as he did his life, and whose blood has stained it more than once. Those natives worship such things as if they were gods. His breath was ebbing when he consented to give it up. But I had to force it from his clenched hand at last."

Eloise shuddered. A vague fear crossed her mind, perhaps, that there might be something darker and more disagreeable back of the story her uncle had told.

"It must be of almost incalculable value," said Mrs. Dacre.

"Very likely its equal is not in all the world. Such a rare, rare gem! It's a fortune in itself. Its price would purchase half the county. It would make millionaires of us all."

I saw Guy start suddenly. An eager, greedy look came into his hazel eyes. He evidently believed every word of this exaggerated declaration. Perhaps he was thinking of his own poverty, and what that jewel could do for him.

"What will you do with it?" asked Mrs. Dacre.

"Keep it as an heirloom, perhaps—sell it, possibly. I have not determined."

Mrs. Dacre's sweet lips began to quiver all at once.

"Are you not afraid to carry anything so valuable upon your person?" she cried, with a very pretty air of concern. "You might be robbed and murdered."

"Humph," muttered the East Indian. "I shall return it to the bank within a day or two. Nobody knows it is in the house save ourselves. I shall sleep with it under my pillow to-night."

The topaz was returned to its case. After a little we fell into constrained chat upon other topics. For my own part, I was restless and uneasy. The more I reflected, the more restless did I become. The thought that anything so valuable was in the house unnerved me somehow. There was no telling what disreputable persons had seen Mr. Richard take the jewel from the bank. It would be an easy matter to follow him to Fair Oaks, and lie in wait until the house was quiet.

When bedtime came round, my fears were active as ever. They beset me stronger and stronger, despite every effort to shake them off. Finally, when Mr. Richard went to light his bed-room candle by the hall-lamp, I went out to him.

"You are sure," I said, "that nobody followed you here from the city?"

He turned upon me with a careless laugh.

"Sure enough," he answered.

"My mind is not at rest about that topaz. Take my advice, and do not sleep with it under your

pillow, as you intended. Thieves are sure to look there first, of all places. Deposit it somewhere else."

My earnestness was not without its effect. He did not "pooh" at me as I had half expected. Instead, after a moment's reflection, he returned:

"Your idea is a good one, Barton. I'll put my jewel in that escritoir that stands in the ante-room just outside my door. I can sleep with the key of the escritoir under my pillow if I wish?"

He spoke lightly at the last.

"I see no objection to that," was my answer.

Turning away, I caught a glimpse of Guy and Mrs. Dacre in an angle near the study. I could almost have sworn that he had snatched a kiss from the sweet pouting lips a moment previously. At any rate, he looked disconcerted at sight of me, while our fair hostess blushed furiously.

"I wonder if they overheard what Mr. Richard was saying to me?" I thought. "They were near enough."

It did not matter, as I knew. So, after going in to say good-night to Eloise, and holding the dear girl's hand in mine a much longer time than was necessary, I went upstairs, followed by Mr. Richard, and lingering long enough with him to be sure he deposited the topaz in the escritoir. I then went along the corridor to my own chamber, which was situated in the other wing.

While I sat thoughtfully by an open window, puffing a cigar, Guy came in. He still looked flushed, restless, excited, and took half a dozen impatient turns backward and forward in the room before he could make up his mind to take a chair by my side.

"What ails you, Guy?" I asked.

"Nothing," with a short, odd laugh.

He took the cigar I offered, and began to smoke furiously. His excitement did not seem to abate. After a long silence, he broke out suddenly:

"Hang it, Barton, but it's confounded inconvenient to be poor!"

"Happiness does not depend upon riches."

"I don't believe that," said he, angrily.

"Uncle Ben saw fit to make you heir to his thousands, and so you don't know the inconveniences of poverty. But I am in a different box. Don't tell me—I know better! A poor man can't be happy. It isn't in the bond. Now, if I were a rich man, happiness would be ready made for me."

"What do you mean?" I asked, staring at him stupidly.

He rose up, dashing the cigar out of the window.

"This is what I mean," he cried, vehemently. "I love Clarice with all my heart. She would marry me if I were not a poor man."

"Mrs. Dacre?"

"Yes; why not? She is young enough, and pretty enough, goodness knows. And I don't imagine her grief for the old general is inconsolable. If I were rich enough, and you didn't stand in the way, I could marry her to-morrow."

He spoke with singular impetuosity.

"I stand in your way?" I echoed.

"Ay," he sneered. "Haven't you seen what an admiration Clarice has for your handsome face? She likes the idea of your bank stock, and coupon bonds, too. The old general left nearly everything to Eloise, you know. She wouldn't object to an eligible *parti* like yourself. Oh, no!"

"Guy, what are you saying?" I exclaimed, more and more deeply amazed. "You shall not speak of Mrs. Dacre in that way. The innocent child! Why should she care for me or my money?"

His lip curled contemptuously.

"We won't talk of her, then, brother Barton.

I'm not jealous of you. Pretty Eloise has snared you too thoroughly. But I *would* like to be a millionaire, though. Only to think, Barton, that topaz of Mr. Richards, that precious, sparkling atom you might easily hold under the ball of your thumb, would make my fortune! Only think of it!"

He was pacing the floor again, a dark, shifting look I did not like in his eyes. He paused every now and then, when something like a muttered imprecation would fall from his lips. My poor brother—what had come over him?

"Go to bed, Guy," I said, at last. "You are not yourself to-night. In the morning you will carry a cooler head on your shoulders."

He turned, going away without a word. But for more than an hour thereafter I heard the steady tramp, tramp as he moved backward and forward in his own chamber, which was on the opposite side of the corridor.

I must have fallen into an uneasy slumber soon after the sounds ceased. I don't know how long I slept, but I awoke suddenly, to find myself sitting bolt upright in the bed. Singularly enough, the premonition of ill that had weighed upon my spirits all the evening was then heavier than ever with the first moment of resumed consciousness.

I sat very quiet. After a brief lapse of time Guy's door creaked slightly. Then I heard stealthy footsteps stealing along the hall. I was sure it must be his tread. The truth did not occur to me for some seconds, and then it came with stunning force—*Guy intended to steal the topaz!*

Leaping from the bed, I hurried on my clothes as fast as possible. My first care was to peer into Guy's room. There was a moon that night, but clouds obscured it, and the chamber was quite dark. I pushed to the bedside, and ran my hand over it. It was empty! This fact confirmed my conjectures, for what could call Guy from his couch at that hour of the night unless it was to get the jewel into his possession?

He was desperate enough for such a deed. Perhaps he had even been revolving it while conversing with me before he went to bed. I shuddered when I thought how excited he had appeared.

I was not sure whether he knew the topaz was in the escritoir or not, but I hurried to the ante-room, pausing in the corridor outside the door, which stood slightly ajar. A faint, almost inaudible movement could be distinguished within. I stood as if spellbound for some seconds. Then, something brushed past me in the darkness. I heard a soft, rustling sound, and rapid though suppressed breathing. A human form was faintly outlined against the dark shadows that hovered in the corridor, and less than three feet away!

Whose was it? I had no time to think, and an awful dread was tugging at my heart. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I suddenly grasped the figure by the arm. It was a woman's silk sleeve with which my hand came in contact!

No outcry was made, though I had expected that. I dragged the resisting figure along the corridor to the great bay window which lighted it from the end. Just then the moon dipped clear of the rift of clouds, shining out bright and serene. I turned to look at my captive.

"Eloise!" I gasped.

She was ghastly pale. I could see that she shivered in the moonlight. She shrunk away from me with an expression on her face I could not interpret.

"How came you here?"

"Hush!" she cried, in a startled whisper.

"Don't betray yourself. I never shall!"

What did she mean? It was no time to discover. I was afraid, every moment, that Guy would come out of the ante-room, and she would

thus learn of the crime he had been tempted to commit.

"Go back to your chamber," I said. "You should not be wandering about the house at this hour. Go back, Eloise."

The incongruity of this address did not strike either of us at the time. She looked at me steadily a moment, as if she would have read my very soul. Then she turned away, wringing her hands.

"I will go," she moaned. "May God forgive and keep you, Barton Devonshire."

This singular form of address puzzled me more than anything that had gone before it. But she slipped away, just avoiding my detaining hand, and glided, noiselessly and ghost-like, along the corridor.

I felt giddy and sick at heart. But the thought of Guy nerved me again. The moon swept into a second bank of clouds just as I started to seek him. The passage seemed darker and gloomier than before. I could barely grope my way. Perhaps the half-realised pain at my heart had something to do with it.

This time I pushed open the ante-room door without a moment's hesitation. There was a muttered curse, and somebody rose up suddenly from the floor, flashing the light of a dark lantern full upon me. Though nearly blinded by the glare, I strode forward.

"Guy," I whispered, hoarsely, "why are you here?"

An angry cry fell from his lips as he advanced into the light. His face was ashen pale. In one hand he dangled a bunch of keys with which he had been attempting to force the lock of the *escritoir* upon the floor. He looked baffled and infuriated. He was stripped to the waist, and for some seconds stood glaring at me with a ferocious gleam in his eyes, as if tempted to close with me in a deadly struggle. I caught hold of his wrist.

"Guy, come back with me," I cried. "You *shall* come!"

He attempted to shake me off.

"Spy," he hissed, "why did you follow me?"

"To save you from the consequences of a crime—a terrible crime that would blight all your future life."

He shuddered at that, and began to tremble. His features worked convulsively, as if he had experienced a severe mental strain. The perspiration stood in great drops on his brow. I saw my advantage, and followed it up.

"Come back with me," I pleaded. "It is not too late," for I knew he had not secured the topaz then. He had found trouble in fitting a key perhaps. "Come back. I ask it for your sake, and for our dead mother's."

Something like a strangled sob burst from him. He followed me from the room, and I carefully closed the door behind us. We had heard no stir in Mr. Richard's room, and the rest of the house was just as quiet. We stole along the corridor.

"It was for *her* sake," I heard Guy mutter. "God knows I could have borne poverty by myself. I wanted the topaz for her."

The plaintive cry touched my heart, but I would not show how deeply it affected me.

"Where did you find that lantern?" I asked, almost harshly.

"It hung on a peg in the corridor."

I restored it to the place from which he had taken it. When we reached his chamber-door, I signed for him to go in. He hesitated.

"Barton," he cried, suddenly, "will you not say God bless you?"

I could not see his face, but his voice sounded harsh and broken. He held out his hand, and I wrung it warmly.

"May God bless you, Guy, and give you

strength to overcome temptation," I murmured, strangling a sob in my throat.

He closed the door between us, and I heard him throw himself on the bed, moaning once or twice like one in pain. Then all was still.

After that, I brought the sofa pillows and a blanket, and threw myself on the floor directly in front of his chamber, so that he would be compelled to step over me in coming out. Having tossed restlessly for some time, at last I fell into a stupid sort of drowse, when (I know not to this day whether it was imagination or reality) it seemed as if a dark-robed form glided to my side, and held a sponge exhaling some sort of sickening odor to my nostrils.

It was broad daylight, and the sun was shining in at the great oriel window at the end of the corridor, when I awoke from my lethargic slumber. Softly unclosing Guy's door, I saw that he was still buried in the deep sleep of exhaustion, and went away without arousing him.

He was *enfir*, however, long before the breakfast-bell rung, and preceded me to the morning-room. Mr. Dacre and Eloise were waiting for us. The latter looked pale and hollow-eyed, but our hostess was as rosy brilliant as ever, and so arch, piquant, irresistible in her pink silk morning-robe, that I scarcely wondered at my brother's infatuation. Many a man would have parted his soul for a touch of those lusciously red lips.

Guy seemed grave and thoughtful, and none of us, save Mrs. Dacre, were in the best of spirits. She chatted and laughed as if trouble were a word unknown to her. Mr. Richard had not made his appearance as yet; but, in the midst of her gay badinage, a loud outcry was suddenly heard upstairs.

We stared at each other with frightened faces. Then, as if by common consent, we all rose from the table, and rushed in the direction from whence the unusual sounds proceeded.

They led us directly to the ante-room. There stood Mr. Richard, beside the *escritoir*, just outside the door of his chamber, the perfect picture of horrified amazement. He turned, hearing our noisy approach, and threw up his hands.

"The topaz is gone!" he screamed.

Then, pointing to the *escritoir*, which stood wide open, he dropped into the nearest chair, covering his face with two trembling hands.

For the space of a minute there was a terrible silence in the little room. Then Guy moved forward a few paces.

"Gone?" he ejaculated. "Impossible!"

Nobody answered him. With a cry of dismay, Mrs. Dacre stooped to search the *escritoir*. Eloise touched her arm, and said, in a hard, cold tone of voice:

"You need not look for the jewel. You will not find it."

I glanced at Guy, and our eyes met. Was it possible he had made a second attempt, stepping over my body while I lay in that strange, deep slumber. His lids did not droop beneath my fixed gaze.

"This is none of my doings," he said, in a fierce undertone.

I was in a maze. The *escritoir* was turned upside-down, but all to no purpose. Finally Mrs. Dacre lifted her blue eyes pleadingly to my face.

"The topaz has certainly been stolen," said she. "We are all so incapable, so overcome! Will you see that the proper steps are taken to recover the jewel, Mr. Devonshire?"

Mr. Richard broke out violently, before I could answer:

"The topaz must and shall be found! I'll have the police! I'll search the whole house!"

Mrs. Dacre tried to calm him.

"I am so sorry this has happened," said she,

thoughtfully, "and in my house. Everything shall be done that can be. We may get some clue to the missing valuable."

"The police! the police!" shrieked Mr. Richard, like one beside himself.

I attempted to get a word with Eloise, but she turned her back on me with such a forbidding look, every time I approached, that the thing was impossible. I was half-erased by the terrible event that had occurred, and loth to take any steps in the matter, lest I should be the means of fastening the guilt upon my own brother.

To my surprise, Guy seemed even eager that an investigation should take place.

"We will telegraph for Detective Saul," said he, naming an old acquaintance of ours. "He is just the man, and could be gotten here by the noon train."

It was he who sent the message. He set about the search with an earnestness that could not have been wholly assumed. In the first place, he took care that the servants should get no inkling of what had happened. Then he thoroughly overhauled the ante-room and Mr. Richard's bed-chamber, coming out of the latter very much paler than when he went in.

"Here is a minute fragment of sponge which I found on your dressing-table," said he, speaking to Mr. Richard. "Was it there when you went to bed last night?"

"No," replied the East Indian, decidedly.

"I thought not. It exhales the odor of stale chloroform."

"Chloroform?" repeated Mr. Richard and Mrs. Dacre in a breath. "That accounts for my having slept so like a log," added the former.

These words recalled the curious sensations I had experienced while drowsing in the corridor before Guy's door. Had I, too, been put under the influence of the narcotic, lest I should rouse up and interfere with the thief's purpose? So it would appear.

Calling Guy to one side, I said to him, with a look of suspicion:

"I am tempted to believe you the veriest hypocrite living."

The hand he held out to me shook like a leaf.

"Don't say that, Barton. I can't blame you, though. You have had cause enough to distrust me. But, for Heaven's sake, do not condemn me unheard."

"Then you did not take the topaz?"

"No," shutting his lips sharply together.

"Who did?"

"I know not. But you must look elsewhere for the thief. But for you I *should* have stolen the jewel. As it is, this matter is as much a mystery to me as to you."

The earnestness of his tone carried conviction with it. I warmly embraced him.

"Oh, Guy, Guy, you don't know what a load you take from my heart!"

He hid his face, shuddering.

"The temptation was terrible," he said. "A fortune under my very nose when I needed it so sorely! Do you wonder that I was led to make an effort for it? But that is all past. I will help you find the real culprit, as a sort of atonement."

Two hours later, Detective Saul made his appearance—a small, keen-eyed man, whose eagle glances of themselves were enough to make a guilty person quail. By a few well-directed inquiries, he had soon put himself in possession of all the facts we had to communicate.

"One thing is clear to me," he said, then.

"We have not far to go for the thief."

I saw that Eloise turned a shade paler, and stole a furtive glance at me. Pretty Mrs. Dacre

looked at the detective with a sudden show of interest.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that the culprit is a member of our own household?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How dreadful! I can't believe it. There isn't a person I distrust among the whole lot of servants."

"Very likely."

"But, sir," arching her lovely brows, "not one of them knew that the topaz was in the house."

He smiled somewhat quizzically.

"Servants often know more of what is going on than they are given the credit of knowing."

"In general, perhaps. But I really think mine ought to be excepted."

He seemed surprised at her persistency.

"I am glad, at any rate, that nobody has proclaimed to them your discovery of the theft. We may find somebody off his guard, and so get at the truth in a twinkling."

Then he turned to me.

"I must have a look at everybody employed upon the premises. Can you take me around without letting the servants suspect what it is for?"

I promised to do the best I could. We visited the cook, the maids, the coachman, the gardener, in turn. I represented Detective Saul to be a friend on the lookout for just such model help as Mrs. Dacre employed, and so we met with smooth words and friendly looks everywhere. When we had gone the rounds, I paused in the hall to hear the result.

"Well?" I said.

"My recent assertion must be modified somewhat," he returned, with a puzzled air. "The servants know nothing whatever concerning the topaz."

"Then somebody saw Mr. Richard take it from the bank, and followed him here?"

He shook his head.

"I doubt that."

"How, then, do you account for its disappearance?" I persisted, half angrily.

"Wait."

He took two or three turns in the hall, and finally came back to me again.

"Have any indications been discovered to show that the house was broken into last night?"

"No," was my reply.

"I saw two dogs in the yard when I came in. Were they chained last night? Would they not have made a furious uproar, if a stranger had trespassed upon the grounds?"

I did not know, and went to consult Thomas, the coachman. Coming back, I answered "no" to the first question, and "yes" to the second.

"Very good," said he, nodding thoughtfully to himself. "The circle of investigation is narrowing rapidly. A few more questions, and I'm done. There were two ladies in the room above. The blonde is Mrs. Dacre, I take it. Who is the other?"

"Miss Eloise Dacre—Mr. Richard's niece."

"So, so. I never saw the young lady until today. But, mark my words, she knows more about this matter than she is willing to acknowledge."

I gave a violent start.

"Why should you think that?"

"She is laboring under repressed excitement too violent in its nature to have been wholly occasioned by the mere loss of the topaz. She changed color more than once while I was in the room with her."

"What can you argue from that?" I exclaimed, showing considerable temper. "Any thoroughly sympathetic woman would have been excited in



THE SEARCH FOR THE TOPAZ.—"THIS TIME I PUSHED OPEN THE ANTE-ROOM DOOR. SOMEBODY ROSE UP SUDDENLY FROM THE FLOOR."

the same manner. Eloise is innocent as an angel."

"I hope so, I'm sure," he returned, giving me an odd look. "But, mark my words, Miss Dacre may fall to accusing somebody, openly or otherwise, before twenty-four hours have elapsed. If she does, you need look no further for the culprit."

He swung on his heel.

"What possible motive could——" I began angrily, but he was beyond reach of my voice.

His words set me to thinking. I remembered where I had encountered the girl the previous night, and how startled and unlike herself she had appeared. But I could not for one moment imagine she had taken the jewel. The very idea seemed preposterous. I determined to look much further for a solution of the mystery before believing in her guilt.

While I still loitered in the hall, the parlor-door opened, and Mrs. Dacre called to me in her sweetest tones. Of course the summons did not pass unheeded. I went in, and found her seated in a chair by the open window, those floss-like curls looped back from her face, and a lovely color coming and going in her cheeks. One of her white, jewelled hands was thrown carelessly over a small, richly bound prayer-book in her lap.

"What is that?" I asked, playfully indicating the book, which had a heavy gold clasp. "Pandora's box?"

I didn't know what there was in my words to startle her so, but all the richness and brightness and color fled suddenly from her face, leaving it pale as ashes. She drew a long, gasping breath, but did not rally for many minutes.

"Pandora's box?" she echoed, with a forced laugh. "What a conceit. And it is only a harmless little prayer-book, you perceive."

She flitted the leaves before my face, as if that was really necessary to convince me of the truth of what she said. Afterward, she made room for me by her side.

"This is a most distressing affair, Mr. Devonshire," said she, thoughtfully.

"You refer to the theft of the topaz, of course?"

"Yes," lifting her eloquent eyes to my face. "Who stole the jewel? I am convinced that the servants are innocent. If an outsider had entered the house, we must have found some trace of him?"

"Yes."

"Worse and worse," she murmured, nervously, toying with the gold clasps of the prayer-book. "The mystery is more impenetrable than ever. Of course your brother Guy did not steal the topaz; I would not insult him with such a suspicion. And yet there was nobody else save Eloise and ourselves."

I drew a long breath, feeling that she was still steadily regarding me. One of her delicate hands fluttered into mine.

"Eloise is very partial to jewels," she added, suddenly.

What did she intend to insinuate? I started to my feet, nearly wild with pain. In rising, one of the buttons of my coat became entangled in the lace shading her rounded arms. I stooped to disentangle it, and she turned at the same instant. Of course our movements brought us nearer together. Her scented breath fanned my cheek; her lips, pulped with juicy crimson, were

close to my own. I could not resist the impulse to snatch a kiss.

Guy passed along the walk under the window



A MAORI HALF-CASTE GIRL IN HER MAT OF NEW ZEALAND FLAX.—SEE PAGE 411.

just then. He saw the caress, and his face grew dark and threatening. Mrs. Dacre pushed me from her.

"Go, go," she said, in a thrilling whisper. "Guy must not see us together. He is passionate and impetuous. Harm might come of it; and harm to you, Barton!"

It was impossible to misunderstand her half-tender, half-entreaty tone. I thought of what Guy had said to me the previous night. Was it possible that this woman loved me?

I left the room, feeling very much disconcerted, for I had meant nothing by the unpremeditated caress. As fate would have it, I met Eloise in the hall, but the dear girl was looking so white and wretched, that I should scarcely have recognised her. At sight of her pale face, everything else was forgotten. I sprang forward, and attempted to catch her in my arms.

"Back!" she cried, eluding me.

I stood irresolute.

"Why should you take this matter so to heart?" I said.

"Why should you shun me so sedulously?"

She did not answer, but began to move rapidly away. That was more than I could endure. I ran after her; I caught hold of her arm.

"You *shall* speak to me, Eloise. You know that I love you! What have I done to deserve such treatment?" She turned, at last, her fine red lip curling with scorn.



NORWEGIAN ROAD-MARKS AND SNOW-PLUGS.—SEE PAGE 412.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you touch me? How dare you speak to me?"

For a second or two after this outbreak, I was mute. Surprise had taken away my breath. But it soon came back again.

"Eloise, my regard for you ought at least to insure common civility at your hands."

"Regard?" she broke out, hotly. "Never mention that word to me again. Never come in my sight—never presume to address me! I hate you!"

Her vehemence was something alarming. A rich color now blazed in either cheek, and fire flashed from her eyes. Her tone expressed infinite contempt. She did not give me time to recover myself; she whisked through the nearest door. The moment it was closed between us, I heard her burst into a passion of tears, on the other side.

Here was another mystery—this sudden change in my gentle Eloise. Sick and bewildered, I dragged my weary limbs out upon the verandah. The sound of voices reached me presently. I saw Guy and Mrs. Dacre walking along one of the paths in the rose-garden. She had probably left the parlor, by means of the low French window, in order to join him.

Oddly enough, despite the misery I was in, I remarked that she still carried the velvet-bound prayer-book in one hand. Guy seemed to be pleading with her, while she, woman-like, was putting him off under one pretext or another. I began to fear that the woman was a coquette at heart, notwithstanding her Madonna-like face.

I sat in the cool verandah for more than an hour. Guy and our pretty hostess came back, at last, apparently on the best possible terms with each other. The frown was wholly gone from my brother's face, and he looked flushed and happy. She had evidently said or done something to encourage the poor fellow.

They passed into the house without having seen me in the shaded corner where I sat. I had risen to follow them, when two persons entered the room, near the open window of which I had been



THE TREE OF SATURN.—SEE PAGE 411.

sitting. The next instant I stood transfixed to the spot, spellbound by the words that came to my ears.

"Uncle Richard" — the voice was Eloise's, though hardly a natural tone could be recognised — "Uncle Richard, the search for the topaz must be stopped! *Must* be, I say!"

Then Mr. Daere replied:

"Are you crazy, Eloise? That jewel is worth a fabulous sum."

"I don't care. The quest must be given up all the same. And be sure of one thing, Uncle Richard, that you send that man, Detective Saul, out of the house as soon as possible."

"Why?"

"He *may* make some discovery, otherwise, that had better not be brought to light."

Mr. Richard gave a grunt of amazement.

"I shall not give up my precious jewel just to gratify the foolish whim of a girl," he replied, half angrily.

"It is not that," she cried, vehemently. "Must I tell you, oh! must I? It is such a terrible secret to reveal. You will keep it, Uncle Richard — keep it for my sake?"

She spoke in a wild, pleading way that absolutely took away my breath. Mr. Richard must have been affected by it, for he said, soothingly:

"Yes, yes, my child."

A quick cry escaped her lips.

"Remember, you have promised, and I shall not release you from that promise. Now, if I tell you who stole the topaz, will you give me your word of honor not to proceed publicly against that person?"

"Yes," he replied.

Evidently he did not believe she knew anything about it, and answered in that way merely to pacify her.

She hesitated a little, as if to gather resolution for what she had to say.

"In the first instance," she began, at last, "you intended to sleep with the topaz under your pillow last night?"

"I did."

"Who advised you differently?"

"Barton Devonshire."

"I thought so."

Something in her tone seemed to impress him.

"Why have you questioned me?" he asked.

"Listen," she cried, speaking sharp and quick.

"Barton Devonshire had a purpose to serve in the advice he gave. *He* stole the topaz!"

I don't know who was most confounded by this revelation, Mr. Richard or myself. There was a deep silence, that lasted several minutes. The blood ran cold in my veins. I could not have stirred from my tracks had my life been the forfeit. The bare idea that she should accuse me of the crime stupefied, stunned me.

Mr. Richard found voice at last.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"Would to God it were!" she broke out, passionately. "But the proofs are convincing enough. I found him in the corridor last night, with his hand on the knob of the ante-room door. He seemed very much startled when I came upon him. This morning, I discovered in front of his bedroom-door a piece of sponge similar to that left on my dressing-table, and betraying the same odor. *He* chloroformed you, and then secured the key of the escritoire."

She hesitated long enough to gather breath. Then she went on again in the same rapid, excited tone:

"I would have kept the secret of his infamy if I could. I would even have spared him the humiliating knowledge that it was known to anybody but God and himself. Since that sharp-eyed detective has been introduced into the house,

no choice is left me. If you don't hinder it, Mr. Saul will get at the truth, and blazon it to the whole world. That must not be. You must spare Barton the disgrace. And, that you may spare him, I have told you what I know!"

She said no more. With the last word, she must have hurried from the room in her feverishly impatient way, dragging Mr. Richard after her. With her voice no longer ringing in my ears, little by little my wonted coolness came back, one by one my senses slowly rallied from the shock of the revelation she had made. I leaped through the open window, eager to confront her, that I might boldly deny the accusation.

It was too late — the room was empty. I paused in the middle of the floor, staring about me stupidly. Of a sudden, Detective Saul's words recurred to my mind. "*Miss Daere may fall to accusing somebody, openly or otherwise, before twenty-four hours have elapsed.*" He was a true prophet — she had accused *me*. But I could and would not believe she had done it to screen herself.

Rallying from this thought, I moved to the door, and opened it. A slight, graceful figure came flying along the hall — the figure of Mrs. Daere. She still carried the prayer-book, as if it were something too precious to lay aside. She saw me, and sprang forward with a stifled cry, rushing into my arms. The next instant she had thrown her jewelled hands over my shoulder, and was sobbing like a child on my breast.

"Oh, Barton, Barton!" she moaned, "they are saying such dreadful things about you — Eloise and Richard! They don't know — but I heard it all. Eloise says — good God! how can I tell you? — she says, that you stole the topaz! But I will never believe it — never! Absurd! I would sooner think evil of anybody else. Barton, they may all turn against you — they may all set you down as vile and wicked, but I never will! I will still be your friend and comforter, if you will only let me."

All this was uttered between choking sobs that nearly took her breath away. Her evident distress touched me to the heart. I was kissing her flossy hair, and murmuring words of endearment, when heavy footsteps came striding along the hall. Before I could put her away, Guy confronted us, his handsome face livid with passion.

"Traitor!" he hissed, tearing the weeping woman from my embrace, "is this the way you keep your promises? Oh, my God! is there no honor in you — no sense of what is womanly and true?"

He fairly shook her, in his blind jealousy and rage. He held her off at arm's-length, glowering at her with black brows. She cowered like a frightened child. The prayer-book, which she had held securely enough up to this moment, slid from her grasp, and fell to the floor. He moved forward a step or two, laughing madly, and deliberately crushed the costly trifle with his heel.

I shall never forget the change that came over her face at that moment. She grew ghastly pale, with a pallor that had something unearthly about it. Her eyes looked like those of a wild creature held at bay; they blazed with passion and fury and fear. She seemed all at once to be transformed into a beautiful fiend. She struggled and writhed in his embrace, shrieking for him to let her go, and stretching out her milky white hands imploringly.

"My book, my book! For God's sake, give it to me!"

I sprang forward. The peculiar sound made by the crushing of the velvet cover of the prayer-book had not escaped my observation. A wild, improbable thought flashed upon my brain. In-

stead of resigning the shattered wreck to the struggling woman, I began to inspect it closely. It was as I suspected—the covers were hollow, making convenient receptacles for any small article that was to be hidden away. Even as I looked, from some unsuspected recess, a shining atom, fairly acintillant with light, rolled into my hand. The topaz—found at last! The haunting mystery made clear!

Mrs. Dacre knew from the stifled exclamation I gave, that all was discovered. From that moment she ceased to struggle, but lay very quietly in Guy's arms. Looking around after watching her for a brief space in unfeigned bewilderment, I saw Mr. Richard and Eloise standing near, drawn thither by the unusual disturbance, no doubt. Mrs. Dacre beheld them at the same instant with myself. She lifted her graceful head.

"Aye, stare at me," she said, wearily, "for I am a thief. The topaz was so beautiful, and it meant money—such a fabulous sum! I couldn't resist the temptation, and I didn't try very hard. I thought you might like me a little better, Barton, if I were rich and courted. It isn't altogether my fault that I have been so wicked. My husband should have left me more money—then I could have withstood the temptation. I know I have been weak and frivolous and vain, but it is too late even to feel sorry. But I have made a very proper confession of my guilt. Take me away, Guy."

She was irresistible, even in her degradation. I began to comprehend her character, as I had never comprehended it before. Guy had stood rooted to the floor, swiftly passing changes whirling over his face. Now, he hesitated a little, drawing her more closely to his heart at last. Giving me a look of blended entreaty and despair, he quitted the apartment, bearing the wretched woman in his arms.

The scene had unnerved me. I sank into a chair the moment they were gone. I heard the soft rustling of silk close beside me, but did not look up. A tiny hand was pushed into mine; presently—

"Barton," whispered a voice that thrilled me as none other had power to do, "I thought you stole the topaz. Can you ever forgive me for the unjust suspicion?"

Eloise was on the floor at my feet, sobbing pitifully. I stooped and kissed her.

"My darling!" was all that I could say.

While she clung to me, I thought that not for a thousand topazes would I pass through such another experience as the last twenty-four hours had held.

Mrs. DACRE was not seen by any of us again that night. When the next morning dawned, we found that she had fled, and that Guy had gone with her. Later in the day, a letter was put into my hands. Here are the closing lines:

"I firmly believe, dear Barton, that Clarice has been more weak than culpable, and—I love her! She clings to me like a child who has nobody else to right its wrongs. I shall make her my wife. She will get over her *penchant* for you, by-and-bye, and be all that heart could wish. We shall never come back to Fair Oaks. Tell Mr. Richard so; and tell him, for his dead brother's sake, he must not seek to punish a woman who is punished sufficiently already. May God bless and prosper you, my brother, whether we ever meet again on this earth or not. GUY DEVONSHIRE."

Could he be happy with a woman who had deliberately imposed upon us all to the very last? Perhaps God had wrought a change in her heart, after all. I hoped it might be so.

Forgiven.

THEN I'm forgiven—you do not scorn my tears,
Unworthy as I am;
For here's the self-same look your dear eyes wore
So long, so very long ago—before
My faithlessness had soured the sweetness of your
years—
The sweetness of your years.

The past all blotted out!—you let it go!
Enough!—now let me die
With my poor head upon your faithful breast,
For I am tired—so tired, and here is rest.
Now kiss me as you used to long ago—
Oh, dear, so long ago!

Despair and grief are written all too plain
Upon your bearded face;
There's something wrong about your mouth—'tis
sad
As any woman's; and I miss the glad,
Frank smile of old—it wears a look of pain
And utter hopelessness.

Yet I'm forgiven; and, dear, when I am dead,
Plant flowers above my grave;
Poor, humble blossoms—such as used to grow
Along the country-ways, so long ago.
You'll come to me sometimes—your lightest tread,
I shall be sure to hear.

A Maori Half-Caste Girl in her Mat of New Zealand Flax.

THE half-castes in New Zealand—children of Englishmen, sailors especially, and native women—adopt, more or less, European costume; but, one article they all retain. That is the curious mat shown in our illustration, and which seems to be made of porcupine quills. As the woman's mat covers the entire figure from head to foot, it presents a strange appearance indeed.

The material, however, of which it is composed is the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax—a plant of a very strong fibre, but in little repute with Europeans, from the fact that it snaps when tied into a knot. The *Phormium tenax* belongs to the natural family of *Liliaceae* and the tribe *Asparagus*. It has a number of showy yellow flowers, and long, sword-like leaves, all starting from the root, and often six or seven feet long. The fibres run along these leaves, are strong, fine and silky.

After dressing the flax, the women proceed to weave it. The loom is of the simplest. There is a fixed warp on which the web is laboriously woven by hand—the thread being kept straight by an instrument passing between the threads. With such appliances, the work, of course, proceeds but slowly, and it is not uncommon for a mat to require two years' labor. The curious appendages on the mat shown on the girl, and which are called *Evashikwa*, are colored alternately black and yellow. They are made of the *Phormium* leaf by scraping away the epidermis on the under side of the leaf, and then removing it on the upper side at regular intervals. The leaf is then dyed black with a substance that affects the fibre only where uncovered. The leaf is then rolled to the thickness of a quill, and these are woven in regular rows into the material of the mat.

Such mats are, of course, highly prized, and are deemed so aristocratic, that, as we see, even the half-caste girls cannot resist the temptation of wearing them, and sounding their importance as they go proudly rattling along.

The Tree of Saturn.

To make this beautiful and easy experiment, dissolve 80 grammes of the sugar of lead in 1000 grammes of water, and place the solution in a

suitable vessel—best of a globular form, such as those used for gold-fish. Suspend from the stopper, or from a cross-thread below the bladder, with which the top may also be closed, a small piece of zinc, to which are attached about half a dozen brass wires, diverging like the branches of a tree. After this zinc and brass wire have been allowed to remain quietly suspended in the liquid for a short time, the brass wires will be found to be covered with brilliant crystalline spangles of metallic lead, which will daily become larger and more numerous. The old alchemists who discovered this experiment did not understand it at all, and supposed that the brass of the wire changed to lead; but the true action is that the metal in solution is exchanged for zinc and brass. The acid of the acetate of lead unites with the brass and zinc, forming soluble salts, while the lead which was made soluble by the acid, and cannot therefore be any longer held in solution, is therefore deposited in a metallic condition, and this so slowly and gradually that the particles have time to obey their molecular attractions and repulsions, and so the crystalline form is obtained. This form is nothing more than an outward visible manifestation of inward invisible forces governing the atoms or molecules of the crystallising substance.

The shape of the vessel and wires may be various. The forms of letters or other figures may be given to the brass wire, and in any case it will soon be covered with the brilliant spangles; care must, however, be taken not to move the vessel carelessly after the crystallisation has commenced, as the crystals are very fragile and easily detached, when all will sink to the bottom. It is best to place the vessel, before any crystals are formed, at once in the position in which it is intended to remain for exhibition.

Norwegian Road Marks and Snow Ploughs.

THE roads through Norway's plains or fields are clear enough in summer, but when the heavy falls of snow come on, it would be well-nigh impossible to trace them without some guide. Our Western prairies, if snowed under for six months, would be a parallel case. But, what Canada or the West do not yet do, Norwegian forecast has provided. At intervals are piles of stones supporting poles, like our telegraph poles, which, like blazed trees in a forest, guide the traveller when all traces of the once familiar road has vanished from his eyes beneath the deceptive coat of snow, which would lead him over the treacherous coat of thin ice on the deep ditch as readily as on the well-beaten road.

The snow-plough seen in the cut is the evident ancestor of those which do such good work before our locomotives. Each village has to put these in operation after a storm, to keep open communication. It is simply a wedge-shaped structure of wood, which, forced along, sends the snow off to either side of the road. Before the snow gets too deep, it does its work effectually. The guide-posts and ploughs are the means by which the villages are kept in the great brotherhood of man during the lost season of winter. Without them, intercourse would be well-nigh impossible.

Sister Mary.

SISTER MARY sat at work by the large oriel window in the convent corridor, hearing with reverent devotion the grandly solemn tones of the chapel organ, and anon smiling softly to herself as the

merry voices of the little *pensionnaires* came ringing across the playground to her quiet corner.

It was a sweet face, that of Sister Mary's, fair and unruffled as a summer stream, yet a face that made one sad withal, for it spoke so plainly of the total absence of life's wide experiences, and looked, beneath the close white cap of her holy order, too purely spiritual for one so young. Did such a face bespeak one heart-beat in common with the rest of warm, living humanity?

And yet it was but a few days before that a quick longing toward the outer world had assailed Sister Mary's heart as she saw the dark, handsome stranger leave—with his little child's kisses on his lip—those quiet walls; and even now the restless feeling of weariness and discontent had arisen and re-arisen, to be crushed back into the tender soul with a softly murmured *Ave*. Was not something better to be found beyond the pious monotony of this convent routine?

Cross thyself, Sister Mary—tell thy beads, and pray—lest it be too late soon!

And then a tiny shadow fell across Sister Mary's work, and little Elfrida, the dark stranger's child, stood before her.

"What now, little one?"

"Please, Sister Mary, I must go home."

"Why, dear?"

"I want to see papa."

"Can you not be happy here, dear child? Go, play with your companions."

"No, no—papa only knows how to play with me. I must go away."

"But your papa has left you here, Elfrida, to become a good child, and learn your lessons and your prayers. Do you not love to pray?"

"No!"

"Are you not glad to hear about the Blessed Virgin?"

"No!"

"Sancta Maria! Elfrida, do you not want to be a good girl, and live one day with the holy saints in heaven?"

"No, no! I want to go to papa. Oh, my dear, dear papa, Elfrida wants you!" And in passionate grief the child threw herself on the ground at Sister Mary's feet.

Then with womanly tact—with some womanly heart-throbs, too, perhaps—the gentle nun lifted the sobbing child to her knee.

"Tell me of your home and of your papa, darling."

And Elfrida, in her sweet baby-tongue, told of her beautiful home in the large and noisy city, and the idealised father who, through sense of duty, had sent his little one to be educated by less indulgent hearts than his own, and even—with lowered voice and awe-struck wonder in her great blue eyes—of the fair young mother of whom she knew only by hearsay, but at the mention of whose name the father's face grew pale and sad, because God had made her cold and dead upon earth, that her spirit might live with Him in heaven.

Something new and vague had crept into the hitherto passionless life—the innocent love of a little child, thought in her simplicity the young girl. But could the inexperienced heart guess its own secret?

And the days wore on, and the bright summer faded into winter, and Elfrida's father came again to visit his little daughter at the convent.

"It is papa, Sister Mary—here is papa!" was the child's joyous cry as his light figure stepped from the carriage, and another moment and she was in his arms, and Sister Mary had turned away to hide something that burned upon her cheek for the first time—something that came with a deep shame mingled in its joy—for she knew now that she loved the pale, handsome stranger.

And then Elfrida told of all their happy hours in the pleasant oriel window, and Sister Mary blushed again, as, with his bright but quiet smile, the young widower thanked her for all her tender care of his motherless little one, and the kind Superintendent, Sister Ursula, added words of commendation for her favorite pupil. And as again, unseen by him, she watched his retreating form, a wild—and to her innocence, a wicked wish arose, to go forth into that wide world in which he toiled and lived, and live and toil with and for him; so distasteful had her hitherto loved quietude suddenly become.

And from that day forth was no more peace of mind or heart for Sister Mary, for her life was henceforward a traitor to all it had hitherto known. Not even through the holy confessional could she find rest, for she *dared* not confess to this, and so for her was no absolution. To her rigidly educated mind love was a crime! Pray thy cold prayers, poor Sister, and fast, and do penance—perchance in these days peace be found, at the last.

But one day Elfrida came, with tearful eyes and sobbing voice, and told her friend woful tidings for both.

"I am to have a new mamma, and papa is coming to take me away. Oh, Sister Mary, I want no mother but you. I want to stay with you always."

It was true, and in a few days he was to come for the last time, and take his child, and she should see them no more for ever.

But when he came it was a mournful day at the convent and a sad time for him, for his little daughter lay ill, and the fever that was wasting her slender frame would not end until it had quieted the childish heart and sealed the heavy eyes for eternity.

And they two, father and friend, with good Sister Ursula, sat and watched their darling, and the whole convent was hushed to whispers, for all loved the stranger's gentle child.

But when evening came, the flush faded out of the burning cheeks, and the little lips grew thin and white, and the weary eyes unclosed for a short while before taking leave of this world for ever. And Elfrida knew her father, and Sister Mary turned away with a prayer for the only two upon the earth for whom she cared with that passion which the world calls love.

"Sister Mary, come here," said the child, feebly.

"Do you know I am going to God?"

"Elfrida!"

"And yet I would rather stay a little while longer with you and papa—only a little while; is that wicked?"

"No, no, darling," said Sister Ursula, kindly, with tears.

A strangely wistful expression came over the little pale features.

"I shall never see my new mother now, but my own mamma, she will be in heaven waiting for me. Oh, papa, and Sister Mary, when I am dead, love each other for my sake. Promise—quick."

"We will, darling," answered her father, solemnly, as he turned toward the kneeling nun; and then their eyes met—and in one brief look was betrayed the saddest secret that woman's heart can know and man's realise—a life's worship given and unreturned.

A deathly pallor overspread the young man's face.

"What have I done?" he asked, like one stricken by a blow.

But Sister Mary turned from him, and wrung her hands in speechless agony and shame.

"Will you not speak," he asked, hurriedly.

"What is this that I have done?"

"You?—nothing," were the words forced from her.

"For Heaven's sake, for the sake of my dying

child, has word or deed of mine brought this trouble upon you?"

"No, no," she sobbed, in agony.

"And yet—" he began, and paused.

"Pity me!" she implored, through her white lips. "My life was so sad, so lonely, and you came like something, almost, from another world—and Elfrida talked of you, and I listened, and—oh, what wonder that I loved you! Have pity—and you, too, Sister Ursula, have pity; do not shame me more than I can bear."

"God bless you!" he said. "Had we met earlier I should surely have loved one so fair and good. Now, it is too late, for another, no less lovable, is my betrothed bride. The Heaven in which you trust will be your help, sweet Sister."

And then Elfrida's childish voice came brokenly in its latest earthly words:

"I do not know what all this means, only, Sister Ursula, do not be angry—and papa, and Sister Mary, come and kiss me. I can see heaven now, and mamma—papa, darling, good-bye."

And with her tiny arms around her father's neck, and the light of the Holy City upon her baby face, the little child fell asleep.

Another day, and the sad father followed the small white coffin from the convent-gates that closed upon him forever, and as the chapel organ rolled out its solemn peal, one low-sobbed blessing mingled with the mournful *Miserere*, and a prayer for all that Heaven might bestow of good, went forth with the pale young stranger upon his homeward way, from lips that should henceforward utter his name no more for ever!

And Sister Mary? The convent has buried her secret.

How One Woman Hated.

"MYRA WALTERS, I'll hate you to your dying day!"

The lips that said it, were rosy lips; the face that looked through the natural curtain of leaves and boughs and grasses, was a beautiful face, though distorted with passion.

She stood on a slight elevation in the long-drawn aisle of the lovely beech woods, and her pretty feet were half buried in the moss. From her hand depended the hat that had been thrown off as a burden; the slight figure, in its sylph-like robes of white, was exquisite in all its proportions.

Dora Daniels knew this—knew that she was supremely beautiful—that almost all who met her, bowed down and worshipped at her shrine; and there was Myra Walters, "that plain girl with the dark eyes," carrying off the prize of the season—the only man Dora had ever loved in her three years of belleship and conquest.

She could see them from where they stood; felt even there the magnetism of Myra's magnificent eyes; saw the proud head she had fain hoped would bend to her, held low in reverent and listening attention.

With what intensity of expression the girl's eyes were riveted upon that tableau! Myra, with her jaunty little jacket of scarlet braided with black, her becoming hat with the tiny bird at the top, one gently undulating feather falling at the side, her figure just swaying over a little.

"How in the world did she contrive to fascinate him?" murmured Dora, her delicate lips trembling with suppressed grief and passion. "The girl must practise some black art; she's not a bit beautiful—she's positively ugly at times. He can't be flirting with her—he never flirts. Oh, Philip Warrington! what can you see in her to love?"

The truth is, Dora had always disliked Myr

Walters. As girls at the same school, they were enemies. Dora was not clever or witty, and Myra, without a particle of beauty, was both. She was always unconsciously wounding the feelings of proud, sensitive Dora. At all the watering-places, Myra had followed Dora, with her strange witcheries, her exquisite taste, her happy nature, and overflowing wit.

At Sulphur Springs, Dora met with Philip Warrington. At the first glance, as he sat opposite at the *table d'hôte*, she was strongly attracted by his manly beauty and haughtily composed manner. Her heart beat with delight when she felt rather than saw that now and then he cast stealthy, admiring glances toward her.

"No flirting with him," she whispered to herself, as she sat in her room that evening, pondering over the strange sensations which stirred her heart; "there is something in his eyes, in his manner, that forbids the very thought."

Myra came gliding by her room; she looked in at the door, laughing.

"What did you think of the new arrival, Dody?" she asked. "Didn't he look horribly vain and conceited? I never wanted to pull anybody's whiskers before; but, upon my word, when he stroked them with that fair, jewelled hand, my fingers actually ached to do it. They say there's a Mrs. Warrington. I suppose we shall see her in the morning."

Dora's heart felt cold in her bosom.

"That's a raven," she said, and her voice changed. "She never brought me any but bad news. I hope I shall not be forced to hate her. 'Mrs. Warrington'—I must learn to say it—Mrs. Warrington! So he is married! and I am feeling like this! She will be at the hop to-night, I suppose, and then I shall see her."

Dora arrayed herself with feverish excitement. She could not but look her best, whatever she put on, and to-night she was charming in sky-blue silk and tulle, with pearl ornaments. Mr. Philip Warrington did not make his appearance till late. Dora was near him when a friend came up.

"What! not dancing, Phil!" he exclaimed. "You are derelict, and all these beauties waiting for you."

"I am not in a dancing mood to-night," said Philip.

"I remember, you are dependent upon moods. I do not see Mrs. Warrington here."

"Oh, she never attends these places!" said Philip; "she is a wise woman."

"Phil, you are as incorrigible as ever. Why don't you enjoy yourself, man?"

"I do, in my way," was the response.

"How very strange!" thought Dora; "but what a splendid personage he is! I wish with all my heart Mrs. Warrington was here."

Dora was joined by Myra.

"Don't you want to be introduced to Don Philip?" she asked, laughing.

"Why, do you know him so soon?"

"So soon? Why, my dear, Philip Warrington and I met in Paris months ago!"

"Why didn't you tell me so last night?"

A queer expression crossed Myra's face, but it changed into her usual merry little laugh.

"I don't know; that is, not exactly. It was a freak, I suppose. Oh, here he comes! Mr. Warrington!" and the introduction was gone through with in due form.

Dora promenaded with him, to the annoyance of hosts of dancers.

"I don't care for this quadrille, please excuse me," she said, languidly, to the partner who had supposed himself engaged to her for that fascinating dance; and she went to her room, happy and yet miserable.

In the morning she saw Mrs. Warrington.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed to herself; "she is sixty years old!"

And she was, for the lady in question happened to be Philip's mother, instead of his wife.

The days and weeks flew on. Dora had never been so happy in her life, as while honestly striving to win Philip Warrington. Sometimes she caught strange glances from Myra's expressive eyes; often Mr. Philip followed the pretty figure of her friend with a singularly interested look; but Dora thought nothing of this till one fatal day.

A party had been formed to go boating on a beautiful lake a mile away. The yacht was Phil's—a stately and elegant craft, and he was very proud of her.

It was a sunshiny day. Dora wore a coquettish little sailor-suit of blue, because she had happened to hear Philip say he liked blue. Myra was one of the party, and never did she appear to better advantage; but Dora was in high spirits, for something told her that Philip looked upon her with different feelings from what he regarded other young ladies. He had said nothing, looked nothing, but in her presence he was graver; and, to sum up all in one word, Dora was infatuated.

During the day the wind came up. Dora could not abide rough water, and neither would she acknowledge that she was sea-sick. Separating herself from the rest, she contrived to go silyly down in the cabin, and when she gained it, sank faint and ill upon the first seat. There, nestling as best she could against some old tarry-smelling flaps, she managed to be more comfortable than on the deck which the spray had covered with water.

"Perhaps he will miss me," she said to herself; "and if he does, he may come down here and find me, and then—"

Poor Dora's heart beat faster, as she tried to imagine what he would say. She had given her love to him, fully and freely, and would not believe it was not returned. Till that fatal moment!

She had been asleep, and waked, as she thought her name was called. Somebody was talking near her, sitting upon the cabin-stairs. Had Philip been down? She lifted herself on one elbow; some one had covered her with the edge of a flag. Who could have been so thoughtful? Who but him!

"Philip, let me go," said a low voice; and Dora knew it—it was Myra's.

"I will not, Myra Walters, till you give me some sort of an answer. You know what passed between us in Paris; you did not shun me then. I love you as passionately as when I asked you that question on the banks of the beautiful Seine. Myra, I am a hopeless, hapless man, unless you give me the answer I want."

There was no answer.

"Have I not proved my devotion?"

"Yes," was spoken by that soft, sweet voice, all unconscious of the agony endured in the dark little cabin.

"And you have said you loved me?"

"Yes."

"Then why torture me?"

"I don't want to marry, Philip—I don't want to give up my liberty."

"You have totally wrong ideas upon that point," said Philip, in a tenderer voice.

And then he argued with her, while Dora, cold and faint, pressed her hand on her heart, and felt that it was breaking. Presently she could bear no more, and uttered a cry so full of anguish that both hearers were startled.

"It is Dody!" cried Myra, and flew down to the cabin.

Yes, it was Dora, cold as ice, and nearly wild with her almost unendurable misery.

"Dora, are you still sick?" asked Myra.

"Yes; very," replied Dora, struggling to keep her pride above water. "I waked myself from a bad dream."

"Yes, you gave a most fearful, a horrible cry," returned Myra; "it quite frightened Philip. Are you cold? I was down here an hour ago; you were fast asleep, and I covered you up."

Dora felt a thrill of hate toward her rival, such as had never crossed her heart before.

"Are we going home?" she asked, drawing away from Myra with a shiver.

"Yes, we are almost at the little pier. Hadn't you better get up and go on deck? You will feel better. I was seasick once; it was intolerable. Come."

"Don't wait," said Dora, with a manner that meant "go." "I'll be up in a minute," and Myra went away, wondering a little. Dora found some water, and dashed it on her hot forehead.

"I wish I could die," she said, passionately, under her breath. "I wish I might fall overboard. I cannot—I *will* not live!"

But she did live, as so many sad souls do, and she did not try to conquer her wild passion; she had never tried to hold her feelings in check. A petted child from her infancy, her suffering was all the more intense from her incompetency of self-control. She grew pale and listless, while Myra, who had given her promise to marry Philip, seemed every day to grow beautiful, at least in her lover's eyes.

The girls were in the city again, and the gay life of winter commenced. Dora, pitiful to say, still clung to Philip, while all manner of wild wishes and dreadful desires thronged her mind.

"If Myra should die," she said, sometimes, "Philip would love me, perhaps. I know if she was out of the way, I could have a fair chance for my life." Then she would add, in a passion of feeling: "He shall be mine; in some way he shall be brought to me."

Her hatred seemed to reach its climax that soft spring day, when she stood looking at them under the beech trees. After that, she felt no mercy for Myra, for slowly but surely the wedding-day was drawing on.

One day Myra called upon her, pale with some kind of exciting trouble; yet she laughed more and was wittier than ever.

"Come and walk with me, Dora, and I'll tell you some news. It's a splendid secret."

"I don't wish to walk," said Dora, hating her as she looked in her brown eyes.

"You don't know how delightful it is out; you had better come."

"Tell me, what is it you bewitch men with?" cried Dora, in a sudden spasm of feeling.

"I bewitch men! What do you mean, Dody? I don't bewitch men; I don't want to. In a general way, I don't like them."

"But you like Philip Warrington!" cried Dora, with a fever-flush on either cheek at the mention of his name.

"I *ought* to, Dody; he is——"

"Don't!" cried Dora, sharply; and Myra started back, terror-stricken at the pain in her voice.

Suddenly Dora's secret was revealed to her. She had guessed that something was wrong, but she had not thought it was this.

"How far did you think of going?" asked Dora, in a strangely altered voice.

"To see Uncle Hod's house; it is only a mile from here, and I expect it is splendid. I know where the keys are to be found."

"Is your Uncle Horace out there?" asked Dora, in the same still, hushed voice.

"No, indeed. He is away on business; in New York, I believe."

"I'll go with you," said Dora, calmly; and put on her hat and shawl.

They had walked but a short distance before Myra said, her cheeks growing very pale:

"I've something to tell you, Dora."

"Don't. I don't care to hear any secrets this afternoon; I'm not in the mood. Tell me to-morrow, if you and I live."

"Why, I hope we shall live, Dody; you needn't be so serious about it," laughed Myra, though in her heart she felt troubled for Dora. "There's the house! Isn't it splendid?"

"Yes; but too far outside the city limits, it seems to me, for a rich man to live."

"Oh, but it's a perfect fortress! You shall see his safe-room. There's no possibility of getting at it, unless one should blow up the house. Its windows are in the roof, made of glass twelve inches thick, they say; and the door shuts with a spring that nobody but himself can open. I've a great curiosity to see that room."

They went over all the spacious house, Myra unwontedly gay, though her eyes seemed burning with a consuming fire; Dora, *distrail*, thoughtful, silent.

"This is the strong-room," said Myra, at last, going in. "See, they leave this iron wedge here, to keep it from being fastened. Let us go in."

Dora passed over the threshold, shivering.

"How gloomy!" she said.

"Yes, but all the better; people can't take too much precaution now-a-days."

"What are you doing?" Myra called out, a moment after.

She was at the further end of the room, examining the safe built into the wall.

"Nothing," said Dora, faintly.

"This is a regular father confessor's box," laughed Myra.

And then the iron door of the room clanged to, and she was fastened in.

"Oh, Dora! what have you done?" she cried, flying to the door, which in its gigantic strength seemed to frown down at her.

But Dora did not stop to hear. She flew down the stairs, her heart beating in loud, thick strokes, her brain on fire; she flew home, and locked herself in her chamber.

"Myra will have no supper to-night; she will stay in that terrible room alone. She will die before morning; I should."

These were the demon thoughts that possessed the guilty girl.

Next day a neighbor called.

"Did you know that Warrington and Miss Myra had quarrelled?" she asked.

The blood flew to Dora's head; it seemed to her, as she shook it negatively, that it would burst. This was the secret she would not hear.

"Yes, they had a dreadful time; and Philip started right off to leave the country, swearing a dreadful oath that he would never come back."

Later in the day the same neighbor came in again.

"There's a tremendous scandal about Miss Myra. They say she repented, and has run off with him."

Dora felt the blood leaving her face.

"Yes; she hasn't been seen since yesterday at two."

"Yesterday at two," murmured Dora, feebly.

"Dear me," said Dora's aunt. "Why, Dody, didn't she go out with you yesterday?"

"Yes, aunty; she went a little ways," said Dora, faintly.

"My child, how your cheeks look!" cried the neighbor, with consternation. "Miss Daniela, Dora is in a high fever. My gracious! see the child! she is fainting!"

In that little moment Dora had turned from scarlet to white; she sank on the floor utterly insensible.

That day and the next in her ravings the girl betrayed herself. Her aunt heard it first, and turned sick with horror. She allowed nobody beside herself to visit the room where every moment the air was saddened with the fearful self-reproaches of the miserable girl.

Miss Daniels wrote a hurried note to the Walters family, begging them for God's sake not to betray her wretched niece; that she must have been ill, laboring under cerebral disease at the time.

But Myra had been set free. Quite unexpectedly her uncle returned from New York, and something impressed him to make a long *détour*, and visit his house before he returned home. He often said afterward that he never could tell why he was so determined to go to that unfurnished house, just on the verge of the evening, and with no light.

To his astonishment he found his safe-room door locked; but it was soon opened, and there, lying on the floor in her white garments, a spec-

tral vision, was his favorite niece, the only thing he loved in the world besides his money.

Myra was carried home quite senseless, and the best of medical aid at once summoned. It was the opinion of the physician that she could not have survived another night. The story was told as a wonderful tale; but no one suspected the complicity of poor Dora, whose fever ran for weeks, and left her a wasted, faded creature.

Philip Warrington, hearing the infamous rumor that was circulated, returned to the city, and there was a reconciliation between him and Myra, which was never to be disturbed again, they both solemnly declared.

Months after, when Myra met Dora, though shuddering with the old feeling of nameless horror in which she had passed two fearful days, she would have been reconciled, but Dora would not know her. Guilty, conscious, she felt that Myra would never betray her; and still she hated her.

They took her to Europe, and she never came back. Some say she married a foreign count, but I know she never recovered from that heart-wound, and, unhappily, never ceased to hate the woman who had innocently been her rival.



HOW ONE WOMAN HATED.—“THEN THE IRON DOOR OF THE ROOM CLANGED TO, AND MYRA WAS FASTENED IN.”



SWEET SIMPLICITY.—“THE YOUNG LADY BURST INTO A LAUGH, WHICH WAS HEARTILY JOINED IN BY HER FATHER.”

Sweet Simplicity.

I TELL you, Tom, I am done with women.”

“Why, my dear fellow, you shock me. Done with women! what on earth do you mean?”

“I mean just what I say. I am thoroughly disgusted with the whole sex. Show me a woman, and I’ll show you a compound of cunning, selfishness and deceit.”

“You unmitigated barbarian! Why, sir, you have basely slandered the best and noblest half of the human race. Women in general are just a little lower than the angels, and some of them a little higher. Woman, sir, has been very justly styled God’s last best gift to man. But come,

Noble, do tell me what has caused you to form such an opinion of the dear creatures? It is a new idea with you, for I distinctly remember that, when we were students together, no man had a more exalted opinion of womankind. ‘You were a worshipper at the shrine of love and beauty.’”

“All in the abstract, Tom. You know I had no experimental knowledge. Now listen, whilst I my ‘tale unfold.’”

Then Noble proceeded with the following narrative:

On leaving college, at the age of twenty, I returned to my country home, and spent some

months in quiet seclusion. I was shy and awkward in the society of ladies, though, like you, I then looked upon them as the embodiment of all that was pure, artless and unselfish. My beloved and venerable grandmother, with whom I was living, often rallied me on my excessive timidity.

"Noble," she would say, "with all your book-larnin', you makes yourself a fool about women. They won't bite you, child. Here's Tom Wilson and Henry Sparks, they never went to college, nor to school, either, much, and they laugh and chat with the girls, while you, with all your eddication, and your 'degree' in your pocket, are as dumb as a post."

"Oh, grandma!" I answered, "the ladies are angels, and I can't treat them like fellow-creatures. I worship them in my heart of hearts, but I can't be familiar with them."

"Angels, indeed!" exclaimed the old lady, energetically; "they are creatures of flesh and blood, just the same as you are, and many of them not half so good. Now, child, if you don't get rid of such foolish notions, you'll learn to your sorrow that 'all that glitters is not gold.'"

Notwithstanding this advice, I still kept aloof from the girls, though my heart was secretly panting for the companionship of some kindred spirit. In moments of contemplative reverie, I pictured to myself some being that I could love with passionate devotion, and doubted not that in due season I would meet with the living counterpart. She would be, if true to the ideal, beautiful as a fairy, a sylph-like figure, elegantly proportioned, eyes of lustrous black or melting blue, a mind well cultivated, a disposition gentle and amiable, and a heart softly sentimental. Such was the lovely being, portrayed by my prophetic pencil, ordained

— "To bless my charmed soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrivalled and alone."

At length, becoming somewhat weary of the dull monotony of the country, I concluded to spend a few months in the city of Richmond, and, making known my wishes to grandma, she readily consented.

"It is the best thing you could do, child, I reckon. The fact is, you have seen very little of the world, and I fear you are kind o' green like. Now you be careful and don't get 'took in' when you go to town."

I promised to keep my eyes open, and a few days thereafter found myself comfortably quartered at a first-class boarding-house in the city.

It was a delightful season, in the early part of autumn, and I would spend most of my time on the Capitol Square, sometimes reading, but generally watching the passers-by with a listless, careless sort of curiosity.

One evening I was reclining on a rude bench in a retired part of the grounds, wondering, in a dreary sort of way, when and where I should meet my spirit's mate. When on the point of leaving the Square, my attention was attracted by the approaching figure of a lady, who was leading a little girl by the hand. I was struck by the beauty and grace of her figure, and determined to remain where I was till she came up, to see if her face was correspondingly beautiful. Judge of my surprise and delight when I recognised the faithful personation of my charming ideal. I unconsciously took off my hat as she passed, and gazed upon her with a look so full of admiration, that a blush suffused her sweet face. Fearing that she was offended, and inwardly cursing my unmannerly rudeness, I watched her as she passed slowly and gracefully down the broad gravel walk.

She had proceeded, however, but a few yards, when, turning to the little girl at her side, she said:

"Well, Birdie, ain't you tired? I am, and we'll

rest a little while on this bench, and then we'll go back home."

"What a sweet, flute-like voice!" I murmured, as she seated herself nearly opposite the bench I occupied. I had a full view of her angelic face, and was in full hearing of her heavenly attuned voice, as she played and prattled with the child. She would occasionally shoot innocent, timid glances in my direction, and the blissful fancy took possession of my soul that perhaps my unbounded admiration was reciprocated.

I was casting about how I might, without rudeness, enter into conversation with her, when an accident brought about the end I had in view.

The little girl, who, for a moment, had been left to her own devices, had mounted upon the back of the bench, and suddenly fallen to the ground, uttering the most piercing screams. The young lady rushed frantically forward, and, raising the child in her arms, endeavored to soothe its cries by the most tender caresses.

I now came forward, expressing the most lively concern for the little sufferer, and hoped that she had received no serious injury.

"Oh, no sir! she is only a little frightened," answered the lady. "Hush! Birdie; don't cry, darling," she continued, as the child nestled its head on her bosom.

"What a lovely child!" I exclaimed; "there is a strong resemblance between you, and I presume you are sisters."

"Yes," answered the lovely creature, "Birdie is my only sister, and I love her better than any one on earth. Her health is quite delicate, and when the evenings are fine I always take her to walk with me on the Square."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "I am on the Square every evening, and am surprised that I have not met you, or seen you, rather, before."

"This is the first time we have been out for a week," she said. "Birdie has been too unwell for out-door exercise; but if we had, you might have passed us without notice, there are so many on the Square."

"Ah, no, lady! I should have noticed you among ten thousand. Will you pardon me if I tell you that a face and form like yours have often appeared to me in my dreams, and when I first saw you I felt as if I had known you for years?"

She mused thoughtfully a moment, and then said:

"It is really strange, but do you know that I experienced the same emotions on first observing you! I feared you thought me bold in looking at you so much, but I was trying to recollect if we had ever met before."

Some further conversation passed, and the lovely girl, taking Birdie by the hand, started off, leaving me in the wildest state of transport. I felt that it would be indelicate in me to offer to accompany her home, so I remained on the spot hallowed by her presence till the warning shadows of night began to fall around me, then slowly repaired to my quarters, to dream sweetly of the fair unknown.

How fervently did I pray that the weather might continue pleasant, that I might again be permitted to see the charming creature to whom I had freely surrendered my heart! How strange that fate had brought thus together two beings evidently designed to make each other happy!

The next morning I was awake at an early hour, and eagerly scanned the heavens to note the indications of the weather. To my inexpressible joy, not a cloud lowered over my hopes.

The day wore on, serenely fair, and at an early hour in the evening my impatience drove me to the position I had occupied the previous evening. After a lapse of time, that to me seemed interminable, my enchantress made her appearance, again

leading little Birdie by the hand. She was looking more bewitchingly lovely than before, had evidently devoted more attention to dress, and though not elaborately, was neatly and tastefully attired.

When I came forward and accosted her, she gave a sweet little start of surprise, and a slight blush again dyed her cheeks. Her embarrassment, however, soon passed off, and we spent an hour in conversation; an hour—the most delightful I had ever experienced.

I was exceedingly anxious to find out the lady's name, but hesitated to ask her the question direct. Again fortune favored me. I had given my watch to Birdie to keep her quiet, and, childlike, the little cherub was beating it against the ground in great glee.

"Birdie Strange," called out my companion, "you'll break the gentleman's watch (she had already done that); bring it to me, darling."

"Birdie Strange!" I exclaimed; "what a sweet name!"

"Yes," she said; "we call her 'Birdie,' but her name is Florence; she was named after an aunt, while I bear the name of my mother."

"May I presume to ask what was your mother's name?"

"Certainly, sir," she said; "my mother was named Lucy."

I now introduced myself, and after this formality we seemed to become more familiarly acquainted; and, judging all the sex by Lucy, I became more than ever convinced that women and angels were identically the same.

In the course of the frequent interviews I had with Lucy, she informed me that her father was Colonel Robert Strange, whom I knew to be a gentleman of fine family and large estate. I frequently expressed a desire to accompany her home, but she as frequently requested me to delay doing so for the present, and, of course, I could but acquiesce, more especially as I saw her every evening.

One evening she appeared to be in the deepest distress, and on my urging and entreating her to confide in me the cause of her sorrow, she said:

"Oh! Mr. Savage, I am the most miserable creature in existence. My father insists on my marrying a gentleman whom I never did and never can love. He knows of my aversion, but declares it to be an unreasonable prejudice, and positively refuses to let me keep company with any other gentleman. This is the reason I have never been willing for you to escort me home. To-day he told me I must no longer delay compliance with his wishes. Oh! Mr. Savage, what must I do, what must I do!"

No words can describe my consternation on hearing of this unfeeling conduct of Colonel Strange.

"Of course, Miss Lucy," I said, "you should never think of marrying any gentleman unless you truly love him. Your father cannot compel you to do so against your will."

"No," she replied; "but he can render my life so miserable by his harshness, if I refuse. You don't know what a terrible man my father is when he is thwarted in any of his purposes. I think I can do nothing better than comply with his demand, for my sufferings will be of short duration. The grave will soon close over my lifeless form."

In an agony of grief she bowed her face upon her hands and wept, while I was well-nigh petrified with the fear of losing her.

"Dearest Lucy," I cried, "only idol of my heart, I have learned to love you with an intensity that words can never express. Think of the hopeless misery to which you would consign me by yielding to this unreasonable demand of your

father. Only promise that you will try to love me in return, and all may yet be well."

"Oh! Mr. Savage," she cried, hiding her face on my breast, "it will be unnecessary to try; my heart has been yours from the first moment that we met."

Passionately I pressed the lovely creature to my heart, and assured her that nought but death should ever part us.

"Do you think, dear Lucy," I asked, "that your father would seriously object to my suit? I am a gentleman of as good a family as his own, of irreproachable character, and possessed of means amply sufficient to support a wife in handsome style. Perhaps he might be willing to forego his preference for the gentleman to whom you allude, and be quite willing to receive me as a son-in-law."

"Oh, never, never!" interrupted Lucy; "though you are in every respect his superior, Charles Catron is the man whom he intends that I shall marry, and you can have no idea how obstinate he is in adhering to any resolution he has formed."

"Then, dear Lucy," I said, "there is but one course left for us to pursue. I know how your maiden delicacy will shrink from such a step, but it is far preferable to the wanton and cruel sacrifice he contemplates. *We must elope!* Fly with me, my darling, and in a few hours we can stand before the bridal altar, beyond the reach of those who would consign us both to hopeless despair, by an eternal separation."

As I had expected, she seemed horrified at the proposal, and declared she could never think of such a thing.

"No, dear Noble!" she exclaimed; "ask of me any sacrifice but this; what would all my friends think of me?"

I pleaded with all the eloquence of which I was master, and with so much success that, before we parted, she had consented to fly with me to Weldon, North Carolina. I walked with her as near to her father's house as we deemed prudent, and then we parted, with mutual protestations of fidelity.

That night I wrote a long and affectionate letter to grandma, in which I gave a glowing description of Lucy, calling her among other things the embodiment of Sweet Simplicity, and acquainting the old lady with my intended plan of operations. This letter I mailed the next morning, and during the remainder of the day was busy in making the necessary arrangements for the important trip.

I ordered an elegant suit of clothes, giving directions for them to be ready by a certain day; purchased a supply of fine and fashionable furniture, and had it sent up the canal, to grandma's.

Lucy had only consented to go on condition that at least two friends should bear us company, the lady to be selected by her, and I was to procure the services of the gentleman. This was quite reasonable, and, being a stranger in the city, I took the liberty of requesting a young man that boarded at the same house with me to accompany us on the interesting occasion. He kindly consented to do so, but hinted that his wardrobe was not exactly in a suitable condition. I immediately made that all right by handing him a fifty-dollar bill, and he lost no time in supplying himself with quite a decent suit, worth, I should say, twenty dollars.

The morning before the one set for our departure, I purchased four tickets for Weldon, and, as that was the last thing to be done, went back to my room, feeling as happy as a lord. I found a letter from grandma on my table, which I at once proceeded to read. The old lady congratulated me, of course, on my approaching felicity, gave much good advice, and wound up by repeating the admonition she had given me on leaving

home: "Be careful, child, and don't get took in."

I have never been able to account for it, but after dinner I felt an irresistible desire to see Lucy, if only for a moment, and, knowing that she would not visit the Square that evening, left the house, and proceeded up the street in the direction of her abode. I did not intend, of course, to enter the house, but hoped to catch a glimpse of her at a window or door. But fate would have it otherwise.

On nearing the house, I observed an elderly gentleman in company with a lady, nearly his own age, descend the steps, and, passing through the gate, walk quietly up the street. It instantly occurred to me that these persons were Colonel Strange and lady. I immediately determined to avail myself of the favorable opportunity, and call on Lucy in her own house. She had informed me that there was no one else in the family but little Birdie, so what had I to fear? Proceeding to the door, I rang the bell, which was answered by a domestic. Inquiring if Miss Strange was at home, I was informed that she was, and was politely requested to walk into the parlor. I gave my name to the servant, and entered, as requested.

In a few moments a lady, whom I had never seen before, made her appearance, and asked if I had called to see her, and, if so, to explain the occasion of my visit.

It now occurred to me that this was the young lady who was to accompany Lucy on our journey of the next day, so I answered without hesitation:

"I did not call to see you, miss, as I have not the honor of your acquaintance; but I called to see a very particular friend, Miss Lucy Strange."

"That is my name, sir," she said, "and I know of no one else who has the right to bear it. I really do not understand you."

Neither did I understand her, but I began to think that something was wrong. A large, portly gentleman now came to the door, when the young lady said:

"Father, here is a person who says he called to see a very particular friend, Miss Lucy Strange, and yet I never saw him before in my life."

"What means this insolent intrusion, fellow?" demanded the old gentleman. "This is the only young lady of that name in the house, or the city, either."

"Who, then," I asked, "is the young lady I have seen so frequently on the Square, with little Birdie? She informed me her name was Lucy Strange!"

The young lady now burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which her father joined heartily. When their mirth had subsided in a measure, Colonel Strange informed me that the little girl was in truth his daughter, but that the young lady I had seen with her was the *nursery maid*! "And," he continued, "while we do not allow our servants to entertain their company in the parlor, under the peculiar circumstances of your case, if you desire it, you can have a short interview with the lady here."

I could stand no more, but, seizing my hat, rushed from the house, and returning to my room, hastily packed my trunk, stowing away the wedding-suit, also, and took the first train that left for anywhere. The joke was too good not to be circulated. Grandma heard it, and I didn't have the brass to face her for two years; and when I did, the first thing she said was:

"Well, she took you in, child; Sweet Simplicity, indeed."

The only hate which we all bear with Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

"The Snow."

THE SNOW-KING came, in the dead of night,
And clothed the fields in a robe of white;
And when morning broke, with a clear sunrise,
And opened the lids of the sleepers' eyes,
Up went many a shout and cry,
From old and young, from low and high.

"Hurra!" cried the boys. "Now for some fun!
We'll hitch up Dobbin, the Gray, and the Dun,
And with Susie and Meg, and sweet Nell Gray,
We'll wish there would be no end to the day;
For away we'll go over valley and ridge,
And a ay kiss steal as we cross o'er the bridge."

Then glance in your mansion, whence bright lights are
streaming;
Where diamonds are sparkling and soft eyes are
beaming;
List to the music's voluptuous strain,
And the laugh of the dancers in merry refrain—
Surrounded by wealth, by pomp and by show,
All lovely to them is the beautiful Snow.

But go to the haunts of want or of shame,
Where poverty reigns in fact as in name;
See the pale, sunken cheek, and the fever-bright eye,
No fire—no food—only Pain's fierce cry,
And see how, in spite of its glittering show,
They look in despair on this cruel white Snow.

O you who now revel in wealth and in ease,
Who know not the horrors of cold or disease,
Who never knew hunger or thirst or cold—
Phantoms who fly from the sight of your gold—
Remember, though for you in brightness it glow,
There's death to the poor in the terrible Snow.

Dignity Surprised.

FRED WHITMAN was a very handsome man—
that everybody admitted. Fine face, elegant figure,
and unexceptionable manners, were his. Added
to those esteemed recommendations to favor were
wealth and genius. So, of course, Fred Whitman
occupied a foremost position in the ranks of upper-
tendom.

Mrs. Archibald Henshaw, who traced her lineage
to Henry IV., on whose escutcheon was engraved
a half-moon, a sceptre, and a very small eagle
—the latter designed to illustrate the marriage
between her titled English grandparent and a
full-blooded Yankee girl—was wont to observe
that it was a sad pity Mr. Whitman had not been
born in a country where rank was of more ac-
count than in this land of plebeianism, where one
man is as good as another. Mrs. Henshaw, not-
withstanding her noble origin, had never seen a
born prince, or a made duke, but she knew that
Mr. Whitman should have been one of these—felt
sure that a great mistake had been made in regard
to his birthplace; and this hearty sympathy for
the man's misfortune, and great appreciation for
his mental and physical calibre (Mrs. Henshaw
asked no questions about morals; to be wealthy
and dignified and handsome was all that was
necessary; men were mostly alike, she reasoned,
in character), at once placed him first on the list
of desirable suitors for the hand of her daughter
Nettie.

Nettie was just nineteen—very pretty, and very
charming; but, according to her mother's code,
entirely undisciplined, though good-tempered, and
unusually brilliant. Five years at a fashionable
boarding-school had not had the effect her mother
especially bargained for—that of making Nettie
dignified. As the principal had privately informed
her: "Every possible means had been tried, but
one might as well endeavor to imprison the sun-
light as Nellie's frank and impetuous disposition.
You will find her astonishingly well-read, an ex-
cellent linguist, and splendid musician, but as un-
tamed as when you brought her here."

This was a bitter pill for this conventional leader of the *ton* to swallow, and the professor had taken no pains to sugar-coat it. So she took her daughter home, introduced her to the world, and held the disciplinary rod so constantly over her curly head, that Nettie would have given all she had in the world to be back to boarding-school again. This espionage was terribly irritating to one of her temperament, and, to make the matter still worse, there was no one to appeal to—Mr. Henshaw having taken up a temporary business residence in Paris.

"Miss Henshaw's manners are thoroughbred," said Mr. Whitman one evening at a grand reception among the *élite*. And, then, her voice is charming, and her accompaniments actually bewildering."

"Do us the honor of calling any evening when you feel like spending an hour or two right socially," replied the delighted mother. "Nettie is the least bit embarrassed in society, but at home her music holds us spell-bound."

"Now, my dear," said the manoeuvring mamma to her daughter, the following day, "I have given Mr. Whitman *carte blanche* in regard to visiting us, and I warn you to be extremely careful about your deportment; for, you see how dignified he is! and I know from his conduct how he detests anything rude or hoydenish in young ladies."

"What is Mr. Whitman to me, I should like to know?" inquired Nettie, without looking up. "I just wish I could go somewhere and wash this hateful starch off. It is perfectly awful never to be allowed to unbend."

"Hush, Nettie! no more of this, if you please. You admire Mr. Whitman, do you not?"

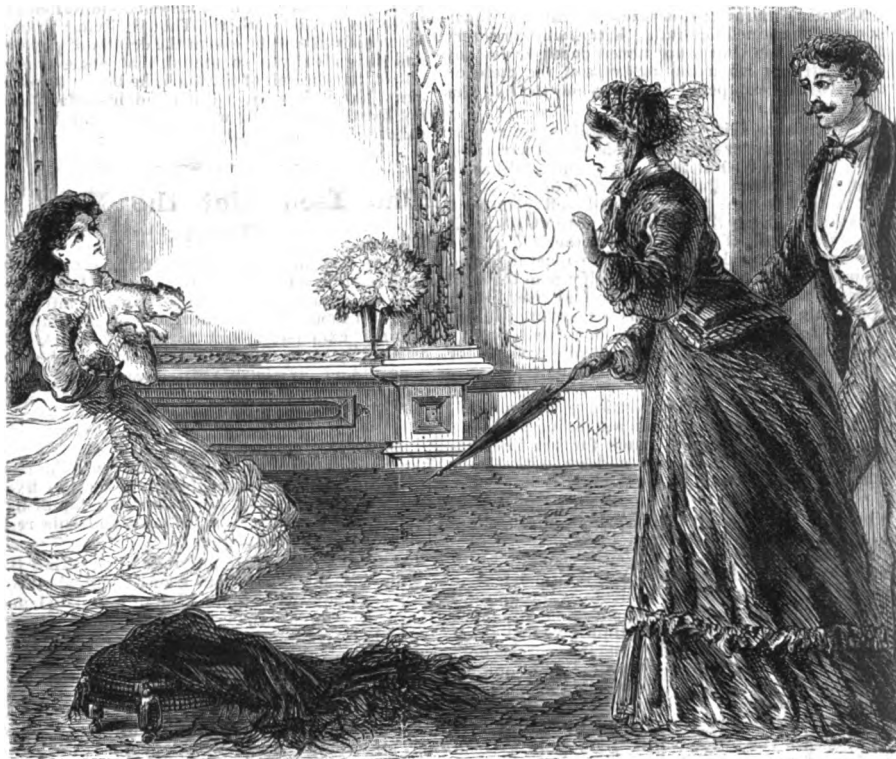
"Admire him? yes, as I should a beautiful piece of statuary in the corner yonder; and enjoy myself just about as much, talking to him, as I should to the plaster-of-paris effigy. He looks sometimes as if there were lots of fun in him, and as if he could enjoy a good romp as well as any other man." And Nettie, with her head cocked on one side, canary fashion, with just the least bit of defiance visible around the laughing mouth, waited for her mother's reply.

"A good romp as well as any other man!" repeated Mrs. Henshaw, with evident disgust.

"Nettie, I am astonished!"

"I suppose so," sighed Nettie. "Just my luck to astonish instead of amuse. But please don't talk about Mr. Whitman to me. I've got eyes, and I know how to use them, too. You are determined upon bringing about a match between me and Mr. Dignity; but it 'can't be did.' When I marry, it will be with the understanding that I shall do just as I please. My fetters here almost kill me, and I am determined not to endure them a lifetime!" and Nettie walked out of the room, with a very sorrowful expression on her pretty face.

Mr. Whitman "dropped in" occasionally, as the anxious mother bade him, and was pleasantly entertained by both mother and daughter—Nettie singing her choicest songs, and conversing in a dignified, woman-of-the-world style, which both delighted and surprised her maternal parent, and made her quite certain of a love avowal from her elegant guest.



DIGNITY SURPRISED.—"THE PARLOR-DOOR OPENED, AND IN WALKED MRS. HENSHAW AND MR. WHITMAN. THERE SAT NETTIE, LAUGHING MUSICALLY."

"I should like to see that young lady away from the influence of her mother," said Fred, after an evening spent with the two. "Nettie seems almost afraid to act herself. I have occasionally detected symptoms of spontaneity, which, some way, never amount to anything. I like the child in spite of myself, and believe I should love her if I didn't fear she would make copy of her mother. That woman almost suffocates me."

Affairs progressed in this decidedly unsatisfactory style for two or three months—Mr. Whitman very much at home at the residence of the Henshaws; Nettie keeping up the character of dignified young lady, pleasing her mother, and displeasing the one whose addresses Mrs. Henshaw most wished to secure for her daughter.

An artist's reception. Mrs. Henshaw, who always patronised affairs of this kind, was very much annoyed to be informed by Nettie that she was not feeling well enough to accompany her. "Never mind, mother; go for once without me. I should think it would be a relief—I'm sure it will be to me—to be allowed to remain quietly at home."

Mr. Whitman will be very much disappointed, I know, but I'll bring him home with me if I can," remarked her mother, very much annoyed.

"Mr. Fiddlestick!" replied Nettie. "My word on it, he'll be delighted to see you once without your shadow;" and Nettie turned her face away, counting the figures on the satin paper, apparently unconscious of her mother's vexation.

"Good gracious!" said Nettie, after her departure. "Isn't this nice? Here I have been home from boarding-school six months, and this is the first day I have been allowed to spend at home alone!" and, humming a gay air, Nettie made a becoming morning toilet, and scampered downstairs, determined on fun. Kitty, who was very fond of Nettie, but who never dared make any demonstration when the mistress of the mansion was around, scampered after her, and the ball was fairly opened.

"Come here, Kit; you and I will have a regular spree. You never saw the inside of this parlor before, did you? Nineteen years old! What of that, Miss Pussy Cat? Don't you dare 'meow' about that to me; if you do I'll cuff your ears. Now for fun, Kitty!" and, tell it not in Gath—this dignified pupil of a dignified mother's dignified teachings, selected by her for the most dignified man in New York, threw herself upon the soft Wilton carpet, and rolled over and over, Kitty springing toward her at intervals, apparently enjoying the sport as much as her mistress. Just at the height of this performance the parlor-door opened, and in walked Mrs. Henshaw and Mr. Whitman.

"Goodness me!" cried Nettie, and attempted, with Kitty in her arms, to gain a standing position; but the situation was too much for her keen appreciation of the ludicrous, and so, with Pussy clasped close, she sat and laughed right musically.

"Why, the child must be insane! she was ill when I left her," said Mrs. Henshaw, approaching her highly-amused daughter.

"Please don't," implored Nettie, rising. "Will you open the door for Kitty, Mr. Whitman? The poor thing is scared half to death. I suppose I ought to be; but some way I am glad you have found me out. It's the first time I've had a real good time since I returned. The sense of freedom was so overpowering, so exquisite, that I couldn't help giving up to it. Don't look so shocked, mother;" and again Nettie broke down as she surveyed the disgusted countenance of her mother.

"I assure you, Miss Nettie, I am quite as glad to have found you out, as you are to have me. You only lacked a little more naturalness, more sportiveness, to make you irresistible." And Mr.

Whitman drew her hand in his, and led her to the bay-window, to the utter astonishment of Mrs. Henshaw, who stood like one petrified. What he said, I don't know exactly, but something may be inferred, from the fact that they are now betrothed.

"The Embarrassed Horseman."

[By Carl Vernet.]

CARLE, or more properly, Anthony Charles Horace Vernet, was the son of Joseph, the marine painter, and Virginia Parker, an English girl, who, though descended from a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, was the daughter of the commander of the Pope's galleys. Carle was born at Bordeaux in 1758. Though always in delicate health, he showed a precocious talent for art, and, as he grew up, became very fond of horses, and made them a subject of close study, after finding how carelessly most painters had been content to depict them. Although, as a historical painter, he led the way for his son, the great Horace Vernet, Carle is better known by his humorous pieces, in which the drawing is correct, the coloring good, the humor never repulsive or trivial, thus avoiding the faults of most caricaturists. The illustration now given is a fair specimen of his style; the rider's evident incapacity to control the horse he bestrides, and which deserves a better knight, and the host of curs, are all well given.

He died November 17, 1836, aged seventy-eight, after seeing his granddaughter marry Paul Delaroche. But his latter days were saddened by a kind of delusion—a mild insanity—inherited probably from his mother. Though living in ease, he conceived that he was in the depths of poverty, and this idea was so seated, that once, coming out of the Church of St. Roch, he began to solicit alms like a beggar. But amid his affectionate family this took no worse form, and he died calmly and peacefully.

The Lion Not the King of Beasts.

Who that has sailed upon that vast aqueous solution of various salts known as the briny deep does not remember the indeterminate intervals, now and then, when the novelties of the ship had become exhausted, and the weary heart, half crushed between the oppressive mysteries of sea beneath and sky above, yearned eagerly for something or other,

"Un certo non so che,
Chi mi dira cos'e,"

to relieve its extreme *ennui*? There was the restless ship tossing up and about under the fixed glance of the grey sky, like a Japanese top or ball before His Sublimity the Mikado, and this restlessness became contagious.

At such times we found relief in visiting the ship's carpenter. He had a small shop abaft the galley, which was to him a kind of hermitage, and there he would repair the breaks and strains caused by tugging winds or pounding waves. These were not a few; for this was in the days of white-winged packets, when landsmen were not forced, as now, to snuff up the combined stenches of bilge-water and engine-grease, but endured bilge-water only, or mingled it with the aroma of tar, and when captains would let loose the white pinions until staunch ships groaned and shuddered in remonstrance. Our noble captain thought "there was no use in sailing a vessel if you

couldn't carry sail," and sometimes a torn mainsail or snapped cathead showed that they were

"Not flims, and flims are rent."

So there was plenty of mending to be done, and the post of "Chips" was no sinecure.

He was from an Eastern—a Down-eastern clime. The "pent-up Utica" of his early days was not, however, adequate to his ambition; and, like many country boys, he had cast bucolic associations behind him, and bent his journeyings toward the clamorous town. At one time gaining subsistence by doing odd bits of work which came in his way, at another plying his vocation behind the scenes of a theatre, he had at last assumed the grave responsibilities of carpenter on the ship *Meribel*. He was about forty years of age, with a professional stoop, a keen black eye, and possessed of that knowledge of human nature which is acquired by rough and tumble in the world. Moreover, he was a man of strong common sense, and had a full consciousness of the important position which he occupied. As passengers, we were always welcome visitors, and one afternoon found our little party within his hospitable walls.

Alas! just here the thought comes that that little party never can meet again on ship or shore, for the flying years have not gone by without bearing with them at least one of the number, and he so good and so gifted.

We sat that afternoon, some on the workbench, some on boxes, and indulged in that pleasant mood, calm, kindly and confidential, which follows the midday meal. He, as our host, made every effort to amuse his guests. At first, he took down a sad violin from a wooden peg, and rehearsed sonorous reels, such as modern spirits seem to play with bound bands in locked Davenport cabinets, and with which he had long ago galvanized his domestic corn-husking.

"Tell us a story, Chips!"

This was from Sandia, who knew already the carpenter's penchant for story-telling, and had grown tired of the discordant notes which proceeded from the "engine of vile noise," and wished for a relief.

The carpenter crossed his legs, which had been at slight variance before, leaned back against his table, wiped the perspiration from his rugged brow, put his violin tenderly under his arm, said that he didn't know any stories, and commenced: "You know they call the lion the king of beasts."

We assented, inquiringly; the suggestion of a doubt was somewhat startling, for what child does not have the fact indelibly impressed upon its tender mind—does not spell out in his first book of natural history the sentence appended to a woodcut of Africa's monarch:

"T-h-i-s i-s t-h-e k-i-n-g o-f b-e-a-s-t-s."

So we waited, with ears erect.

"Well, I used to think so; but you'll see I was mistaken, and so are you!"

"Go on, Chips!"

"When I was a largish boy, and used to work on a farm and do the chores, there come a menagery to Bethel. Bethel was about five miles from Palmyra, where I lived, and one day I went over there to get the mare shod. I heard a great talk about lions, and zebras, and painters (not artists), and the barns and taverns were all covered with big sign-bills, on which waire pictures of these various animals, as large as life, and every bit as natural.

"While I was there the agent of the circus driv up, and I can tell you he was as much of a curiosity as his show, and about as important a man as ever you see. I stood reading the show-bills, and my head was half bustin' with all the descriptions of cammelleppards, and tigers, and so on,

which were told there. You see, I had never seen anything on nigh so big a scale before, and it made a great impression on me. All of a sudden an idee struck me, and I got a-talkin' with the agent, although he railed did seem to me to be a most too great a man for me to hender or interrupt in his business. I thought he was wonderful condescendin' to speak to me at all. I says to him:

"You say on your show-bills that the lion is the king of beasts?"

"Of course we do," says he; 'everybody admits that.'

"Well," says I, 'I make you a bet of fifty dollars that I can bring a critter that'll lick your lion.'

"Nonsense!" says he.

"Well," says I, 'all you have to do, if you don't believe it, is to take my bet, otherwise you back out.'

"This rather cornered him; for, of course, you see, he couldn't help betting with me, without reaking the success of his show; so he pulled out a big wallet stuffed full of money, took out a fifty-dollar note, and handed it to the landlord, whom he chose for stakeholder.

"Fifty dollars warn't much to him, but it seemed a heap of money to me; and I told him he must wait a little while, till I could *score up* my part of the stakes. I went away, and I don't think he expected to see me again, although I told him I would be back in about half an hour. I had a little money in the bank, for I was naterally of a savin' turn; but it warn't more than half enough, so I went to a gentleman in the place, for whom I had worked occasionally, and who had allers been friendly with me, and asked him to lend me the balance, and I agreed to work it out or pay him within the year. I gave him my note, the first I ever writ, and when I signed it I acitly felt as if I had committed a state-prison offence. Then I drew (this word Chips pronounced dree-ew, although he had to a great extent laid aside his Oriental idiom) out my money from the bank, and this, with what I borrowed from the gentleman, made out the fifty dollars. I went back to the tavern, and handed over my money without saying much, for I felt a little solemn; and then, having got the mare shod, I rode over home.

"That night I dreamt of all kinds of things you ever did see—agents with lions' heads, who roared at me; monkeys who rode on my back and grinned in my face, and then arrested me for stealin' fifty dollars. It railed did seem as if half a dozen menageries had broke loose in my room. When mornin' came I realised what I had done, and was almost shaky in my resolution; but there it was, I thought my idee was a good one, and so I concluded to go ahead.

"Meantime the story got round that Bildad Bunker was goin' to have some kind of lion-fight, and a lion-fight in Bethel was not by any means a common occurrence. I found myself as notorious as a fighter trainin', and was the town talk. Some people laughed at me, some thought that at all events I knew what I was about, and some took sides with me or with the agent, according to circumstances.

"In a few days the menagery arrove in a grand procession, with brass bands, and calico horses, and cages on wagons, and the big tents were pitched, and everything prepared for the show. At last the day for the exhibition come. Of course, everybody knew by this time about the fight, for in a place like Bethel such a thing as a secret was never heerd on, and a public affair like this brought folks from far and near all through the country. There was a'most an enormous crowd, I can tell you.

"Inside the tent they had an enclosure built for the fight; and there were seats for the umpires, and everything was in first-rate style. I went to the back of my house where my critters were kept, and, putting one in each pocket of a pair of saddlebags, I slung them over the mare's back, and started.

"I am usually strictly punctual, but this day I was just a little belated, and when I got to the tent I found that the boys was a-talkin' and wonderin' why I didn't come, or whether I would come at all. I hitched the mare, took the saddlebags under my arm, and started for the tent-door. Strange to say, the doorkeeper didn't happen to know me, and stopped me as I was going in.

"'Ticket, sir,' says he.

"Says I: 'I am the man (for I thought I was a man) who has got a critter to fight the lion.'

"'Oh! pass in, sir,' says he; 'pass in.'

And here Chips bent his body and waved his hand, to show the marked consideration with which he was ushered into the tent.

"In I went, and found the place just packed full of people; and you may believe that their faces were all blurred together, so that I couldn't see one on 'em, for I raily felt unpleasantly conspicuous.

"There was a kind of a-hummin' all round the tent, and my head was a-hummin', too; but I was

in for it, and you never did hear such shoutin', and cheerin', and laughin', as when I undid one pocket of the saddlebags, and put a big snappin'-turtle on the ground. The agent was standin' there, and his face grew rather long when he see this, for you know what savage critters them turtles are, and not easy killed. He objected to the match, and said it was undignified, and that he wasn't going to be imposed upon; so the question was left to the umpires, who were chosen for the occasion.

"They decided that the match must go on, so he was obliged to yield his pint, and everybody was glad of it.

"So the turtle was put in the enclosure. He stayed very quiet, with his nose just outside his shell, and his eyes every now and then giving a quiet wink. The door of the lion's cage which separated him from the enclosure was then opened, and in come the lion, a-roarin' and a-pawrin'; and when he see my champion he walked forred and put down his nose to him, as if to make his acquaintance.

"No sooner had he did so, however, than he drew back with the horrid roar that ever was heerd, for you see the turtle just deliberately closed his beak into the soft part of the lion's snout, and there he hung like a New Zealander's nose-ring.



"AN EMBARRASSED HORSEMAN."—FROM A PAINTING BY CARL VERNET.—SEE PAGE 422.



THE LION NOT THE KING OF BEASTS.—“IT WAS FEARFUL TO SEE THE LION SHAKE AND ROAR, BUT THERE THE CRITTER HUNG.”

“It was fearful to see the lion shake and roar; but there the critter hung, and when he did drop off, the lion’s nose was a piece shorter. No sooner, however, did his royal highness get rid of his antagonist, than he backed into his cage, and nothin’ would induce him to come out again, and leave the music.

“So, you see, I won my bet. I was more famous then than I have ever been since; but the curiosest thing is, that ever afterward they changed the natterl histories in our parts, and taught the children that the *snappin’-turtle*, and not the lion, is the king of beasts.”

“But a snapping-turtle isn’t a beast, Chips!”

“Well, it’s a critter.”

The First Aqueduct Built Over a River.

It is a rather curious coincidence that the first bridge for carrying water, for the purposes of navigation, over a navigable stream, should have been built for the Earl of Bridgewater, yet it is nevertheless an historical fact. In 1758 a plan was made for the construction of a canal from the coal-mines of that nobleman to the city of Manchester, a distance of some seven miles, across rivers and valleys and through subterranean passages, by an engineer named Brindley. He surveyed the ground, and declared the canal practicable; and, though assailed by ridicule from every side, the earl had confidence enough in him to

determine on the execution of the project. When the canal had been completed as far as the river Irewell (navigable for large vessels), and Brindley was preparing the work for an aqueduct high above the river, the eminent engineers of that time declared it a great folly, saying, "They had heard of castles in the air, but had never seen the place where they proposed building them, much less the place where they proposed building canals in the air." Ten months after this, the first coal-boat passed over this elevated canal, while the vessels in the river sailed past below it, as before, without interruption. This success caused several other canals to be immediately planned, and Brindley was often consulted in their construction.

That this now almost forgotten engineer was a true genius, appears from the fact that he never received a good education. Till seventeen years of age he worked for his father, who was poor, and then bound himself as apprentice to a millwright, where he soon showed so much ingenuity that he often instructed his master in the performance of new kinds of work. He never resorted to books, nor to the labor of others, nor did he make plans on paper, nor calculations for his own use; he was not familiar enough with those things; but more so in pure mental labor; he made his whole plans and calculations in his mind, arranged all the parts of the most complex machinery in his imagination, and retained the whole in his memory, which by this habit became most surprisingly vigorous. When he had a difficult plan to elaborate, he locked himself up in his room and went to bed, and remained there till his plans were ready. When his own mind was satisfied, he felt easy, being confident of success, and success always crowned his labors. He died at the age of fifty-six years, and left behind him many other works of engineering and mechanical skill, which, for many generations, past and future, testify to his superior ability.

The Uses of Children.

CHILDREN keep our feelings fresh. The heart often grows old before the body; and the heart's growing old has often a good deal to say to the body's growing old before its time. I've seen men old at thirty, and men young at sixty. Children bring a man back to his early days; they make a man to be a boy, and a woman to be a girl once again. I saw our doctor the other day, playing cricket with his little boy, six years old. He had five stones set one a-top of another for wickets, and his crooked walking-stick for a bat; and the young chap was working all his might to bowl him out. The doctor's whole heart was in the game, and he laughed fit to split his sides; and all this while there was a grand cricket-match worth seeing going on in the next field. Why wasn't the doctor there?—for he had been a great cricketer when he was young. Because youth is our fresh time, and what brings us back to youth brings us back to the old fresh thoughts and feelings; and this was just the way the doctor used to play with his brother, when they were children—long, long before he thought of giving anybody physic, and when he took precious little of it himself. The child was drawing away the doctor's mind from his cares—and, poor man! he had plenty of them at the time—and stirring up his spirits. Depend upon it, his blood coursed more quickly through his veins after that game of cricket than it did before. Children give us healthy springs and motives for work. A child makes the parents feel that they are looked forward to as providers. It makes a man feel himself to be somebody when he gathers the children round him, and looks at them, and says to him-

self, "They're all looking at their mother and me; I'll buckle to, like a man, and they sha'n't want if I can get." Is it not something to feel one's self valued and loved; to feel, "Well, however little I may be made of in the world, I know a place where I'm put at a high figure"? No man should be ticketed up a bargain in his own house; bargains don't pay anywhere, least of all at home. There was a Mrs. White, a neighbor of mine in former times, and she used often to say, "I like my husband always to come to a rising market—the price of him is always going up. I am always raising it; and I'm teaching the children to raise it; and the good man's feeling himself more precious to us all each day. 'Tis a fine thing, and better than any drink in the world to cheer a man up, to have the testimony of one's conscience as to having done one's duty; and when Joseph sees the children all decent and dressed in his earnings, and fat upon them, depend upon it, he's happy; if he weren't happy, he wouldn't call me 'mother' in the way he does."

The Mount St. Bernard Dog

NO BREED of dogs has so interesting and romantic a history as the Alpine Mastiff, or pure St. Bernard dog. His grand and massive characteristics of size and symmetry coupled with his benevolence of disposition, ranks the St. Bernard dog "*facile princeps*." Ever since St. Bernard de Menthon, in the year 980 A. D., established the Hospice du Grand St. Bernard, this race of dogs has earned a world-wide reputation. The number of human lives that have from century to century been saved by the marvellous instinct of these dogs is incalculable. Barry, that died in 1815, whose stuffed body is to be seen in the museum at Berne, saved upward of one hundred lives. The monks of St. Bernard keep at the Hospice about eight or nine dogs, but the largest and best collection of these wonderful dogs is, strange to say, owned by an English gentleman. The Rev. J. Cumming Macdona, of West Kirby, near Liverpool, has been known in Europe as the most enthusiastic breeder of the pure race of St. Bernard dogs. He has had as many as thirty specimens of this noble breed at a time in his kennels. The grandest of all his dogs was Tell, whose likeness we give in our present issue. Tell was imported to England in the year 1864, when he took the first prize at the Great London Show, held that year in June. After taking every first prize in the British Kingdom, he was sent by his owner to compete against all the European cracks at the International Dog Show at Hamburg, in September, 1869, when he carried off the first prize, the same gentleman's smooth-coated dog Monarque taking the second. The Queen of England and the Princess of Wales have had sons of Tell in their palaces. No dog has ever been known to have taken the British public so much. He has been engraved in Germany, France and England. Tell died, full of honors, January 28th, 1871. Dog-shows seem to have done much to improve the different breeds of dogs in England. Why should we not try and acclimatise the finest breeds of Europe on our own soil?

Closeted.

"You must not come any further, Arthur. You know father's queer disposition."

"Yes; but, for all that, I will accompany you as far as the house, Gussie. He has forbidden me to visit you, I know. But, then, that doesn't say that I must not treat you with ordinary courtesy."

These words were spoken on a soft summer

evening, at the gate of Mr. Reuben Standish's residence. There was a long avenue leading up to the house, and, even as the young man spoke, the portly form of its proprietor could be seen coming out upon the verandah in front of the mansion, and looking at them with no friendly eyes.

It may as well be stated here that Mr. Standish held, among the young people of the neighborhood, the reputation of being the greatest old boor that ever breathed. To be sure, he was known to be honest and honorable, charitable, and just the reverse of parsimonious, and could even, at times, be jolly.

But Reuben Standish had taken into his head a notion which parents of our day frequently do imbibe. He was determined that his daughter, Miss Augusta Standish, should never marry. She was an only child, and his wife was dead. The old man wanted her for himself. He was kind to indulgence to her, save on the one point of having young gentlemen visitors.

Of young men of the day, as a class, he had decidedly a poor opinion. He was often heard to declare that they were very different from the youth of his own time. And they were certainly utterly tabooed from his house.

Mr. Arthur Redman, who now stood before him in the company of his daughter, was reputed to be his especial aversion. Redman was good-looking, reasonably successful in business, and by no means of the sort to give up a pursuit on account of an obstacle. He was also generally allowed to be the favored one of the pretty Miss Gussie.

These would have been recommendations to a parent anxious for the marriage of a daughter. But, as old Standish felt, they only intensified his acridity toward Mr. Arthur.

So, when the young lady beheld her parent, she observed, hastily:

"Indeed, Arthur, you must go now."

"Indeed, Augusta, I shall do nothing of the sort. I will accompany you up to the house, and then, if your father refuses to ask me in, I shall go off again."

"You do not care how much scolding you expose me to."

"Yes, I do. But your father shall not say I am afraid to face him."

And, saying this, he opened the gate, and they strolled slowly up the shaded path.

Reuben Standish looked down upon them with an expression of mingled wrath and surprise.

"That chap has the impudence of Satan himself!" he muttered. "I have told him he could not visit this house."

Poor little Gussie advanced toward her enraged papa with a good deal of fright visible upon her countenance, and even Arthur felt something like a slight tremor affecting his breath.

About half way up the avenue, the youth suddenly asked:

"At what time does your father retire?"

Miss Gussie looked a little surprised at the question.

"About nine o'clock," she answered. "Why do you inquire?"

"Who closes up the house?"

"I generally see that the doors and windows are fastened. You know that I am housekeeper."

"Very well. Now mark. At nine and a half I am coming to your sitting-window. I want it to be accidentally left unfastened. When I can get in, you can join me, and we can have two hours' chat without your father being the wiser."

"But, Walter—"

"Hush! Your father will hear us. Remember—nine and a half o'clock. If the window is fastened, I vow I will smash a pane of glass!"

This direful threat concluded their talk, as they

had reached the steps of the verandah, and the unmusical tones of Standish's *père* saluted them.

"Miss, you come right into the house. And you, air, who intrude into my grounds without leave, will find the gate at the end of the path behind you!"

"Oh, father!" cried the girl, imploringly.

"Oh, bother!" was the rhythmical rejoinder. "Do just as I say. As for this Mr. Redman, if he had a proper, honorable spirit, he would not be coming to a place from whence he was once ordered off."

"You are wrong there," coolly answered Arthur. "You merely told me not to enter your house again, and I am sure I don't disobey you in coming as far as the porch."

"Well, then," exclaimed Reuben Standish, in a thorough rage, "mark this! Don't dare to enter my grounds! don't stop at my gate! don't speak to my daughter! Zounds! don't dare to look at her!"

Arthur Redman looked up at the excited old man calmly, and replied:

"Mr. Standish, you are going a trifle too far. Now, listen to me: If I think it expedient, I intend to look at your daughter! to speak to her! to stop at your gate! to enter your grounds, and your house, too, for that matter! Just mark those words, and take a fair warning that I'm going to use every means to make Gussie Standish my wife!" And with these words he turned and walked slowly down to the gate.

Mr. Standish stood as if petrified by his boldness, and so Miss Gussie managed to slip unobserved into the house.

Then Reuben Standish, looking more thoughtful than angry, paced slowly up and down his verandah.

And, much to his daughter's surprise, he said nothing to her upon the subject during the entire evening. He seemed much more than ordinarily silent and thoughtful.

Precisely at nine o'clock Mr. Standish retired to his room, and was followed, a few minutes later, by his daughter, who had only delayed sufficiently to see to closing the house.

Hardly half an hour had gone by before Arthur Redman stood at the sitting-room window. The shutters were bowed together, but not fastened, and the lower sash of the window was raised a little. As he stealthily opened the heavy shutters, the soft moonlight fell into the room.

"Gussie is keeping faith with me," said the young man to himself. "And yet, I hardly like this business. If old Standish saw me, he would be apt to shoot me for a burglar. However, I have gone too far to stop."

He slowly and cautiously raised the sash, and looked carefully into the room, where objects were faintly visible. It was empty.

He listened, but heard nothing. Then he drew himself quietly up, till he could get upon the window-sill, and from it stepped quietly into the room.

A slight breeze blew one of the shutters to with an audible burr.

There was immediately a noise in the room overhead, and then the young man could hear footsteps on the stairs.

"If it should be old Standish!" he muttered.

He looked hastily about for a concealment. There was a closet in one corner of the room. He ran and opened it. It was evidently used as a wardrobe, as clothing was hanging in it.

"This will do," he muttered. And, as the footsteps had just about reached the door, he slipped at once into the closet.

It was well for him that he had been so cautious. Old Standish himself it was who entered the room,

armed, not exactly with a pistol, but a large, ugly-looking cane.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as he noticed the window. "Augusta must have been agitated this evening. I never knew her to leave a window open before!"

He approached the casement, and looked out into the grounds, where

"The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered—"

each and every object. But Reuben Standish was not given to romance. Satisfied that no one was about, he closed and bolted, first the shutters, and then the window.

After which operations, he stalked out of the room, and up the stairs once more.

As soon as the coast was clear, Arthur Redman emerged from his hiding-place.

"I have got myself into a pickle now," was his rueful reflection. "I shall never be able to undo those fastenings without alarming the old gentleman."

He approached the window to reconnoitre, but just then he thought he heard a faint sound upon the stairs.

Nor was he wrong. Gussie Standish stole into the room the next moment, noiseless as a ghost. She had come down in her stocking-feet.

"Oh, Arthur! I am so frightened! I am so sorry you persisted in this rashness!"

"So am I," was the young man's frank admission.

"You must go again, as soon as possible. Father is awake, and I would not have him discover you for the world."

The girl was all of a tremble.

"Yes; but how am I to get out? Your father

was just down here, and has bolted the window and shutters, and he would hear me, were I to open them. Had I not better wait till he falls asleep?"

"No," said the young lady, firmly. "I was wrong to ever allow you to come here in this way. You must go at once, at all hazards."

Arthur probably had a feeling that Miss Gussie was correct, for, without further objection, he approached the window, and commenced to work the bar back.

Despite his efforts, the iron would creak, and a noise above showed that he had been overheard.

The young people looked at each other, with something like consternation.

"If my father comes down, I shall be ruined!" cried Gussie.

That matter was soon placed beyond the reach of doubt. The old man's footsteps were heard coming out of the room, and then down the stairs.

"I will get into the closet again!" exclaimed Redman. "You must make him think you came down to close the window."

Poor Gussie stood bewildered.

Arthur again secreted himself in his ambush, and had just succeeded in doing so when Reuben Standish came into the apartment.

"How's this? What does this mean, miss?" he said. "What are you doing downstairs at this time?"

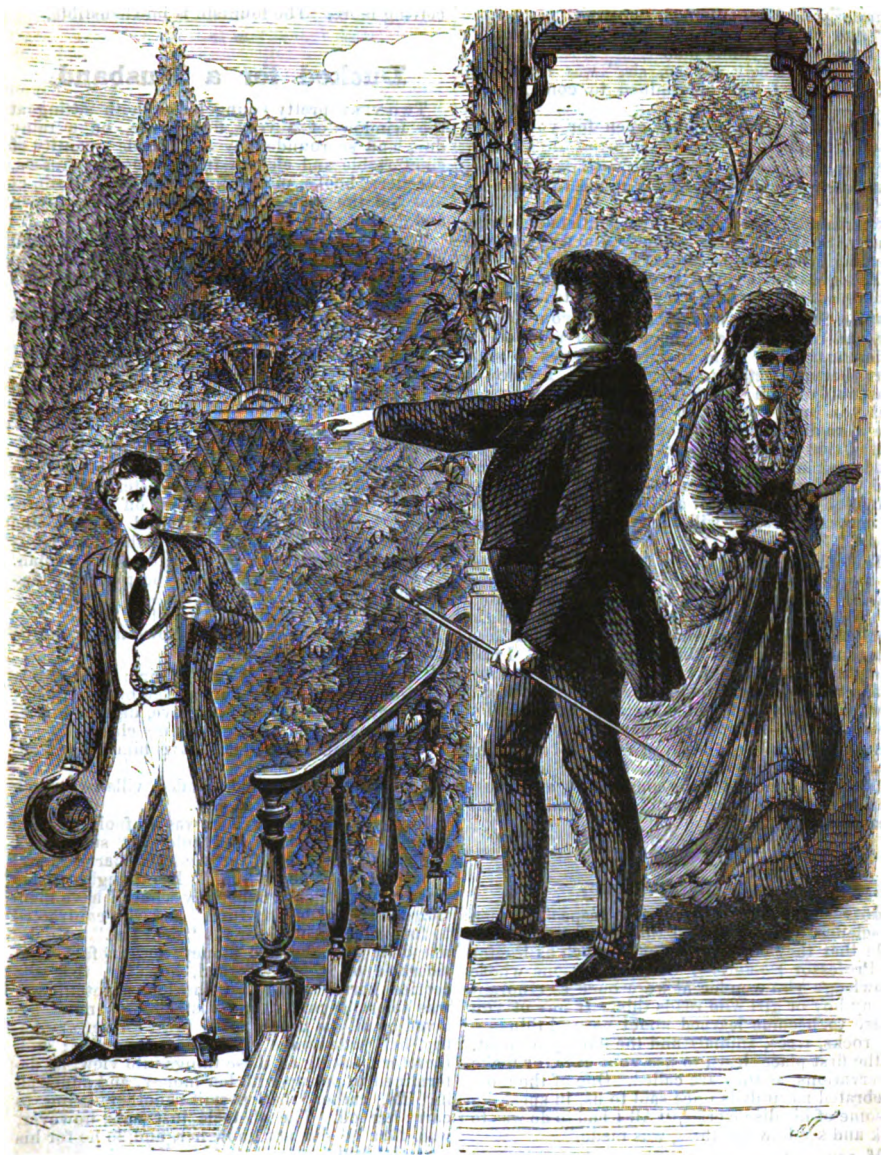
Gussie colored painfully as she stammered out: "Why, father, you must know that when I closed the house, I left this window open—"

"And you came down to close it? That was right. But I thought I heard voices. There has been nobody here, Augusta?"

The young lady was visibly embarrassed. She



THE MOUNT ST. BERNARD DOG TELL.—SEE PAGE 426.



CLOSETED.—“WELL, THEN,” SAID REUBEN STANDISH, IN A THOROUGH RAGE, “DON’T DARE TO ENTER MY GROUNDS! AND DON’T DARE TO SPEAK TO MY DAUGHTER.”

did not wish to tell a direct falsehood, and so she answered evasively, after a moment’s hesitation:

“Why, father! How should there be?”

But old Standish was shrewd, noticed his daughter’s reluctant manner, and became suspicious that all was not right.

He was standing with his back to the closet, and so Redman took advantage of this fact to open the door slightly, and gesticulate warningly to Gussie.

Unfortunately, the young lady was not entirely unguarded in her glances, and the old man turned to see what she was looking at.

The murder was out.

Old Standish plainly saw the door quietly close. He looked at his daughter for an explanation. But that young lady turned scarlet, and hung her head without saying a word.

Then the old man walked to the closet, and threw the door wide open.

Mr. Bedman stood before him, the living embodiment of what is popularly known as “sheepishness.”

A silent tableau followed. Neither of the three seemed willing to begin the *éclaircissement*.

Mr. Standish broke ground at last, and, much to

the surprise of the other two, his language and manner were both subdued.

"Are you here with my daughter's consent?" he asked of the young man.

"I can scarcely say so, sir," was the reply. "I told her I was determined to come, and—and—"

"And she left the window open for you!" put in old Standish.

"I cannot excuse myself, father," said Gussie, somewhat firmly. "I am as much to blame as Arthur."

"Arthur!" repeated the elder gentleman. "Arthur! So, it has come to this. And why has this meeting been brought about?"

The question seemed levelled at either of the others, and Arthur Redman undertook to answer it.

"Mr. Standish," he said, "I love your daughter, and I have her assurance that I am not indifferent to her. I am in circumstances to support her respectably, and I believe I enjoy a reasonably good reputation in the community. But you have seen fit to treat Gussie as though she were different from other females, and the result is, that you must expect every stratagem to be used against you. You are fighting nature, sir, and you will find it a losing combat. Your daughter will soon be of age, and, if you continue so unreasonable, she will marry without your consent."

The old man gazed slowly from one to the other of the young people, during which time he seemed pondering deeply. Then he suddenly burst out:

"Well, well, I give up! As you say, 'tis a fight with nature. I know you very well, Arthur Redman, and I can say nothing against you. I had thought to keep my girl to myself, but I see my selfish wishes cannot be gratified. You must go, now, however, and you may take the door for your exit. To-morrow you may call again."

And, to the astonishment of everybody, Arthur Redman's wedding with pretty Gussie Standish is publicly announced for the coming Fall, and cross-grained old Reuben Standish actually seems pleased about it.

Learn to Observe.

Most young people have great respect for men of science, and are apt to think that it is impossible that they can ever know as much as Doctor or Professor So-and-so. All the persons whose knowledge you wonder at were once as ignorant as any boy or girl who reads this. If any of you desire to become learned about natural things—the rocks, trees, animals and the like—you must, in the first place, learn to use your eyes, or make observations, as they are called. One of the most celebrated naturalists once said to us, in speaking of some of his discoveries, "All I had to do was to look and see how the thing was made."

Of course to make new discoveries, one must know what has been done before; and that can only be learned from books which record what others have done. Every boy and girl should observe and note down what he or she sees. Keeping a record of the thermometer will do much to fix a habit of accuracy and regularity. Note the first appearance of snow-falls, and their depth. The first appearance of swallows and wrens, the blossoming of the early trees and shrubs, should be recorded each year. These show the comparative earliness of spring; and how interesting it would be to look over the notes for many years. Those who begin by carefully observing such common things, will soon wish to know something more about them. It is a beautiful thing concerning the study of nature in any form, that the

knowledge we receive only prepares us for receiving more. The fountain is inexhaustible.

Ducked for a Husband.

TWO VERY pretty young ladies, both sitting at the window of a very fine house, on a rainy day, and surrounded by a tolerable quantity of comfortable and elegant trifles—such as dresses, jewellery, books, pictures, and the like. Both, at one and the same moment, heaved a long-drawn and doleful sigh.

They looked at each other in astonishment, and with two pairs of prettily elevated eyebrows.

"My dear Pet!" cried one, in alarm, "what is the matter?"

"My darling Bird!" returned the other, "what is the matter?"

"I don't think I amount to much, after all," answered the darling Bird, plaintively.

"And I am certain that I don't," responded the dear Pet, "and I know I shall never be married."

"Married!" cried the other. "That's nothing. I'll manage that for you in a month. Whom would you like? I think the minister has too red a nose." Here she checked him off on her forefinger. "The doctor is married already, the schoolmaster wears paper-collars, the librarian is too fat, and the lawyer of the village is a woman. Now, you see, all the *élites* of the place are disposed of. Now there comes the—"

"Oh! you forgot the surveyor!"

"Ah, yes; the surveyor. Now, my love, the surveyor is really not so bad."

"Indeed, he is not. Think of him: moderately tall, good build, no whiskers as yet, but promised; brown eyes, a sweet mouth, grave, dignified, skilful, and making money. He is my choice."

"Very well. You shall have him before another moon."

Here these two cold-blooded villains shook hands, and laid a wicked plot.

Now, this young surveyor was no fool. He was young, enterprising, and tolerably successful, and, in the language of the would-be-married man, "began to look about him." His thoughts rested upon the identical young lady whom I have mentioned as the "darling Bird," and who contracted to furnish a husband for the "dear Pet." He did not deny that she had money, and, in fact, considerable of it. He argued, however, that she carried herself well, that she looked intelligent, was tolerably pretty, and that she was much beloved by all the people in the town for her sympathy, her wide-awake style, and generosity; and, therefore, taking all these things into view, he determined to put up with her money, and suffer all its ills, rather than permit another being to carry her off. The obstacle just now, however, was, that he did not know her, and so he for his part also laid a plot.

While he was busy on the banks of the river on the following day, levelling for some building or road, he perfected his plan, and was satisfied with it. He vowed in a month that a wife he should have, and that this interesting young person should be she, *willy-nilly*.

During the warm, pleasant afternoon, as he was intent upon his ingenious business, he lifted his eyes and beheld, with a thumping heart, a pretty boat being rowed upon the river by this particular party and her friend. He knew her from her natty boating-dress of blue and white, but he refrained from looking at her until he was roused by ten thousand screams and whoops, and beheld his charmer's friend splashing in the water like a grampus.

He knew there was not the least danger, if she only had sense enough to stand upright upon her feet, as the water was not fifty inches deep; but, then, he quickly considered that no woman has her senses in such a strait, and he forthwith plunged into the muddy, disagreeable stream, and pulled and tugged her back into the boat, where she lay in all her loveliness. She was half-choked and wholly confused, while her blushing companion sprang to her oars, and bore the lucky surveyor off bodily.

He looked back regretfully at his level, with its three long legs, but stifled his thoughts, and turned his attention to the ducked one, and endeavored to soothe her.

No! no! no! she would not be soothed, and she buried her face in her dripping hands, and shrank away from him. Was she frightened? No, she wasn't frightened in the least. Could he assist her, or help her? No, she wanted no assistance nor help at all. He looked on her indulgently, for she looked a trifle hysterical, and so he turned to the other, and, for the first time in his life, spoke to the divinity.

He found the divinity a very bright young lady; but she would have none of him. She constantly referred his attention to the other young lady, but she did him the honor to blush once in a while, the memory of which he carried in his bosom through many long miles of subsequent surveying.

He said a great many sensible things to her, and also a great many foolish things; but she invariably referred to her friend, and so to this friend he was obliged to pay some little attention, especially as she was drenched.

He saw her safely home, and safely housed, and was begged to call again to ask after her health on the morrow; and then he staggered away, intoxicated with delight and the vision of the heavenly blushes.

Ah, could he have only overheard the two magpies whom he left behind him.

"Oh, oh! my dear Pet, isn't he capital? Such eyes, such a soft voice, such good sense! He's splendid!"

"Yes, indeed! I think I would have gone overboard a dozen times for him; but, really, my darling Bird, I didn't think it was *quite* so deep!"

"For shame! I wouldn't mind going overboard in the middle of the Atlantic several times an hour, if necessary, if I could only touch bottom. But, really, I think you have got him safe."

Now, do you see? This ridiculous young party, who was energetic enough to take so violent a step to secure a friendship with this favored young man, was both sensible, conscientious and cunning, so she held her tongue, and appeared to be mightily flattered.

When the happy surveyor came to ask after her health, as per agreement, she told him she was well, and then fled, leaving him in *à-la-lite* with her friend, "the darling Bird," in full enjoyment of his really sensible talk and pleasant manner.

When the surveyor had gone, the "darling Bird" flew out against the "dear Pet," and hinted pretty strongly that she, the "dear Pet," did not think of the surveyor at all. At which the response was vehement and energetic to the contrary, and then they both cuddled each other, and talked knowingly of the expense of married life.

From this date it is extremely difficult to follow affairs for the succeeding month. The surveyor alone was clear-headed and saw clearly; but the two young ladies were in great perplexity, and all respecting each other. The "darling Bird" said to herself, very often:

"This friend of mine is a strange, a remarkably strange girl. No doubt she loves this charming (for he is charming) young man devotedly; but

she runs off the moment he comes, and leaves me alone with him. Now, this is dangerous for her, for he is that sort of man that makes you like him in spite of yourself."

Here she always fell to musing and sighing.

And the "dear Pet" often said to herself:

"I doubt if he thinks of me at all. I'm sure he doesn't. I don't mind much, but, then, I should think it might be so nice to be thought better than any one else in the world. Oh, dear!" and so she would fall to musing and sighing like her bosom-friend.

It was at about this time that the gallant young surveyor struck himself manfully on the breast, and declared that matters should be brought to a point at a very early period, and, therefore, watched for an opportunity. The dog was quite handsome, but this and the knowledge of it did not prevent him from looking his best when he met the "dear Pet" alone.

She looked at him, blushed, trembled, and tried to run away and call the "darling Bird," as usual; but he restrained her, whispered for a moment in her ear, and then skulked away like a thief.

She instantly tore off to her room, where she wept for full an hour, and then ran and threw her arms around the neck of her friend.

"Oh, my darling Bird, the end of it is coming! But I am afraid—very much afraid. He wants me to walk with him in the grove to-night, when the moon comes up. But will you go instead? It would kill me if he meant nothing and said nothing! so, will you listen for me, and say 'Yes' for me, if he asks? Will you, darling Bird?"

The "darling Bird" turned white, but still called her a goose, and a crazy girl; but she could not withstand the plentiful tears and imploring tones. So, with a whisper, she said "Yes," and straightway went and shut herself up tight, and, if the secret must be told, also wept like an April cloud.

There was to be much secrecy, and a thick veil. Few words were to be said, and she was to preserve her incognito until all was plain and clear, and so, in either event, would keep her friend from being compromised.

The hour came. The moon came up, the dogs were called in, and the darling Bird, thickly cloaked, issued from a side door, and crept into the grove, trembling like a leaf, while her friend was buried deep in her chamber, trying hard to be cheerful and happy, and succeeding pretty well, considering the circumstances.

The other went on cautiously, with her heart beating and her head whirling. Suddenly she found some one beside her, who seized her hand and put it within his arm, and walked on with her for a little way in silence, while she shivered and wished herself away.

"You must know," he began, softly, "why I asked this favor of you. It was kind of you to give it to me—very kind. They say there are but few moments in life when one feels purely happy. This is one of my moments." How she wished he would talk to her so, knowingly. "What I can say now," he continued, "would only be repeating my actions in words. I hope they do not need to be explained?"

She shook her head, and said "No" under her breath.

"Then I think I can go on safely from here, Miss Mary."

"Miss Mary!" she echoed. "That is my name!"

"Yes; I know it. I can never forget your name!"

"But it was Margaret I—you—" she stammered, and started away, trembling more than ever.

He looked at her in astonishment. She found her tongue presently:

"But it was Margaret you wished to meet—not me. She told me so!"

"She told you so!"

They stopped, and looked at one another blankly. Presently he thought, and reached her a note.

"It was sent me to give to you to-night. Perhaps it will explain. Read it now."

She opened it in the moonlight, and did read it, with quaking hand and speechless lips:

"MY DARLING BIRD—Forgive me! forgive me! He asked me to beg you to meet him—for he loves you more than he ever could any one else. He does not think of me, nor I of him. I saw from the first day how it would be, and I am not hurt

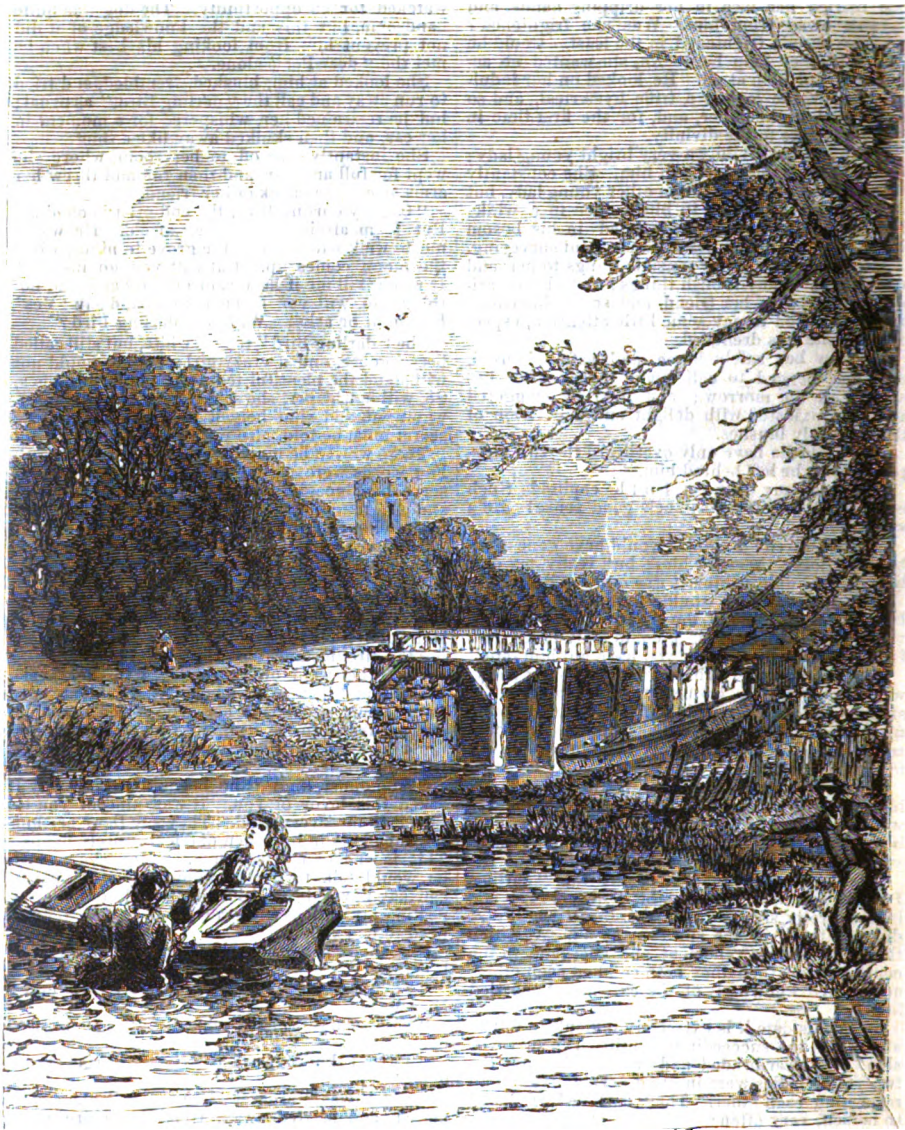
in the least. I knew you would not go, if I gave the message as he gave it to me, so I gave one of my own, darling. Let me be for ever your dear
"PAT."

The reader read it aloud in a quavering voice, and the listener listened in deep suspense, and whispered in her ear:

"And she has told the truth. Shall we walk on together, both here and everywhere?"

She bowed her head, and, stepping toward him, gave him her hand, in silence and in deepest faith, and has never withdrawn it.

So, young men, survey; and, young women, scheme, and be true, and all will be happy hereafter.



DUCKED FOR A HUSBAND.—"HE QUICKLY CONSIDERED THAT NO WOMAN HAS HER SENSES IN SUCH A STRAIT, AND HE FORTHWITH PLUNGED INTO THE MUDDY, DISAGREEABLE STREAM."



MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.—“‘I CAN PRESENT YOU TO-DAY WITH TWO GOOD CHILDREN,’ AND, APPROACHING THE SOVEREIGN, HE PRESENTED HIS OWN SON AND DAUGHTER.”

Mattie Werner's Perplexity.

A FAIRY STORY.

MATTIE WERNER was not the wisest monarch in the world, else he would have known better than to have incensed his powerful neighbor, Wilhada, whose territories and subjects were far superior, both in quality and numbers, to his own.

Wilhada had two children, a boy and a girl, who, report said, were very quarrelsome and troublesome, and Mattie Werner, in a thoughtless moment, remarked:

“Were I the father of two such young wretches,

I would either kill them or myself, and that forthwith.”

Royalty is always surrounded by spies—one of the disagreeable inevitables of greatness is treachery—and, as a matter of course, this speech reached the ears of the individual most concerned, as soon as possible after its delivery.

“Um-me!” he murmured, fiercely. “So Mattie Werner thinks it proper that either my children or myself should leave this world immediately! This suggestion may be very well meant, but as I don’t propose to follow it, I’ll make him eat his own words.”

So he gathered his armies together, and, tho-

roughly equipped with everything necessary (in those days) for hard fighting, marched into the enemy's country.

Mattie Werner knew that it was of no earthly use to attempt to resist the mighty forces thus marshalled against him, but he fought bravely notwithstanding, and only after a desperate struggle was overpowered and taken prisoner. After a few days' confinement, he was brought into Wilhada's presence, there to answer the charges entered against him."

"Now," thought Wilhada, "we will see what material my neighbor is made of. If he is cowardly, and attempts to lie out of this thing, I'll make short work of him; but if he sticks to his text like a man, he shall have at least one chance of his life;" so, with a very threatening scowl, he asked:

"Mattie Werner, did you say what has been attributed to you about myself and family?"

"Yes, sir," answered his prisoner, briefly.

Wilhada's face relaxed for a moment; then, with the same severity, he asked:

"But why did you say so; none of us had ever injured you?"

"No, sir," said the other, answering to this interrogative assertion. "But persons very often say a thing in haste which they repent at leisure. My tongue is never very guarded, and your children's behavior had incensed me that day."

Wilhada pondered a moment. That his children were not perfect, none knew better than himself, but no parent likes to be reminded of the shortcomings of his own offspring. After a little deliberation he said, however:

"Well, Mattie Werner, I will give you a month in which to show me one good boy or girl. If, at the end of that period, you do not succeed in producing what I desire, you must die! My children's inferiority must be proven!"

Mattie was himself a bachelor, and, being consequently unused to children's ways, imagined it would be a comparatively easy task to act upon Wilhada's suggestion—or rather command—so, started off in search of a perfect child.

Over hills, dales, and seas he traveled, and at last, weary and discouraged, returned to his native land, the night before his month of grace expired.

He had journeyed among children of all kinds, conditions and nations; had viewed the youth of Africa, China, Hindoostan, France, Germany, America—and of about every other country under the sun, and finally returned home with the firm conviction that on the morrow he must die!

"It is no use," he murmured, sadly, as the shores of King Wilhada hove in sight. "I must be reconciled to the inevitable. I have tested the negro infant, and found him lazy; have tried the Chinese children, and discovered them to be dirty; the Hindoo youth is revengeful; the French, deceitful; the Germans, profane—the Americans, selfish—and, according to all accounts, *I, myself*, could not have been much in my earlier days. What shall I do?"

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. Wilhada had not ordered him to procure a *perfect* child, only a good one. He thought he could satisfy the old monarch. So, on the morrow, he repaired, bright and early, to the palace.

"Well, Mattie Werner," said Wilhada, with dignity. "Has your journey proved successful, and have you found in the course of your travels one good child?"

"Yes, sire," was the composed reply. I can present you to-day, not only with one, but with two good children;" and, approaching closer, he presented to the astonished sovereign *his own son and daughter*, saying as he did so: "I have searched thoroughly, and, although having seen many of the kind desired by your majesty, found

none superior to those at home. My speech was made without knowledge, and thus I confess my wrong. Wickedness and mischief are utterly different."

Of course Wilhada could not deny the goodness of his own flesh and blood, even had he possessed any desire in that direction, and, to tell the truth, his parental pride was so pleased, that he immediately reinstated Mattie Werner in all his former riches and dignity, and they lived near and dear neighbors ever after.

On a Lee Shore.

THE dying rays of a warm tropical sun were tinging the soft, moist clouds, lighting them up with all the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, and throwing a subdued yellow tinge across the sparkling waters of the harbor of Singapore, as the American sloop-of-war Heron forged slowly ahead with all sail set, making the most of the light land breeze to reach her anchorage. Her black glossy sides glistened with the dancing spray, as the matchless hull rose and fell on the undulating swell. Through the wide open ports could be seen the frowning battery, and countless numbers of seamen standing by clew, lines, clew-garnets-bunt-lines, and leeclines, all ready to clew up and haul down at the word of command. Aboard, the Stars and Stripes were proudly floating from the monkey-gaff, while a quartermaster, narrowly watching the movements of the executive officer, stood by the signal halyard.

Suddenly the sharp, quick word of command was heard, followed by the shrill call of the boat-swain's whistle, the rattling of blocks, the flapping of canvas, and the dull rattle of the cable as it ran through the hawse-pipe.

Soon after, the heavy report of a gun was heard, and, as the thin, blue smoke floated away down to leeward, the gay, bright-colored bunting, representing all nations, came fluttering down from on high, proclaiming to the shipping and inhabitants of Singapore that the sun had set.

The last rope had hardly been coiled up, and the men piped down, when the quartermaster of the watch reported to the officer of the deck that a shore boat was coming alongside.

Descending to the main or gun deck, the officer, who was the third lieutenant of the Heron, walked leisurely along to the port gangway in time to receive the stranger as he came over the side.

The stranger was evidently a seaman, and from the appearance of his dress, and deep lines of care and suffering apparent in his face, showed unmistakable tokens of hard times and misfortune.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" inquired the lieutenant, as he returned the man's salute.

"I should like to see the commanding officer, sir, if you please."

"What is your business with him? he is in his cabin, and does not like to be disturbed unnecessarily."

"It is a long story, sir, of suffering and bloodshed. I am an American, was first mate of the barque Godfrey, which was captured by Malay pirates some months since, and I am the sole survivor of her crew."

"Ah, indeed! that alters the case. The captain's ears are always open, and his hands ready to help those in distress. But here comes Mr. Hardy, our first lieutenant and executive officer; he will inform the captain at once."

"What have you here, Mr. Tremain? Who is this man, and what does he want?"

In a few words the young man communicated to his superior the story as related to him, while the subject of his conversation stood by, somewhat nervous and excited.

Hurrying off to the cabin, Mr. Hardy disappeared for a few minutes, and soon after stepped out on deck, beckoning for the stranger to approach.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Wilson, sir—Henry Wilson."

"Walk this way, Mr. Wilson. Captain Danforth is ready to hear your story."

Stepping into the cabin, Mr. Hardy introduced the man to the captain, who was sitting by a table covered with books, maps and charts. He was some fifty years of age, tall, hale and vigorous, with an eye sharp and piercing, retaining all the fire and expression of youth.

"Sit down, Mr. Hardy; take a chair, Mr. Wilson, and let me hear what you have to say. You are an American, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then proceed, sir, and rest assured if you have been injured I will do all in my power to obtain justice and reparation for the wrongs you have suffered."

"I ask not for justice on my own account, but I burn for *revenge* on the inhuman devils who murdered my brother and would have outraged his wife." And his voice trembled with deep, inward emotion, while his hollow, sunken eyes shot forth fierce flashes of deep, lasting hatred.

"Ten months ago the barque Godfrey sailed from Boston, bound to Singapore, with an assorted cargo, commanded by my brother, who was accompanied by his young wife, whom he had lately married. Our crew numbered twenty-two all told, fine hearty lads as ever trod a ship's deck. We were favored with fair winds and fine weather, and the old barque bowled along as if anxious to contribute her share to the good luck which seemed to hover around us and follow in our wake.

"Nothing transpired worthy of note until we had made Archeon Head, and entered the Straits. We had passed Anger Point, and were slowly drifting on, it being almost a dead calm, when a thin, misty fog enveloped us, shutting out all objects from our view. My brother was an entire stranger, as well as myself, having never navigated in those waters before, otherwise we would have been more cautious in accepting the aid which we did.

"Early in the afternoon, a Malay proa, with four natives in it, suddenly pushed through the fog and came alongside, one of them offering his services as a pilot, which my brother unfortunately accepted. As the grey-headed old rascal took the wheel, a light breeze sprung up, and we forged slowly ahead straight to our own destruction.

"In the meanwhile the remainder of the Malays, after wandering all over the vessel and taking a good look at everything, begged a few hard-tack, and a junk of salt-horse, then disappeared through the fog.

"Gradually the fog lifted, and as night was coming on, we found we were in a large bay or harbor, formed by three points of land. Thinking something must be amiss, my brother approached the pilot and told him he must be going wrong; but he could not make the old villain understand, or he pretended not to, and, as we were drawing well under the land, the barque struck on a rock, and, with a loud yell of satisfaction, the Malay jumped overboard, diving deep beneath the surface of the water, and when he again rose was a long distance from the Godfrey. The barque, after striking, swung off, and the current catching her, we drifted slowly toward one of the points which made out into the bay.

"Before we recovered from our consternation, or could get the barque under control, we were surrounded by a large number of proas, and in the twinkling of an eye the Godfrey changed hands. Then commenced a scene of horror, the bare re-

membrance of which sickens my soul with horror. It was my unhappy fate to see the crew murdered one by one, and their mangled bodies thrown overboard. My brother died fighting in defense of his wife and property, while his unfortunate bride, rather than suffer a fate ten times worse than death, jumped over the rail and sank beneath the waters which had received the mangled corpse of her husband.

"Why I was reserved, or my life singled out from among the rest, I know not. But in the very beginning I was seized, bound, and forced to witness all the crime which the pirates committed.

"The grey-headed Malay who had acted as decoy and pilot was in reality the leader of the party, and is the chief of the whole gang who live around the shores of the harbor. I had to assist in stripping and discharging the prize, and for five months was forced to serve him like a dog. At last came a time and opportunity when I had a chance to escape, which I availed myself of, and nearly perished from exposure, starvation and thirst. I at last reached Singapore. I was about to claim the protection and aid of the American Consul, being destitute of means or money, when I saw a man-of-war bearing the colors under which I have sailed from boyhood, and I resolved to lay my wrongs before a naval officer belonging to my beloved country, knowing I would meet with justice at his hands, and perhaps have my just revenge on 'You Loo,' the pirate who is the cause of all my suffering."

"And as sure as there is a God above me you shall not be disappointed. Can you pilot this vessel to the harbor you have mentioned?"

"Yes, sir. I know every inch of the bay, and, by disguising the vessel somewhat, we can blow the whole nest of pirates out of water."

"If you have any plan, Mr. Wilson, to suggest, I will give it due consideration."

"It is simply this, sir: By means of painted canvas the sides of the vessel can be covered, thereby concealing the ports and battery, which can be loaded and all ready to cast loose at a moment's warning. As we enter the bay a greater portion of the crew can go below, while the rest can shorten sail the same as a merchantman. This will completely fool them, and in crowds the inhabitants will flock down to the beach, and, as we swing broadside on, you can act, sir, as your sense of duty dictates."

"Your plan seems feasible. At all events I will try it, and that at once. Mr. Hardy, all hands up anchor, sir."

As the boatswain's whistle rang through the ship, Mr. Wilson was conducted below to the ward-room, where he partook of the bounty and hospitality of the ward-room officers, who sympathized with him to a man, and a complete fit-out of clothes was contributed among them.

The breeze was light, and the sloop-of-war slowly gathered headway as she moved out of the harbor. Gaining an offing, the breeze freshened, and, as the huge topsails caught the full strength of the land breeze, the water foamed and bubbled around the cutwater like a small cataract.

During the passage the Heron underwent a great change, and as far as circumstances would admit, was disguised as much like a large East Indian man as possible.

The morning looked dull and lowering as the Heron sailed slowly into the harbor where Wilson had been held a captive. The barometer had been falling, falling steadily for some time previous, and the captain's face, as well as the sailing-master's, wore an anxious and troubled expression. Away to the eastward, along the whole horizon, a low, dark bank of clouds was visible, gradually increasing, and mounting higher and higher toward the zenith.

A consultation was held on the quarter-deck by the captain, surrounded by his officers, and it was finally decided to proceed, especially as the town or village was now in full sight.

Wilson was standing by the wheel, his face calm and immovable as marble, but his eyes showed plainer than words could describe the emotions which raged within.

Slowly the sloop-of-war approached the shore, and, as Wilson had predicted, the natives flocked in crowds to the beach to look at the strange vessel.

One by one the topsails were clewed up, and the light sails furled, while the Malays, who had been holding aloof, proceeded to launch their proas, and one of their number paddled off alongside. Its occupant was almost immediately recognised by Wilson as You Loo, the chief of all the piratical horde, and, as the old villain clambered over the side, he was seized and securely bound by the captain's order.

As the anchor was let go, the canvas was removed from the sides, and with a jar the starboard battery, already loaded with grape and canister, was run out. Silently the guns were pointed, and, as the captain waved his hand, a simultaneous roar and a series of flashes broke from the sloop-of-war's sides, followed by wild screams and howls of agony. By means of a spring on the cable the port guns were brought to bear, and a second tempest of iron hail swept through the crowd of natives, piling them one over another in their death agony.

Wild with fright, the survivors turned and fled, followed in their mad flight by the death-dealing shells from the rifled guns. But few escaped from the punishment which they had brought upon themselves, and, the long jungle grass becoming ignited, the bamboo huts composing the village were soon one mass of smouldering ruins. The boats and two junks which were found met the same fate, and, every sign of life having disappeared, the Heron proceeded to get under way and return to Singapore.

The topsails had been double-reefed, as soon as we hauled on the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In the meanwhile the cloud had spread over the whole heavens and sank so low as to nearly touch the royal trucks, and the sea, black as ink from the heavy pall hanging over it, was lined with a white streak in the distance. In fitful gusts the wind rushed through the rigging, and a heavy sea came rolling in, which had been preceded by a tremendous swell, which set us direct on a lee shore. Double breechings were rove on the guns, in addition to extra tackles and lashings. A heavy press of canvas was on the ship, which caused her to bury, but it was a force put, and it was an absolute necessity to carry on at all hazards in order to claw off shore. Had there been plenty of sea-room, the Heron would have been hove to under storm staysails.

The seas broke over the gallant old craft in torrents, as she lay in the trough of the sea, coming in over the bows and rushing aft to the binnacle. The scene was a terrible as well as a dismal one, and, as if to add to the general discomfort and terror of the situation, the rain began to fall in blinding showers and fierce fury, as it drove before the gale.

The howling of the wind, the rush of the rain, the swash of the vast volume of water on the decks, the creaking of spars, and the hoarse word of command, formed a series of sounds that, once heard in a man's lifetime, is not readily forgotten.

The captain and all the officers were on deck, while Wilson stood by two old quartermasters, who had the wheel. The ship was laboring hard, and at every dive, lurch and roll she made, her timbers creaked a doleful response. All hands were

called and the chain-pumps manned, adding another mournful accompaniment to the numerous sounds pervading the atmosphere.

"Well, Mr. Wilson, what do you think of the situation, sir?" inquired the captain, as he ranged up alongside.

"Well, sir, if the wind holds as it is now, we will weather. She is behaving nobly, sir."

"Yes, she is doing well. Keep her full, quarter-master, and let her go through the water."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the steady reply.

"No nearer, no nearer, do you hear? Ease your wheel when you pitch."

The scene was truly a terrible one. As the ship sank in the trough of the sea, nothing could be seen but a wall of wild, threatening water on all sides; then, as she rose on the bosom of some enormous sea, the long, low sandy beach, lined with furious breakers and foam, seemed to be nearly alongside.

Along the shore, and back on the rising ground, crowds of Malays could be seen narrowly watching the perilous progress of the Heron. Large fires had been lit, and a double death stared the ship's company in the face. But little mercy would be shown to the helpless mariner if he chanced to be cast up alive on the beach, even if the danger of shipwreck and drowning were evaded.

Suddenly the sails shivered and flapped with a noise like thunder.

"Up with your helm, quartermaster; what are you about, sir?"

"The wind has headed us, sir," replied the old salt, coolly.

When the sloop-of-war's sails were again full, she had broken off nearly two points, and the land was a little on the lee bow.

"By heaven!" murmured the captain, "this will never do. Mr. Hardy, we must wear ship, sir."

"Hold on a moment, sir," cried Wilson; "she is coming up again."

"Thank God!" burst from the pent-up bosoms of all that were in hearing.

Steadily the Heron held on her course, as if conscious of the awful responsibility depending upon her good qualities. There was scarcely room to wear ship, and if attempted, might result in the loss of the vessel and all hands. Every inch that was made was watched with intense and eager interest, but it soon became apparent to all that something more must be done, or the ship would inevitably be lost.

The straining vessel was close on to the point which it was absolutely necessary to weather, all was going well, when again the wet, heavy topsails flapped in the wind, sounding like a death-knell to officers and crew. Slowly her head swung round, until she was heading directly for the foaming line of breakers.

Then it was that the voice of the captain was heard, calm and free from excitement, as though performing some everyday manoeuvre. His very calmness gave all renewed courage and confidence as they sprang to obey his orders. He had resolved to try the last resource in his power, to club haul the ship. A long range of chain was overhauled on the best bower, and double-bitted. The carpenter and his mates stood by with axes, ready to cut away at the word, and the first lieutenant on the fore-castle directed the duty, affording a good example to the younger officers and crew.

"Silence, fore and aft. Be ready, men, to obey my orders quickly; our lives depend upon it," cried the captain through his trumpet. "Now, then, quartermaster, keep her a good full for stays."

Like some huge sea-bird, the Heron drove on

with fearful rapidity toward the beach, now scarcely a quarter of a mile distant. The ominous roar of the breakers broke upon their ears, and the huge rollers came toppling in, and the breakers within a cable's length, culminated and broke with a report like thunder.

In dead silence the captain waved his hand to the quartermaster, and the helm was put down. Slowly she came to the wind, pitching and tossing as the sails shivered and spilled in the wind. As she lost her headway, the captain gave the order, "Let go the anchor; stand by your braces fore and aft," and all together the immense yards were swung, and braced sharp on the opposite tack. As the wind struck her, and she filled away, her lee rail and hammock nettings were nearly under water. For an instant the captain looked full at the sails, and then at the cable, which tended broad on the weather bow, and prevented the ship from nearing the shore.

"Cut away the cable!" came in clear, sharp notes, heard above the howl of the tempest and roar of the breakers. A few heavy blows, and like lightning the cable flew out of the hawse-pipe, in a blaze of fire and smoke.

Like an antelope the Heron bounded forward, and, rising on a large wave, gradually increased her distance from the threatened point.

"Splice the main brace, Mr. Hardy; the men have behaved nobly, but let all hands stand by for a call; we have yet another point to weather before we are free from all danger."

Time dragged slowly on, and at three o'clock the last point of danger was in full sight. Huge masses of black beetling rocks reared their threatening heads aloft, enveloped in a mass of white, writhing foam, which was dashing high above our mast-heads.

Wilson, who had never quitted the deck, eyed the point for an instant, and then approached the captain, who was leaning against the life-rail of the mizen-mast, pale and exhausted.

"Captain Danforth, it will be necessary to carry more sail, sir, in order to weather that point."

"Impossible, sir! are you mad?"

"It is a matter of life and death, sir, and in order to save the vessel we must do it—excuse me for saying so."

For some time the captain was buried in deep and anxious thought, then, raising his head, replied:

"Do what you think necessary; this is no time for discussion."

Under Mr. Hardy's direction, all hands were called to make sail. Stout, able men tailed on to the main sheet, ready to haul it aft, while others were stationed to overhaul the bunt-lines and leech-lines.

The mainsail was set after a hard struggle, and the effect upon the straining and overtaken vessel was tremendous. Careening over, burying her lee channels, and at times her rail, the Heron struggled on. Like a foaming cataract the boiling, seething water poured over the fore-castle and rushed aft with irresistible fury. Four men were lashed to the wheel, while along the weather-rail the crew had secured themselves as best they could. The shot and stands of grape had been thrown from their racks, and as she lurched to windward they rolled from side to side. The running-gear had fallen from the belaying-pins, and lay in confusion to leeward. The masts bent and buckled, swaying to and fro, and every moment threatened to go by the board. As a heavy sea struck the vessel she would tremble like a child, but, as if determined to conquer, the noble ship staggered on, deluged with blinding spray, fore and aft.

If anything should carry away, it would be sure death, and many an anxious glance was cast aloft,

but not a rope-yarn started, and, as the point was now but little over two cable-lengths distant, the interest, agony and suspense were centred upon that. It would be touch and go, and the sight was enough to shake the nerves of the strongest man. Wilson silently grasped the wheel, and, with the eye of a hawk, watched every motion and every wave. The rush and roar of the tempest, combined with the breakers, made it impossible for any human voice to be heard.

When abreast of the rocks, the Heron could not have been over twenty yards distant, and the foam, as it was forced upon the rocks, was thrown back upon the deck.

Every sea drove the ship nearer and nearer, the foam surrounded her on all sides, and, as she careened to the gale, her yard-arms appeared to graze the projecting points. A fierce gust checked her progress for a moment, and all was given up for lost. She righted, dragged on, and, as the rocks cleared her counter, a furious squall struck her, stripping all the canvas from the bolt-ropes as clean as though cut with a knife. Enveloped in foam and spray, it was impossible to make out anything, and for a second all was breathless suspense. A glad shout from Wilson caused all hands to look about them, and there to windward on the quarter were the rocks, and the ship was safe.

It is needless to add that the Heron rode out the gale in safety. That night not an officer, man or boy, but who thanked his God for their safe delivery from danger and death.

Soon after, the gallant old craft was ordered home, and Wilson, by permission of Captain Danforth, took passage in her. Before her arrival, the rebellion had broken out, and, through Captain Danforth's influence, Wilson succeeded in obtaining an acting master's appointment, and served bravely through the war.

He is now in the regular service, having retained his position for gallant and meritorious conduct; but never to his dying day will he forget that portion of his life while on a lee shore.

The Drifts at Yovl.

"DEAR me!" ejaculated Miss Ann, as she placed the gay tea-caddy over the heavy, old-fashioned silver teapot, "I don't think I ever heard such a wind. Why, it's really shaking the house!"

Miss Ann laid the teapot carefully on its proper mat beside the tray, and walked to the other end of the room—a great bow window, hung with warm crimson curtains, which were as yet undrawn, though daylight had long since faded from the sky. Standing in its embrace, Miss Ann's eye took in a wide tract of country, ghostly in its winter garment of snow, and through which flowed the black current of a deep and rapid river, dimly visible through the whirling drifts, which the wind, in sudden, violent gusts, was driving through the keen air of that January night. No snow was falling, but the air was full of flakes, which were driven hissing against the panes, to which they were rapidly freezing, rendering them nearly impervious to the sight. A pale, crescent moon was struggling through swiftly moving masses of clouds, and the lights of neighboring farmhouses shone redly through the misty air.

Miss Ann shook her head in mute deprecation of the hurricane, and, drawing the crimson draperies close, came back to her low easy-chair beside the glowing fire, and, taking her knitting from her pocket, proceeded placidly to round the beel of the soft grey sock on which she was engaged, while the soft purring of Toby—a huge tortoiseshell cat—as he dozed at her feet, formed

a soothing accompaniment to the sharp click of her needles.

Save by these two, the great, comfortable old dining-room was untenanted, though the small round tea-table, so daintily arranged with quaint, gay old china, and bright old silver, was intended for more than a solitary meal.

Presently through the storm came the rapid jingling of sleigh-bells, the joyous bark of a dog, and immediately a rapid, firm step on the verandah, the opening of the hall-door, and then, on the threshold of the dining-room, stood a tall form in a huge greatcoat thickly powdered with snow, round whose feet leaped and barked a noble dog of the pure Mount St. Bernard breed.

Miss Ann rose hastily from her chair.

"Don't come a step inside the door, Jack, until I brush the snow from you!" she exclaimed, seizing a whisk, and advancing toward him; but Jack retreated into the hall, and having at once divested himself of the snow and his coat, came again into the apartment; and the fire, recognising, no doubt, a kindred spirit, leaped up joyously and crackled merrily, as he advanced to the hearth-rug, and proceeded to warm his chilled hands in the genial glow, while Bernard, with the modest freedom of a tried and trusted canine friend of the family, seated himself directly opposite the blaze, and while his eye rested tenderly on the piled-up plate of tea-cake keeping warm just inside the bright brass fender, his feathery tail kept up a gentle vibration of satisfaction, and his black nose became very moist indeed, as their grateful odor assailed it.

"A fearfully bitter night, aunt," said Jack, as Miss Ann proceeded to pour out the tea; "indeed, I think it promises to be the night of the season. We're going to have a cold spell now to make up for the thaw."

"Is the road much drifted?" inquired Miss Ann. "It's been drifting steadily since two o'clock."

"Nearly impassable in many places," responded Jack, as he placed his aunt's chair for her; "but I must admit that, as usual, the worst drift is against our orchard fence. If I'm alive next year, I'll have it down, and let the snow have a free course. It's a shame that the Yoyil drift should be notorious as a public nuisance."

Jack Langton had a considerable share of pride of a peculiar kind, and that a passing shade should rest, even for a moment, on the name of Yoyil Homestead, or its possessors, was simply intolerable to him—a feeling which found a warm sympathiser in the person of his aunt and house-keeper, Miss Ann Langton; and when the tea things were removed, the reading-lamp lighted, and Jack, having finished his smoke, was cutting the pages of a new book he had purchased in town, she reverted again to the subject of the drift.

"I do believe," she said, with some solemnity, "that as long as that drift is allowed to block up the road, it will be the cause of misfortune to us. Your poor father never would give in and take down the fence, and, in consequence, a beautiful red and white imported heifer he had, broke loose from the farmyard one day, and was smothered in it before she was missed; that ought to have been a warning to him, but wasn't, by any means; and the very next winter, his favorite horse, Black Prince, broke his leg in it, and had to be shot. I remember quite well, you were born a few days afterward, and he wanted you christened Black Prince after the unfortunate animal, but your dear mother wouldn't hear of it, and had you called John after himself."

"What shall I read you, aunt?" said Jack, somewhat abruptly. Any illusion to the mother he remembered but dimly, always stirred a feeling of

poignant regret in his large, loyal heart, and he was anxious to stem the tide of his aunt's reminiscences.

Miss Ann looked over her spectacles with pleased eagerness.

"If there is anything about the fashions, my dear," she said, "I should like to hear it."

Jack's finely cut lips curved into an arch smile, and his grey eyes sparkled as they glanced furtively at Miss Ann over the top of the magazine. Miss Ann, who had always within his memory worn dresses of identically the same silver-grey hue, and exactly the same Quaker-like make, taking, meanwhile, a lively interest in Paris fashions, was, by no means, a new experience to her nephew, but to Jack it always appeared the most freshly humorous idea in the world; and, accordingly, with infinite good humor, he did as requested, and together they wondered and speculated over the mysterious items of the toilet of a fashionable belle, and criticised the inane and simpering countenances which smirked on them from the fashion-plates, while Bernard, dreaming dreams, doubtless, of some canine Paradise, snored on the rug, and Toby purled in friendly proximity.

Now, young ladies, here is the auspicious moment for describing my hero, while his head is so well defined against the black back of the great armchair in which he is sitting, and he is in a state, for him, of comparative repose. But, unfortunately, he is quite indescribable.

His features belong to no particular style, and though his forehead is fine, and his laughing grey eyes intelligent and expressive, I am afraid Jack is, by no means, a handsome man. His mouth is certainly finely cut and delicate, and generally wears, if not a defined smile, the shadow of one, which is ever ready to brighten into the substance. His hands, ears and feet are small, delicately shaped, and handsome; but, alas for romance! his hair, guiltless of curl or wave, is—sandy, a hue which deepens into a red-brown in his whiskers and moustache.

Even sitting, his great height and the extreme width of his shoulders are apparent; but, unlike most very tall men, his carriage is graceful and assured.

When the eight-day clock outside in the hall proclaimed the hour of ten, Miss Ann, according to custom, retired for the night, and Jack, after replenishing the fire, settled comfortably down for a couple of hours' reading; for, rather of an excitable nature, the continued howling of the wind would have rendered sleep impossible to him.

The storm had gradually increased to a perfect hurricane, and substantial stone and oak as was the old house, it trembled perceptibly as the furious gusts struck it, and the windows rattled as though a burglarious giant were trying to force his way in.

The huge back-log on the wide hearth sent up volumes of flame, which separated, and flew up the capacious chimney in detached masses of crimson and gold and pale blue.

Probably Jack did not find his book exceedingly interesting, for, presently, he laid it on the table beside him, and, producing his well-beloved meerschaum, proceeded to fill it, rather absently, however, and, by the expression of his countenance, it was plain that his mind was busy with the tempest without. Jack was much devoted to his pipe; but, just as he was about lighting it, he suddenly laid it down, and bent his head in an attitude of keen attention; at the same moment, Bernard roused himself from his somnolent beatitude on the rug, and pricked his great ears, while his sagacious eyes fixed themselves on Jack's, saying, as plainly as words could have done, "I say,

master, do you hear that?" to which Jack made audible answer, "It must be the wind, old boy; lie down again;" and lifting up his pipe, had just succeeded in lighting it, when again, faintly through the thundering bass of the wind, there came the faint, shrill sound which had first attracted his attention—the sound of a human voice coming from some one in urgent distress.

There was no mistaking it this time, and, springing to his feet, Jack dashed to the hall-door, followed by Bernard, leaping and barking in a state of intense excitement. Bernard had an innate love of adventure, which he saw was for once to be gratified.

With hot haste, Jack unbolted the heavy oaken door, which the wind dashed from his hand, at the same time driving into the hall a cloud of whirling drift, which took his breath away, while even Bernard's ardor succumbed for the moment, and, with a little shiver, he paused on the threshold, and looked wistfully up at Jack, who was listening in order to ascertain the direction of the voice.

He was not long in doubt. Once more came the wild, appealing cry, this time much fainter, and Jack's cheeks tingled as he became aware that it proceeded from the celebrated drift at the orchard fence. Without a moment's further pause, he was out, ploughing through the snow, while Bernard, vivacious and energetic again, made long leaps ahead, uttering short, excited barks.

The orchard fence drift was not many feet from the principal gate, and having with much difficulty pushed this open, Jack found himself on the high road, and, by the uncertain moonlight, became the spectator of a scene of wild confusion.

The snow was ploughed up in every direction, and great chasms in the drift showed where horses had been wildly struggling to extricate themselves from the yielding and suffocating mass. The velvet cushions and heavy robes of a sleigh lay scattered about, and half buried in the very heart of the drift lay a small, fur-clad, motionless figure.

There was neither sleigh nor horses to be seen, and, with a feeling very much akin to terror, Jack made his way with some difficulty to the side of the ominously quiet form, whose white face, upturned to the sky, Bernard was looking in an anguish of excitement.

"Down, old boy!" said Jack to Bernard, as he stooped to raise her—for it was a woman—from the snow; and, after ascertaining that no other human being was there in need of assistance, he turned his face toward the house, wondering much if the slight form he carried so easily was dead or living. Miss Ann, and Betsy, her elderly domestic, roused by the noise of his exit, were waiting anxiously in the hall for his return, and many were their exclamations of sympathy when he carried their unexpected guest in, and laid her on the wide sofa in the dining-room.

"She has only fainted," pronounced Miss Ann, when the furs and velvet wraps were removed: "she'll come to presently. Raise her head a little higher, Betsy, and Jack, just get a handful of snow to put to her face. Poor little creature, she must have had a bad fright. My dear, didn't I tell you this very evening that that abominable drift was just as unlucky as it could be? Ah! what's the matter here?"

One of the slender arms of the unconscious girl hung by her side in such a manner as to show that it was badly broken in more than one place, and Jack, much conscience-stricken concerning the evil work wrought by the drift, gazed down at her in great dismay and pity.

Miss Ann rose from her knees beside the couch,

while Betsy, uttering short groans of sympathy, continued rubbing the pale forehead, and chafing the slender hands assiduously.

Blue shadows had gathered round the firmly closed mouth, and Jack did not need to look in Miss Ann's pale face to gather that there was more than a common fainting fit the matter with the girl.

"I'm afraid the horses have trampled her badly," said Miss Ann, in a trembling voice. "You must go for the doctor, I'm afraid, Jack, bad as the night is, and Betsy and I will do the best we can with her until your return."

"She's a-comin' to," said Betsy; "her eyes are wide open. 'Try if she can speak to you, madame.'"

A pair of soft grey eyes had indeed unclosed, and rested for a second on Jack's face, as, in a condition of dumb sympathy, he stood beside the couch; but, with a sigh of intense pain, they closed, and again she drifted into unconsciousness.

Despite Jack's haste, it was grey dawn before he returned through the drifts with the doctor, who, when he had seen the still half-unconscious girl, pronounced her in a very critical condition indeed, having received severe internal injuries in addition to the badly fractured arm.

Well, Jack under Miss Ann's directions, carried her tenderly to a distant bed-room, and laid her on the huge white bed therein, and, after looking back at her once from the threshold, saw her no more for many long weeks.

But he saw numerous other faces, in which, perhaps, he did not feel quite so interested. Her aunt, Mrs. Colonel Pottinger, arrived—a fashionable and portly matron, who had been the companion of her drive that unlucky night, but whose ponderous form had not been so easily dashed out of the sleigh as the fragile form of her niece.

Mrs. Colonel Pottinger came fully prepared to patronise "those kind, farming people who had taken in that poor little Olivia," and was, on the contrary, a little awed by dear old Miss Ann's stately ways, and much impressed with Jack's politeness, whom she spoke of approvingly to Colonel Pottinger, as "a very proper kind of young man indeed, and, I'm happy to say, Pottinger, without the least pretensions to good looks."

Mrs. Pottinger's nerves and numerous engagements precluded the possibility of her nursing Olivia; and so, as Miss Ann wouldn't bear of allowing a hired nurse into the house, the care of the sick girl devolved entirely on herself, and the rosy and energetic Betsy.

Once or twice every week the Pottinger equipage dashed up to the door, and the lady herself spent a few moments in Olivia's room, pouring into the ear dulled by sickness news of fashionable friends, criticisms on the last opera, a synopsis of the newest novel, and, in deference to a certain grim shadow which for a time hovered blackly over the inmate of the great white bed, vague reminiscences of the last sermon which she had heard, and criticisms on a new oratorio, all of which she deemed exceedingly comforting and edifying, and perfectly *de rigueur* under the circumstances. She always left a perfume of magnolia in the room, and as a delicate compliment to "the farming people," invariably begged a glass of milk, which as invariably she never drank.

"Tact is everything," she would observe to Pottinger (a feeble, straw-colored little man with an eyeglass) after one of these visits, "and those kind of people always feel it a kindness if you seem to take an interest in their mode of life; and, I must say, Pottinger, we ought to be extremely grateful to Providence when we reflect how extremely plain that young Langton is. No danger

to Olivia there! I never felt more thankful in my life than when I ascertained beyond a doubt that his hair is sandy, and his eyes merely grey."

* * * *

Despite care as tender as that which a mother would have bestowed on her, it was the middle of June before Olivia was carried from her room to the dining-room, and laid in a corner of the huge sofa, where she looked more like a spirit than a human being in her white dress, and the dark rings of hair lying against her transparent forehead.

She was pretty, but not beautiful, though I am inclined to think that Jack would have pronounced any one a tasteless idiot indeed who would not have pronounced her perfection; but then he always saw her at her best, for somehow the sound of his footstep in the hall, or the sound of his voice calling to Bernard, would bring lights to her eyes, and roses to her cheeks, which were wanting at other times; and Jack, quite unconscious

of the wherefore of the becoming roses, worshipped at a respectful distance, and contemplated his irregular features in the glass, for the first time, with a decided feeling of dissatisfaction.

This was after a little time, of course, when they had been daily thrown together for some weeks, and Mrs. Pottinger was even beginning to talk of removing Olivia to the city. But Olivia did not seem inclined to leave Yovil, and from week to week Mrs. Pottinger drove away from the old homestead without her niece, and returned to her home in order to pour her indignation into the sympathetic ear of Pottinger.

However, there arrived a day when Olivia thought fit to consent to a removal, and Mrs. Pottinger departed in triumph to prepare for her reception.

Jack, returning from a distant hayfield, smiled to himself as he watched the carriage, with its dashing appointments, whirling down the dusty road, Mrs. Pottinger leaning back in it in solitary dignity; and, certain of whom he should see in



PEASANT GIRL OF OLDENBURG.—SEE PAGE 442.



A WOMAN'S FAITH.—"THEY ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL," SAID ELLICE, "BUT NOT SUITED FOR ME. I AM TOO COMMONPLACE, AND BESIDES, I AM TO BE A POOR MAN'S WIFE."—SEE PAGE 442.

the dining-room, he opened the door, and looked in.

It was empty; but, looking across the room, he saw that the drawing-room door was partially open, and he also became aware that some one was softly singing therein, and, presently, some one came out, and started violently on perceiving him.

Olivia was still sufficiently an invalid to remain in her room during the early part of the day, and this was their first meeting on this day. In an emergency Jack's conversational powers were extremely limited; but the sparkle of his grey eyes spoke volumes as he extended his hand to her,

and a wicked little smile rippled over Olivia's face as she dropped her rose-tinged little hand into his.

"My aunt has just gone," she said, "and I have promised to return home to-morrow."

Jack's color rose, and he looked inquiringly at Olivia's pretty face, on which a faint tinge was coming and going, which deepened into the richest crimson as Jack remarked:

"I suppose you will be glad to leave this quiet old place, where you have suffered so much?"

"And enjoyed so very much," interrupted Olivia, quickly. "Oh, Mr. Langton, how ungrateful you must think me—glad to leave dear Miss

Ann, who has been so kind to me, and—you, who saved my life! Oh, Mr. Langton!"

As Mrs. Pottinger has once remarked in the pages of this truthful story, "there is nothing like fact."

Olivia knew exactly what to say, and said it. Consequently, when, some half-hour afterward, Miss Ann came into the cool old hall, on her way to the dining-room, the crystal dish of honey she was carrying to place on the tea-table nearly fell to the ground from the start she gave at a certain little scene she saw through the open hall-door.

Under the shadow of the vineclad verandah stood Jack, and—Miss Ann took off her gold spectacles, deliberately wiped them, and put them on again in order to leave no loophole for doubt to enter—yes, his arm was round Olivia's blue sash, and the blue bow in her wavy, dusky hair was leaning very close to his shoulder indeed!

Miss Ann was a wise woman, and she took good care to ring the tea-bell loudly, instead of sending Betsy to summon her nephew and their young guest to the evening meal.

"A wretched fortune-hunter!" sobbed Mrs. Pottinger, on hearing the tidings of Olivia's engagement. "And that mistaken girl might have made a really brilliant match; and so secure as I felt, too, on account of his being—well, not exactly ugly, you know, Adolphus, but not at all handsome."

However, there is no place Mrs. Pottinger likes to rusticate at so much as the Homestead, which she declares to be the model of a country house.

The orchard fence is regularly taken down every fall, although Jack stoutly maintains the "Drift" to have been the best friend he ever had.

Peasant Girl of Oldenburg.

In the cities of Germany, modern costume has assimilated to that of France and England, or what we may call our own; but in the interior, especially along the northern line, where the old Wendish blood prevails, many of the old costumes are still resolutely retained by the peasantry. Nothing can be more striking in this connection than the dress of an unmarried peasant girl in Oldenburg, as contrasted with the dress of a young woman in our own land. If the glory of a woman is her hair, and our maidens seek not only to display all they grow, but as much more as they can reasonably purchase, the girls of Oldenburg seem not to appreciate the fact; for they envelop the head in a handkerchief, which makes them roundheads of the roundest pattern, and suggests our sympathy for their having had their heads shaved. They certainly do not give their clergy any occasion to denounce an unseemly exposure of the neck or breast, as the neck is muffled with a kind of handkerchief hanging down before and behind, and puffed out in front so that the chin seems to rest on it. Sleeves to the elbow, a close-fitting skirt reaching only to the knee, displaying the whole lower limb, in its well-filled white stocking, above the slippers, form a contrast as striking as can be imagined, especially when seen beside that of the men, whose long coats reach almost to the feet.

A Woman's Faith.

HEAVY mists rolled up from the river, through which the sun strove in vain to penetrate.

The grass was crisp yet, from the previous night's frost, and the few leaves clinging to the almost barren branches, shivered and whispered together

as they huddled still closer beneath the searching sweep of the chill air. Truly the prospect was not enlivening, but for all, Miss Cristeval enjoyed it. It had been one of her whims to bury herself in the wilds of the backwoods at this uncongenial season, perhaps from a desire to add to her list of peculiarities which marked her a separate and attractive orb in her own circle.

But I think she tired a little of the calm peacefulness and monotony of the secluded section in which she had alighted, at the close of the first week. She missed the stimulus of active society, and as an only expedient took to long walks, which had the effect of keeping her mind and body in tone.

This morning she had trudged bravely over the low-lying marshes to the river-bank, and stood watching the mists lifting themselves slowly from the sluggish surface, dragging themselves reluctantly away as though they were the dank winding-sheets concealing it and its mysteries from penetrating ken.

At the same time she was mostly engrossed in keeping her well-proportioned boots from suffering through their contact with the rough, country soil, and took zealous care to avoid the burs and spanish-needles overgrowing the marshes, which seemed to be reaching greedily toward the soft folds of her short walking-dress. She had the rare faculty, which few women possess, of going through damp fields and muddy lanes with undragged skirts; so, when she turned homeward at last, she was conscious that her walk had imparted a delightful glow to her countenance, without leaving any disagreeable traces to counteract that effect.

Coming in through the wooden gate, she met face to face with a young man, one whom she had not hitherto seen in the vicinity, and whose involuntary admiration she read in his lingering glance as he courteously raised his hat in passing. "Evidently a gentleman," she decided; "and the first of the genus I have encountered here."

Quick-witted and fertile of device, Miss Cristeval instantly determined upon having speech with him, and found the means of bringing it about.

Loosing her coquettish head-gear, a puff of wind playfully snatched at and carried it out along her pathway, where it fluttered its bright plumes, and shook itself as though convulsed with merriment over the successful result of the part it was allotted to play. Of course the gentleman, rescuing the truant article, returned it to the fair owner, and equally, of course, she made a graceful acknowledgment of the service rendered.

Ellie Long, chanting softly as she went about her work, looked up brightly as Miss Cristeval entered. A common sort of a girl, but with a trim, neat figure, and a pleasant, kindly spirit looking out through her honest grey eyes.

"Back so soon?" she questioned. "I hope you have enjoyed your walk?"

"So soon?" laughingly repeated Miss Cristeval, indicating the old-fashioned clock whose hands pointed to a quarter of ten. "I have been gone full two hours. You must have had pleasant company to spend the moments unnoticed. By-the-way, who was the gentleman I met, coming in?"

The country girl blushed beneath the slight raillery, but answered with simple candor:

"Oh, that was Jack—Jack Estleigh!"

"Your sweetheart?"

"Yes, I suppose so. That is, I am to marry him some day."

Miss Cristeval gave her a sharp glance. Such ingenuous innocence was almost beyond her comprehension.

"He is quite handsome," she said, with a view to ferret out the incentive to their relationship.

"And talented, too. I know you are wondering

why he should have chosen such a simple little nobody as I am, and indeed I have wondered myself sometimes. I think we grew into our liking for each other; at least, we have had an understanding between us since childhood."

"Do you mean to say that you are not properly engaged?" demanded Miss Cristeval, in astonishment.

Ellice looked puzzled.

"I scarcely know what you mean by 'properly engaged,' but Jack knows that I am waiting for him, and he is building up the foundation of a little home which will be ours some time."

Miss Cristeval was silent, and in her heart she experienced a queer sensation, half contempt, half envy, for this girl with her unsuspecting reliance in manly honor.

Jack Estleigh called that evening, and thereafter became a constant, daily visitor. Ellice, on whose shoulders fell the full burden of household cares, could snatch but few unoccupied moments, and the result was, that Estleigh and Miss Cristeval were thrown much together, mutually dependent for personal entertainment. Gradually he fell into the habit of accompanying her in her walks, and, indoors, read aloud while she busied herself with some trifling pretence of women's work in the shape of fanciful trimmings.

Almost unnoticed, the time glided, and then the snow came, covering the earth with its mantle of purity; still Miss Cristeval lingered in that secluded spot, held by a subtle fascination, the existence of which she was loth to acknowledge, even to herself.

The callous woman of the world, the coquette, had given herself unresistingly up to the wild sweetness of newly awakened love. And Jack Estleigh, bewildered, enchanted, bowed himself in servile idolatry at the shrine of this woman. Meanwhile Ellice—simple, confiding Ellice—sang unconsciously about her tasks, and inwardly rejoiced that Jack should console himself in her guest's presence for the unavoidable absence of her own attention.

The Christmas holidays were fast approaching, and their proximity brought an imperative summons for Miss Cristeval's return to her city home. And this knowledge called forth Estleigh's declaration of a love which was not rightfully his to give.

She listened to his fervent pleading with an apparent apathy, then her whole soul rose up within her and argued in his favor. He had touched her heart as no other man had ever done, and she had enough of worldly possessions to enable her to gratify this desire as she had ever done with her former whims.

The end of it all was, that she bowed her head in proud humility, and confessed her all-absorbing love.

A few days more, and Miss Cristeval was preparing in earnest for her flight cityward. In the midst of her packing, she called Ellice to her, with a guilty feeling of having committed against her a great wrong, for which she would make some sort of reparation. She held in her hands a case, opening which, she displayed a set of pearls, gleaming in their frost-like purity like congealed tear-drops caught and imprisoned in golden bands.

"I want you to take them as a reminder of my friendship," she said.

But Ellice handed them back with a quiet smile. "They are very beautiful, but not suited for me. I am too commonplace, and besides, you know, I am to be a poor man's wife. I must not have such costly things about, lest they tempt me from the straight line of my duty."

A sudden generous impulse came over Miss Cristeval. Could she rob this girl, whose life had

been one of continual hardships, of the one ray which had been her ever-present hope?

"You refuse them lest you be less true in your sympathies with Jack? Would you not give him up, if by doing so you could possess such costly things as these?" indicating her own rich wardrobe scattered about the room.

Ellice shook her head.

"All the world would not tempt me from him!"

Her interlocutor persisted.

"But he—do you believe he is as true to you as you to him?"

The girl flushed indignantly.

"He loves me," she answered, simply.

After she had gone, Miss Cristeval sat down and took herself severely to task. Supplied with every other advantage, she had been willing to accept the one remaining thing she craved, but when she asked herself if she could give up all her wealth and station for the sake of any man, she realised how much of selfishness she possessed, and how wofully wanting her love would prove should it be tried by the scale of adversity.

For once in her life she sacrificed her own wishes for the general well-being.

She gently dismissed Jack Estleigh, sending him back to the trustful, loving girl so much more worthy than herself; and in her self-abasement could not find it in her heart to disturb her perfect, womanly faith.

And Estleigh, in the content and wisdom of after years, saw clearly that he had escaped a life of torture, and grew to appreciate the wife who was all too good for him.

Between Three.

DITIE lay very wide awake in the dear little white bed that she had not slept in for six long months. It was so pleasant to be at home again. Other vacations had been happy, but this Thanksgiving-week most happy of all. Her cheeks were burning with excitement as she pressed them against the pillow, and the string of gold beads which had come to her with her grandmother's name felt tight, as they had never felt before, about her throat. Meanwhile, the winter moonlight surged into the chamber through window-panes crusted with frost; lay broadly on the bare floor and the braided rugs, and fell upon the homespun bed-spreads, the dimity drapery of the toilet, the Christus Consolator on the wall, the books upon the bracket.

Ditie raised herself on her elbow, and looked at Augusta, sleeping quietly in the narrow bed opposite her own.

Augusta was very beautiful asleep—her cheeks flushed, her yellow hair drifting goldenly about her. Sleep gave her face a tenderness and repose which had some way come to be lacking in these two or three late years, and obliterated the discontent and restless expectancy which, it seemed to Ditie, had increased since they were last at home together.

Ditie had a slight anxiety as to what Augusta would think and say to the news she had to tell her. But, after all, Augusta would be sure to sympathise. They loved one another too well for her to be jealous of the happiness which had come to Ditie—little, plain, brown Ditie! To think that love and a lover should have fallen to her share before Augusta, with her white-and-gold statelyness. And, with this final thought, Ditie fell asleep, at last, touching the letter beneath her pillow, dreamily cognisant how the frosty enamel was sparkling on the panes, and the tender face of the Christus bending above her.

It was vacation for mother when the girls came home. She lay in bed in the morning, and let

them make breakfast. Augusta was apt to oversleep for a morning or so, but Editha's eyes were open with the first cold gray glimpses of daylight. She slipped out of bed, dressed between the shivers, crept down the creaking stairs of the old Parsonage with her shoes in her hand. She lighted the fire, threw the little plaid shawl over her head, and went to the well. She could not help pausing, breathless, a moment, with her hand on the crank. There in the east "God made Himself an awful rose of dawn," and all about her, over the bare fields and sloping roofs, glittered a tinsel of hoar-frost.

When Augusta came down, the kitchen was warm and cheery, with a pervasive crackle and simmer and glow; the cloth spread, the coffee just reaching the "boil," and Ditie bending over the griddle with a bowl of batter and a deep-scooped spoon.

"Why, Ditie! why didn't you wake me? Naughty girl! you've been making muffins, too! How I have longed for muffins, Ditie! Only they do make so many things to scrape off and wash up!"

"Never mind that. I'll do all the scraping and washing. Gussy, while we are home, and let you keep your hands soft for your playing and sewing."

"I have planned so much for this week. It seems so delicious to have one's liberty. How I hate teaching! Will the end ever come to either of us, Sis?" A bright warm glow crimsoned Editha's neck and face.

"Ditie," with a keen, swift look and voice, "something has happened to you! What is it?" Ditie colored deeper.

"Only a little more happiness."

"You have a lover, Ditie?"

"Yes, dear."

"Little Ditie! And I three years older! Tell me all about him. His name—"

"Is Allyn Doane."

"And he lives in Stamford?"

"Yes; a lawyer there."

"Is he rich, Ditie?"

"I think he is, now. He has inherited some money. It is only a little while since, though. He was brought up poor, as we have been. That, I think is best."

"Little Brownie! Your fate begins to drop pearls and diamonds. I expect for my share nothing but toads and snakes. How long have you been engaged?"

"We are hardly yet engaged. I have known him a good while. I am afraid I have loved him a good while; but it is only since last night that I knew he loved me. He has visited me, not often, but regularly for six months. Yesterday, when he bade me good-bye on the cars, he placed a letter in my hand. I did not open it till after you were asleep last night."

"And you found his love in his letter?"

"Yes."

"And you will write him that you return it?"

"This letter is, like himself, patient, simple, quiet. You can tell that I have been very cautious that he should not read my heart before he spoke, for he feels very doubtful whether I return his preference. He wants me to think before I answer. He fancies the idea of love will be so new to me. If I can love him, as he hopes, in return, he wants to come and see us all the end of the week, and take me back to Stamford to finish my term."

"It is very sensible wooing," said Augusta.

"Cool enough, too, to keep, dear," she added. Augusta could not always suppress a little irony.

"Cool! Well, perhaps, yes," replied Ditie.

"Allyn is patient and deliberate, rather than impassioned."

"Suited to you, rather than to such as me, I see."

There was a faint proud pain in Augusta's face. Ditie was turning her muffins.

"Did you ask Mrs. Ames for the overskirt pattern?" Augusta inquired.

"Yes; she said she would bring it in."

Father and mother were coming then—the old minister in his flowered dressing-gown, his hymn-book in his hand, and Mrs. Merriam with her young, tender eyes and bright smile:

"This is the Golden Age, girls. Which of you will pour the coffee?"

"Ditie. It is her breakfast, this morning. She gets ahead of me in everything nowadays."

"There comes Chubby Morison," said the doctor, "with a can of cream and a roll of butter from his father's dairy. That means that one of my girls will be asked to preside over it some day."

"Well, it is too late to ask Ditie; and too soon to ask me," said Augusta, opening the door.

The blessing was asked, the muffins buttered, the breakfast partaken. Then the doctor went to his study, while, in a short time, plates and pans were "spirited" to their places, the sitting-room fire lighted, and the house set in order for the visitors who would be sure to drop in during the morning, to hear how the girls liked their schools, with such other items as might be picked up.

That bright, frosty November week was a busy one at the Parsonage. Luckily, the Thanksgiving-dinner, which it is part of a New Englander's religion to have elaborately bountiful, was to be partaken away from home, so their time might be devoted to dress-cuttings and confidences. "Lea changes" in sarasnet and silk; old velvet and old feathers concurring to create a new hat. Everything is, expected of the minister's daughters—erudition, economy, gentility, good bread, a Gospel walk.

But all things have an end, and this busy week drew to a close. Editha's letter to Allyn Doane was deferred until the Friday following Thanksgiving. It was a coy, cautious letter, spite of her brimming heart. Strong and deliberate, rather than fanciful and passionate, was Ditie's self-pro-nounced verdict.

Through all future years the two girls held the memory of that Saturday night which ended their bright, busy week, with its orderly signs of what was ended and what was to be begun. Through all future years they held in memory the very picture of the home into which so strange a trouble was creeping, and of one another's faces, of the dresses and ribbons they wore.

On the doctor's study-table lay his sermon, ready, between its black covers, for the coming Sabbath morning. In the parlor chamber the fire was crackling and blazing upon the hearth, throwing its ruddy cheer over the snowy drapery of window and bed prepared for the expected guest; within the kitchen that serene order which only New England kitchens know: rows of pies on the pantry-shelves, roasted chickens, moulds of jelly, heaps of doughnuts, loaves of cake, and from the oven the savory odor of baking brown bread and baking beans.

The hour for the train by which Allyn Doane would come had arrived and the girls awaited his coming in the parlor.

"I think mother will like him," Ditie said.

"We shall all like him, dear," and Augusta pressed her sister's hand softly.

The gate opened—a step was heard. Ditie stepped to the door quickly. Her hand lay wishin Allyn Doane's. They turned toward the open parlor-door.

The room within was a bit of *genre* painting. That was Augusta's work, training the ivy so deftly over the wall, massing the dusky evergreens in the corners, and loading vases and brackets and picture-frames with holly. Most of the things about the Parsonage which were merely pretty bespoke Augusta—the water-color sketches, the worsted-work, the card-board crosses; and, there by the centre-table, stood Augusta herself, with her graceful height, her golden hair, her white skin, her look of discontent, of restless expectancy.

Ditie's lover stepped forward to be presented to Ditie's sister. The light fell upon him and her. They paused simultaneously, the smiles fading strangely from their two faces, their out-held hands dropping tactily.

Augusta recovered herself almost in an instant. Her smile came back. She extended her hand.

"This is an unexpected meeting," Allyn Doane said, both coldly and confusedly.

"It need not be an unpleasant one," returned Augusta, hastily, with a glance toward Ditie, who looked wondering from one to another. "You will be quite surprised, dear, to know that Mr. Doane and I have met before." There was a sense of pressure about Ditie's heart.

"I am surprised," she said, "that neither of you has ever spoken of the other."

"That," said Augusta, "we can account for."

"We have just learned one another's names," added Allyn Doane.

"I understand still less," said Editha.

There was a passionate pity in Allyn Doane's eyes, for himself—for Ditie.

"You will have to tell her," he said to Augusta.

"There is nothing to tell," she began, coldly, "which alters anything between you and her."

"No." But his eyes contradicted his word.

"Let me know what it means—this strangeness!" said Ditie, with command, at last. "You have met before! Allyn, have you loved Augusta?"

"Dear Ditie, a very foolish thing occurred between Mr. Doane and myself," said Augusta, hastily. "Three or four years ago we saw one another; through a mutual friend, we were led into a correspondence under assumed names. We went so far as to exchange pictures. That is all. Nothing, you see, to embarrass any of us when we understand it."

Her tone was light, forced.

Ditie could reason and feel in the same breath. She had suspected Augusta of a disappointment. This was it. But why had it been such? Had not Allyn Doane loved Augusta? She believed he had. She had never suspected him of ardor or impulse before; but here he showed it. She remembered how Augusta hinted at a cool wooing. He had wooed her differently. They had corresponded—that had revealed their souls to one another. They had exchanged pictures. They knew each other's features. What matter about names? They were nearer to one another than many who knew names well enough. And now she stood between them! Whatever had separated them before, it was she who kept them apart now.

There was a moment's giddy hopelessness in Ditie's heart—a sense of all things slipping from her.

Then she saw her duty. Ditie always saw her duty clear, no matter what blinded her.

"How did the correspondence happen to end?"

She looked at Allyn Doane.

"That is for her to explain."

"I have nothing to explain," replied Augusta.

"As near as I recollect, it ended with you."

"Yes; with me, when your letters grew indifferent on discovering that I was a poor tutor."

Augusta colored. She was striving not to feel bitterly about her own mistake. The prize had been hers, and she had thrown it away.

As for Allyn Doane, he despised himself that the late love of slow growth, of deep roots, as he had believed, could not stand against the ghost of that burning, bewildering dream. He despised himself that all his senses leapt and throbbed at the sight of Augusta Merriam's beauty—beauty of ice, as it was, too. Editha crept softly to her sister's side, and gained her hand.

"It is not too late. I give you to each other."

She put Augusta's hand in Allyn Doane's.

For an instant they looked into one another's eyes. Then, with a common impulse, they cried:

"Ditie!"

But she was gone.

Ditie went back to Stamford to her school, and Augusta remained at home to make ready for her wedding.

"I want you to use this," Ditie had said, putting a roll of bills into her sister's hand, as she was saying good-bye. "You will need nice things. I want you to have them."

"I can't take your money—your earnings, Ditie, to buy wedding-finery."

But Ditie only kissed her, and left the bills in her hand. Augusta did not want to take them; but then, it was true enough that she should need a pretty outfit in the circle that Allyn Doane would introduce her to. She remembered that this money would make the silver poplin and Cluny trimmings attainable. It was very tempting. She justified herself, thinking that, after all, Ditie could not have cared so very much. It was hardly possible to Augusta to comprehend the degree of the renunciation her sister had made. She was very busy, and, she believed, very happy, as those months of preparation sped by. The restless discontent which had clouded her beauty disappeared, and she was superb again.

Allyn came up every few weeks to see her.

"What of Ditie?" Augusta always asked.

"She is hard at work, barrowing among her books."

"Allyn, wasn't it strangely unselfish in her to restore us to one another?"

"She is strangely unselfish."

"Do you know, Allyn, I think I shall always be the least bit jealous of you and Ditie?"

"Augusta, you are the most fascinating, beautiful woman I ever saw. If you were not, I—"

"What, Allyn?"

"I should be a miserable man without Editha!"

"I might lose my beauty. And then—"

"Don't let us tantalise one another."

There was a kind of impatience in the tone in which the words were spoken. Augusta dwelt upon it. It came back to her in the ensuing days as she added, piece by piece, to the "purple and fine linen" with which she was filling her bureau-drawers.

And of what thought Allyn Doane, meanwhile? Of his clients and their cases, and of little besides. This little, however, was unpleasant. He did not like to reflect upon the events which proclaimed him unstable in his emotions. He tried to feel he had got just what he wanted, and had no further accounts to settle with destiny. But the conviction would not come. On the contrary, as time wore away, and the period of his marriage approached, he was gravely uneasy. There came across him an uncontrollable satiety in the beauty of his promised bride, and a longing for something calmer and plainer.

It was February, and wanted but a week of the wedding-day. Editha had planned all manner of work which was to save her the necessity of seeing Allyn Doane married. In addition to five hours of teaching daily, she had assumed an

evening, which occupied her for two hours more out of the twenty-four. With so much upon her, it was impracticable for her to take a holiday.

She came from her evening-school one wet, windy night, and was surprised to find her sitting-room at her boarding-house lighted and occupied.

"You are surprised to see me," said Allyn Doane, as she entered, not rising from his chair, or lifting his head from where it rested on his hand.

"I had not looked for you," returned Ditie, laying off her wet cloak, composedly.

"I have come, Editha, because there was nothing else for me to do. Because I am in trouble, and there was none but you whose counsel could help me out of it."

"You are in trouble?" inquired Ditie; and there came to her a vague, dismayed recollection of an altered tone in Augusta's letters of late. "Is it about Augusta?"

"Yes."

"You must not lay her caprices to heart. I am sure she loves you."

"I wish she did not."

The scarlet shot into Ditie's face.

"What do you mean?" she flashed.

"Ditie, despise me, crush me with your indignation, convict me of instability and shallowness; but let me tell you that I love you, and none other!"

"Hush! Do you know you have no right to speak such words?"

"I know all. I know how I was dazzled by Augusta's beauty, and captivated by her wit; how my vanity was hurt when she abandoned the correspondence we sustained more than two years. I know how my love for you slipped in to heal the hurt, how gradually it inspired my whole nature I know, too; how my unexpected meeting with Augusta brought back the old thrill of admiration; how I was confused and excited, and how I took your ready renunciation of your claim in proof of your indifference. I know all these things. They do not prevent me from being a very unhappy man."

"Mr. Doane," returned Editha, coldly, "it strikes me that you alone are accountable for what causes your unhappiness."

"You mean to be merciless?"

"To be just toward myself and toward my absent sister."

The door of the room had been silently opened, and within it stood a tall figure muffled in a cloak. Ditie's eyes fell upon it, and she uttered a cry.

"Augusta—you!"

"Ditie, I am ill—suffering. I have come for help. Do not drive me away."

"Drive you away! What do you mean, dear?"

"I have come to tell you, Ditie, all about my unhappiness." She caught sight of Mr. Doane.

"You, Allyn, here! You must have been sent here to hear my confession."

"Augusta, what have you to confess?" and a partial sense of trouble came across Ditie.

Augusta had entered the room now, and closed the door. The waterproof fell from her shoulders, and she loosened her hood and pushed back the damp fair hair.

"This has been a strange journey—a strange errand," she said. "And what seems strangest of all is this finding you together—you and Ditie, Allyn."

"You do not mind his coming, dear?" asked Editha.

"Mind it! Oh, if you two had never been parted! If Allyn and I had never met, I could be happy!"

Ditie and Allyn looked swiftly at one another. Then Allyn went and took Augusta's hand.

"Is it that you no longer love me?" he asked.

"Allyn," she answered, "I have never loved you. You interested me, you flattered me. But you never loved me, nor I you. I can't tell you how I came to this conviction. But, with the thought of marriage, it has grown appalling. I want you to hear my words very calmly, and to believe in them."

He dropped his head.

"My dear Augusta, this is strangely ordered. Our relation was in error. Thank God for our mutual discovery of it, before we were made unhappy by it!"

"You understand, then, Allyn. My conviction had come to you, too?"

"It had."

"And you had come to Ditie, as I did, for counsel?"

"Yes."

The trouble vanished from Augusta's face, and a mischievous look came into it.

"Ditie, counsel us," she said.

"But, first, Ditie, tell us whether my shallow instability has made you ashamed of me, and defeated the possibility of your loving me?" said Allyn Doane.

"On one condition," Ditie replied.

"A condition! A thousand, if I can grant them!"

"Only one, which is, that my counsel and my confession shall remain, like our little drama, between three."

Desperate.

MAMARONCK is a pretty little station on the New York and New Haven Railroad, twenty miles from New York, and ours is one of its outlying country-seats, down toward the water. Hazelwood Cottage, as we call it, is approached by a private road of its own, which leads away from the main highway, stretching across the fields, and under the trees, for a half-mile or more, down to the water's edge, where stands our pretty English cottage—pretty in its quaint old gables and ivy-encircled casements—very pretty indeed, but yet very lonesome, for there is no house within a half-mile either way.

Fred was away from home—his first absence from me during the joyous year of wedded life which had flown by so happily—and I was sitting in my room, my feet tucked up on the fender in front of the cheery wood fire—the first of the season—with baby on my lap, and my mind engaged in busy thought of Fred, in vague wonderings as to what he was doing to-night, and in fond anticipation of his return to-morrow.

I presume I was nervous from my sleepless watching with baby, for several times I imagined I heard strange noises as of heavily booted feet treading lightly on the gravelled road, and again in the hallway below; but, putting aside these foolish imaginings, I bent over little Kitty again, and began my low song as she turned uneasily in her sleep.

What was that?

Certainly I heard a noise as of some one stumbling, and a low-muttered curse on the upper piazza close outside my window!

It could be imagination no longer, and, remembering I was alone in the house, I was thoroughly terrified. Laying baby down gently in the crib, I peered out of the window, pressing my face close against the glass.

Nothing was to be seen. All was black and dark outside, telling of the storm which had been brewing all the afternoon, while the great heavy black clouds hung in dense masses on the horizon.

I stepped back, and letting fall the heavy cur-

tainings, crossed the room—impelled by a *something*, I know not what—and stepping into the hall, looked cautiously over the banisters. Great Heavens!

There in the hallway below stood Maggie—my only servant at present—whispering earnestly with three men whose rough, passion-lined faces were close to hers, as they listened to her words. One glance at their low-browed, wicked faces, fierce, coarsely cut features, and their shaggy hair, half concealed under their greasy, dirty caps, told me why they were there, and one glance at their great broad shoulders and stout, sinewy frames told me, too, what a plaything I should be in their hands should I attempt resistance. My heart grew sick, as I realised how powerless were baby and I in the hands of these evil men and that bad woman; and, half dead with fright, I crept back to my room, and fell in a half-swoon on the floor close to baby's crib.

I must have come to very soon, for the clock over the fireplace had not yet gone the half-hour, and, rousing myself with a determined effort, I took baby in my arms, and, sitting down by the fire, tried to calm myself, preparatory to planning some escape.

Again I heard a step in the hall below. Something must be done, and at once. The window opened out on the piazza, and through the window I must fly with Kitty in my arms, and, clambering down as best I could over the trellised balcony, flee out into the darkness to the nearest house. Quick as thought I caught up a light shawl, and, throwing it over Kitty, glanced out into the hall to see I was not watched, as I sprang lightly to the window.

The heavy curtains were thrust aside, one hand was on the sash—it would not stir! Again—again, with all my strength—in vain; and a sickening horror crept over me, as I saw it had been fastened *outside* by a heavy billet of wood!

The noise of some one stumbling, and the muttered curse outside my window, came back to me, and I realised that I had been then securely fastened in by one of those three men who were now awaiting my coming below.

Flinging myself down on the bed in an agony of despair, I begged God to kill me outright. Oh, the agony of those moments! I was, indeed, *desperate*, burying my face among the coverings to drown the sound of my passionate, terrified sobbing. Hark! a footfall on the stairs.

One long, dreadful moment of suspense, and Maggie stood in the doorway.

I could not look the vile creature in the face, turning from her as she spoke. She hesitated a moment.

"Well, Maggie," I said, at length, "what do you want?"

"If you please, ma'am, I'd like to go to the village to get something. I'll be shortly back, ma'am."

What did this mean? Could it be that whatever womanly feeling was left in this creature was rising within her, and bidding her to leave the house until the wicked work was done—or was this a part of some programme?

"Maggie," I said, with a quietude that surprised me, "you are not used to going out at this time of night, and over these lonely roads. Why do you wish to go to-night, Maggie? I can't understand it. Is there any reason for this strange idea of going to the village to-night?"

"My sister is sick, ma'am, and I want to go to her, if you please."

The girl lied, and as I glanced up at her, she knew well I was aware of it. A saucy toss of the head warned me that I must conciliate, not provoke.

"Well, Maggie, you may go, but first you must do something for baby." (It occurred to me—oh, blessed thought!—that if they contemplated robbery, they might be glad to do it undisturbed, and with me in bed and asleep. So I baited my hook, and threw it to her and them in this wise.) "The baby is sick, Maggie—very sick indeed. All last night, you know, I was awake with her, and I feel that I *must* have a good night's rest. The doctor left me a prescription for Kitty, if she should be restless, and I want you to go to the apothecary's on your way, and get them to make it up; then, when you come back, I'll give it to baby, and we can have a good night's rest, for you need it, poor girl, as much as I do. By-the-way," I broke in, disconnectedly, "when you come back, remind me to give you some jewellery I have. I have it hidden away somewhere, where no one would find it; but still I feel uneasy having it out of the safe; so, *when you come back*, Maggie, I'll give it to you and the safe-keys, and let you lock it up. Come to me just before I go to bed—in fact, come as soon as you return, for I am tired, and shall be ready for bed by the time you come in."

The girl looked at me curiously as I sauntered across the room, and, laying Kitty in her crib, I slowly began to undress.

"Well," with a saucy toss of the head, which I pretended not to see, "I suppose I may as well."

A pause, during which I pretend to be busy with baby.

"*Where's the prescription, ma'am?*"

Oh, cunning Maggie!

"In my desk, Maggie—here's the key—no, I haven't it—let me see—did I leave it—" glancing carelessly around. "I'll get it directly," I said, as baby stirred restlessly, and, catching her up, too glad of the excuse, I added, "Kitty will be asleep again by the time you have your bonnet on. Come back for it then."

She left the room, and went downstairs, while I hurriedly opened my desk, and, tearing off a slip of paper in the shape of a physician's prescription, I wrote in *Latin* upon it:

R.

Burglars are in my.....	8VI.
House. For God's sake.....	8XI.
Come with help at once.....	8.
Hasten or all will be.....	8oz.
Over, for I am alone.....	8oz.
Arrest the hearer—an accomplice.....	8VII.

When Maggie came back, I was sitting before the fire in my wrapper, and, giving her the prescription, asked her to hurry back, as I was anxious to get to sleep.

She took the slip without a word, and went downstairs again; having shut *my door after her*.

I stole noiselessly out into the hall, and, peering over the banisters, saw once more the three faces close to hers, and knew that they were discussing, one with another, whether she should go. Then they held the paper to the light, and, seeming satisfied that it was a genuine prescription, told her to go, saying, in a low voice, which my keen ears heard:

"Go and fetch it, an' it'll be all the easier done if she be a-sleepin'. Go and bring it, hang it!"

How my heart sank within me at those words! How pained my feet seemed to have become as I crawled back to the fireside, and buried my face in my hands.

Would my *ruse* be successful? Would those three terrible men now in hiding below—would they come to me in her absence, having become tired of waiting? Would they think better of their having agreed to wait till I should be asleep, or think it best, after all, to strike me down now,

while no witness was by, fearing, too, that she might at last betray them?

Oh, the agony—oh, the length of those moments, in each of which I seemed to live years—in which I seemed to *grow old* in my awful waiting! Would they never come—would they never, never come!

Was I to die in this awful phrensy of terror which was creeping up over me now till my brain was almost crazed?

Hark!

The sound of footsteps on the road—of many feet ringing into the gravel-walk, as they come hurried toward the house. Am I saved, saved!

A sound of many voices outside—the noise of bursting through of windows, of falling glass, of breaking through of panels and forcing of doorways, as the house is filled with the voices of those who come trooping in. A noise as of some one plunging up the stairs in heavy boots, the vision of three pale-faced, terror-stricken men, who fly past my door, and up the stairway, then, turning upon the last step, send a volley of bullets among the pursuers, who are close upon their

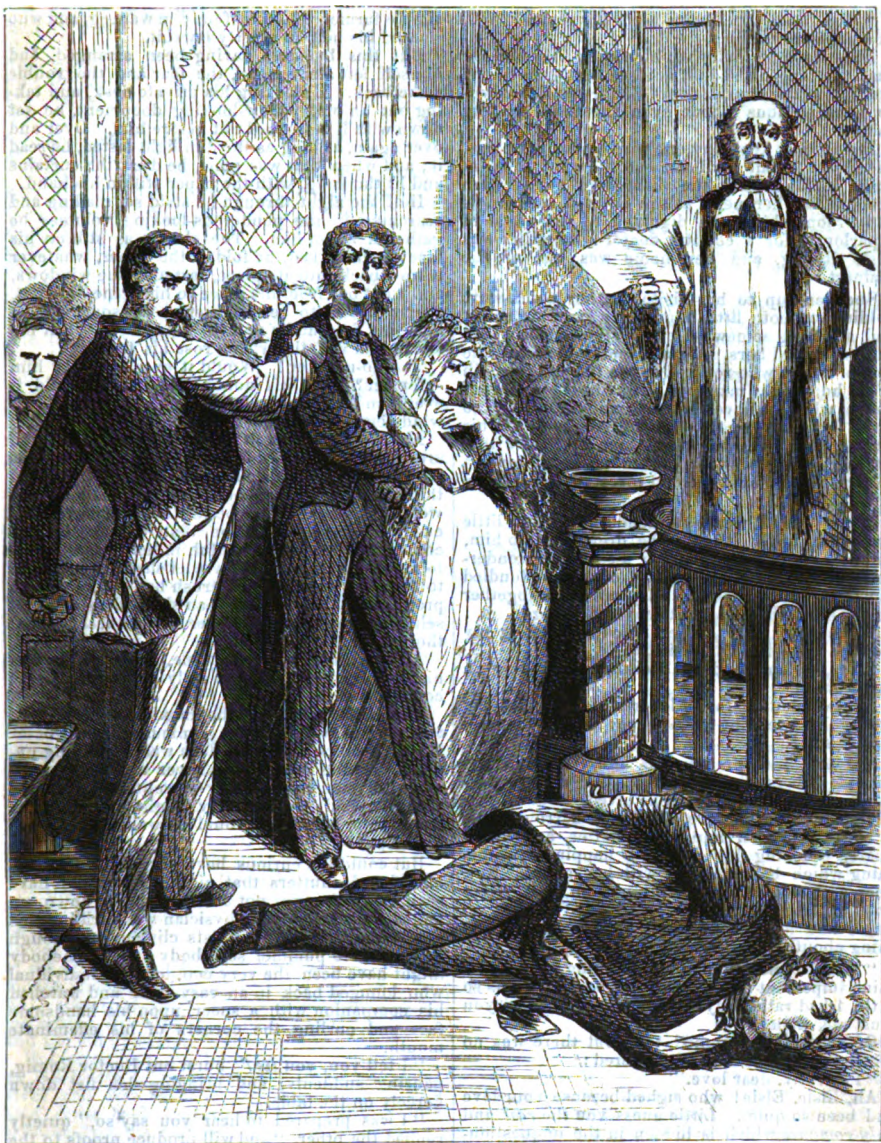
heels—a cry of pain, a shout, a pistol-shot again—an awful confusion of curses, groans, and terrible scuffling in the room overhead—the tramp of men again in the hall above, and one comes leaping down the steps, followed by three or four others—he sees and rushes toward me, and with one long, loud cry, I fall forward, and am caught in the strong arms of my own Fred!

Fred had unexpectedly arrived in Mamaroneck by the express, and happened to stop at the apothecary's on his way home, who was reading the prescription as Fred came in.

On seeing Fred, Maggie's face paled, and, thrusting him aside, she sprang for the doorway; but the apothecary's strong arm was upon her before she was in the street, and, forcing her back into the little shop, he told Fred, in a few hurried words, of my peril. In a moment more they were in the wagon at the door, which had brought Fred from the depot; and, rousing a few neighbors, they were soon fashing the horses into a gallop, as they bounded over the road and down the lane toward Hazelwood Cottage.



DESPERATE.—"THEY WERE DISCUSSING ONE WITH ANOTHER, WHETHER SHE SHOULD GO."



IN BLACK AND WHITE.—“THERE WAS A SINGLE GRAPPLING TOGETHER, TOO SHORT TO BE PREVENTED BY ANY INTERFERENCE OF OTHERS, AND THEN, WITH A HEAVY FALL, EVANS ROMIG DROPPED LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR.”

In Black and White.

“AFTER all, what an ordinary love affair mine has been!” soliloquized Elsie Romig, as she sat alone in her little chamber that last day of her maiden life. “If old nurse hadn’t predicted something romantic and marvelous for my lot, perhaps I never should have thought so much about having an adventure, or a disappointment, or a *something*! Heigho! I never could get up even a show of a quarrel with Owen. He’s always so calm and earnest, and those deep eyes of his just make me ashamed of all my sentimental fancies,

and— Well, plain and silent as he is, humdrum as my life may be, I know this much, *I love him!*” And the hazel eyes grew luminous, and the smile about the childish mouth deepened and brightened, as the happy thoughts came faster and faster of the life that lay before her.

To-morrow was Elsie Romig’s birthday as well as her wedding-day—at twenty-five she ought to have been perfectly sure of her own decision—her own love. And, notwithstanding her last faint longings for something “romantic,” she was, on the whole, a sensible little woman, and a good one.

"Miss Elsie, Mr. Evans is in the parlor. Will you come down?"

Elsie started. Why had he come? He told her that morning he should not see her again till he met her at the church-door—and Owen Evans was so conscientious about even the most trifling things.

Elsie never kept any one waiting for her pleasure—least of all her lover—so she went down at once, tucking back the disordered curls which drooped on her neck as she entered the simple little room which was dignified by the name of "parlor"—for a country doctor's daughter was Elsie Romig, and her home was one of the plainest.

She went up to her visitor in her quick way, holding out both little hands by way of welcome, and scanning somewhat curiously the face which turned toward hers. A grand and noble face—the face of a man who realized to the full the strength of an honorable manhood, and who held himself above, while he never failed to understand and to pity, the petty weaknesses of so many of his brothers—a man who would love or hate with a terrible earnestness, but whom no deception, no sorrow, no ignominy, could force to stoop to an unworthy action.

There was a world of tenderness, but little demonstration, in the way he drew Elsie to him, and as quietly put her away; a caressing tenderness as he stroked the tangled curls and fondled the fair, plump cheek, as they sat down together on the old-fashioned chintz-covered lounge.

"The first time I ever failed in keeping my word to you— isn't it, Elsie?"

"Yes, Owen," and she looked up, awaiting an explanation.

An explanation for a lover's visit on the day before his wedding? A queer little woman—wasn't she?

For the first time in his life, Owen Evans turned his eyes away from the clear, questioning gaze of the woman he loved. Down there at the office, pacing up and down its narrow limits, it had seemed an important matter, and as so nearly touching his darling's happiness, something which he must talk with her about. But, once with her in that sunbiny room, her perfect trust setting his heart at rest, the fear was all dead, and it seemed simply foolish to say anything about it. So he said, laughingly:

"Little woman, I came up, thinking I had something important to tell you; but now, it seems so little, I had rather say nothing about it. Can you trust me, Elsie?"

Of course she laughed, too; but there was no mockery in the tone that answered:

"Perfectly, dear love."

Ah, Elsie, Elsie! who sighed because your love had been so quiet. Little guess you the *real* and *holy* romance which is hidden in the unquestioning faith you give this man! You will understand it some time.

Now that he had broken over his promise and had come, it would hardly be consistent for one in Owen Evans's position to go at once away; so he staid until the sun sank in the west, and Elsie began to remember the "hundred things" she had to do, and so said she would have to send him away. Then he went, and though I can't guess what he whispered her besides his good-by, I know that she stood looking after him a long, long time, and that her smile was very proud and her eyes full of tears as she entered her own room once more.

And he? The happy thought of her he left kept out all others till he was well within the four walls of his dusty office, and gave him a quiet patience to listen to the tiresome gabbling of the

simple farmer whom he found in waiting, and who wanted his help in a petty lawsuit.

But this business having been arranged, and himself left alone again, the fear and the trouble came back. Unlocking his private desk, and taking out an old, yellow-looking document, he sat down with it smoothed out before him. Over and over again, as long as the dim light lasted, he read it; and when that was gone, he drew the curtains and lit the lamp, with the paper still in his hand.

Half the night through he staid so, reading and searching in the ponderous-looking volumes he gathered about him. The cloud was still on his face when, at last, he folded the paper, whatever it was, back into its place, fastened the windows, and went out from his office to his home—a quiet, pretty home, to be brightened so soon with a laughing face and a pair of happy eyes. But between him and this vision rose his fear.

That to-morrow! Would it ever dawn for him—for her? And his doubt kept asking, would it ever? and the trees along the roadside, and the winds bent near to question—will it ever?

Ah! Owen Evans, it is no ordinary secret you are carrying home to-night! And if—and if it is all true—that man's defiance, backed by something stronger than mere jealousy and spite—wouldn't it have been better to have parted for ever that happy afternoon, than to have let her come, confident and trustful, in her bridal-robes, to meet him, and then to have let shame give weight to the blow which would crush her? She was so proud, this Elsie—better than she understood herself, this man who loved her so had learned her thoroughly.

And if, indeed, it were true, though it bowed him to the ground, if it only spared Elsie, he could bear it.

The little clock on the mantel was striking twelve, and still the light glimmered from Doctor Romig's office-window. This was something unusual, for the doctor was never a close student, and always an early sleeper—a sound one, too, the villagers said, for anybody might die, while he was asleep, before he would be waked up to give his help.

But could the curious have peered through the half-closed shutters that night, they would have seen the doctor was not alone. Up and down, up and down, the portly physician was striding, his face red and angry, his fists clinched as though he longed to pummel somebody; that somebody might have been the very cool-looking individual who lounged back in an easy-chair and watched his companion with a sneer upon his handsome face and curling the corners of his effeminate mouth.

"I tell you, you *he*!" burst out Doctor Romig, pausing suddenly, and bringing his fist down heavily on the table.

"I was prepared to hear you say so," quietly replied the other, "and will produce proofs to the contrary, if you so desire."

The older man looked steadily at the speaker, his face paling, but his voice firm, as he listened and answered.

"You see, I have a document—at least your intended son-in-law has one—drawn up in black and white, and bearing your signature. I suppose you will believe that?" derisively.

"When I am *forced* to believe it. Not before!" and the doctor took up again his unquiet walk.

The motion seemed rather to increase his ire than to quiet it, for he stopped a second time, going quite up to his visitor's chair, and laying a heavy hand upon his collar.

"You are a villain! a scoundrel! a contemptible puppy!" gasped out the exasperated man. "You come, with your devilish face and your insolent ways, to wheedle an old man into believing your

lies, or else to try and disgrace him in the community where he is respected and honored! But the old man isn't afraid of you, sir! Produce your proofs! your admirable forgery—I'll warrant you are perfect in that line—and *he'll* prove them the miserable fabrications of a mean man! *Man!* You are no man, to try and wreak revenge upon a woman's head because she didn't accept the *honor of your name!*"

Alfred Boone could have felled the old man to the floor; if he hadn't have killed him, it would most certainly have been a generous action, and have saved many a heartache afterward; but for *this* petty spite, should he forego the triumph of to-morrow? Not he. So he merely said:

"You choose to be complimentary, sir. Perhaps I can forge writing, but I cannot do the work of time. I know no art to turn fresh white paper into that discolored by age and use. The proof that I can bring will show the wear and stain of thirty years. How could I give names and signatures of people I never saw or heard of? How should I know where to seek for evidence?"

"Stop, sir; I have an evidence better than any you can bring—the testimony of *sight* and *hearing*. Fool that I am to let anything you can say trouble me! The mother and the child are dead years and years ago. When my little Elsie was just beginning to run about the house I stood by Margaret Owen's deathbed and have her dying testimony that her child lived only to be six months old. No, no, no; I am getting too old to dwell much upon the deeds of my youth, but I know the truth of all that happened, and I defy you or any one to bring aught against me or the man my daughter married!" Then, rising, he stood waiting for the other to go.

The latter drew on his dainty kids, smiling and displaying his faultless teeth—a cruel smile, had any one been there to read it aright, and only speaking a purpose deferred, not given up.

"You have had your choice, Doctor Romig. You might have saved your daughter, and you would not! I trust you will never regret your decision."

Then, bowing with an easy grace, Alfred Boone opened the door and went out; and the angry old man sent after him a most expressive "Puppy!"

"Bless my soul! it's after twelve o'clock, and there'll be no napping it to-morrow morning, I'll be bound! What a bore that fellow was, and how he did rile me up! Thought to worm money out of me by such a confounded yarn as that! I lost money enough on that story years ago! No, no, no! Guess he won't try any of his nonsense on me again! Bless my soul! After twelve o'clock!" and the old gentleman trundled off to bed.

But something was the matter. Shut his eyes as resolutely as he would, he could not sleep. Over and over again all that Alfred Boone had said came back to torment him. But it *was* strange how the man had got hold of the story, anyway. There wasn't a soul in Grayfield knew anything more about Doctor Romig than that he had come there twenty years before, a widower with his little Elsie, and that he had always been an honest citizen and a good physician. And this Boone had only been in the place about two years. "No, no, no! he's a meddling puppy!" But the troublesome brute kept the old man awake most persistently, and when at last he did fall asleep, it was only to dream of the sorrowful eyes and sunken cheeks of Margaret Owen.

After an hour or two of such restlessness, he sat up with a prolonged "Whew!" looked at his watch, and finally, getting up, dressed to go out.

"Wonder what Evans will think of me? If he tells me I'm an old fool, he'll serve me right. But it's no use—I can't sleep, and I'm bound to see that wonderful document! Hope I shan't meet

anybody. What on earth would folks think to know I was out of bed, of my own accord, at this time of night—or morning, I should say?"

It would have been an unusual and rather a funny sight to have seen the doctor hurrying down the village street in the darkness of early morning; but, fortunately, he didn't meet anybody.

Old Betty, who answered as housekeeper at the Evans home, wondered not a little at being called out of bed a second time in a night. Good old body as she was, she came stumbling to the door, scolding and sputtering away at "sech onreasonable folk, who couldn't stay ter hum till mornin', and sech a heap as there was ter be done ter-morrer, too!"

But her surprise reached a climax when she found who the untimely caller was.

"Lawk-a-me! ef it ain't Doctor Romig! What *bin* he brought yer here this time o' mornin'?"

"Hope ther hain't nothin' befell Miss Elsie?"

"No, no, no! Is Mr. Evans in his room?"

moving rather uneasily toward the staircase.

"Where else should he be? Curis how 't he's in sech demand jest this partiikler night, tu!" And notwithstanding the wholesome respect which she entertained for the village physician, it was with a very poor grace that she informed him where Owen could be found.

Not much less surprised was that young gentleman, on opening the door and admitting his future father-in-law.

"Elsie?" he asked, eagerly and anxiously.

"Nothing ails her," was the answer, given in a curt way—for the poor old man was beginning to think he was making himself rather more ridiculous than the matter in hand would warrant.

"Well, doctor, what is it?" after he had settled in a comfortable chair.

"Why, that villain Boone has been pestering me about a paper which, he says, is in your possession, and which was to make a wonderful change to-morrow—or to-day, whichever it is—in our plans.

Owen looked incredulous.

"Why, the fellow has just been here, and he said you had explained his 'mistake,' as he called it, about the paper; and so, as the story he told was perfectly plausible, I gave the paper back into his hands. Not altogether a wise thing for a lawyer to do, perhaps, but I was only too glad to lay aside my dark misgivings, and think the whole thing *was* a mistake from beginning to end. I *could* not believe it true, knowing what to-morrow would bring us all if it were."

Doctor Romig looked somewhat uneasy.

"I wish you had kept the paper, Owen; and Mr. Evans began to wish so, too; but resolving to put the whole thing aside, and that it should trouble them no more, he went on talking in a quiet, reassuring way to the older man. The conference did not last long: there was nothing they could do but wait, and hope that the morrow would pass as quietly as they had anticipated; and when the old man turned to go away, he wrung Owen's hand with a hearty, "God bless you! If I went wrong in my young days, my boy, I have atoned, so far as in me lay, all the evil; and I will not believe that any judgment so terrible will fall upon my innocent child. For *her* sake, Owen, we will go on as if this thing had never been." So he went home again, and, for the few hours left him, slept soundly as a child.

Dawned the morning bright and cloudless on Elsie's wedding-day. Happy Elsie! so calm and tranquil in her boundless love and faith. Nature had not made Elsie Romig a handsome woman, as the word goes, but nature hadn't all to do: happiness and purity and her gentle womanliness took up the work, and graced her for the altar as

became a bride. Happy Elsie! looking out over the coming years with never a fear or a misgiving, following always where the man's strong hand and wise counsel should lead her. And happy Elsie! looking back over the years she had left with no painful memories, no regretful self-accusings to rise up and torment her.

Fairest among her maids she looked passing up the little aisle to the place where he stood waiting, and the simple, spotless muslin which she wore seemed a fitting type of her sweet self.

The solemn service began, for solemn indeed was this deed to this man and woman who looked upon life as something more than a playday. The minister's voice sounded clear and searching in the stillness of the church: "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." The pause he made was only in accordance with the rubric, and not because it were possible for any objection to be offered. But there came an answer to his injunction:

"I forbid the ceremony, on the statement and the proof that this man and woman are *brother and sister*."

Oh, the awful hush that followed, when every person present stood breathless in surprise and horror! And the bridal party? Elsie neither screamed nor fainted, but her face was colorless as her dress as she stood with gaze transfixed upon the face of her bridegroom; as for him, the look he bent upon her never changed; calm and steadfast he stood, literally holding her strength in her by the power of his will. And the father, as soon as his first terrible surprise was past, would have demanded reiteration and proof; but the minister checked him, and took the words into his own mouth.

"I, as the clergyman in power, demand of the person who prohibits this ceremony his authority and proof."

With a pleasant alacrity, a handsome man stepped out from among the people near the door, and advanced to the chancel, carrying a folded paper in his hand.

"Be as good as to read this in the hearing of the people assembled."

If a glance could have withered, the one which the clergyman gave the smiling villain who handed him the paper would have cast Alfred Boone down then, beyond the hope of a rising.

The clergyman scanned the paper with a doubtful face before he proceeded to fulfill what he must, and read it aloud. It was a simple document, drawn up in an informal way by one person, and bearing first the signature, *Evans Romig, M.D.*, and then the signatures of a few witnesses; the only business-like look about it being the lawyer's seal and certificate with which it closed. Evidently a paper which had been drawn up in some haste; but it was the subject matter, not the form, which was of vital interest to the man and woman who were so suddenly separated by one man's word.

The document certified that the child in mention was the son of Margaret Owen and of Evans Romig; that he was to bear the name of Owen Evans, and to remain under his mother's care until the age of twelve years, should he live till that time; and that his father should be responsible for his comfortable maintenance and education until his coming of age, or so long as he lived if he died before that time. The paper was dated some thirty years before.

Clear and sharp the words came, each one cutting into the air with a terrible force, and stabbing through and through the soul of that father, who clung to the chancel rail for the support which alone kept him from sinking. Oh, heart of man!

deeper than any thanksgiving that the truth were known, was the unutterable agony of shame, and with a cry of frenzy the old man sprang at his enemy's throat. There was a single grappling together, too short to be prevented by any interference of others, and then, with a heavy fall, Evans Romig dropped lifeless on the floor. Weeping they bore him away—the villagers among whom he had lived, and labored, and prospered.

But Elsie? with a face rigid as death she turned and followed them. At the door her strength gave way, and she tottered as if to fall. A strong arm caught her up; husband or brother, she was his, and his only.

There was a quiet burial—as quiet as it could be for the excitement which the doctor's strange death had created; but of it Elsie did not know. Owen Evans followed first and alone, with uncovered head, and as chief mourner, as the coffin was borne out and down the village street. A horrible sickness came over him as he passed through the churchyard gate; but they only guessed of it, none knew it. There was no faltering as he stood within the church—for the verdict had been rendered of death from over-excitement, not *murder*, and so they gave the old man a Christian burial—and no faltering when the body was lowered to its last resting-place.

There was only faltering when he went back to the desolate house, to the darkened chamber, to the unconscious form of his darling. For she lived still, just lived; but, oh! a thousand times nearer and dearer for the great misery which had come upon them. It is a fearful thing to see a strong man bowed by the agony of some sharp grief. It was a doubly fearful thing to look upon this one, crushed as he was by his sudden and irreparable loss, and his shameful disgrace. Love, honor, position, all swept from him at one fell blast. Better for the unconscious woman before him that she died in ignorance of her woe, than live to know it. Live? For what should *she* live? What of peace could she ever know?

Ah, well it is that life and death are not given into our hands; sad bungling and mismanagement we should make if they were. So she lived, and after many weary days, Elsie Romig looked up and spoke. All that she had gone through seemed to come back to her, for she asked no questions, or it might have been that the white and haggard face of her one friend and protector stilled her, and gave her strength to live for *him*. Strange as it was, it was she who first put into his mind the idea of searching and examining into everything connected with the paper which had wrought their ruin—she, weak and worn as she was, who turned desperately against her fate, fighting it inch by inch, and proof by proof. So as soon as she was able to be left alone, Owen Evans went away to the little village where this Margaret, his mother, had lived. He staid long, and during all that time Elsie had no word; but she watched, and waited, and prayed, believing in the light which was to come out of this darkness.

After awhile he came back. There was a ring in his step as he came up the path, so like his own in the old happy days, that Elsie's heart beat thankfully, and she stood up, calm and radiant in her faith, to welcome him. She was folded in his arms, clasped closer than ever a sister was held, and great hot tears were dropping on her head. By-and-by she looked up in his face.

"Is it all right, Owen?"

"It is all right, Elsie, my darling, *my wife*."

There was little more said then, for with a great pain came the thought of him whose life those words would have saved.

The morrow came, and with it all explanation. No knowledge of his parents had Owen ever had.

He had been left in an orphan asylum when a child of some three or four years, by a woman who had given her name as *Millicent* Owen, but who gave the name of the child as Owen Evans; this was in April, 18—; in the January before *Margaret* Owen had died. The truth of it was this. The two women were cousins by marriage, and one of them, *Millicent*, a widow with one little boy. After *Margaret*'s trouble they lived together, and in that humble home the child of shame was born and died. *Margaret* Owen had told the truth of that, when she lay dying, to the man whom she once trusted so blindly. But indebted to her cousin as she was for her home, she had been induced to let the fact of her baby's death remain unknown, and the money which would have supported him go to the other child, her nephew, the little Evans. This was done easily enough, for the money was always paid by Doctor Romig's agent, who would never have guessed the truth; besides, the two women had little intercourse with the village folk about them, and it was easy to deceive them in regard to the identity of the children, for there was a trifling difference only in their ages. So the little Evans bore his cousin's name, and passed for *Margaret*'s child.

After *Margaret* died, and there could be no more money obtained, the widow placed her little boy in an asylum and disappeared. This was all that Owen could learn; but this was enough. How the fellow Boone came into possession of the paper he did not find. He had never been seen after that morning in the church. Some thought he had had a little more revenge than he had planned, and there were many who held him as the doctor's murderer. The law never claimed him for punishment.

There was no waiting for custom in *Elsie*'s case. Had her father been alive he would have hastened her marriage, and she knew she was acting in accordance with his will when, a few mornings later, the broken ceremony was begun and ended in the little parlor of her home.

And she watches her children anxiously at times lest any one should develop her early love for "romance," shuddering as she remembers how fearfully her own longings after the marvelous were answered.

And the father smiles and counsels, and goes in and out among them, tenderer of their little failings, it may be, for the memory of his own loveless childhood.

A Neapolitan Vendetta.

THE beautiful bay or Naples! What a halo of associations crowns its classic shores! How life-like rises the gorgeous panorama of the past, filling the mind's eye with scenes of ancient splendor and greatness, when Rome enjoyed her palmy days, and the laughing waters of this favorite seaport laved the gilded sides of her countless pleasure-galleys; when costly villas, and luxuriant baths, rising from out deep groves of orange trees, attested the wealth and luxury of her patricians, who reveled in the delicious climate of a province which boasted cities unrivaled in the arts of civilization and refinement, filled with temples splendid as pagan magnificence ever devised; when commerce crowned her queen, and the mightiest of earth paid homage to the enchanting influences which reign in this charmed region!

But not to these alone does Naples owe her attractions, for Nature, with a bounteous hand, has made this clime almost a paradise, though man's demon-heart too often prompts to deeds of hell, even in her precincts. Yet the same gentle hills and graceful slopes are green with perennial

verdure; the same blue waters sparkle in the sunshine beneath the same cloudless skies, and the same rugged old volcano rears its stern, forbidding form, like the skeleton at an Egyptian feast, and, with clouded brow, pours forth its hot breath, and the lava-tide of destruction, as when its curling waves bore *Æneas* to the Latian shore.

Delightful indeed was my three months' sojourn in Naples. I was a rollicking midshipman in a "crack" frigate, with some natural taste for the beautiful, and a decided love of classical associations, which I was enabled to enjoy here to the fullest; yet I was no mere curiosity-hunter—a party to the opera, a drive on the *Villa Reale*, or a boating excursion along the shores of the bay, were far more to my taste than days in the museum would have been.

It is true I enjoyed a trip to Pompeii very much; but then we had a company of good fellows, an excellent dinner, and a fast drive along the smooth lava roads; and then, too, I had just been reading Bulwer's "*Last Days of Pompeii*," and had my mind so full of its romance that fancy fairly peopled the streets with the glowing creations of the great master. I feasted with *Glaucus*, fought with *Lyden*, and watched each avenue in breathless expectancy for the phantom form of the sweet, sightless *Lydia*. In the dark recesses of a large mansion I almost imagined myself straggling upon its slippery floor with *Arbaeus* for the rescue of the beautiful *Ione*!

Apocryphos of heroines and tragedies, let me tell a simple story of this clime of passion, as it occurred in my own experience. It was a few days only after my visit to Pompeii that I conceived the rather selfish notion of having a sail upon the bay all to myself. It was "liberty day," and my usual companions had made up an excursion of which I declined to be a party; but becoming tired, after they had left, with the monotony on shipboard, I started for the shore in search of adventures.

As I sauntered along the Mole, where I was landed, the notion occurred that I should take a sail, the wind being fresh and the day beautiful. I had never approached the southern shores of the bay by water, and thither I determined to steer.

The boatmen of Naples are proverbially accommodating and polite—a kind word or a gratuity attaching them strongly to a patron. In our occasional employment of their services I had generally been spokesman, because I had picked up a slight knowledge of Italian, and was, therefore, well-known to many of them, so that there was no lack of offers the moment my wishes were expressed, each one vaunting the peculiar merits of his craft in the extravagant hyperbole of their facile and prolific language.

I inquired, however, for an old man whom I had often employed, and who, with his assistant, a young bronzed *Apollon*, I knew I could trust as a safe and efficient crew. With a spirit of fairness which often marks the conduct of the lower orders, and which their assumed superiors might sometimes profit by, they ceased all importunity, and one or two went in search of the boatman I had selected. His boat was soon pointed out to me, and, lying in the stern-sheets, half-covered by a sail, with his red cap pulled over his face, was the owner.

"Antonio! Antonio! ecco il padrone!" exclaimed one of my self-constituted guides.

The old man raised up, and throwing back his cap, gazed around with a dull, unmeaning stare, exclaiming:

"Francesco! Where is Francesco? He should return!"

"Something strange is the matter with Antonio, signor," said my interlocutor. "Though the wind

is fair, and his nets in order, he has been lying there all the morning in a dream, and Francesco has not been seen."

As Antonio was a fisherman rather than a regular boatman, his conduct had been thus remarked. In a moment he recognized me, and came forward cap in hand, but with a countenance grief-worn and troubled.

"Are you sick, Antonio?" I asked.

"Only here, signor," he replied, laying his hand on his heart.

"It is the *vendetta*. Some one has wronged him," whispered my guide.

The old fisherman must have heard him, for his dark eyes gleamed fiercely in an instant, and the hot blood rushed to his bronzed face. The emotion was instantly suppressed, and he turned inquiringly to me. When I asked if he could take me down the bay toward Castel-a-Mare, he replied affirmatively, provided his assistant, Francesco, could be found; if not, he would get other help.

Bidding him prepare his boat, I took the fellow with me who had been bestowing his services gratis, and went in search of wine, bread, bolognas, and such other edibles as could be procured.

When I returned Francesco was on hand, with the boat prepared for our cruise. Bestowing a gratuity on my aid, I embarked, and in a few minutes we had pulled out beyond the Mole, and, spreading our sails, dashed gayly along with a spanking breeze.

As soon as Antonio had seen everything snug, he came aft and took the helm, which I had managed, leaving Francesco in the forward part of the boat, looking full as glum and savage as he was himself.

"Come, Antonio," said I, "tell me what ails you? We are old friends, you know, and possibly I can assist you."

"A thousand thanks, signor; but I fear that is impossible. It is the *vendetta*, as Beppo said, which must wipe out my wrongs."

"The *vendetta*, Antonio! That is a fearful practice, and should not be resorted to lightly. Against whom, and for what are you about to pursue it?"

"I will tell you all, signor, for you are brave and good. Do you remember San Januario?"

He alluded to a feast observed in Naples with great ceremony in honor of a saint who is said once to have saved the city from an eruption of Vesuvius.

I had made his acquaintance at the celebration of this day, through a service he had rendered in rescuing me from danger. I had undertaken to go through a narrow street, into which a troop of horse dashed when it was too late for me to turn back. I should, probably, have been trodden down, if a strong, friendly grasp had not pulled me into a doorway until they passed. It was that of the fisherman, who, with Francesco, in their holiday attire, were enjoying the occasion. In their company was a beautiful young girl—beautiful as magnificent black eyes, rosy cheeks, a brunette complexion, a naive, innocent expression of countenance, a trim, elegant figure, set off by the graceful dress of the Neapolitan peasantry, and an air of superior refinement, could make her. She was introduced as Antonio's daughter, and the affianced of Francesco. After paying her some innocent compliments, thanking the fisherman for his service, and slipping a coin in his hand to drink my health, I departed.

The scene was still fresh in my memory, and I answered his question in the affirmative.

"And Floretta, signor?" added he, almost tremulously.

"Certainly, Antonio! She was too pretty to

forget! But tell me, what of her? She is not dead?" I hardly thought what I asked.

"No, signor. Worse!" he replied, fiercely.

"Come, Antonio—I am a friend. Tell me about it. Perhaps it is not so bad, after all."

"I will do as you bid me, signor. But there is no hope! Vengeance only remains!" said he, gloomily.

"Take a pull at this," said I, handing him one of the bottles, "and then go on. There is always hope for a Christian."

"The Blessed Virgin could not help me, signor," he replied, after a long pull at the bottle, "unless she would grant me the *vendetta* speedily."

The old fisherman then commenced the story of his wrongs, which, for the benefit of the reader, I will translate briefly. It related, of course, entirely to his daughter.

It seems that Floretta, who was the hope and joy of his heart and home, had been reared, as is often the case among Italians, in the family of a nobleman, as the foster-sister and companion of his only daughter. Her good fortune, however, had not spoiled her, and when she returned to her father's house, it was as an affectionate, cheerful and obedient daughter, whose domestic duties were carefully and willingly performed, while she added to their establishment many little refinements which her associations had taught her. When, also, her father desired to betroth her to Francesco—an orphan whom he had reared, and to whom he was much attached—there was no opposition further than maidenly reserve dictated. In fact, Floretta appeared very well satisfied, and happy in her prospects. A well-contented household, in fact, was our fisherman's, until a short time previous to the morning when I had employed him.

On the very day to which I have referred as having received a service at his hands, during a military parade, the pang of jealousy first visited Francesco's heart. As they were watching the pageant, a gay and handsome officer saluted Floretta with a familiar smile, who passed, blushed, and acknowledged the compliment.

Antonio had not noticed the incident; and if the young lover had frankly asked who the stranger was, he would probably have obtained an answer satisfying all his doubts; but such is the perversity of human nature, that sometimes, in our most sacred social relations, the demon of doubt and suspicion is entertained as our hearts' guest, instead of the angel of truth and faith.

A short time after, before his distrust was forgotten, Francesco chanced to return home earlier than usual; and, as he approached the house, saw Floretta part with the same officer at the door of their humble dwelling. Yes! he could have sworn he was the same, and, grasping his knife, he would have executed speedy vengeance on the supposed destroyer of his happiness if he could have reached him.

Again he failed to mention his doubts to Floretta, and though she received him with her usual frankness, affection and absence of embarrassment, he left the house moodily—cursing her in his heart for a hardened hypocrite—and went to pour the tale of his suspicions into her father's ears.

The old fisherman, almost as fiery and hot-headed as the young lover, became furious, and between them they came to the very worst possible conclusion, which was, to watch the girl without seeking an explanation.

Nothing transpired, however, except that, returning earlier than was their custom, they sometimes found Floretta absent, until the evening previous to the day on which I engaged their boat. Upon this occasion Francesco had returned alone, and as he approached, while yet at some

distance from the house, he saw two figures, a male and female, leave the dwelling of Antonio, and, crossing quickly, turn down a by-street.

With the fiery speed of an avenger, the young man started forward; but arrived at the corner only in time to see a carriage in the distance driving rapidly away. Not a doubt as to whom it contained was in his mind—the perjured and her betrayer.

To press on, overtake and annihilate them, was his only thought. At the first turning, however, his career was checked by the bayonets of a guard; nor would his imprecations, his rage or entreaties free him from the arrest until the chase was far out of sight. To return and relate what had occurred to Antonio, who had just arrived, and was wondering at the absence of both his daughter and Francesco, was all he could now do.

The state of mind in which the two were thus thrown is better imagined than described. Together they railed against the desertion of one they loved so well; together they swore the vendetta, that bloody retribution with which a true Italian visits unpardonable injuries when the opportunity offers, and which he pursues until its accomplishment with such vindictiveness and persistency as belongs to the character of the Berceat of North American Indians.

To find out where their foe could be most readily met with was their first object, and to this end Francesco visited the barracks that evening; for his uniform told the corps to which he was attached.

He was refused admittance; but early the next morning he again set out on his mission, while Antonio went to the Mole, to avoid suspicion by seeming to follow his ordinary avocation. It was there I found him, as before mentioned, and if his readiness to accompany me without learning the result of Francesco's mission, to the delay, perhaps, of his vendetta, should appear strange, he explained it by relating a superstition that the first friend's face would bring him fortune; and, as if to confirm his resolution, the youth appeared, during my absence in search of provisions, with information that the officer, whose name he ascertained, had gone to Florence on a week's furlough. Their vengeance thus delayed, their willingness to accompany me was explained.

The story of the old fisherman and the deep grief of the two men threw me into a reverie on the fickleness of the sex in general, and the dangers in particular of accustoming a young girl to wants and refinements above her station in life. I fell into a brown study which continued until, looking up casually, I perceived we were opening on the little bay of Castel-a-Mare. I bade Antonio head in for the wharf, as I fancied a stroll through the town.

I was soon landed, and, declining the proffered guidance of my companions, whom I left to discuss my wine and viands, I walked up the first street.

Inquiring my way to the nearest hotel, I was shown a building of pretentious style, which had once been a palace, the present noble owner of which no doubt lived, as many are obliged to do in Italy, from the rent of his family mansion for more plebeian purposes.

As I entered the garden approaching the house, I was surprised to hear my own name called, and, turning quickly, was caught in the arms of a young Neapolitan friend, to whom I had shown some courtesy on his visit to our frigate, which he had repaid by attentions that could not but win my regard. With more than usual warmth he embraced me, according to the custom of his country, exclaiming:

"Caro mio, I am charmed to see you! Where are your companions? Who is with you?"

"No one except the fishermen in whose boat I was taking a sail. My landing here was quite an accident; a lucky one, however, since I meet you."

"Thanks, my friend! May it prove so; but I am glad to see you alone. You shall dine with us. I have a great surprise for you."

"A surprise, Orsini? Some gay friends, I presume. Well, I shall be happy to join you for an hour or two; only permit me to return and inform my boatmen."

"Never mind your presumptions; it is a surprise I hope you will enjoy. As for your men, we will send for them, and give them dinner also."

I agreed readily to this arrangement, and, taking Orsini's arm, we entered the house. He conducted me to a large, well-furnished room, in which a table was handsomely laid out, with covers for three.

"Here, Jacopo," said he, addressing the servant, "place another cover, and bring me immediately a bottle of your best Lachryma. I know, signor," added he, addressing me, "that you sailors like grog about this time of day, and I will not make you wait for dinner; but perhaps you would prefer something stronger—brandy, for instance?"

I assured him that the Lachryma Christi would suit very well, and in a few minutes a bottle of that sparkling and delicious wine, never surpassed even by the vineyards of Champagne, was before us. While we discussed its contents, my friend was quizzical, mysterious and provoking—evidently charged with some great secret, yet determined not to reveal it before some prearranged dénouement was ready.

After taking my share of the wine, and trying conclusions with him in vain, I arose and went to the window, from which I saw my boatmen enter the yard. I turned to go down and speak to them, when my friend exclaimed:

"Nay, nay, let your fellows alone; they will be taken care of. Dinner is coming in."

At this moment the master of the house entered, followed by servants bearing dishes. My friend gave him some whispered instructions, at which he smiled, nodded his head, and departed. Scarcely had he left the room, however, when a noise of confused and angry voices was heard—a struggle, and the door was burst open, when a tableau presented itself I shall never forget.

There stood Antonio and Francesco, their eyes gleaming and their countenances inflamed with fierce and deadly passion. Knives glittered in the nervous grasp of each, while, clinging to the knees of the old man, was Floretta, the lost daughter, in a paroxysm of agony.

"Where is he—what way?" exclaimed the old fisherman, endeavoring to spurn aside his suppliant daughter. "Show me the traitor, that I may have his heart's blood!"

"There! there!" exclaimed Francesco, pointing to my friend. "Let me pass—it is my right!"

I glanced hastily at Orsini. There was wonder, but no sign of confusion or guilt, in his countenance.

Throwing myself at once between him and his assailants, who were advancing, I commanded them.

"Stop! There must be some error, Antonio; at any rate, you shall not murder my friend without a hearing."

"There is no mistake," replied he, gloomily. "He has seduced my daughter, and must die!"

"No mistake!" exclaimed Francesco, fiercely. "Nor shall you stay my vengeance."

"Stop you shall!" said I, drawing a pistol, which I presented.

Firearms are powerful persuaders with a Spaniard or an Italian, who would not hesitate to run upon a knife; so a parley was effected.

"How is it, Orsini?" I asked. "Have you run off with this old man's daughter, and was the witnessing your triumph over a poor girl the surprise you promised me?"

"By no means," said the young man, with dignity and composure. "It is altogether a mistake."

"Father, father, hear me! I am innocent!" exclaimed the wretched Floretta, still clinging to her parent.

"Peace!" replied the old man, sternly. Then, turning to Orsini, he said: "It will not serve you to lie, sir. They said she came with you. She is my daughter, and were you the first noble in the land, I would have satisfaction."

It now struck me that Orsini had actually married, or intended to marry the pretty peasant, and I thought that, though there would be bitter disappointment in one heart, at least the old man's sense of honor would be appeased.

Before any explanation could be made, however, a side-door opened, and another actor was added to the scene, in the person of a queenlike, stately, and most beautiful female. She could scarce have seen eighteen summers, yet never was more beauty and dignity combined in so young a woman.

At her appearance an instantaneous and remarkable change took place in the scene; the manner of the fishermen at once became humble and deferential; their knives disappeared, and their caps were doffed, while the fierce passions which inflamed their countenances a moment before were gone.

"What is this, Julio?" said she, turning to my friend. "Guests to grace our wedding-feast?"

"There, you old fool! do you understand it

now?" exclaimed the young husband, looking at Antonio.

"Ah, Antonio! and my good Francesco! come to look after that little truant, eh? Could not spare her to me, even for a bridesmaid?" said the lady, gayly.

"Faith," exclaimed Orsini, laughing, "they were about to rob you of bridegroom as well as bridesmaid, but for my good friend here, whom I believe you know!"

I hastened forward to salute the lady, to whom I had been previously introduced by Orsini at a ball. The *dénouement* which restored the pretty Floretta to her father's arms and her lover's heart is quickly told. Orsini had long loved Nina di Montabello, whose foster-sister Floretta was; but an almost forgotten family feud was raked up when he sought her hand, and her parents prohibited his suit.

Nina, however, had an independent spirit of her own, and refused to surrender her lover to by-gone traditions; so they were obliged to correspond through the agency of Floretta, who, of course, had no right to inform her own father, though she was not aware of the suspicions entertained against her. In the meantime Orsini, who had great family interest at Rome, found a priest of Friar Lawrence's mood, willing to tie the knot, and, if possible, reunite their houses.

Floretta, called on suddenly to accompany her friend, had no opportunity to communicate with her father, and dreaming of no harm, took the liberty hitherto accorded her, of absence without explanation.

Matters thus fairly understood, we had a merry time in the old hotel at Castel-a-Mare; but were scarcely so gay as when, a few weeks later, Orsini having in the meantime become reconciled with his wife's family, we all danced at the wedding of the fisherman's daughter.



A NEAPOLITAN VENDETTA.—"FRANCESCO SAW FLORETTA PART WITH THE SAME OFFICER AT THE DOOR."



JACQUITA.—“THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN I DESCENDED TO THE LANDING-PLACE, HE WAS THERE BEFORE ME.”

Jacquita.

We lived in a square brown house, standing on a high, windy headland—as wild a spot as one could find on all the Atlantic coast. For half the year the fishing-town below was blotted out in storms. Belts of yellow sandbars, sleek and treacherous, and ragged rocks, like dragon's teeth, guarded our cup-like harbor. From year's end to year's end, one could hear nothing there but the cry of sea-birds, the roar of winds in the reefs, and the savage breakers spurning in powdery torrents over the rocks.

All my life I had lived with my mother in that square brown house. It stood on the very brow of the headland, close to the ruins of an old fort, built, the fishing-people said, as long ago as the French and Indian wars. I was a shy, ill-tempered lad, a cripple from my birth. The fisher-boys of the town, with their insolent strength and bold, bullying ways, I hated fiercely; when they came near me, I beat them with my crutch. I beat my mother also, and everybody else who ventured within my reach. I had no playfellows, no companions, no pleasures, except to limp off alone to the old fort, and play my violin unheard on its grass-grown rampart, or to watch my father's brig come sailing up, like a great gull, into our cup-like harbor. This brig was called the Dolly Dane. She was a Levant fruiter, and my father was her captain.

I was a pale, moping lad of fourteen when he brought Jacquita home.

It was a night in autumn. My mother had seen through her great glass the masts of the Dolly Dane, when they first appeared on the far purple horizon. From garret to cellar the old brown house overflowed with light and cheer. I was sitting by the jovial hickory fire, watching its fantastic play on the panelled wall and the glass and silver of our waiting table, when I heard my fa-

ther's sturdy step without, and directly he lifted the latch and entered.

He had a bundle on his arm, wrapped about with a piece of sail-cloth. When our greetings were all over, he strode up to my chair, and dropped this bundle down beside it.

“Hoy!” he cried, “God bless the lad! there's a streak o' color in his cheek! The bad back is better, eh? Ye'll soon be fit to make a v'yage in the Dolly Dane!”

“No,” I answered, peevishly; “I'll never be better. I must sit all my life in the chimney-corner with mamma.”

“Then,” said he, “here's something to keep ye company. Ye be som'art lonely here at times, I take it—ye and the mother. What do ye say to this, now?”

He whisked away the sail-cloth, and there stood a child, six or seven years old, perhaps, with a pale olive face, and two stormy black eyes, and some silky, purplish hair, braided in pig-tails down her back. Never, even in my fairy-books, had I seen anything so beautiful. I cried out in my delight, and seized upon her, as I would have seized any rare toy, but she struggled and kicked, and broke angrily from me, and ran and hid her face on my father's knee.

“I found her,” said he, “on our outward v'yage, lashed to a spar, in Biscay Bay. She was floating to windward of a wreck that went down afore we could reach it. She's a little Spanish gal, ye see, and she calls herself Jacquita. That's all she can tell. She knows no English but a few words the sailors taught her.”

Straightway we held a council there by the hickory fire, while the child stood knitting her black brows at us, and jabbering her liquid Spanish. We agreed to receive her as a gift from the sea—to keep her henceforth and always for our own; and then we kissed her all round, in spite of her scratching and kicking, and stuffed her with sweetmeats, and wheeled a carved crib

out of the lumber-room to my mother's bedside, and Jacquita's fate was sealed for ever.

Six months from that night the Dolly Dane went down at sea, with all on board.

In the house on the headland my mother and I were left alone with our gift from the sea.

She did not wait to creep into our lives; she took them at once, by storm—that pale, marvellous little Spaniard. She was a tempest equal to any that foamed outside on the reefs. She was an atom of fire and fury—a bubble of wayward brightness that danced and dallied about us in a thousand wild, enchanting ways. Her hot southern rages were to mine what the blazing brand is to surly cinder. We quarrelled—she in broken Spanish, like the chatter of blackbirds; we fought fearful battles; we filled the house often with dire confusion. And yet we loved each other passionately.

One night, I remember, I had been wrangling with my mother, and was sitting sulkily in the chimney-corner, tuning my violin.

"Royal," pleaded the poor, patient little woman, "you will break my heart some day. How can Jack and I love you when you are so wicked?"

I would not lift my sullen eyes nor answer. I went on fumbling with the violin.

"Answer her, you bad Royal!" screamed Jacquita, starting up imperiously between us. "Answer poor mamma!"

I frowned, but was silent. Like a young tigress she leaped upon me, her great eyes blazing, her thin nostrils quivering, and, snatching the violin from me, she dashed it with all the strength of her supple white arms against the tiles of the chimney-piece. With a scream of rage I seized my crutch and rushed upon her. She faced me with furious eyes.

"Strike!" she hissed through her little white teeth. "Strike, if you dare!"

I looked at her, and the crutch dropped from my hand and rolled across the hearth. I fell back in my chair, cowed and conquered. She was my ruler, even then, and she knew it.

I was tortured with fears that she would be taken from us some day—that her own kin from Spain would come seeking her. Once, while playing in the ruins of the old fort, the little fireball unearthed from beneath a rock an old knife, with a slim, rusty blade and a carved handle, frosted curiously with silver.

"Ah, ha!" I cried, snatching it from her, "this is what I want! I will sharpen it like a razor, Jack, and when your Spanish kin come, I'll stab them to the heart!"

She laughed derisively, but stood by to watch me clean the rust from the fine-tempered steel, and remove from the silver and carving of the handle the stains and discolor of time. It was really a fine knife, and, according to the date on the hilt, was more than a century old. Suddenly Jacquita pounced upon it, and tore it, like lightning, from my hand.

"It is mine!" she hissed; "mine! You shall not have it, you bad, wicked Royal! I can hate—I can kill, as well as you!"

Then she flung her arms around my neck and sobbed:

"Nobody will ever come for me. I have no kin but you and mamma. I love none but you. Nobody shall take me from you. I will not go!"

"Swear it, Jacquita," I sobbed, in turn.

She obeyed, and then we kissed rapturously, and went in to my mother.

About this time a legacy fell to me from a far-off relative, and my mother and I began to talk of a sea-voyage, and the baths of Germany for my bad back. I was fully eighteen then, yet I wept myself sick in parting with my mother and Jac-

quita. The latter wiped my tears gravely away with her little handkerchief.

"We shall miss you and your tantrums very much, of course," she said, by way of comfort, "but you will be cured there, Royal; you will come back strong and well. As for me, you know, I am going to school, to be made a nice lady of, and to learn to answer your letters from Wiesbaden." So I went across the sea, and saw her no more for five years.

The first month at Wiesbaden I spent solitary and alone. I sought no friends. It was joy enough for me to know that my bad back was strengthening gradually; that some day I could cast aside my hateful crutch, and walk like other men. Such time as I did not devote to the bath was passed with my violin in the Sonneburg ruin, or under the willows and acacias of the Parade, or, sometimes, in the glitter and glare of the great Casino.

I was standing there one night, watching the games of chance at the long green boards, listening to the indolent music in the gallery, when a man entered and flung himself recklessly down at a "trente-et-quarante" table near by.

He looked like a marble Apollo just warmed into life. He had the strength and suppleness of a Roman gladiator, and the beauty of a Greek god. I could not keep my eyes from his flushed blonde face, with its ripply flaxen hair, and great purple-velvet eyes, lit now and then by a quick, tigriish gleam.

"A hundred Fredericks on the *noir*!" he called, dashing a pile of gold coin down on the green baize before him.

"Who is it?" I bent to ask of an old countess from the *hof*.

"An Englishman, called Raynor," she answered, in German; "the younger son of a baronet. He wins and loses great sums here. He is quite reckless. Some family trouble. Is he not superb?"

He was, indeed. The longer I watched him, the more fascinated I became. His *sang froid* was something marvellous. A hundred Fredericks won on the *noir*, or five hundred lost on the *rouge*—it seemed all one to him.

"He must be very rich," I said to the old countess.

"Without doubt," she answered, shrugging her narrow shoulders. "These Englishmen always are."

When I left the Casino, he still sat at the green board, with a yellow pile of Fredericks before him, drumming on it with a hand like alabaster, and, talking gaily to the countess, who had taken a chair on his right.

The next night I found him there again. Night after night I loitered about the treacherous tables, simply to watch him at his games. I did not know whether he saw me or not. Few people ever looked twice at the pale, limping American boy. But there came a night when, intoxicated with the light, the heat, the perfumes, the music without, the murmurous voices, the faces, the glitter and glare within, I limped dizzily up to the green tables, and cast myself down by the side of the Englishman Raynor.

The croupier was just calling the game. I tore out a handful of coin, and was throwing it on the board, when Raynor turned suddenly and looked at me. The alabaster hand caught mine and arrested it like an iron spring.

"Stop!" he said, sternly, then started up, swept his stakes into his pocket, and took me by the arm. "Come with me, boy," he whispered, knitting his fierce white brows; "as you love your own soul, come!"

I arose mechanically. He broke through the crowd that turned to gape after this rare animal,

and strode out of the Casino. I followed. Outside the great door, where the light of the lamps slanted in broken gleams on the Ionic columns of the porch, he stopped and put an arm caressingly over my shoulder.

"It is dangerous to play with edged tools," he said, sweetly. "What would you have in that hell? There's fever in your eyes and in your blood; don't trust yourself there again."

"But you," I cried, hardly knowing whether to be angry or not; "you go there constantly. You do not miss a night. I have watched you."

He laughed a low, bitter laugh.

"It matters little about me," he said. "I am under the current. The waters have closed over me, but with you it is different. Come out on the Parade; I want to talk with you. There! give me the crutch and lean upon me instead; you are giddy."

His manner was sweeter than a woman's. He drew me to him, like a needle to a magnet. We lingered together, talking till midnight. I do not know, even now, what it was that attracted him in his glorious strength to a sickly cripple like me—not pity, surely, for there was no such thing to be found in his fierce, tigrish heart; but he lured me to open to him that night my past, present and future; and though he listened with tender interest, in return he told me—nothing.

"You know my name and my birthplace," he said, with a grating laugh, "and you see me as I am—a pariah, wandering over the face of the earth. Don't ask me to remember more. I have buried my past deep, deep, and rolled a stone upon it, and that way lies madness."

This was all I knew of his history. From that night we became inseparable companions; from that night I loved him as David loved Jonathan. When I grew stout and strong, and cast my crutch away, we took our staffs and knapsacks and started for Italy. We parted one sunny day at Rome. His face was set toward England, mine toward America.

"Happy Dane!" he said, with a sad smile, "you are going back to marry that little Jacquita of whom you talk so much. She must be grown to womanhood now."

"And you, Raynor?" I answered, thrilling fiercely. "What will you do?"

"Return to the old Yorkshire Riding and turn monk, maybe; I do not know. But there's a Divinity that shapes our ends. Farewell, my dear boy, and God bless you."

So we parted, and I fared back to the house on the headland. She was there before me, fresh from her convent school—Jacquita. My brain whirled, even now, when I remember that night—that first delirious night when she came sweeping down the black twilight stair to meet me—a tall girl of seventeen, with fine Spanish eyes, and fine French manners, and a pale, oval face, and a slow, sweet, maddening smile. I held back and looked at her.

"Where is that little hornet Jacquita?" said I. "This surely can't be she."

"Were is that ill-tempered boy, with the crutch that was freely laid on other people's backs? This surely can't be he," she answered.

Then she gave me her finger-tips, with a gay laugh.

"It is delightful to change for the better. You look very *blond*, very brown, very well, Royal. I quite approve of you. The rector of Cold Harbor is dining with us to-day, and his daughters—old sweethearts of yours. Will you give me your arm?"

By the side of this Spanish girl, the rector's daughters, with their round blue eyes and general plumpness, looked like Dutch shepherdesses. My poor little mother sighed in my ear:

"Do you see what a creature she has become? Whatever to do with her I don't know. She has lovers by the dozens already."

"Lovers, generally speaking," I answered, "are always harmless. It is only when you begin to particularise that they grow dangerous."

"Jack is very cold," said my mother.

"Cold? with that pair of eyes, and a heart fed with Spanish blood? She will undeceive you some day. Antony has not yet come."

"Royal—"

"Yes. I understand you, my dear mother. Not another word. Give the rector his cup of coffee."

Then came a few days made up of filmy skies, and sunny flights along the bay, laughter, music, the rector's daughters, and that one pale face, with its drooping hair and almond-shaped eyes, set over and above all other faces, as the summer moon is set in heaven.

"Come out to our playground in the fort," I said to her one night; and I put my violin under one arm and her hand through the other, and we took the little path leading away to the grassy rampart.

It was a windy spring night. The hollow tide boomed below on the beach. There was a full moon in the zenith, with a black rag of a cloud blown slantwise over her face. The purple heaven glowed with stars. Jacquita dropped waist-deep into the rippling, seedy grass of the rampart, and looked off on the sea.

"Play to me, Royal," she said, dreamily.

I drew the violin from beneath my arm. The panting of the tide came faintly up the rocks. Green things whispered and stirred around us in the dewless dark. At my feet sat Jacquita, with her mantle of scarlet wool gathered about her head, and a braid of hair, black and long, like ravell'd silk, blowing out from beneath it.

"Play?" I stammered. "What shall I play?"

"Something that never was heard before," said she.

I dashed the bow across the shuddering strings. Out spurted the music in fantastic jets. My brain was giddy; flashes of light burned under my eyebrows. I played furiously, and altogether at random. She had her wish, for such music was never heard before, surely. She did not heed it for a while; she seemed to be deaf as a stone. But as the mad sounds screeched and eddied about her, and grew in force and volume, she started suddenly out of the grass, and dropped the scarlet mantle from her hair. The next moment she was whirling away to the music in a wild dance along the rampart.

The moon and the clouds raced overhead. Now in light, now in darkness, she floated, and paused, and was swept on again like a leaf, as I played. Her flying shadow wavered along the deep grass. The drapery fell away from the marble arms that circled her head with languid grace. I thought of the daughter of Herodias when she danced before the king.

"Faster!" laughed Jacquita.

But my hand refused longer to hold the violin. It fell with a thud among the rocks, and I darted toward that flying shape and caught it, and held it fast upon the rampart.

"Love me, Jacquita!" I groaned. "Love me, or I die!"

I felt her shudder. The beautiful palpitating body wreathed out of my hold.

"I do love you," she faltered, breathing heavily.

"I am very fond of you, Royal."

"But not in the way I mean, Jacquita. Love me, as I love you—utterly, entirely. We are no longer children. Love me as a woman loves the man she chooses from all the world!"

She looked as white and cold as a stone. She

seemed listening to the tide below on the reefs rather than to me.

"No, Royal," she shivered. "Dear Royal—oh, no!"

"That means you will not marry me, Jacquita?"

"How can I? Does love come at one's call? I am your sister, your friend, Royal—nothing more. Come, let us go home."

I picked up the violin, and we walked away from the old playground in silence.

When the first sharp sting and agony was over, hope crept back upon me, subtle and sweet. Love begets love. I had no rival whom I feared, and I set myself down to vanquish, by slow siege, the fortress that I could not storm.

Through the weeks and months that deepened toward the death of summer, I sought, as other men seek Heaven and their soul's salvation, for some look, some word, some sign of promise for the future. It never came. She chafed fearfully at times under my dogged persistence.

"Leave me alone, Royal!" she said to me once, with fierce weariness. "Here is the old knife with which you once threatened to slay the Spanish kin, who never came for me; do you remember? When you worry me like this, I am tempted to prick it through my own heart."

She snatched from a corner of my mother's escritoire the curious weapon, with its thin blade and curved handle, frosty with silver fligree. Her eyes blazed in a way that reminded me of our early battles; the hot scarlet streamed up and down her temples. Then, as suddenly, she dropped the blade and assumed her own manner.

"Am I to blame, Royal, because I cannot love you? You drive me wild! Go away—do! The gulls are flying in from sea; it is going to storm."

The door opened, and Vinnie Bray put her round blue eyes and Dutch shepherdess head into the room.

"You must take me back to the parsonage before dark, Royal," she called. "It is too rough for the wherry, I suppose. Jacquita will go with us for company."

"No," dissented Jacquita; "quite impossible! Royal has given me a headache."

And she retreated into the window, and turned her back upon me.

When I returned from Cold Harbor, deep in the gusty twilight, she was kneeling on the hearth setting the tea to draw by the parlor fire. Its ruddy light shone on her dark head and splendid shoulders, and slipped in grooves adown her dress, as, with shaded eyes, she looked into the coals and sang:

— "My lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death!"

"Dear me!" said my mother, entering just then with her maid and the tray, "what a dreadful night! Will you close the shutters, Royal? It's a mercy you got back alive from the parsonage. Jack, my love, come and whip the cream."

It began to rain heavily while we sat at tea. The old headland rocked with the fury of the wind above and the surf below. Deep darkness had settled on the harbor and the town. Only the lighthouse ember streaked, with its angry, protesting light, the shallow sandbar and the sleek, low reefs.

"Heaven be good to-night to the poor sailor!" shivered Jacquita, rising, at last, and slipping to a seaward window.

"Amen!" answered my mother. "I fear the cream-biscuits are underdone. Hark! What is that?"

A tremendous dash of wind and rain struck the house, and shook it to its foundation. Over the roar and rush of the elements we heard, loud and clear, the boom of a gun. 'I started up from the table.

"There's a ship on the bar!" I cried, and ran straightway into the hall, struggled into my dreadnought, seized a lantern, and rushed from the house. The wind, blowing with full force against the bluff, snatched my breath from my lips. The night was a dense black horror, broken only by the red dot of the beacon. The screeching of the wind, the bellowing of the sea, the booming of that disastrous gun, filled my ears in hellish chorus. Suddenly I heard at my back a human voice.

"Wait, Royal—wait!" it called.

I turned, and, by the lantern-light, saw Jacquita, huddled in a great-coat, leaping down the rocks behind me.

"Wait, Royal!" she repeated, authoritatively; "I'm going with you."

"Not in this storm!"

"Yes, yes! Give me your hand. How can I stay behind, while men and women are drowning at the door? There! hold fast to me. Oh, great Heaven! there's that dreadful gun again!"

It was useless to argue; she would not listen. She was wild with excitement. The slender hand she slipped in mine burnt like fever. We pushed on together, without another word, to the beach.

It was swarming with fishing-people—men, women and children gathered in groups on the rocks.

"Where is the lifeboat?" I asked.

"Here," a voice answered; and I followed it down to the landing-place, and found the fishermen had brought the boat out, but dared not launch her.

"Cowards!" panted Jacquita, gazing round upon them in angry scorn; "will you stand here and let them all drown before your eyes?"

"I never rode water like this," one sullenly retorted; "and I'm nowise ashamed to say it's too risky to be tried. One man's life is as good as another, miss."

"Bah!" she hissed, through her white teeth.

"Let us see what a woman's life is worth, then! If you are afraid of rough water, I am not. Royal, come! You and I will go alone."

"Jacquita, for the love of Heaven—"

"Don't talk—don't! I am not in the least afraid. Feel my hand; does it tremble? I can handle an oar as well as these cowards. Come!"

She stepped into the lifeboat. I followed. Two grizzled fishermen came leaping down the rocks after us, and blundered over the gunwale.

"Well, miss," said one, "here's my mate and I; it shan't be said we were outdone by a gal like you."

We took up our oars and pushed off from the shore.

She sat beside me, statue-like, silent, timing her strokes to mine, the hood of her cloak drawn over her head, a tress or two of hair curling out beneath it. I kissed them as they were blown like silky snakes across my lips.

"At least, we shall perish together," I thought.

Up the dizzy crests of the waves slipped we, and down their black, sucking hollows, tossed about like a straw on a whirlpool. The ship lay wedged in between the reefs, their jagged jaws gripped fast upon her, her whole stern buried, her bow only out of the water. The beacon-light wavered along the bar as we approached, and split the darkness of the fatal rocks. We saw that the ship's bow was spotted with human figures.

"Look, Royal!" shivered Jacquita; "they are clinging there to the ratlines. One, two, three—"

three poor wretches; and one, all alone, far out on the bowsprit."

She detached a white scarf from her throat, and held it fluttering against the wind.

The solitary figure on the bowsprit answered the signal.

Nearer we drew, and nearer. A great wave caught us suddenly, and dashed us almost against the wreck. They came tumbling down into the boat, those haggard, half-drowned men, threatening to swamp us. The lonely figure on the bowsprit was the last left.

We rowed under, and shouted to him to let himself down.

The beacon-light started along the gaunt timber, and, as I looked up, I saw a pale, chilly face, like a marble god's, the head uncovered, and the wet flaxen hair curling around the fierce white brows.

"Great God!" I cried; "Alf Raynor!"

"Dane!" he answered; then dropped.

The boat lurched. He missed the gunwale by a foot or two, and fell plump into the water.

With a cry, Jacquita dropped her oar, bent over, and seized him by his long hair.

"Help! Royal!" she cried.

I caught him by the shoulders, and dragged him into the boat. He was quite senseless. With his head on my knee, he lay, stark and prostrate, while we rowed back to the shore.

We carried him to the house on the headland, and laid him in the guest-chamber.

"Jacquita," I said, in my transport of gratitude, "it was you who saved him—the dearest friend I have in the world! How can I ever thank you?"

"Are you sure he lives?" she asked, standing, listless and pale, at the foot of the bed. "Are you sure he is human? He looks like a sea-god!"

Wide open flashed his eyes, even as she spoke. He looked up at her as he lay—she looked down on him as she stood—a long, brooding, thirsty look.

She drew slowly back, reddening, paling—then turned, without a word, and glided from the room.

"Great Heaven! Who was that?" breathed Raynor, raising himself on his elbow to stare after her.

"The Jacquita," I answered, "of whom I used to tell you at Rome."

"Is my brain turning? Did I not see her out there in the boat to-night?"

"Yes, my dear boy. Under God, you owe your life to her. Hush! I know what you would ask. I have not married her, as you predicted—I greatly fear I never shall, Raynor."

He wrung my hand, then sank back, exhausted, and fell asleep.

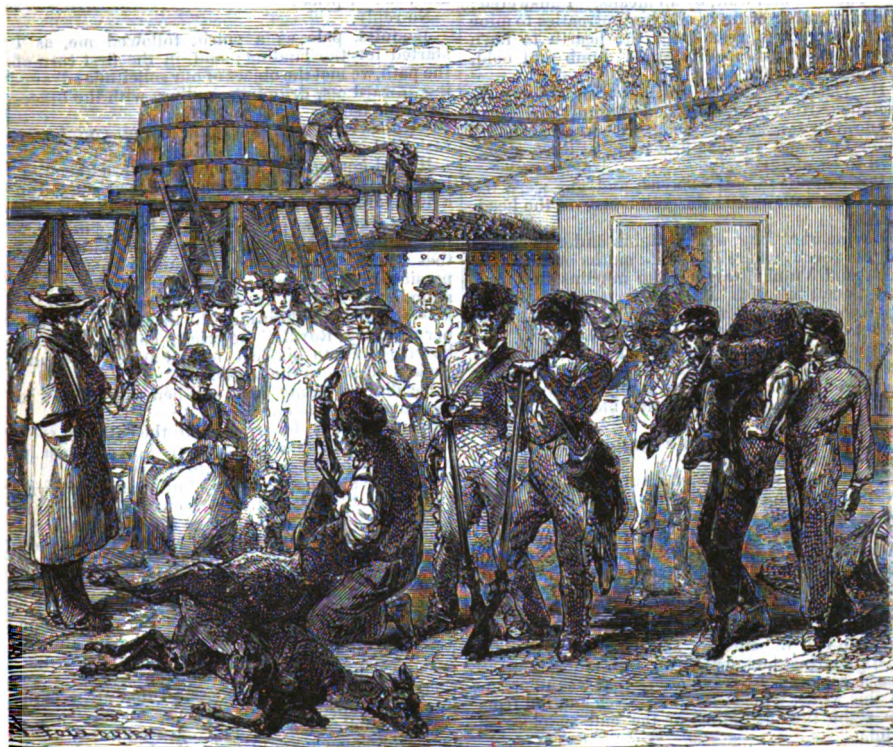
I watched with him all night. At dawn, in the passage outside his door, I met Jacquita, in a long, white dressing-gown, her black eyes still heavy with sleep.

"I have had frightful dreams!" she shivered. "Come out and walk on the headland, Royal—the storm is over."

I went, and before we had taken a half-dozen turns on the boisterous bluff, I began:

"Jack, darling, surely patience must in time have its reward. How can a woman like you be always cruel? This faithful, enduring love of mine must melt you at last!"

"Royal!" she stopped in the path, her very lips growing white, "neither a year hence, nor a decade hence! This is the last time I shall listen to you, Royal. When you talk of love again to



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me, I must leave the headland for ever—I must go where I shall never see you more!”

We turned about then, and walked home, very sad and silent.

Raynor joined us at breakfast. He was in a rare mood. His old fascination of manner had increased, it seemed to me, a hundred-fold since our parting.

My mother watched him with speechless delight, Jacquita with polite indifference, though she answered his light pleasantry now and then with very sharp retorts.

As we arose from breakfast, he followed her into a window.

“And to you,” he breathed, his tawny eyes glowing—“to you I owe my life? You place me under a heavy debt, Miss Dane. Can I ever hope to discharge it? As I stand here, looking at you, I am sorely tempted.”

“Indeed!”

“Tempted to begin my existence over again—to forget that I ever lived till this moment—to take my life fresh from your hands, and set it running in new grooves.”

“I hope your head is quite right this morning,” she said, solemnly.

“Thanks. It is. I wish I could say as much of my heart. But, one must not talk treason in camp.” Then he turned to me. “I am going over to Cold Harbor, to start again for Halifax,” he said, quietly.

“Good Heaven! What do you mean, Raynor?” I cried. “Halifax, indeed! What lacks our hospitality? Do such plain, common people already bore you? You shall not leave us for a three-month, at the least!”

“There is a friend awaiting me there,” he said, shortly.

“Then let him wait, by all means,” I answered; and my mother came to add her entreaties to mine—the very dogs rose from the hearth to fawn upon him—only Jacquita stood dumb and cold, looking out on the sea.

He yielded to us, at last, but with strange reluctance. His manner puzzled and hurt me. Now, I know he foresaw the doom that was advancing upon him, and, in that first hour, at least, struggled to escape it.

We conquered. He stayed, and gay were the days that followed in that old house on the headland.

I remember long, starry nights under the vines of the porch, where big white moths brushed the dew, and Vinnie Bray’s white muslins fluttered, and Jacquita, with a Spanish mantilla pinned upon her rippling hair, sang us the wild, Andalusian love-songs she had learned at school. She had a great passion for her native dress, and danced in among us often, in the coy mantilla, her braided hair fastened with gold pins, her black fan waving, and pink oleander blossoms on her breast.

Raynor painted her in this costume, and I have the portrait still.

I remember long days of autumn calm, dawdled away among the rocks, or on the bay, whistling for a cap-full of wind to fill our sail; and, when whistling would not do, Raynor would seize my violin from the bottom of the boat, fill our ears with some marvellous extravagance, and laugh gaily when the sheet began to flap and the water to ripple.

I remember wild, wet nights, when we roasted chestnuts in the old hall, and danced by the light of its roaring hickory fires; and, more than all else, I remember the blindness that was upon me all this while, which closed my eyes and hid from my sight the beginning of the end so close at hand.

We were down upon the rocks one day—one per-

fect day, full of haze and earthy scents of dying things. Raynor sat at a little distance from the rest of the party, mocking, with his long-drawn, melodious whistle, a flock of sea-fowl overhead, and hewing out our names in the solid rock.

In a little cleft below him Jacquita was curled up, like a kitten, purring a little song that sounds on in my ears still:

“If labor is pain, and thought is sorrow,
Wisdom will lead us out of their way;
Pleasure to-day, and care to-morrow—
To-morrow that never can be to-day.”

“Very careless of you, Jack, to sit like that!” called Madge Bray. “Such a voice, too! The mermen will be listening, and climbing up to whisk you off.”

“Come away, Jacquita!” I said, anxiously. She put out an arm to draw herself up. As she did so, a band of gold on the round wrist unclasped, and dropped down, down into a fissure far below.

“There goes a gift for the mermen,” she said. Then, looking piteous, “Oh, Royal! mamma gave me that bracelet!”

“Do you care for it?” cried Raynor, starting suddenly up.

“Yes! oh, yes, I do, indeed!”

Over the rocks he disappeared without a word.

“Raynor!” I shouted, “are you mad? Come back! You’ll dash your brains out down there!”

No answer.

We peered over the dizzy verge, but saw nothing of him. We listened, but all was still.

“Oh,” shivered Madge, “go down to the landing, Royal, and get the boat! Perhaps he is lying down there, dead!”

“Raynor, man!” I shouted, “where the deuce are you? Speak!”

No reply.

Jacquita, pale as a spirit, followed me, as I started for the landing; and, in the first turn of the path, we met the object of our solicitude advancing toward us, dripping, smiling, with the bracelet in his hand.

“Good Lord! Raynor, how could you be so rash?” I cried.

He did not answer, but walked toward Jacquita, held out the bracelet, and caught her as she fell in a dead faint on his arm.

“My God!” he groaned; and knelt, and lifted her beautiful head, and bent over her, with a look that was to me like a revelation. Unspeakable passion, despair, untold agony, filled it. For a moment he seemed ready to devour her with his kisses; then, like lightning, he drew back. “Take her from me, Royal!” he cried; and, as I did so, he staggered to his feet, looked at her once, and walked off across the bluffs.

He did not come back. When we returned to the house, he was not there.

Jacquita went shivering up to the hall-fire, took the bracelet he had restored to her, and cast it, with a passionate gesture, into the red coals.

I could not see her face, but that action was enough. I turned, and started out to find Raynor. Till night set in, I cast about the shore in all directions, but in vain. Suddenly, in a bed of sere grass, a mile or two from the headland, I stumbled upon a man, lying, face downward, on the cold earth, motionless as a stone. It was Raynor!

I was close upon him, but he did not stir nor look up. I could hear, with frightful distinctness, his labored, agonised breathing. He knew that she loved him, and he had fled from her. He lay there alone with the darkness, in that attitude of intolerable misery.

“For God’s sake, Raynor!” I tried to say, but, in my great awe, could not. So I turned softly, and made off over the beach.

We saw nothing more of him that night—he lodged at a little inn down the shore. But the next morning, when I descended to the landing-place, he was there before me, cutting my caricature, with his knife, on the old planks of the wharf. I saw at a glance that he was in his gayest mood. There was a blood-shot look about his magnificent eyes, but that was all.

Neither of us mentioned the previous night. We unmoored our boat, and, dropping down the harbor to the great green net-work of the islands and marshes, lay low there together in search of seaweed.

The day was full of sleepy sunshine, and damp, gusty south wind. The sedgy islands fairly swarmed with ducks and snipe and plover. From the rank, lush reeds they chattered shrilly as we drifted up.

"It is a rapture to do murder sometimes!" said Raynor, savagely, as he banged away, with fearful effect, at the great screaming flocks.

When he had had his fill, and the boat was well cumbered with our spoil, we wound our tortuous way into the tangled sedge of an island, and landed. Here we lighted a fire, and brought up the lunch-basket.

Raynor, I noticed, would neither taste the solids, nor drink the Amontillado sherry; but he lolled by the smoking brands, talking to me while I lunched, and holding his loaded piece so carelessly that I cried out, at last:

"Heaven bless you, man! you'll have a bullet through your head directly!"

"It would be quite welcome!" he answered, with a reckless laugh, never changing the position of the gun.

I was bending over the fire, poking together the remaining brands, when a sharp report rang through my ears!

I rushed toward Raynor. The piece had gone off in his hands, sure enough, and he was lying back in the long grass, with his senses knocked quite out of him!

I knelt down, and loosened the linen about his throat and breast. As I did so, something fell upon the grass at my feet. I picked it up.

It was a portrait. The face of a woman past her early youth, cold, haughty, high-bred. Inside the case was a lock of hair. I was still holding it in my hand when Raynor stirred, lifted himself up, and looked at me.

"What is this, Raynor?" I said, shortly.

The hot blood dashed his face a moment, and then left it like ashes.

"It is the face of my wife, Dane!" he answered, through his teeth.

"Your wife! Great God! are you married?"

"Yes!"

We looked at each other.

"Raynor, you are a villain!" I said, slowly.

"True!" he answered, and started up, and strode off a few paces; then came back, hurried and haggard. "Shall I tell you about it, Dane? In faith, it is a pretty story! A boy of eighteen married to a woman of twenty-five, to pay one of my titled father's gambling-debts! It was a great blunder, to be sure. Six months after, he fell heir to a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds; but it came too late to save me. To put the matter mildly, I fled—from England—to the Continent, to the East—anywhere to escape her. Not till I learned that she had sailed for Halifax, did I return to the old Yorkshire Riding. I said to myself I would die sooner than look on her face again. Yet, my father had so far prevailed on me, that I was on my way to join her when that shipwreck stranded me here. As for this portrait—well, I hung it about my neck that I might keep her and my bonds in memory—that is all."

"And Jacquita?" I said, sternly.

He raised his hand, and hurled the portrait far from him out into the water.

"Come," he answered, in a choking voice—"come, Dane! let us get back to the main-land."

We entered the boat, and pulled across the harbor in silence. As our keel grated on the shore, I touched his shoulder.

"You must never see her again, Raynor!"

He looked across to the headland with bloodless lips, but did not speak.

"You need not say anything—I know all. Raynor, I tell you again, you are a villain! Why did you not speak before? A man can have but one wife. You meant her—that proud, splendid, stainless creature—the woman I love better than my life—you meant her nothing less than a deep and damning wrong!"

He looked as if he would strike me dead. The tiger in his eyes looked out as I had never seen it look before, but he controlled himself.

"No!" he cried, fiercely—"no! I have had such struggles with myself here as would have driven weaker men mad. Do you know how love comes to such long-repressed natures as mine? But why should I seek to defend myself? I cannot! There! let us part now. Good-bye, Dane—try to forgive me."

His proud head fell on his breast. He turned and strode off over the beach.

I followed him.

"Where are you going, Raynor?"

"To my wife."

"God help you! God bless you! Good-bye!"

I watched the tall figure till it disappeared among the rocks, then climbed the headland and went home. I found Jacquita sitting alone in a western window, looking out on the sea. Some womanly fal-fals were lying about—silk, worsteds and bright curved needles, and a guitar that I had brought her from abroad.

"Alone?" she said, listlessly, looking up at me.

"Yes. I've something to tell you, Jacquita."

In the fierce pain that possessed me, I had no pity for her.

"Go on," she said, indifferently.

"Raynor has gone—to his wife, probably. He will not come back—thank God! Would that he had drowned out there on the reefs before he came here at all!"

Her face was turned to the window. I could not see it.

"His wife!" she echoed, in a strange voice.

"Yes. There's a lady answering to that title in Halifax. According to his own account, he deserted her five or six years ago."

She did not move nor speak. Her still, listening figure sat as if carved in stone. I grew awed—frightened.

"Jacquita!" I cried, at last.

"Go away!" she answered. "Leave me!"

I went, sorely troubled in spirit.

She joined us at tea in a ravishing toilet, her great eyes preternaturally bright, her lips burning red, her cheeks whiter than snow. Never had her beauty startled me as on this night. She was hardly the woman to wear her heart on her sleeve, and only I knew the mortal thrust she had received—the fire and agony seething and stabbing under that beautiful mask.

During the week or two that followed she deceived even me. Though I had studied her long, I never guessed half the depth of that wild southern heart of hers—never dreamed of half its passion and pain. One night, however, when there had been guests at dinner, and great joy in the house, I found her sitting in her rich dress on the black, lonely stair, with her slender hands pressed wildly to her head.

"Royal," she shuddered, "do you know how one feels when one is going mad?"

I lifted her up, and got her out into the open air, and made her walk with me along the bluff.

"For the love of Heaven! Jacquita," I said, "cry, like other women!"

"I cannot," she answered. "I have no tears. When the pain grows too intolerable, I kneel and pray—for death, you know—only death; but even that is vain."

Then she asked about his marriage, and we walked the headland till her convulsive shivering ceased, and her great eyes grew calmer, and she smiled sadly up at me, and said, "Dear, kind Royal! how poorly I have repaid all your tenderness!" and then we went in together, and, in my blindness, I felt sure that the worst had now been passed.

But the next night I missed her. She was not in the house, nor yet on the headland. It was an eerie, gruesome night, with a doleful wind sighing, and a ragged rack of clouds racing over the wild crescent moon.

I hurried toward the old fort, and, in the shadow of a poplar tree close to the rampart, stopped and looked around. She was there, crouching in a palpitating heap—a voiceless, silent heap, in the sere grass. Her hat was off, her rich hair streaming in the moonlight that shone sadly down on her bowed, beautiful head.

As I looked at her, I dared neither speak nor advance; but suddenly a shadow fell upon her. The moon went behind a cloud, and the figure of a man leaped up, dark and tall, upon the rampart. He bent over her—lifted her up.

"Jacquita!" he cried, and I knew the voice, the form, the face of Raynor.

He lifted her, I say, and strained her to him convulsively.

She seemed bereft of all power to resist. I heard her cry out once, but that was all. She let his kisses rain on her lips and eyes and hair—I even thought she clung to him one moment in a sort of frantic joy. Then, as suddenly, she pushed

him from her. On the very verge of the rampart she stood, white and beautiful, and looked at him.

"Go!" she panted. "Do not dare to touch me again! Go!"

He crossed his arms sullenly on his breast.

"Go!" he echoed. "How can I go, Jacquita? I love you!"

She dashed back her wild hair.

"How dare you say that to me?" she cried, stamping on the rampart. "Go back to your—your wife! You have broken my heart! Go!"

"I cannot!" he answered, gloomily. "I will not! Shall I leave the woman I love better than honor, duty, Heaven, itself—for the woman I abhor? Jacquita! oh, my darling! my darling! curse me, spurn me, hate me, if you will—here I must live, here die!"

He threw himself at her feet, holding to her dress, lifting to her his handsome, handsome face, white now with torment.

"Cruel!" she murmured, striving in vain to free herself; "cruel! cruel!"

"I have tried—I have struggled—I have prayed for strength to leave you!" he cried, "and in vain! Look at me, Jacquita! I have been to Halifax. I have seen the woman the world calls my wife—and I have come back—desperate, determined, I have come back! In all the universe, there is nothing but you! I choose, for your sake, scorn and blame and outlawry. You must choose the same, for mine! You must come with me!"

She was dumb. She stood white and still in the moonlight, watching him.

He advanced toward her in fierce exultation.

"You *have* chosen it already!" he cried; "for you love me, Jacquita! You will follow where I lead, whether the path mounts toward heaven, or drops down toward hell! I am your master—you cannot escape me if you would—it is now too late!"

A bleak despair filled her face. It was as if she saw the doom he had determined for her—saw it with horror unspeakable, and yet could not resist.



ESKIMAUX DANCING.—SEE PAGE 466.



THE OAK CHEST.—“I TRIED TO RISE; REACHED THE GROUND, THAT BLOODLESS HAND STILL POINTING ME TO THE CHEST; THEN EXHAUSTED NATURE GAVE WAY, AND I FELL LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR.”
SEE PAGE 466.

“Speak, Jacquita! Tell me that you love me!” he prayed.

“I love you!” she answered, mechanically.

“Come, then!” he called, in a wild, luring voice, opening wide his arms to her. “Without me you cannot live!”

In his tremendous power he drew her forward, as the serpent draws the bird; but, before his arms could grasp her, she paused.

“If I cannot live, then I must die!” she cried; “for, your slave I will never be, Rayner—never, never your slave!”

She tore something, with a fierce gesture, from her bosom. One breathless instant the moonlight

flashed along a bright blade, and an old curved hilt, crusted with silver! and, as Raynor, with a dreadful cry, leaped toward her, her hot blood spurted upon him, and she fell at his feet!”

I remember of springing across the rampart, and tearing her back from his false, treacherous arms. I remember kneeling there in the moonlight, with her dead face on my knee, cursing him wildly; and after that all was a blank.

* * * * *

Five years after, one frightful winter night, when I was living, a gloomy, hopeless recluse in the house on the headland, the English mail-

steamer Prince William was driven upon the rocks below, and dashed to pieces.

In the early dawn I took up my crutch—for the old malady had come back upon me with sorrow—and limped down to the shore. I had not followed the beach a hundred yards when I saw, lying among the rocks, washed up with sand and seaweed, the body of a man!

I bent over it—I turned it upward to the light of day. Lightning had twice struck in the same place; for, there, with closed eyes and a smile on his splendid lips, as if he had met death with a gay, glad heart—there, within sight of her grave, and the house he had for ever desolated lay Raynor, cold and dead!

Indian Selling Deer at a Railway Station, Alabama.

THE Indians have well-nigh disappeared from the States east of the Mississippi, a few communities lingering in the North, surrounded by whites, reluctantly bending to the civilization, which seem so alien to their nature that extinction is the only probable future before them. In the South, more sparsely settled, with mountains still the haunt of deer, some remnants of the once powerful Mobilean tribes linger, and hunt as their ancestors hunted of old, but now bring in the produce of the chase to sell to the white man. The scene depicted in our illustration by the faithful pencil of an artist, whose fidelity to nature is remarkable, is not an uncommon one.

Through this path, these Indians may gradually be brought to other employments, and thus mingle in the vast population that seems to spring up on the soil where their ancestors roamed.

If liquor does not exert its deadly influence, the Indian can gradually be gained, where the vices are not more frequently taught them than the lessons of the more worthy even in the lower ranks.

The Temple of the Emerald Idol.

THE temple itself is unquestionably one of the most remarkable and beautiful structures of its class in the Orient; the lofty octagonal pillars, the quaint Gothic doors and windows, the tapering and gilded roofs, are carved in an infinite variety of emblems, the lotus and the palm predominating. The adornment of the exterior is only equalled in its profusion by the pictorial and hieroglyphic embellishment within. The ceiling is covered with mythological figures and symbols. Most conspicuous among the latter are the luminous circles, resembling the mystic orb of the Hindoos, and representing the seven constellations known to the ancients; these revolve round a central sun in the form of a lotus, called by the Siamese *Dok Athit* (sun-flower), because it expands its leaves to the rising sun, and contracts them as he sets. On the cornices are displayed the twelve signs of the zodiac. The altar is a wonder of dimensions and splendor—a pyramid one hundred feet high, terminating in a fine spire of gold, and surrounded on every side by idols, all curious and precious, from the bijou image in sapphire to the colossal statue in plate gold. A series of trophies these, gathered from the triumphs of Buddhism over the proudest forms of worship in the old pagan world.

In the pillars that surround the temple, and the spires that taper far aloft, may be traced types and emblems borrowed from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, the proud fane of Diana at Ephesus, the shrines of the Delian Apollo; but the Brahminical symbols and interpretations prevail. Strange that it should be so, with a sect that suffered by the slayings and the outcastings of a

ruthless persecution at the hands of their Brahmin fathers, for the cause of restoring the culture of that simple and pure philosophy which flourished before pantheism! The floor is paved with diamonds of polished brass, which reflect the light of tall tapers that have burned on for more than a hundred years, so closely is the sacred fire watched. The floods of light and depths of shadow about the altar are extreme, and the effect overwhelming.

The Emerald Idol is about twelve inches high and eight in width. Into the virgin gold, of which its hair and collar are composed, must have been stirred, while the metal was yet molten, crystals, topazes, sapphires, onyxes, amethysts, and diamonds—the stones crude, or rudely cut, and blended in such proportions as might enhance to the utmost imaginable limit the beauty and cost of the adored effigy. The combination is as harmonious as it is splendid. No wonder it is commonly believed that Buddha himself alighted on the spot in the form of a great emerald, and, by a flash of lightning, conjured the glittering edifice and altar in an instant from the earth, to house and throne him there!

Esquimaux Dancing.

CHEERLESS as is the home of the Esquimaux, and all around them, at least to our eyes, they are a simple, merry-hearted set, and enjoy life.

They are fond of dancing, and of a rude music on a kind of tambourine. Especially where not corrupted by white intercourse, they are good-humored, cheerful and simple. The dress of the men and women does not differ greatly, and, of course, skins and furs are more largely employed than any woven fabric, as their land supplies no fibrous plants but moss, and the arts growing from their use are unknown. In winter they wear a double set of clothes. The inner one has the fur to the skin, the outer one the fur outside. These clothes are often very neatly made, being firmly sewed with bone needles and thread of sinews or moss. The women carry their infants either in their capacious hoods or still more capacious boots—the latter being general store-houses, even food being kept in them. Were we descended from them, we might suppose the word "booty" derived from them.

They dance for amusement with many grotesque figures, and dance to welcome guests. The music given by the tambourine, which has, by-the-way, an ingenious handle, when elicited by a long bone, is not exactly in accord with our ideas of harmony, but affords extreme pleasure to these rude children of nature.

The Oak Chest.

THE Priory was full to overflowing that Christmas. Guests were coming and going; the bewildered servants, in direct confusion; Lady Alice was moving about, her trailing, silken robes flowing and shimmering around her (her dresses never rustled, she was far too graceful and womanly for that); and my cousin Sidney was more overbearing and supercilious than ever. Lady Alice spoke little, but there was a deep red spot on each cheek, and a glad light in her cold blue eyes which betrayed the exultation she was far too well-bred to show. She and her son were both triumphant, but I was wretched, crushed to the very earth, for their good fortune was my downfall; nay, more, it was the ruin of one whose happiness was dearer to me than my own.

There was no end of gaiety at the Priory, for Lady Alice had filled the house with her own

people—the Aylescourts; and any amount of her fine friends had come down from London. There were driving-parties, riding-parties, dinner-parties, carpet-dances, theatricals, charades, and every other kind of amusement that can be imagined. The whole party were full of life and spirits; Lady Alice was an inimitable hostess, so sweet and gracious; the weather was glorious; but, oh, how I wearied of mirth and gaiety, for I had nothing in common with those butterflies, and my heart was heavy as lead. It seemed as though the last months of anxiety had crushed all elasticity and love of enjoyment from my nature.

As I sat in the drawing-room Christmas Eve, Lady Alice glided up to me. Laying her white, jewelled hand upon my shoulder caressingly, she began:

"My darling Blanche, I know I can depend upon you to oblige me. I am quite ashamed to ask you, but could you let me have the use of your room for to-night? The house is so full, and you understand, my dear girl, how inconsiderate and unreasonable people are. Lady Edith Clare insists that her maid must sleep in a room adjoining hers, and Lady Clodesdale has brought her two nieces, whom I did not expect; so that, really, I don't know how we shall manage to accommodate them all. I know, my dear, how superior you are to all foolish terrors. I have so often admired your strength of mind. And you could be so comfortable in the Tower Chamber. I made certain that you would oblige me, so I have had a fire lit, and your things removed there."

I could only murmur an acquiescence; but, notwithstanding the courage which Lady Alice so flatteringly ascribed to me, I shrank from occupying the Tower Chamber. In fact, it was the last room in the house I would have chosen. The Tower Chamber, as its name indicated, belonged to the ancient part of the Priory. For years it had been a mere uninhabited ruin, unconnected with the more modern building. My uncle had put it in repair, and connected it, by a winding staircase, with the rest of the house. Once, long ago, in his youth, it had been my uncle's study, and a favorite retreat, as it was retired, and commanded a lovely view; but, after his first wife's death, it had been shut up, and since, it had been rarely occupied, except when the Priory was full to overflowing.

It was too lonely to be agreeable. Owls hooted from the ivy which clustered around the window. No cry of alarm from there could reach the rest of the house; there was no inhabited room near, to run for succor in case of danger. It had gained a bad name, too, among the servants, though no one could say why; and not one of them would venture near it after nightfall.

I am not naturally a coward; but, when I shut the door of communication between myself and the rest of the house, my heart sank within me. The house was full of noise and confusion; laughing voices rang through the corridors, the rooms were all aglow with lights and smiling faces, but here no sound could penetrate.

I set down my candle, and surveyed my premises. It was a large room, plainly furnished. Crimson curtains shaded the windows, and hung upon the high, old-fashioned bed. There was a dark oak wardrobe, a few chairs, a table with carved legs and claws, a high oak chest with great brass clasps. There were two doors, one opening upon the passage, the other giving admittance to a large room, wholly unfurnished, with a skylight, and a door opening into the garden. The second room was wholly in darkness.

I tried the garden-door; it was locked and bolted; the skylight was too high to admit any one; so, after locking my own door, I felt tolerably secure. Then, I had so many anxious

thoughts and perplexities, that there was no room in my mind for superstitious terrors.

My thoughts were not much in keeping with the festive holiday season. The hospitable roof which had sheltered me from early childhood would soon be a shelter for me no longer. Another Christmas would not likely find me at the Priory. The setting sun reddens its turrets and high eaves, and the grotesque gargoyles glisten white in the moonlight, but it would no longer be home for me. My heart was very sore. I loved the dear old house of rough grey stone, with its high-pitched roofs and overhanging eaves, where the swallows build, and the starlings sun themselves from April to October; its old-fashioned flower-garden, with high box-hedges, and straight, formal walks, where the peacocks strut and scream; and the sun-dial that the ivy has cracked was also dear to me, for there Guy and I played together as children; there, happy as any queen, I had listened to his tender vows. Oh, I loved it all so dearly. Every quaint nook and corner had had sweet, loving associations for me, and I knew I must leave all.

The late Guy Hyvern of the Priory had been my uncle. My parents died in India; then Uncle Guy adopted me, and, until his death, I was as a daughter to him.

I was only an infant when I first came to the Priory, so my first recollections are of my grave, kindly uncle, and the two cousins who were my playmates. Guy was my eldest cousin, was several years older than I, and was, at the same time, my brother, protector, and friend. His strength, his courage, his frank, *debonnaire* manner, and handsome face, made him appear a very hero of romance to me. He was the son of my uncle's first marriage with a young Italian girl he had met while travelling on the Continent. Sidney, Lady Alice's own son, was about my own age—a pale, feeble boy, who rarely associated with either his brother or me.

I believe my uncle's first marriage had been a very romantic one. While visiting Florence, the grave, studious young Englishman had become desperately enamored with the beautiful daughter of a Florentine goldsmith. Guy Hyvern was a very proud man. For a time he struggled to subdue his passion, but in the end love conquered pride of birth and pride of station; he married Bianca Chiar, and carried her away from her plebeian friends. For a year they wandered to and fro on the Continent, supremely happy in each other; then they returned to the Priory.

They had scarcely been established there more than a few months, when the young wife died in giving birth to an heir, my cousin Guy. Uncle Guy was a peculiarly reserved character, and, after looking his last upon the fair dead face he had loved so passionately, he was never heard to breathe her name again. He buried the love of his youth deep down in his heart, and except for the passionate affection he always evinced for his son, he might have been supposed to have forgotten it.

His second union was wholly one of policy. Lady Alice was high-born, wealthy, her family influential; in point of rank, a fitting mate for him. Besides that, Lady Alice was beautiful, gracious, dignified, clever; but of these facts I believe Uncle Guy was scarcely even aware. He was wrapped up in his books, rarely interfering in any of his wife's plans or projects; as I believed, perfectly indifferent to her in every respect. Every one agreed in saying how sweet and gracious Lady Alice was—now perfectly she fulfilled all her duties—what a model stepmother she was. She always professed the tenderest affection for Guy and myself; but, through it all, I distrusted her

caresses and honeyed speeches, though I could assign no reason for my distrust.

To Guy, his mother was a sacred memory. Knowing nothing of her except that she was young, beautiful, and dearly loved, his imagination created an ideal character of infinite sweetness and purity. Guy was reserved in disposition, like his father, so he never spoke of the subject which lay so near his heart, except to me, his constant companion and friend.

A portrait of the beautiful Italian hung in my uncle's study. The exquisite delicacy of coloring, the perfect regularity of feature, the tender curves of cheek and brow, made one of the most beautiful faces I have ever looked upon. An expression of almost childish archness played upon the tender mouth; no shadow of her early doom shaded the violet eyes; the luxuriant hair fell in rich masses of rippling, golden waves almost to her feet.

I had always revered Guy as my ideal of manly perfection, so I could scarcely believe in the reality of my happiness when he asked me to be his wife. It was like stepping into a new world, and the light of it for a moment blinded me. My uncle consented gladly; he would have secured Guy's happiness at any price, and he had always loved me as a daughter.

When Lady Alice uttered her congratulations, though her voice was sweet and her words affectionate, a strange gleam shot from her cold blue eyes that made me tremble, though I could give no reason for the feeling. Oh, how happy I was then! Could I ever forget the beautiful, idyllic charm of those days—the sweet memories that hung around them like a faint fragrance—the old visions, aspirations and tender confidences, the high hopes for the long, happy years which he believed lay before us. And now I feared that all this was buried for ever in the shadowy past.

We were to be married early in the spring; but when the spring came, with birds warbling and trees bursting into bud, Uncle Guy lay dangerously ill. For eighteen months he lingered, and through all his pain and weakness his constant cry was for his son Guy.

As his end drew near, he appeared to dwell more and more upon his brief summer-time of youth and love. He talked constantly of the fair Italian skies, and the name of his first love was ever on his lips. Sometimes the old pain of his loss came up—the keen edge of wretchedness, and the old, old agony of parting. Lady Alice glided gracefully about the invalid's chamber. Sidney came, too, dark and sullen; but Uncle Guy appeared to have forgotten the very existence of his wife and younger son. Her softest tones never won a look; her tenderest inquiries scarcely provoked an answer, he lived so entirely in the past.

She never appeared to resent his apparent lack of affection for her, her manner never lost its sweetness. She was just as gracious to me as she had always been; but sometimes I caught her eye fixed upon Guy with an expression of intense, malicious triumph that I could not fathom.

Well, just as the hedge-rows were lovely with fresh green, and pale with delicate stars of hawthorn, Uncle Guy died; and when they were blushing in summer with "brier roses, faint and pale," the blow fell.

Lady Alice had enacted her new rôle to perfection. She went about the house, in her trailing mourning-robe, a snowy handkerchief pressed to her eyes, issuing her orders in plaintive tones. I thought that the earth was crumbling away under my feet, when, without a flutter in her calm, low tones, she told me that Sidney claimed the estate.

She had always doubted that the Italian had been Uncle Guy's legal wife, she said. She felt it her

duty to investigate the legality of the marriage; so had requested her lawyer to examine her late husband's papers, to see if he could discover anything that would throw light upon the subject.

Mr. Ray had complied with her wishes, but his most careful researches had been unavailing. Not a document, not a single word in either letter or paper, bore the slightest reference to uncle's first wife.

Under the circumstances, she considered it her duty, acting under the advice of her brother, Lord Aylescourt, to claim the estate. She had always loved Guy as a son, but of course Sidney's interests must be her first consideration. Everything, she declared, proved the justice of her claim. No marriage certificate had been found, and, had such document ever existed, it would certainly have been carefully preserved. It was extremely unlikely that a man of Uncle Guy's family would contract an alliance with a low-born foreigner. It could be proved that he had never presented her to his friends and relatives as his wife. In only one of his letters was she alluded to; then he simply spoke of his heart-breaking grief for the loss of "the love of his life," and said that the child was his only comfort.

Altogether Lady Alice considered her case very strong. Stunned, I sat listening to the calm tones repeating assurances of her great affection for Guy and myself; each word, carefully accentuated, fell like lead on my bewildered brain.

My poor Guy! My poor, injured, cheated Guy! At that moment I loved him as I had never loved him before. Deprived of his inheritance, his position, his very name, he bore the blow like a hero. He was quite confident that he could establish his rights, and the only time I ever saw him strongly moved was when he spoke of the doubt cast upon his mother's honor.

He started at once for Italy, to endeavor to find some evidence of his father's marriage. At first, I had been very confident that the right must triumph, for I knew my uncle too well to doubt for a moment that Guy's cause was the just one; but as time passed on, and the lawsuit still continued, and Guy's search was still unsuccessful, I began to tremble. I tried to hope, but a cold, vague fear would creep over my spirit, and my best efforts could not banish it.

I sat by the fire, reading a letter I had that day received from my lover. In the midst of the general confusion, I had merely had time to glance over its contents; now I could carefully weigh every sentence. He had always written hopefully; now, for the first time, I perceived an undertone of despondency running through the assumed cheerfulness of his letter. He had found his mother's friends, he said. Only distant relatives remained, for the old goldsmith of Florence had long since been dead. Many of them remembered the beautiful Bianca Chiari; but the old man and his daughter had led so retired a life, that the information they could impart regarding her marriage was of the slightest. They knew she had married a great English millor—some even said he was a prince in his own country—and had gone away with him. Of course she had married; there was no doubt she was the English millor's wife; old Giovanni Chiari had been an honest man, and Bianca, a virtuous maiden, but of when wedded or where, they could give no definite account.

My heart sank. How could it all end? He must lose all—the dear old place, where every tree and shrub was dear to him; then we would go out into the world, homeless wanderers. Ah me! how bleak and dreary the future stretched out before me; for I knew well that the Priory would be no home for me after Guy was declared a usurper.

I went to the window, and drew aside the curtain. The moonbeams were falling white and cold upon the gently swalling terrace and more distant park; the trees stood out dark against the sky. There was no moon, but the heavens were full of stars, that quivered and shook with a limpid, silvery lustre. Not a sound broke the intense stillness—not a dog barked, not an echo was heard, and a feeling of terrible desolation came over me.

I caught a glimpse of myself, as I passed the dusty mirror, and paused to look. I had once been called pretty, but care and anxiety had made sad havoc of my beauty; tears and sleepless nights soon steal the light from bright eyes, the bloom from fair cheeks; and I remembered a carelessly uttered remark of Lady Alice's, that I overheard that very evening.

"Yes; poor, dear Blanche has faded sadly, and I once thought her quite pretty."

I sat down by the fire, and wept bitterly; then, somehow, in the very extremity of my misery, consolation came to me. After all, I reflected, things might not be so bad as I imagined them. Guy's very next letter might contain good news, and, in the meantime, while there was life there was hope.

It was nearly half-past one when I extinguished my light, and crept into bed. I was so worn out, that almost as soon as my head touched the pillow I fell into a profound sleep. I was awakened by a sensation of intense, bitter cold. The fire had burnt out, and I turned shivering in bed, when I became aware that something, a living presence, was in the room, near me.

I sat up in bed, and drew aside the curtains. The room was clear as day, though I had extinguished the light; and the window-curtains were drawn, so that the moonlight could not penetrate through their thick folds. A lady—tall, graceful, majestic—stood near the oak chest, her face turned from me. I noticed the richness of her attire—the elegance of her appearance. Could this be one of Lady Alice's whims, or was it a mistake of some stranger guest's?

"Madame," I commenced, indignantly.

At the sound of my voice she turned; but as I caught a glimpse of her face, the words died away on my lips. The perfect face, the exquisite regularity of feature, the delicate richness of coloring, the wealth of golden hair, the tender, violet eyes, the expression at once sweet and dignified, how familiar all seemed to me. Where could I have seen that face? Then my heart gave an almost convulsive bound, as I recognised the original of Guy's portrait of his mother.

With that recognition there came upon me a sense of paralysing dread—a desire to fly from the fearful presence, to cry aloud for help; but tongue and limbs failed me, the very sources of life seemed to be drying up under the influence of that deadly terror.

Notwithstanding the peerless beauty of the face, there was a something in it wild and unearthly, which showed that it was not of this world. Still, there was an anxious unrest in the violet eyes that was purely human, and, as they rested upon me, their expression was piteously pleading. Slowly the white hand was raised, and pointed first toward me, then toward the oak chest. A conviction that the apparition desired my aid stole over me, though in what manner I knew not; but it must be something connected with the oak chest. I tried to rise; reached the ground, that bloodless hand still pointing me to the chest; then exhausted nature gave way, and I fell lifeless to the floor.

When I recovered consciousness, the grey dawn was just breaking, faint and chill. At first, I thought it must all be a dream, the creation of

my own excited imagination; but there stood the oak chest, heavy and sombre, looking dark and deep enough to be the repository of a hundred dead and buried secrets.

There could be no harm in trying. I tried the lid; it yielded to my hand, but it was so heavy that I had difficulty in opening it. It contained several compartments; but all save two were empty. One contained a bundle of old letters; the other, a large pocket-book.

With trembling fingers I unfastened the clasps, and out fell a long silken tress of waving golden hair. I next found two papers. Oh, joy! my heart fairly danced with delight! My darling was saved.

One was the marriage certificate of Guy Clarence Wyvern, of the Priory, County Blankshire, and Bianca, only child of Giovanni Chiari, goldsmith, of Florence, at the church of San Felice, near Florence, by the Padre Francisco Bernadetti; the other was a certificate of baptism of their only child, Guy. The letters were from my uncle to his first wife. They were in Italian, and were full of tender confidences and sweet lover's rhapsodies.

How gloriously that Christmas morning dawned, without a cloud upon the horizon! How joyfully I joined in the anthems of praise and thanksgiving that swelled out, filling the little village church with a flood of melody! A heavy burden had been lifted from me, and I could only return fervent thanks.

I never mentioned a word of my discovery to Lady Alice; but I sent the papers off to Guy at once. Need I tell you that he returned to England at once, and the production of those documents immediately put an end to the lawsuit.

Guy was received with rejoicings by the whole county; all the old tenants and servants were quite wild with joy.

Lady Alice for once forgot her perfect dignity and high-breeding, and showed a glimpse of the cruel, hard nature beneath. She had been so certain of success, that the disappointment was terrible.

There was a wedding in the dear little parish church, before many months had elapsed. From the day I pledged my troth to Guy Wyvern until now, many years have passed, and each year has been as peaceful, as contented as the last. The Priory is one of the happiest homes in England. Baby laughter echoes through its long halls; children play in its sunny glades. The Tower Chamber is no longer desolate and unused; smiling faces and merry voices render it bright; for it is a favorite retreat of Guy's and mine, and here our children cluster around us at twilight, to hear the oft-told story of the old oak chest.

Mr. Thomas Morland's Son Judson.

"WHICH?"

"I asked you, sir, if in your travels in this part of the country you had ever seen, or known, or heard of a person named Judson Morland."

"There it is again!" was my inward ejaculation.

It was the twentieth time that day that Mr. Thomas Morland had asked the question—three times before breakfast (myself being the first one indicted), eleven times at the breakfast-table, and six times since entering the stage. Now he had intruded the same query upon the burly stranger who was trying to find a place somewhere among the small baggage that encumbered the floor of the old stagecoach to put his booted and spurred nether extremities.

"Which?" again asked the new-comer, with the utmost gravity.

I smiled, but it was a desperate attempt, knowing that Mr. Thomas Morland would repeat the question, with the same precise deliberation that characterised his previous efforts. The two sober-looking gentlemen on the front seat also smiled. Likewise the old miner on the middle seat. Even the veiled lady at my side appeared to lose something of her frightened, shrinking attitude.

It made no difference with Mr. Thomas Morland, however, for he repeated the question, word for word, like a schoolboy's recitation.

"Judson Morland?" repeated the stranger, musingly. "What sort of a chap was he, stranger?"

"Sir!"

Very slowly did this one word issue from Mr. Thomas Morland's lips, betokening deep-seated indignation.

"I was goin' to ask what was the cut of his toggery? Regular old substantial like this?" giving the sleeve of his buckskin-jacket a twitch. "Or sleek black, like a travelling parson?"

"Well, really, sir," began Mr. Thomas, "as to his attire when he reached this part of the world—if he ever did reach it—I cannot say; but when he left home, his clothing was of the best material that could be procured. I remember that I remarked the even texture of the cloth, and went immediately to order a suit from the same piece of goods. Unfortunately, Judson had taken it all—imported goods, you know—and I was obliged to wait for another consignment. The vessel was the Golden Cloud, and, being quite late in the season, she had rather a tempestuous voyage, thereby—"

"See here, stranger!" now broke in our new fellow-passenger, "if you want to know anything more about that Judson Morland, you'll have to talk faster than that, for we haven't got but a trifle over a hundred miles to travel together."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Thomas, not in the least disconcerted. "I was merely going to remark, that the rough weather encountered by the Golden Cloud, on her passage across the Atlantic, from Liverpool to—"

"Now, look here, stranger," again interrupted our impatient traveller, "I can help you out of that scrape. I was aboard that 'ere 'Clondy Gold,' which had such a 'tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic, from Liverpool to—,' and I see that identical piece of broadcloth; but this Judson Morland didn't have on any sech gear as that when I first run across him. Do you see these here articles?" holding up one foot and leg, to display the dingy buckskin breeches. "That's the kind, stranger; and it's the only real, right up and down cloth that's fit to wear. That's Jud's style. How do you like it?"

Mr. Thomas didn't like it at all. He thought the color was too light for every-day wear, judging, of course, by the somewhat soiled appearance of the specimen just shown him. But buckskin was not what troubled him just then.

"I have been thinking," said he—"in fact, I have inferred from what you have said, that you have met this Judson Morland, at some time and place at present unknown."

"Wall, stranger, now you speak on't, it appears to me I have heard of that 'ere Judson Morland; but where in natur 'twas, I disremember. Acquainted with him, stranger?"

"From the cradle, sir. Judson Morland is my son—my only child; and a very promising young man he is—"

"Can't be beat for that this side of the mountains," put in our practical fellow-passenger; "but he ain't worth shucks to pay."

"I took great pains with him," continued Mr.

Thomas, ignoring the somewhat uncomplimentary insinuation, "and fondly hoped that he would be a prop—"

"Props? Props did you say? Wall, now, you're jest right, stranger. I'll warrant ye he'll come up to your expectations on props. He's a peeler at that, you bet!"

"For me to lean upon in my declining years," resumed Mr. Thomas, not heeding the interruption, save by the look of disgust which none could fail to see. "But alas! he deceived me. He went contrary to my wishes, and I was forced to be severe with him. I wish it might have been otherwise; but alas! the die is cast."

"Dice, stranger—dice did you say? He's good at that, too, and will throw sixes at every shake. But, stranger, I think you said he went agin ye? Might I ask what it was about?"

"He married against my wishes, sir—a poor laboring girl—a very obscure person."

"He did—eh? What did ye do to him?"

"I banished him, sir."

"You did? Why didn't ye send him off, and done with it?"

"I banished him from his home—from my presence," continued Mr. Thomas, "and I have not seen him since. Do you know where I shall be most likely to meet him?"

"I suppose you want to see him purty bad?"

"I am very anxious to meet my son Judson," replied Mr. Thomas.

"And that ere 'obscurity' which you mentioned?"

"I do not know that I have a word to say against Mrs. Judson Morland. I blamed Judson, but as he is sufficiently punished for the folly into which he was led—"

"Led, stranger? I reckon you don't mean that the gal led him into anything?"

"Really, sir, taking everything into consideration—my son Judson's parentage, his bringing up, and the wealth—"

"I say, stranger, I asked ye a question; and, as nigh as I can figure it, ye ain't begun to answer it. Now, do you blame that 'ere woman? Yes or no?"

The man had turned squarely about, and was facing Mr. Thomas Morland with a look that was quite uncomfortable for the recipient.

"Yes or no!" he repeated.

Mr. Thomas fell back upon his dignity at once.

"This to me, sir?"

"Yes or no!" thundered the giant, whipping an ugly-looking revolver from his belt, and placing the muzzle unpleasantly near to Mr. Thomas Morland's heart.

The move was as sudden as it was unexpected, and I've no doubt Mr. Thomas was quite surprised. At any rate, he replied, quite meekly:

"Yes, sir, I think I do blame the woman."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed his tormentor, putting the revolver back into his belt. "Purty nigh direct—wasn't it, gentlemen? But the gal wasn't to blame, Jud knew; and, if she hadn't died—"

"How do you know *that*?" demanded Mr. Thomas, with less deliberation than usual.

"I reckon I've guessed it, stranger. If she had lived, it would have been the making of Jud, for he thought a power of her."

"No doubt my son Judson thought her a very nice person, or he never would have married her; but, taking everything into consideration—"

"Dod rot your considerations! I've heard enough of 'em! Jud's wife was a nice gal, and I'll peel the nose of the first man what says she wasn't. I know'd her; and I'd give my whole outfit, if I could see her once more. So, sir, n'r, jest keep your tongue between your teeth, if ye can't say any good of her."

Mr. Thomas stared. Buttoning his coat, and

closing his lips, he settled back into his corner, mute and indignant.

It was but a fleeting congelation, however. Anxiety for his son Judson thawed the glacial exterior. He relented. Reaching forth his hand, he daintily touched the buckakin jacket.

"Sir, you will place me very much in your debt, if you will tell me where I can find my son Judson!"

"Who said I knowed?" exclaimed the owner of the buckakin. "And how do I know that a debt agin ye is good for anything? No, stranger, I reckon I won't let ye owe me."

"But, I have a right to know, sir!"

"Of course ye have. And ye have a right to find out, too, if ye can. But, I'll tell ye what it is, stranger—dropping all slang and all nonsense—Judson Morland does not care to see you but once more. He has not yet forgotten your smooth-tongued cruelty; and he has solemnly vowed that, if his life is spared, he will yet make you, Thomas Morland, beg for life, as you made him beg for the woman he loved."

"Sir, are you not presuming?" he asked, yet very meekly. "We are entire strangers to each other."

"It makes no difference, Thomas Morland!" exclaimed Buckakin. "As for me, I am Judson Morland's friend; and, for fear that he may never meet you, I will act in his stead!"

Out came the pistol again, and back went the hammer with a click that made my flesh creep.

"Just sixty seconds to answer me!" thundered the man. "Where is Judson Morland's wife?"

We all sprung to our feet, with a vague idea of saving Thomas Morland's life. Just how we were to do it, however, was not so clear; for he of the buckakin had a bullet for each. But before that cool assassin began to be in any danger from our united efforts, the stage suddenly stopped, and a dozen revolvers, backed by as many villainous faces, were thrust through the doors of the old coach.

Our desperado inside took not the slightest notice of the visitors.

"Time is up!" he shouted, taking deliberate aim at his victim. "I have given you a chance, and you would not profit by it! It was your last and only one! Die!"

It was a strange, a trying moment—a sad ending to an amusing episode in our otherwise monotonous journey.

I joined with Thomas Morland in his supplications for mercy; but the man only laughed.

"I will spare his life on one condition: that Judson Morland's wife is brought to me alive within an hour!"

The veiled lady at my side now brushed past me, and placed herself before Mr. Thomas Morland.

"Judson, I am here," said she.

Down on the floor went the weapon of death, dropped from the hand made nerveless by excessive joy.

"Lulu! Lulu! Great God! is it Lulu?" shouted the man, tearing aside the thick veil. "Thank God, it is Lulu, raised from the dead! Old man—father, you are safe! Go your way, and I will go mine! Good-bye, father! Good-bye, gentlemen!"

He threw an arm around Lulu, and sprung with her out of the stage. His men also disappeared, and we soon heard the galloping of horses, growing less distinct as the distance between us and them was widened.

I assure you that there was not much talking during the moment that followed the disappearance of the robber band; but there were some very long breaths of relief—Mr. Thomas outstripping us all in that particular.

The old miner was the first to break the silence.

"Gentlemen, we're in luck," said he. "Mr. Thomas Morland has found his son Judson; his son Judson has found his wife; and we've saved what little dust we've got about our clothes for the next gang of land-pirates we meet."

Fortunately, we did not meet the "next" gang, but reached our destination without further adventure.

Whatever became of Judson Morland and his wife, I cannot say, but I hope that she has been the "makin'" of him.

Neither do I know where Mr. Thomas went; but I'll venture to assert that he is not hunting for his son Judson so much as he was.

Olive Culture in Florida.

In enumerating plants of commercial value which flourish in Florida, none can claim precedence of the olive. It has been cultivated nearly half a century on the coast islands of Georgia. At St. Simon's and Cumberland Islands, there are at the present time many standard bearing trees—on the latter more than one hundred, from which considerable quantities of pickled olives and oil are obtained. The oil manufactured from these olives is equal to the best quality of French oil.

The tree is a low branching evergreen, rising from twenty to thirty feet. The flowers appear on wood of the previous year, in June, July and August. The fruit is a berried drupe of yellowish green color, but turning black when ripe. The tree is supposed to be originally from Greece, and attains an incredible age. Near Terni, in Italy, is a plantation about two miles in extent, supposed to be the same plants mentioned by Pliny, as growing there in the first century.

The olive is propagated by seeds, cuttings, layers, suckers and inoculation. The last mode is adopted when the cultivation of the olive is conducted with care; but olive plantations are generally furnished from suckers which arise from the roots of old trees. For the sake of obtaining fruit soon, strong plants should be obtained from Genoa; these will produce fruit at the age of three or four years, but not till the twelfth year does the crop become profitable.

The trees planted on St. Simon's Island, latitude thirty-one degrees two minutes north, were imported through a French house in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1825, from Provence, *via* the Languedoc Canal and Bordeaux. The trees were five months on the way, and did not arrive until May; notwithstanding, very few failed to grow. The trees had borne several crops of olives when the severe cold of February (eight degrees of Fahrenheit) injured them so much that it was necessary to cut them down to the ground. They all threw up shoots from the old stump, and in 1846 the trees were again bending under the weight of an abundant crop, and have continued to bear ever since.

The olive will grow luxuriantly in strong, clayey, richly manured soil, but will not be so prolific as in a dry, calcareous, sandy or rocky situation. As to the temperature, that suitable for the orange will agree with the olive, but it cannot bear as high a degree of heat as the citron tribe.

The yield of oil varies with the size of the tree, character of the soil and seasons. The mean annual yield may be assumed at one hundred gallons per acre. Trees planted near the sea are not as profitable as in the interior districts. At Cordova, in Spain, the average is twenty-five pounds of oil to the tree, while at Malaga not more than half as much is produced.

The Littoral regions of the Mediterranean, France, Spain, Italy and the Ionian Islands are

the principal olive-producing countries of the Old World. The export of oil from France is immense. The Ionian States, comprising seven small islands in the Ionian Sea—Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, Santa Maria, Ithaca, Cerigo and Paxo, contain a population of 800,000. The principal production are olives, wine, currants and linseed. Zante produces from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 pounds of currants, and from 65,000 to 80,000 barrels of olive oil.

Cephalonia, besides 15,000,000 pounds currants, 12,000 barrels oil; Ithaca about 2,000,000 pounds currants, and oil for home consumption; Corfu produces 900,000 barrels of pure olive oil, no currants; Santa Maria about 25,000 barrels of oil, several cargoes of linseed, and much wine; Paxo, 10,000 barrels of oil. The Island of Candia, with an area of about eight thousand square miles, besides producing barley, wheat, oats, wine, raisins, caroby, cotton, flaxseed, almonds, oranges, lemons, sugar-cane, malle, etc., has an average yield of 25,000,000 gallons of olive oil. Georgia has more territory than the Island of Candia, on which the olive can be successfully and profitably cultivated, while the entire State of Florida is as favorable to the growth of this invaluable tree as the Grecian islands, or the Littoral itself.

scattered. Artists starved, and paintings from abroad found few to appreciate them. Taste has grown and is growing; artists receive orders, sales are well attended, and though the *novices riches*, who lavishly spends his suddenly acquired means to set up a gallery without regard to cost, is not always guided by sound judgment, or, conscious of his own want of appreciation, fails to employ a true *connoisseur* to add to his gallery, the evil is comparatively trifling, compared to the general good, and to the rapid advance made in true artistic taste among us.

Holland is the country which we may take as an example, where, even in families of moderate means, care has been taken for years to secure from time to time some good painting. Leaving the works of the artists who are the rage, and whose works command fabulous prices, there will always be found really good painters whose names and whose works will live. One of these on a wall will outweigh, with persons of taste, a mass of upholstery trumpery often more expensive and yet utterly devoid of taste.

Our auction sales of paintings at the sumptuous art galleries of our time are familiar to many of our readers. They may now compare one with an auction sale of the last century, as depicted by Rowlandson. In those days the auctioneer and buyers were on a level, seated at a circular table, around which, on the inside, the paintings were carried, enabling all to see the picture. The clerk in the centre waited patiently till the last rap of the Johnsonian-looking auctioneer before he entered the name of the lucky purchaser.

A Picture Sale in the Last Century.

[From a print by Rowlandson.]

THE FINE ARTS are gaining ground in America. Twenty-five years ago the amateurs were few and



A PICTURE SALE IN THE LAST CENTURY.—FROM A PRINT BY ROWLANDSON.



SUMMER COTTAGES.

INQUIRING CITIZEN.—"Do you know anything about this house, my good woman?"

ANCIENT FEMALE.—"Fata, it is meself as does. It is a ble-sed house to me, for I does the nussing there, and they all die so easy!" (Citizen concludes not to take it.)

Of what trade is a clergyman at a wedding? A join-her.

"Good-morning, Patrick; you have got a new coat at last, but it seems to fit you 'too much.'"

"Och! there's nothing surpris-ing in that; sure, I wasn't there when I was meas-ured for it."

A Dissipated Young Man, who ran away from home, and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to the paternal roof. His father was kind enough to forgive the young rascal for his wickedness, and rushing into the house, overcome with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife:

"Let us kill the prodigal; the calf has returned!"



THE RAVEN AND THE CAT; OR, VOICES OF THE NIGHT.
By Longfellow.

A Stern duty—
taking the helm.

"Pardon my warmth," as the red-hot poker said to the clown, when he inadvertently put it in his pocket.

Member of School-board —
"Well, Thady Branagan, do you go to school?"
Thady—"Bedad, I does, every blessed mornin', shure."

M. of S. B. —
"And do you write?"

Thady—"Begorra, I does, barrin' when I does wrong."

M. of S. B. —
"And do you read?"

Thady—"Sorra a rade."

M. of S. B. —
"What do you do, then?"

Thady—"Arrah, shure, I only goes to the schule-dhure for vittles for the pig; but I niver goes in the inside."

Enigmas Charades, Etc.

1.

When blushing youth
Would hide the truth,
And fain conceal
What facts reveal;
When worthless gems
Deck diadems,
And art conceals
What skill reveals,
My first will then appear.

When gallant bark
At midnight dark
Sudden recoils,
Yields up her spoils,
And piteous cries
Rend earth and skies,
And eddying waves
Close ocean graves,
My second you may fear.

My little all,
So very small,
An evergreen
Of lowly mien,
On foreign ground
But rarely found;
With rounded points,
And flexile joints,
Fragrance nor thorn,
Yet I adorn,
By nation's grace,
A royal place.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Everywhere you go, there my finals you will see,
And on my finals my initials will always be.

1. 'Tis to corrupt.
2. A traveler worn and weary.
3. Is unutterable.
4. To chain or fetter.
5. Always astonishing.

3.—HIDDEN PLACES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Old, fat, new or lean, suit equally well in Falstaff's brigade. On seeing the mob, I let fly with my revolver, and escaped. He spoke the queer dialect of the Radnor folk. The whiskey we stole soon disappeared.

4.

If six and half of nine
Correctly you combine,
You quickly see
A useful tree,
Whose branches intertwine.

5.

SQUARE WORDS.

Impetuous; surface; a prophet; not easily overcome.

6.

A scourge; a continent; Zion; to suspend.

7.

Money; an air; a token; to transmit.

8.—SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE.

From one of Shakespeare's greatest plays,
I here two tragic lines indite;
Although composed of thirteen words,
You could but two have now in sight.
The words were spoken to a prince,
Who heard a tale of woe and fear;
Now try to find the very words—
The mystery please unfold it here.
A friend of mine once had these lines.
A head was cudgel'd—whose, d'ye ask?
His own, of course, so large and thick—

He thought it was his lightest task.
Seven words already do appear.
In the text you'll find word for word;
The ninth you'll see in the next line.
Would you believe its truth, my lord?
To try and find where to commence
Would harrow the very clearest head!
In angles and selected lines
Read not up—read thou down instead.
To decipher this that I do quote,
Into it thy best thoughts instill.
You'll laugh to see how it is done—
Upon my heart and soul, you will!

9.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Two Louisiana cities.

1. A place for hay.
2. A beverage.
3. To draw after.
4. An American lake.
5. Not far.
6. To push.
7. Mined.
8. A city in New York State.
9. An instrument of death.
10. Part of the head.

10.

By reading my primals and finals, there'll be
Two countries divided by the deep blue sea.

1. A girl's name.
2. The name of a medicine, its ingredients not known.
3. What carpenters use.
4. The hide of an animal.
5. A neutralizer of acids.
6. Given to induce sleep.
7. What all druggists should have.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
JUNE NUMBER.

1. Abundance (a-bun-dance). 2. Mur-mur—rum-rum. 3. Codicil (C-O-D-I-C-I-L). 4. Pa-lace (palace). 5. Paris, Helen—PariaH AdagE, RivaL, loE, SolomON. 6. Because they had lost the last Napoleon they had. 7. Because they fancy themselves good in vestments (investments). 8. When they are miners (minors). 9. "Much Ado about Nothing." 10. Because they naturally desire an income of their own. 11. Because he steals (steals) his knives, and cuts away. 12. Friends, Enemies—FicklE, RuIN, IdlE, EsteeM, NoitautafuL, DispleasurE, Spinsters. 13. Sham, Ham, am, a.

14.

W M B
E A U
N D T
T I N + N I T
T D N
U A E
B M W

15. China, Wales, Denmark, Spain. 16. He avers (heavens). 17. C-our-age (courage). 18. Imp-lo-red (implored). 19. Galen, abate, lathe, ether, seers. 20. Scrub, chose, roves, usera, Bessy. 21. Dairy, diary. 22. Child-hood (childhood). 23. Your Own Name—Young, Ovid, Union, Raphael, Orion, West, Nebuchadnezzar, Nero, Alfred, Mark, Elijah. 24. Croquet, Leopard—CameL, Rhyme, OthO, QuillP, Ursula, EmperoR, Talmud. 25. War-wick (Warwick). 26. Holly-hock (holly-hock). 27. Snow, name, omer, were. 28. Elbe, lord, brad, eddy. 29. Shipwreck. 30. AMy, bA, aSs, uSe, centrAual, MISSISSIPPI, crepuScu-lar, f/n, aPe, uPe, k/n. 31. Sauce-pan (saucepan). 32. Kit - ten (kitten). 33. S-now (snow). 34. Tooth-ache (toothache). 35. Week, earn, ergo, know.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT poet never was blue? Gray.

WHO was the tallest poet? Longfellow.

WHAT poet was a great sufferer? Paine.

WHAT poet was not a colored man? White.

WHAT poet supposed himself infallible? Pope.

WHO was the most warlike poet? Shakespeare.

WHO worked the precious metals? Goldsmith.

WHO realized the value of words? Wordsworth.

"WOMEN in arms." Well, where should they be?

A PLEASANT mill privilege—Kissing a factory girl.

A THING to be Jennerly practiced—Vaccination.

CAN a ship with two owners be called a partnership?

A "CHEERING" sign—Hurrah! for our candidates.

A GRASS PLOT—The attempt to enclose Epping Forest.

WHAT is the key-note to good-breeding? B-natural.

FUNNY—That "square" dances are coming round again.

DISEASE comes in by hundredweights and goes out by ounces.

ONE measure in which civilized nations agree—The churchyard.

WHY is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises.

CONSOLATION for Ladies—The world abounds with him-perfections.

IF time should repair the breeches, would there be any vest-iges?

WHY is a waiter like a race-horse? Because he runs for plates and cups.

A DEAD hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

WHICH is the best way to retain a lady's affections? Not to return them.

TIMES are so bad in some places just now, that people can't even pay attention.

WHY does a sculptor die the most horrible of deaths? He makes faces and busts.

WHY is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes round and gathers up the waist.

WHAT did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went home.

MOTTO for railway directors—Never mind passengers: it's freight that makes the car-go.

DOMES thinks that, instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

AN old lady says of a certain pompous clergyman, that he seems filled with the divine inflat-ers.

SUPPOSING a man to be in a serious frame of mind, is it necessary he should be a picture of despair?

RICH MUSIC—A million-air.

A GOOD COUNTRY SEAT—A milking-stool.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"—Not if they have any money?

A MINISTER at an eating-house gave the order, "Roast beef, well done, thou good and faithful servant."

A JEW, on seeing a prodigiously fine ham, remarked: "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."

"TALK about the jaws of death," says a man who has a scolding wife; "that's nothing to the jaws of life."

IF Burns were living now, he would tell the man that wants to see himself as others see him, to run for office.

AN overwise parent, who didn't spare the rod, nearly spoiled the child by throwing him out of the window afterward.

A GARDENER's wife made a pin cushion out of a Spanish onion, but she found that it brought tears into her needles' eyes.

"WHO'S THERE?" cried a patrol to a passing figure, one dark night. "It's I, patrol; don't be afraid," replied an old woman.

AN exchange says the grapes on Long Island are so large that their skins are used to cover old umbrella frames. We don't believe it.

How is it, when a wife wears the trousers, she and her husband compose the number ten? Because she is number one and he is a cipher.

A MAINE lover gave up his bride when her father presented a bill for the young man's board during the four years they were "engaged."

SOME youngsters, while watching the process of hatching chickens by steam, one said to another, "Wonder if their mother knows they're out?"

THERE is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

THE last dying expression reported is that of Snooks, who, as he went off the hooks, smilingly observed: "By-by, I'm going to see the ancients."

A GERMAN officer writes to the London Telegraph, "indignantly denying" Lord Salisbury's statement that piety prevails in the Prussian army.

TWO of the old Red Stocking Base Ball Club have joined a choir. One of them officiates as short stop on the organ, and the other sings third base.

WHY are certain domestic harangues called "curtain" lectures? Because the victim is only allowed to make a remark at distant intervals, and that a curt 'em.

"I'D have you to know, Mrs Stoker, that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs. Grundy, turning up her nose; "haven't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy!"

It is reported that a Boston landlord refrained from collecting rent from one of his tenants for several years, that he might avoid payment of the income-tax thereon, and that by the recent failure of the tenant he has lost the entire sum, amounting to many thousand dollars.



A SETTLE.

MR. SNIFF.—“Is smoking objectionable, Miss?”
MISS JACKSON.—“I don’t know, sir. No gentleman ever smoked in my presence!”

A SCHOOL teacher has been dismissed for kissing the big girls. The schoolgirls say that the school board has no right to interfere with their studies in that way.

A COOL CUSTOMER.—Tradesman (creditor): “Glad to see you, sir.”

Swell (debtor): “Augh, Mr. Skimpidge, you’ve reminded me more than once of an account you have against me. Business is business. Would you prefer a check, which will not be honored—a bill at three months, which will not be taken up—or a notice from the Bankruptcy Court that I’m going up on the 16th?”

A GOOD ONE.—In the county of Santa Clara, many years ago, lived a jolly old German farmer. The beauty of his farm, and the presence of one of those celebrated artesian wells, for which that county was so remarkable, induced many a visitor to the locality in question. Well do I remember once paying a visit to the old farmer, in the company of several ladies, when one of them, no doubt out of excusable curiosity, besought our host to name for her delectation a list of the different varieties of vegetables he raised.

“Oh!” said the ever-pleasant old Dutchman, “vell, I joost raises all kints—beets, b.tatoes, bunkins, oofery kints—except hogs.”

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